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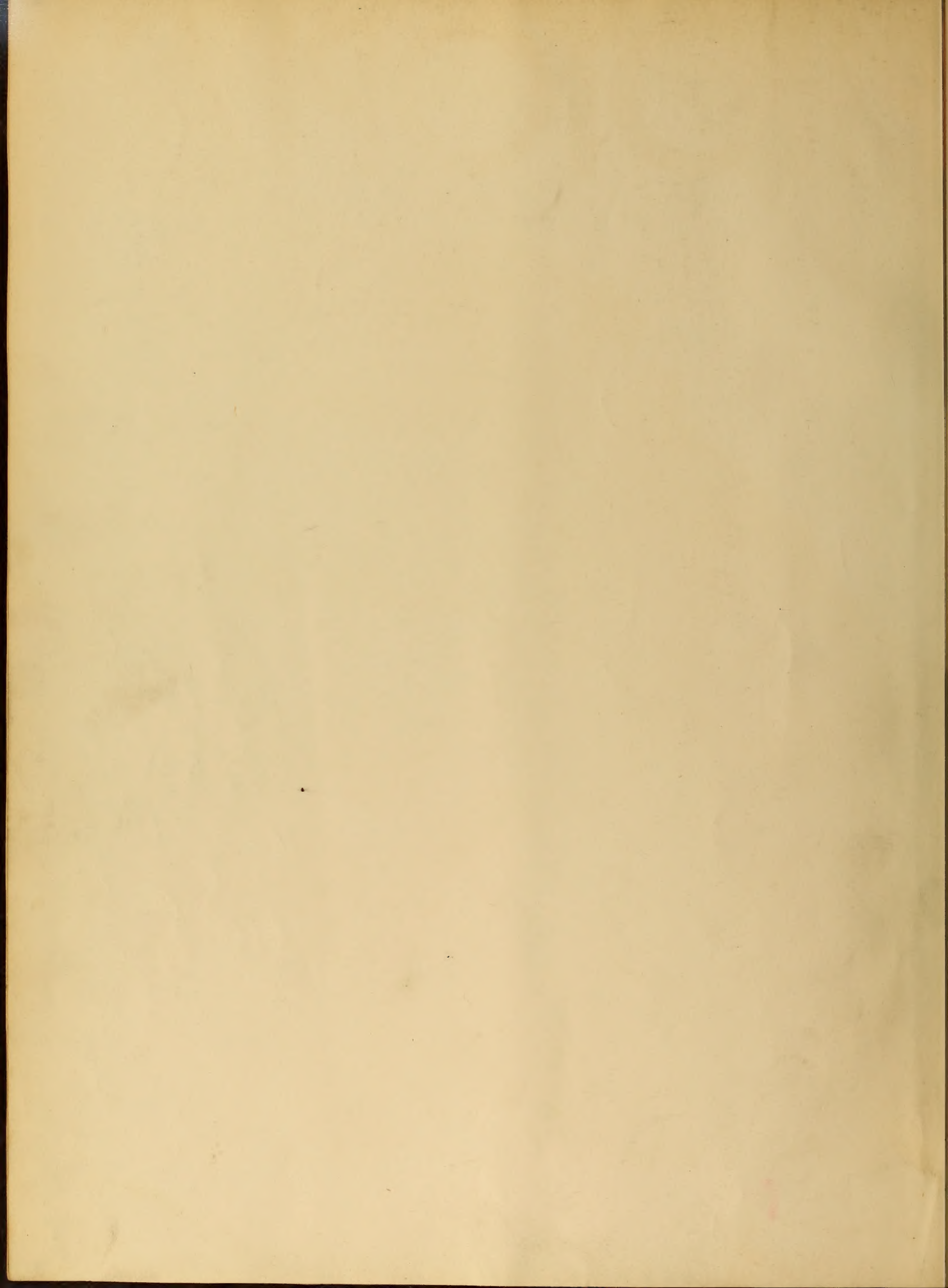
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PHOTOPLAY

JULY

25¢



PRISCILLA LANE
By Paul Hesse

DO MAKE YOU LOVELIER — Secrets of Hollywood Beauty, Style and Health Experts
LACKADAISICAL LOTHARIO — the Life and Good Times of JAMES STEWART
What American Women Think of Hollywood Women By MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

*Some Call
it Luck*

I say it's Luck

...and such Luck

— to find a sanitary napkin like Kotex with its patented pressed ends that fit flatly and so end that dreadful, bulky feeling. And besides you've no idea what a difference it makes when your napkin doesn't shift, bunch or chafe.

I say it isn't

What's Lucky about it?

— using Kotex Sanitary Napkins is just plain good sense because they're made with layer after layer of soft filmy tissue, that one after another absorb and distribute moisture *throughout* the napkin and check that striking through in one spot.

All 3 Types at the
Same Low Price

I say—you're both right

The Truth of it is...

—aren't we all lucky to have Kotex? Until Kotex made 3 sizes we had to cut and adjust our napkins to suit our varying daily needs. Now with Regular, Junior and Super Kotex it's a simple matter for any woman to meet her individual needs from day to day.



KOTEX* SANITARY NAPKINS
(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office)

Better Say Kotex - Better for You



You didn't believe DANDRUFF could be MASTERED?

Hear the People!

DAY after day they come . . . a steady stream of letters, from every part of the country . . . unsolicited corroboration of a *fact* demonstrated in laboratory and clinic—dandruff *can* be mastered with Listerine Antiseptic! Read them.

Sensational new disclosures definitely prove that dandruff is really a *germ disease!* . . . caused by the stubborn bacillus *Pityrosporum ovale!*

A wealth of scientific data, amassed in laboratory and clinic, now clearly points to *germicidal* treatment of dandruff. And clinics have proved that Listerine Antiseptic, famous for more than 25 years as a germicidal mouthwash and gargle, *does* master dandruff . . . *does* kill the dandruff germ!

In one clinic, 76% of the patients who used Listerine Antiseptic twice a day showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff within a month.

If you have any evidence of dandruff, start your own delightful Listerine Antiseptic treatments today. And look for results such as others got. Even after dandruff has disappeared it is a wise policy to take an occasional treatment to guard against re-infection. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.



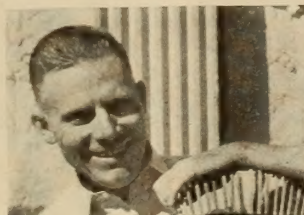
"I have been a dandruff victim for years. Lately it became very bad and I could shampoo my hair every day and have just as much dandruff at night. As a last resort I tried Listerine and after four days it was entirely gone. Now I have not the slightest trace of it."

RICHARD SCHNACKENBERG
New York, N.Y.



"Last year my husband had a bad case of dandruff. Nothing he tried seemed to do any good for it. Finally I persuaded him to try Listerine Antiseptic. At the end of three weeks his dandruff had completely disappeared. A few months ago one of the children's hair showed signs of dandruff for the first time. Listerine Antiseptic cleared that case up within ten days! Now we all take a Listerine Antiseptic treatment once or twice a month "just in case," and we haven't had even a suggestion of dandruff since."

MRS. ERWIN CARLSTEDT
Box 507, Boynton, Fla.



"Since using Listerine Antiseptic as a preventive for dandruff, I really feel safe as to my appearance in public."

HENRY W. SCHLETER
Oshkosh, Wis.

"I was comparatively a young woman when I turned grey. This was some twenty years ago. My scalp was in bad condition, and my hair was falling out badly.

I had the bright idea of trying Listerine Antiseptic, and after the first treatment my hair stopped falling out, and dandruff was practically gone.

Since that time I have used nothing except Listerine Antiseptic on my scalp. And at 65 my hair is snow white and I have a perfectly healthy and normal scalp."

MRS. PAUL NESBITT
Chama, New Mexico



THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp at least once a day. **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. But don't expect overnight results, because germ condition cannot be cleared up that fast.

Genuine Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.



LISTERINE

THE PROVED TREATMENT FOR

DANDRUFF

A Prediction by Leo of M-G-M



I saw "GOODBYE MR. CHIPS."

I saw a motion picture which I predict will be high among the year's Ten Best.

I saw Robert Donat's performance as "Mr. Chips", destined to be a leading contender for this year's highest film prize, the Academy Award.

I saw a new star born—lovely Greer Garson, whose beauty shines from the screen with tenderness and truth, stirring hearts to overpowering emotional thrill.

I saw an entertainment that will take its place among the great works of the screen... rich in human drama and warm with laughter and pathos... to be beloved by people everywhere in every walk of life for many years to come...

I am proud of "GOOD-BYE MR. CHIPS." You will share my pride with wholehearted enjoyment.



Greer Garson as Katherine... 1939's beautiful new star sensation, her heart-stabbing performance will hold you spellbound!

Robert Donat scores another triumph as Mr. Chips... a role surpassing even his great performance in "The Citadel."



The famed novel at last on the screen!

ROBERT DONAT

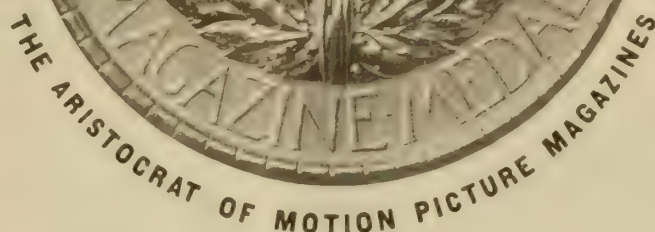
Goodbye Mr. Chips

with GREER GARSON

A Sam Wood Production • Screen Play by R. C. Sherriff, Claudine West and Eric Maschwitz • Produced by Victor Saville
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



PHOTOPLAY



ERNEST V. HEYN
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ASSOCIATE EDITOR

On the Cover—Priscilla Lane, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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BRIEF Reviews

Sweethearts again—but this time only for benefit of the celluloid—Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power in 20th Century-Fox's "Second Fiddle"

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Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN, THE—M-G-M

It's a shame that Mark Twain's great classic of boyhood should have received such unhappy treatment. Mickey Rooney in the title rôle is given almost no chance to display his talent. If you loved the original story and like Mickey, skip this—it will save embarrassment all around. (May)

★ AMBUSH—Paramount

More blood and thunder and shooting with Ernest Truex as the sinister brain behind a gang of bank robbers who, in pursuing their deviltry, are forced to abduct Gladys Swarthout and Lloyd Nolan. The surprise is Miss Swarthout who doesn't sing a note but manages to give an impressive performance. (April)

BEAUTY FOR THE ASKING—RKO-Radio

Nothing gives here. You are regaled with the problems of a girl whose cosmetic salesman-lover jilts her for a woman with ten millions. The outcome is of little importance (except to the income tax department). Lucille Ball, Frieda Inescort, Patric Knowles and Donald Woods work against hope. (April)

BLONDIE MEETS THE BOSS—Columbia

The irresistible *Bumpsteeds* return for the second time. When *Dagwood* (Arthur Lake) is fired, *Blondie* (Penny Singleton) takes his place, leaving him at home to sweep and sew. Meanwhile *Baby Dumpling* and *Daisy* the pup are cutting capers and things go haywire. Skinny Ennis and his band contribute a well-done jitterbug sequence. (May)

BOY SLAVES—RKO-Radio

If you're an inveterate reformer, you'll probably love this. With cold anger it chooses the Deep South as locale and paints a brutal

picture of child labor as it is supposed to exist. Anne Shirley, James McCallion and Roger Daniel all do exceptional work in morbid characterizations. (April)

BOY TROUBLE—Paramount

Papa and Mama Fitch (Mary Boland and Charles Ruggles) adopt two boys, Donald O'Connor and Billy Lee, and meet the inevitable troubles of everyday living with unfailing humor. Pile the whole family in the car—they'll like this. (April)

★ BROADWAY SERENADE—M-G-M

Here again Jeanette MacDonald has a hit, largely due to her own beauty and voice. She is cast as the wife of pianist Lew Ayres, but when his success doesn't match hers, there's a divorce. Ian Hunter moves in at this point, but the script writers see to it that Lew scores Jeanette's new show. Ayres continues to prove that his recent comeback was a good idea. (June)

★ CAFE SOCIETY—Paramount

A hectic comedy about a wealthy young woman who marries a ship news reporter to spite a columnist. The players, Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray, Claude Gillingwater et al, have lots of vitality and there are few dull moments. (April)

CODE OF THE STREETS—Universal

The Little Tough Guys come out in this dreary movie as a thoroughly impossible bunch of youngsters. One guttersnipe is framed on a murder charge and there's plenty of moral pointed about crime not paying. (April)

CRIME IN THE MAGINOT LINE—Tower

In this French-made film, mystery, murder, espionage stalk the underground passages of France's famous fort, the Maginot Line. Victor Francen, as a French army officer, relentlessly tracks down the enemy cause of it all. Vera Koren, as Francen's wife, adds light but not too much sweetness to her rôle. There is suspense to the plot and a compelling quality to the many authentic shots of the grim fortification along the German border.

CRISIS—Mayer-Burstyn

An arresting picture of "the rape of Czechoslovakia," from the time of the Austrian Anschluss to the so-called Peace of Munich. Herbert Kline and his camera were right on the spot when things began to happen, so the film provides a valuable contribution to the screen's history of our times. It's propaganda, yes, but definitely worthwhile.

★ DARK VICTORY—Warners

You may have heard "raves" over this picture and they are all true. Bette Davis' matchless acting reaches new heights as the rich young girl who learns she has only a few months to live, falls in love with George Brent, her doctor, gallantly solves her problem in the

best way possible. Geraldine Fitzgerald, a newcomer, Brent and Humphrey Bogart are splendid too. A must. (May)

★ DODGE CITY—Warners

As a Western to end all boss operas, this rousing Technicolor film is a prize piece of production. Errol Flynn is the hero who has little time for love (even Olivia de Havilland's) until the last killer has bitten Kansas dust. Bruce Cabot is a dyed-in-the-wool villain and Ann Sheridan gets past the Hays' office as a cabaret girl. Entire cast deserves high praise. (June)

★ EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN—Universal

A cute little moppet steals this from Bing Crosby and Joan Blondell. Bing, who sings messages for a telegraph company, and Joan, who is a switchboard operator, are always on the verge of marriage. Something usually stops them and this time it's young Sandy Henville. But Bing sings his way out of trouble. Mischa Auer's melancholy Russian act is good for its usual laughs. (June)

FAST AND LOOSE—M-G-M

Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell are the screen's newest additions to the long line of married couples who are amateur sleuths. They work like beavers to show up the guilty party who murdered a rich bibliophile. You may be annoyed at the ease with which you yourself can pick "whodunit." (May)

(Continued on page 91)

The Winners of the Screen's Topmost Honors

PAUL
MUNI
BETTE
DAVIS

Together in Screendom's Matchless Achievement

JUAREZ

(WAK-222)

The most distinguished production in
a year memorable for the outstanding
offerings of **WARNER BROS.**

*

A STORY SO MOMENTOUS THAT IT RE-
QUIRED SIX ACADEMY AWARD WINNERS
AND A CAST OF 1186 PLAYERS, HEADED BY

BRIAN AHERNE
CLAUDE RAINS • JOHN
GARFIELD • DONALD CRISP
JOSEPH CALLEIA • GALE SONDERGAARD
GILBERT ROLAND • HENRY O'NEILL
DIRECTED BY **WILLIAM DIETERLE**

*

Screen Play by John Huston, Aeneas MacKenzie
and Wolfgang Reinhardt. Based on a Play by
Franz Werfel and the Novel, "The Phantom
Crown," by Bertita Harding. Music by Erich
Wolfgang Korngold

SEE IT! YOU'LL NEVER FORGET IT!



PHOTOPLAY'S

own Beauty Shop

CAROLYN VAN WYCK
PROP.

Radio's "Dr. Susan" (Eleanor Phelps) undertakes to remodel an "ugly duckling" — with results that will help you, too

"No matter what you do during the day, some color will be left," if you follow Sonja's lipstick advice

THE HABIT OF BEING BEAUTIFUL—You know that beauty is the result of habit, that to attain beauty and keep it, you must have a regular routine, a strict regime that you follow faithfully and at stated intervals—exercise, diet, care of the skin and eyes and hair. But you know, too, how easy it is to skip your exercises a day or so, or to give your skin just a sketchy cleansing and thereby undo a lot of your good work. We need to be jogged daily into following the proper routine and, at last, I've found the perfect thing to help us.

It's a daytime radio serial that impressed me so much recently, as I know it will you, too—because it does serve as that daily reminder to you to take stock of yourselves. "The Life and Love of Dr. Susan" is the title of the program. It's sponsored by the same people who broadcast the Lux Radio Theater every Monday night—and the particular feature that caught my interest was the attention paid to beauty problems of the modern young woman by *Dr. Susan* in the radio story.

Eleanor Phelps plays *Dr. Susan* and in the program she is called upon to reconstruct the appearance of her young orphan cousin, *Nancy Chandler*, who is suddenly thrust into her aunt's home. *Nancy* is convinced she's quite homely and doesn't know what to do about it, so *Dr. Susan* comes to her rescue and shows her the simple little things that she can do for herself to improve her looks. But they take plenty of character—grit and determination.

Gale Page is another star who has a number of beauty tips for you—Gale's will give you prettier eyes

"It's looking out for the everlasting little things that make a woman really lovely. It takes more character to be an attractive woman than to make a million dollars," says *Susan*.

And that statement is one of life's great truths. It took rigid determination and persistence for Joan Crawford to become the great beauty she is today. If you had seen Ann Sheridan when she first came to Hollywood, you wouldn't recognize her as the glamorous girl she is now. Of course, the stars have the constant prodding of the studio, so that they are not allowed to forget for even a moment the fact that their careers may depend upon the loss or the gain of a few pounds.

Dr. Susan starts her good work on *Nancy* by showing her how to stand erect instead of slumping over. Eleanor Phelps, as *Dr. Susan*, has developed an attractive carriage, largely through her study of singing. This has taught Eleanor to stand so that she breathes from the abdomen rather than from the chest. She's found that the correct posture has helped make her stronger and healthier, too.

Eleanor suggests—to teach yourself—that you try to make your back touch the wall. You can't completely, all the way down, but the effort will keep you from having a sway-back. Then pull your hips under you. That makes them look smaller. Hold your chin up to get a good neckline. If you have a slender chin, you should be especially particular about holding your head up. The only reason for having a double chin is laziness and forgetting to hold your head erect to give you a clean chin line. Hold your chest up, too, trying to raise it. Trying to push it out will emphasize a sway-back.

Admitted that standing so straight is a big chore at first, you can't expect to accomplish perfection right at the start. It takes time. But you can devote fifteen minutes at night and in the morning to improving your posture. Get set by standing against the wall and then walk around the room, consciously thinking of the way you are holding yourself. When you're out walking, try to pull yourself up at every street corner. After a while, the whole thing will become habitual and you'll stand and walk gracefully without even thinking about it.

This exercise not only improves your posture, but it will help to flatten your tummy. Priscilla Lane has another exercise which you can do without attracting attention at any time or any place while you're sitting down. The trick is to hold the body erect and pull in the abdominal muscles as definitely as possible, trying to make the front muscles touch the spine. Repeat ten times in a row whenever you get the chance. This strengthens your muscles and insures yourself of a nice flat tummy.

To wear clothes well, a lovely carriage is essential. Jane Wyman, who used to be a model, carries herself so well that she can wear almost anything with an air. Olivia de Havilland is the dress designer's delight because her posture and walk are so graceful that she can wear clothes of any period and carry them well, so that they seem to be a part of her personality rather than

(Continued on page 89)

Romance is always "Just around the corner" for Jane!



No need for a girl to spoil her own chances when Mum so surely guards charm!

A GAY PARTY—a pretty new dress—and so becoming! For months Jane had dreamed that this would be *her* evening, *her* party, *her* night to win romance! But when it came, it was the *other* girls who laughed, and danced, and got the masculine attention. Romance seemed everywhere—seemed *near*—why couldn't it come to Jane?

Romance *can't* come to the girl who is guilty of underarm odor. This fault, above all faults, is one that men can't stand. Yet today there are actually thousands of "Janes" who court disaster . . . girls who neglect to use Mum!

It's a mistake to think a bath alone will protect you from underarm odor! Realize that a bath removes only *past* perspiration, but that Mum *prevents* odor . . . then you'll play safe. More women use

Mum than any other deodorant—more screen stars—more girls everywhere who know that underarms need *special* care—not occasionally, but *every day*! You'll like this pleasant cream that's so simple to use, so reliable!

MUM IS QUICK! It takes 30 seconds—practically no time at all—for Mum!

MUM WON'T HARM CLOTHING! Don't worry about that lovely new dress! The Seals of The American Institute of Laundering and Good Housekeeping Bureau

tell you Mum is harmless to any kind of fabric. So safe—you can apply it even *after* you're dressed.

MUM IS SAFE! With nurses Mum takes first place among all deodorants—proof that Mum is safe. Even after underarm shaving Mum soothes your skin.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops underarm odor. Get Mum today at any druggist's. Remember, *any* girl can lose romance if she's guilty of odor! Play safe with Mum!

MORE MOVIE STARS, MORE NURSES, MORE WOMEN, USE MUM



AVOID THIS EMBARRASSMENT! Thousands of women make a habit of Mum for sanitary napkin use. Mum is gentle, safe . . . frees you from worry of offending.

MUM
takes the odor
out of perspiration

PHOTOPLAY INVITES YOU to join in its monthly open forum. Perhaps you would like to add your three cents' worth to one of the comments chosen from the many interesting letters received this month—or perhaps you disagree violently with some reader whose opinions are published here! Or, better still, is there some topic you've never seen discussed as yet in a motion-picture magazine, but which you believe should be brought to the attention of the movie-going public? This is your page, and we welcome your views. All we ask is that your contribution be an original expression of your own honest opinion. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use gratis the letters submitted in whole or in part. Letters submitted to any contest or department appearing in PHOTOPLAY become the property of the magazine. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boos and Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

BOOS AND

Bouquets

OREGON TALKS BACK TO ITSELF

THERE have been so many articles in the magazines about the dismay of picture producers over the decrease in theater attendance lately, that I venture to give you my opinion as to one of the causes of this lack of interest in movie show audiences. We go to the movies to find the romance and glamour not always to be found in everyone's life.

But there is nothing romantic or glamorous to see in a much-married and divorced hero, a father of children, making ardent love to a supposedly young and innocent heroine, who in reality everyone knows was married to Mr. Whowasit twelve years ago, divorced, married again to Mr. Wontdo, divorced, and married again.

In fact, believe it or not, a large percentage of intelligent people has become more and more disgusted and I suggest, as a remedy, that producers in future discard these much-married folk. Give them their choice between marriage and a career and make them abide by it. They say themselves that their careers and marriages won't mix. Very well, separate them—before marriage and not afterwards. Give us, instead of these, some fresh, unmarried young people, who are really more like what they pretend to be, and I am very sure that producers will be gratified at the results at the box office.

It is necessary at the finest of picture shows to use our imagination to really enjoy the picture, but there is a decided limit on how far we can force our imaginations to go. Producers have simply been abusing the public's imagination too long—so people stay home and listen to the radio.

MRS. GRACE TAYLOR,
Portland, Ore.

LAST week, a movie critic of one of our local papers wrote that there was still no answer to the query: "Do the marriages of stars such as Nelson Eddy and Hedy Lamarr affect their popularity with the movie-going public?"

My answer to this is definitely settled by "Pygmalion." A picture of this quality ranks equally with the arts of the stage, music or canvas. One does not care if each player has a dozen wives, ex-wives, sweethearts, lovers lurking in his or her private life.

The play is the thing—a lasting impression of an artist's interpretation of a drama of life is given us. A mediocre movie may leave us wondering if the handsome or pretty clothes rack has a satisfactory love life, but it really does not concern us.

JOY C. PERRY,
Corbett, Ore.

WHO, ME?

IF you think I care about Nelson Eddy's getting married, you got me all wrong. I look this way around the eyes because I got a cinder or something in them, or maybe it's something I had for dinner. I should care what that guy does. He's got his own life to live and I've got mine. Say, what's he ever been to me, anyway? Just a whim.

From the dignified Mexican Emperor of "Juarez," Brian Aherne turns to a gay Australian pioneer, "Captain Fury," in the film of that name with Victor McLaglen

Don't give me a line about my sitting through his pictures till the manager asked me to leave. Or paying \$3.30 out of an ad writer's salary, just to hear him at the Chicago Civic Opera House. Say, Jeanette's in those pictures, too. Swell actress. That's why I saw "Maytime" seven times. I should ruin my figure sitting on it for hours, looking at a guy who gave a punk performance. Don't be a dope. Give me some credit.

What if I saw "Let Freedom Ring" three times? I'm patriotic. Besides, I kept hoping Victor McLaglen would win the fight. Why, I've heard better voices than his on Major Bowes' amateur hour. I'll admit he's a pretty fair singer and he's not bad-looking, but you know those make-up experts can do things to any old face. Along comes a guy who needs a build-up and they give him a mouth like that. So what? I just say, in passing, he doesn't look bad. And his teeth would probably do a neat job on an ear of Golden Bantam. Just a nice, healthy "4-H" boy and you think now, because he marries some gal, I'm bailing out of a high window?

What's wrong with his getting married? It ain't illegal in Hollywood yet, is it? He didn't know me and as far as I'm concerned he's just a bloke named Nelson. What's it to me? My land—
(Continued on page 82)

Together For The First Time!

★ **CARY GRANT** ★ **JEAN ARTHUR**

find love below the Equator
... and thrills above the
clouds ... as 1939's greatest
screen adventure provides
the swell stars of "Gunga
Din" and "You Can't Take It
With You" with their most
exotically exciting roles!



**ONLY ANGELS
HAVE WINGS**

THOMAS MITCHELL • RITA HAYWORTH • RICHARD BARTHELMESS

Screen play by Jules Furthman

A HOWARD HAWKS PRODUCTION • A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Ask Your Theatre When!



**THE STORY OF
ABRAHAM LINCOLN
THAT HAS NEVER
BEEN TOLD!**



His thrilling, exciting, romantic youth...
wrestling, fighting, telling funny stories,
falling in love! A picture stirring with
its drama, romance, action, emotion!

Two boys charged with
murder... and between
them and the gallows...
the youthful backwoods
attorney for the defense...
ABE LINCOLN!

Twentieth Century-Fox presents
DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
production of

YOUNG Mr. LINCOLN

with

**HENRY ALICE MARJORIE ARLEEN
FONDA • BRADY • WEAVER • WHELAN**

**EDDIE COLLINS • PAULINE MOORE
RICHARD CROMWELL • DONALD MEEK
JUDITH DICKENS • EDDIE QUILLAN**

A Cosmopolitan Production

Directed by John Ford

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan
Original Screen Play by Lamar Trotti



CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS



There's a job for you to do on this marriage business, Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable, so, please, don't let us down...

...but there's a harder one ahead for you, Mr. and Mrs. Tyrone Power—the job of replacing a dream...



Ruth Waterbury

BY RUTH WATERBURY

TO the new Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable,
To the new Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.,
To the original Mr. and Mrs. Tyrone Power.

Dear Newlyweds:

This is a letter to you from PHOTOPLAY to wish you from our very heart the greatest happiness... you are, all six of you, such handsome people... such talented people... such romantic people... PHOTOPLAY, permitting me to speak for it, does hope that you are going to keep this happiness you are now experiencing until death do you part... we want it for you, very much... and selfishly, we want it very much for ourselves, too...

For you, Carole and Clark, you, Doug, Jr. and the former Mrs. Hartford, you, particularly, Annabella and Tyrone, can now... if you only will... put the institution of Hollywood marriage back on its feet a bit... restore to it the glory it should have... You charming people can prove... if you make these matings of yours successful... that hearts can be true in Hollywood... that the best of human emotions aren't always sacrificed to the great god, Career... that love isn't a farce, or a mere infatuation, in Hollywood... but that it can have beauty and tenderness and the faith that is everlasting...



...and yours, Mr. and Mrs. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., should be a cinch

Yet, what terrible risks of romance you are running, even now, when your love is so very strong... here you are, six people all wed within a month... six people... who between you represent thirteen marriages!... three for Clark... three for Annabella... two for Carole... two for Doug, Jr.... two for the new Mrs. Doug, Jr.... for Tyrone, alone, is it a first wedding... and precisely because it is Tyrone's first marriage, do I think that the responsibility of happiness for him and for us rests most heavily on the handsome Power shoulders...

Let's review the bidding on all this... you, Clark and Carole, were married, very quietly, very much in your characteristic way of doing things, at Kingman, Arizona, on March 29th... I'm sure that the whole world, having watched your romance... having seen how

very well you had conducted yourselves during two difficult years... felt very pleased that you were, at last, able to belong to each other... for, if ever two people seemed to be made for each other, you are the ones... you simply share each other's every interest... you both love laughter and good food, sports and horses, people and your work... you are, both of you, of course, absolutely beautiful to look at together...

If you two can't make a go of your marriage, then there is no meaning in the word compatibility... if in a year or two one of you gets a divorce saying those silly things like "He called me harsh names and was rude to my friends and therefore I don't want to live with him any longer"... in other words, the usual flimsy excuses for Hollywood divorces... well, it is going to be very disillusioning to us... it's not going to leave us with much respect for Hollywood emotions...

Personally, I don't expect that of you two, though... I'll put my money on this Gable marriage lasting... I'll certainly put it much more on this marriage lasting than almost any Hollywood marriage I've ever seen happen... and yet... this is Clark's third marriage... this is Carole's second... all statistics on love, not alone in Hollywood but throughout the world... reveal that often-wed people aren't good matrimonial risks...

AS far as you are concerned, Doug Jr., I had got all over the habit of paying any attention to your romances, you've had so many of them... so when first I heard your name linked with that of the very social Mrs. Mary Lee Epling Hartford I never gave it a second listen... after all, since you and Joan Crawford separated there's been you and Gertrude Lawrence... you and Marlene Dietrich... you and Zorina... you and Virginia Fields... yet less than a month after the Gables wed, you and the former Mrs. Hartford, who had just been divorced from the millionaire owner of a great grocery chain... were united... on the Saturday afternoon of April 22nd that you managed to get off from the studio... you were wed at the Westwood Methodist Episcopal Church with the bride's mother and your



"THE YELLOW PACK

FROM FLAVOR-TOWN

IS JUST THE THING

TO CALM HER DOWN"



Ever get nervous or upset? Then, try a package of Beech-Nut Gum. It's always refreshing and restful. It comes from Flavor-Town (Canajoharie, N. Y.)—famous for quality and flavor. Six delicious varieties.

Beech-Nut



One of America's
GOOD habits

GOING TO THE N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR?
We invite you to visit the Beech-Nut Building there. If you're driving, we would be delighted to have you stop at Canajoharie, in the Mohawk Valley of New York, and see how Beech Nut products are made.



In the current matrimonial wave, Hollywood revives interest in the plans of Janet Gaynor and Adrian—

father as the witnesses . . . and I did wonder, Doug, how your father, who also represents three marriages . . . felt as he stood there and saw a second Mary and Doug come into being. . . .

Since none of us in Hollywood know this new Mary Fairbanks well, it is only possible to guess at what lies ahead of you two . . . but I would guess that it may be an ideal marriage for you, Douglas . . . for you, much more than the average Hollywood man, I'd say that a social marriage is perfect . . . for, like your father, you are a very social human being . . . like the ads, you like nice things . . . you are international-minded . . . you prefer New York to Hollywood . . . and London to New York . . . you are a good actor and you respect acting and pictures. . . .

Nonetheless, you are much more aware than most actors that there are other and more important things in this world . . . as a matter of fact, you are a very intellectual, very cultured young gentleman, Mr. Fairbanks . . . and because of all these good, worldly qualities in you . . . a wife who will have only you for her career . . . a wife who understands how to run a perfect home . . . a wife who knows all the rules at Palm Beach and Monte Carlo and Sun Valley and the Italian Alps. . . .

Well, your marriage looks perfect . . . that's what it does . . . so here's hoping it is a perfect marriage, forever and always . . . but if it proves not to be . . . well, that won't hurt us so much as Carole's and Clark's breaking up . . . and not nearly what Tyrone's and Annabella's breaking up would mean to us. . . .

BECAUSE you, Tyrone . . . you are still the idealist in this whole group . . . you are the one to whom heart-break has not yet happened . . . you are the one who has the opportunity to affirm for the world the truth that marriage is the greatest of all human relationships. . . .

You must have read that anecdote in the *Hollywood Reporter*, Tyrone, that illustrates the general feeling about your marriage . . . The *Reporter* story ran thus. . . .

"A high-school girl called Patia Power long distance from Long

Beach. The youngster said, 'I am speaking for a group of girls here at school. We just have to tell you that the announcement of Tyrone's engagement positively *floored* us. It's the biggest catastrophe since the burning of Rome!' . . .

If millions of girls felt that way about your engagement (and I'm sure they did) millions more felt saddened at your marriage. . . .

It isn't that we begrudge you, who have brought us so much pleasure, your own joy . . . but you were, more than any other man on the screen, the true Prince Charming . . . and, so, when you married the day after young Doug married . . . and yours, too, was a very quiet wedding with only your very closest friends in attendance and Don Ameche and Pat Paterson Boyer as best man and matron of honor . . . a dream died in countless feminine hearts. . . .

But you, Tyrone, can replace that dream of ours . . . which admittedly was a pretty silly and adolescent dream . . . by giving us a vision of married love that is so much finer, so much deeper, than any courtship . . . it may take us a little while to become accustomed to thinking of you in the rôle of a husband and young stepfather . . . but you are the most popular man in movies still . . . and why? . . .

because you, Tyrone, are sensitive and handsome and courteous and intelligent and unspoiled . . . that's why. . . .

So suppose . . . as a husband, possessing all those qualities, you make this marriage one with tenderness and strength and dignity . . . suppose you make it endure, not merely for this year and next, but over many years. . . .

Suppose you show us that two people can go along together cleaving only unto each other, but growing constantly into that inner companionship, that oneness that is the very heart of marriage. . . .

Well, Tyrone, if you can do that . . . you will have done something much greater for the world than any amount of acting you may ever do . . . for you can show the world that love does not need to die . . . that romance does not need to end in staleness . . . you will have given us a new faith in everyone in Hollywood . . . you will have given us, too, a new faith in our own hearts . . . it will guarantee our happiness if you can live your happiness. . . .

So that's what we very much wish for you . . . we wish it selfishly, for our own sakes . . . very fondly . . . for your sake, too. . . .

FLASH . . . at the very moment I am writing these words comes the delightful news Hollywood has long anticipated . . . Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck have married . . . it seems they started out for San Diego Saturday afternoon, May 13th, but stalled so that they didn't reach the home of their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Whalen, where they were married, until shortly after midnight and safely on the fourteenth . . . the Hollywood touch is that at 2 A. M. they are returning to town to receive the press . . . well, from PHOTOPLAY's section of the press, such very good wishes, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor . . . we are so happy for you two friendly people . . . really we are . . . but, oh, what a month for the women of the world . . . where are we going to find a dream bachelor in all moviedom now . . . oh, yes . . . there is one indeed . . . oh, Richard Greeeeeen . . . yoo-hoo. . . .



—while it now looks as though marriage is growing more imminent daily for Buddy Adler, Anita Louise

MOVIES *in your home*



A new Photoplay department—giving tips and advice hot from the Hollywood lots—for all amateur movie-camera enthusiasts who want to buy, make and show their own home movies

BY JACK SHER

MOST Hollywood directors are unanimous in agreeing that the greatest single fault of the average home-made movie is poor continuity. Amateur cameramen should, therefore, welcome professional advice on this all-important subject from Lew Landers, RKO director.

"If the amateur's picture is going to mean anything to anyone besides himself, it must have a definite continuity," says Director Landers. "This holds true whether the home cameraman is shooting a 'plot' picture, a travelogue, or just an ordinary interesting incident. A lot of my 8 mm reels are merely records of the 35 mm pictures I have directed at the studio. Yet, even with the plot and scenario already worked out for me, I find that I have to devote a great deal of thought to working out the continuity for the reels."

According to Director Landers, the most important secret of good continuity lies in the careful planning of every shot before a single foot of film is exposed. The next most important factor is the careful—and liberal—cutting of the film. Besides these two important points, there are many smaller considerations which aid continuity and mark the difference between the professional and the amateur.

Few amateurs realize the importance of "direction of motion" as a connecting link between one scene and the next. If a vacation travelogue shows the family automobile leaving the house in a left-to-right direction on the screen, the next sequence should show the car arriving at the vacation camp still traveling in a left-to-right direction. Otherwise, Landers points out, the audience will get a momentary impression that something went wrong and the automobile was forced to turn back.

One other aid to continuity is the use of dissolves. Any amateur can make a "lap dissolve" by slowly cutting down his aperture while shooting the last few feet of a scene. Then, in a dark room, the film should be taken out of the camera and wound back to the beginning of the "dissolve." The next scene should then be taken with a small diaphragm opening which is slowly opened

to the correct exposure. The result of this device will be a gradual fading of the first scene and a dissolving into the next. Such "lap dissolves" are used only to indicate a lapse of time and are an excellent aid to continuity.

MOVIES in 16 mm are now free! You can get them from the United States Government by simply paying postage on film shipped to you. The Department of Agriculture has available some 200 films which are devoted to every phase of farming and distributing. These films cover everything from WPA and what it has done, to inspection of livestock and poultry. There are even animated cartoons showing the AAA farm program in the wheat and corn belts. The Department of the Interior has 80 films for distribution, mostly about mining. The Department of Labor has numerous films on everything from child care to the prevention of silicosis. The Woman's Bureau has three short films pertaining to women's rôle in modern industry. "What's in a Dress?" is the title of one which deals with the dress industry.

Those of you interested in far-off places should get the films offered by the Pan-American Union, films depicting life in Mexico, Havana, Panama and Guatemala. The Social Security Board has several films available on old age insurance and unemployment compensation.

Most worthwhile films from the standpoint of sheer entertainment are the films on the TVA. Best of these are "The Plow That Broke the Plains," in three reels, and "The River." The WPA has also produced numerous documentary films, the best being those depicting man's fight against the recent floods. You can get all the information you want on these films by writing the United States Film Service in Washington, D. C.

GARRISON has finally released Joris Ivan's great film "The 400 Million" in 16 mm. It is the story of what is happening in China today and one of the great films of the year. The continuity was written by Dudley Nichols, Academy Award winner, and is spoken by Fredric March. Nothing more need be said. Also now on 16 mm for home consumption is Sergei Eisenstein's newest picture, "Alexander Nevsky."

Castle Films' big picture of the month is their 16 mm sound film of the Coronation of Pope Pius XII.

New Equipment: Besbee Products Corp., of Trenton, New Jersey, has introduced a new titling outfit called a Pro-Trik which makes traveling titles, drum titles, "flop over" titles and many trick effects.

don't risk

Popularity-Romance

this summer

Perspiration odor in dresses—as in undies—can ruin charm . . . Use Lux often!

Even a hint of perspiration odor in your pretty frock can spoil your charm! Don't risk offending . . . Lux dresses often.

Lux takes away perspiration odor completely . . . makes you sure of daintiness. And Lux is safe—for anything safe in water. It keeps gay colors, delicate fabrics new-looking longer. Avoid soaps containing harmful alkali—and cake-soap rubbing. Lux has no harmful alkali!



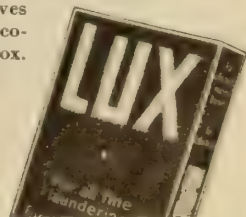
I'M NANCY'S PINK ORGANDIE—SHE LOOKS LOVELY IN ME—BUT TOM WON'T DATE HER AGAIN! I HAVE PERSPIRATION ODOR



THOSE WOMEN ARE SNUBBING RUTH—BECAUSE OF ME! THIS STICKY WEATHER I NEED LUXING OFTEN—WHY IS RUTH CARELESS?

figure what Lux saves!

Compare Luxing with cleaning bills—you'll see how much it saves! Unless the water is hard, you can Lux a dress or sweater for less than a penny. In hard water, just a bit more Lux softens the water, gives you abundant suds. It's economical to buy the BIG box.



Keeps dresses new-looking longer—
a little goes so far—it's **thrifty**

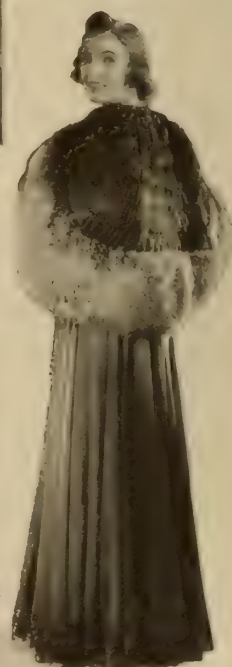


Midsummer Night's Dream

SHEER CAPE RICH WITH FEDERAL FOX

No other fur appears in so many charming moods as flattering FEDERAL Silver Fox. You saw it . . . deep, silky, frosty with silver . . . in winter's and spring's most important models . . . and here it is again, insignia of the new and smart on the airy cape of a sheer evening costume. Be sure that your silver fox is FEDERAL Fox; look for the Federal name stamped on the leather side. It insures *lasting* loveliness. At better stores everywhere.

FEDERAL SILVER FOXES *Hamburg, Wisconsin*



G R E A T L A D Y

*Hearts may break and hopes go tumbling,
but life can't rob Garbo of her dream*

BY MARIANNE

THIS is the story of a little girl who once lived in far off Sweden and who longed, more than anything else in the world, to become a great lady. The child's name was Greta Gustafsson; although later we came to know her as Greta Garbo (but that was after her dream came true and she had attained the coveted position called "great"). We were happy about her success on the screen, happy that fame and fortune had brought her an adoring public . . . and sad . . . when we had to stand by and watch her learn that being a great lady is satisfactory only when someone else very dear is glad about it, too. But when she was a little girl, long ago in Sweden, she hadn't discovered that a coach and four might as well be a pumpkin if you have to ride in it alone. So she was very happy.

"Read it again," she would plead, as she sat with her

mother before the huge fireplace in the kitchen of the comfortable house in Stockholm.

"My dear, I've read it so many times," the mother would protest wearily; though she always smiled and reopened the book to another old Norse fairy tale, or to another chapter in the life of the "divine" Sarah. (Sarah Bernhardt was always called divine by those who worshipped her.) This was little Greta's favorite book.

"I'm going to be like *her*," she would cry vehemently. "I'm going to be exactly like her! Then all men will love me, too, and send me flowers and I shall have gold and silver dresses and a great deal of handsome jewelry." Or, if it were a Norse fairy tale, the blue eyes would become pensive and she would murmur dreamily, "But I shall love only one man and I shall tell my maid to throw away all the flowers except his. Even after they have withered, I will keep them in a little gold box so that when I am very old I can show them to my children and tell them that in all the world there never was a love as great as ours and that as long as we lived, we were each other's very best friend."

The mother looks down at the thin gawky little body, into the enormous blue eyes so earnest and alive, and she says, "Yes, yes, little one, you will be great, I'm sure of that. And I would like to go along and guide you when you come to rough places, but because you are **great**,

(Continued on page 85)

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI



A PHOTOPLAY BREVITY



Lackadaisical LOTHARIO

Beginning THE LIFE AND GOOD TIMES OF JAMES STEWART

BY WILBUR MORSE, JR.

BOOOTH TARKINGTON might have created Jim Stewart. He's *Little Orvie* and *Billie Baxter* grown up, *Penrod* with a Princeton diploma.

The appeal of James Stewart, the shy, inarticulate movie actor, is that he reminds every girl in the audience of the date before the last. He's not a glamorized Gable, a remote Robert Taylor. He's "Jim," the lackadaisical, easy-going boy from just around the corner.

In the same way, the charm of Jim Stewart's life story, as it was unveiled for PHOTOPLAY by his family in the little country town of Indiana, Pennsylvania, by his closest cronies of school and college days and by the men and women who shared the struggles of his first years on Broadway and in Hollywood, is its stunning simplicity.

Jim Stewart is as American as chewing gum, marbles and Sunday-school picnics and the story of his life is a nostalgic saga of Main Street. The Jazz Age was at its height when he went away to prep school, a cynical sophistication was the approved manner when he was in college and later the artificial atmosphere of Broadway and Hollywood made acceptance of a creed of superficiality easy. Yet, through all



(Top) A boy's best friend—Jim's mother, with the four-year-old ruler of the Stewart homestead. (Above) Doddie and Ginny, seven-year-old Jim's pet names for his sisters Mary and Virginia



Age: nine years, and—painful memories
—not only piano lessons but spectacles!

A family portrait of the Stewarts—
taken just before Captain Alec went
off to France. Jim, at the age of ten,
became man of the house and, to his
family's amusement, he hasn't forgot-
ten a certain habit formed then



these distracting influences, Jim Stewart re-
mained essentially unspoiled, the roots of his
character ever deep in the soil of substantial
values.

And to appreciate fully the wholesomeness
which distinguishes Jim Stewart today, it is
necessary to trace those roots back to the small
town from which he emerged.

Indiana is a brisk, busy little town of about
10,000 population in Western Pennsylvania, in
the rolling foothills of the Alleghenies. A
county seat and the shopping center of the min-
ing and farming districts which encircle it, In-
diana is near enough to Pittsburgh to keep the
hayseed combed out of its hair, yet isolated
enough from any metropolitan area to achieve
an independent personality of its own.

HERE four generations of the Scotch-Irish fam-
ily of Stewart have enjoyed success and sub-
stance as leaders in the business and social life
of the town, leaving it only to march off to war,
quietly, purposefully; returning without fan-
fare to the big brown-stoned hardware store of
J. M. Stewart and Company which, since 1853,
has stood like an impressive guardian at one
end of the business block.

It was to this hardware store Jim's grand-
father, James Maitland Stewart, returned in Un-
ion blue after Grant had lit a cigar and accepted
Lee's sword at Appomattox. And it was to this
store, his tall, rangy son Alexander Stewart
came home to carry on the family tradition,
after strolling out of a senior classroom at
Princeton to volunteer in the Spanish-Amer-
ican War.

Alec, so the family story goes, clad in white
flannels and dancing pumps, had walked out of
a chemical laboratory to enlist, leaving behind
him some test tubes heating over a fire. The
explosion which followed his departure was as
devastating as any he heard in Cuba.

They tell a lot of other intriguing tales about
this big-boned Alec, who rollicked through
Princeton in the gay nineties, such as the time
he spirited a cow past campus proctors and into
the dean's office in Nassau Hall one night.

But it was a more sedate young Alec Stewart
who had buried the pranks of his past in the
nailbins of his father's store and was now sing-
ing a lusty tenor in the First Presbyterian
Church choir, who met and married Elizabeth
Jackson from the neighboring town of Apollo.
A college graduate, like Alec, Bessie Jackson



Jim took the war seriously. He
saluted the postman, the gro-
cer, the baker, his teachers

**PHOTOPLAY'S AUTHOR INVADES
JAMES STEWART'S HOME TOWN
AND RETURNS WITH THE MOST
REVEALING LIFE HISTORY
AND EARLY PHOTOGRAPHS
WE HAVE PUBLISHED IN YEARS**

was the daughter of General S. M. Jackson who had distinguished himself as a Union leader at Gettysburg and was now State Treasurer in Harrisburg.

Bessie Jackson Stewart must have been a remarkably pretty young girl in those days soon after the turn of the century, when she came to Indiana as a bride. She is still strikingly handsome today, her soft white hair worn in a trim bob, her deep blue eyes as young as her smile.

It was from Bessie Stewart, seated in the homey front parlor of her house, with a fat album of precious pictures in her lap, that I learned the intimate story of Jim's boyhood. Throughout the long afternoon of my visit, Alec was in and out of the room, stopping a moment to add an anecdote, supply a date, laugh over a family joke.

ONE of the first pictures in the book was of an old-fashioned frame house, set back from the street by a terraced yard. This, Mrs. Stewart told me, was their first home after they were married. "The Garden of Eden," Alec had named it, and here all three of their children were born, Jim on May 20, 1908, Mary in 1912 and Virginia in 1914.

Here Jim, when he had passed the crawling stage and had learned to walk, tortured the excitable Polish maid of all work by dragging in worms from the garden to her spotless kitchen, raiding the pantry for peanut butter.

Mrs. Stewart flicked the pages of the album. Here was Jim at four years old, with bangs and a white sailor suit. It was that year, Mrs. Stewart remembered, that Jim fashioned his first airplane, adding wings from a kite to a pushmobile cart and installing the works of a discarded alarm clock as engine.

For two days this contraption served as an exciting new plaything in the back yard and by the third afternoon, Jim was convinced it would fly. Borrowing an idea from the Wright Brothers, Jim decided to test his plane in the air by gliding from the sloping roof of the washhouse.

"He had managed to drag the cart up on the roof," Mrs. Stewart recounted, "and was all ready to take off when Alec happened to come into the yard. His shouts to Jim to stop were too late and he dashed back to the washhouse just in time to catch Jim and the plane as they hurtled toward the ground. They landed in a confused heap under the roof but fortunately no one was hurt.

"I'm sure Jim might have been seriously injured if his father hadn't happened by just when he did, but Jim was merely grieved because his first flight had been interrupted.

"It's a very good plane. I know it can fly," he argued.

"To distract him from any further neck-breaking experiments, Alec suggested that Jim turn his attention to building model planes and, helped by Clyde Woodward, one of the clerks at the hardware store, Jim began on a hobby that has held his interest to this day.

"When he was home last Christmas, he was more enthusiastic in his description of a new model he had just finished building than about anything pertaining to Hollywood."

MRS. STEWART turned the pages of the album again. Next was an entrancing snapshot of Jim gazing up at his father in unmistakable hero worship.

"Jim always has been intensely proud of his father," Mrs. Stewart smiled. "From the time he was a little boy, he's worshiped Alec and the greatest compliment you could give him was to say that he was like his father.

"I remember one of the first times I ever took Jim over to my family's home in Apollo. The Jacksons were a large family and the house was filled with relatives, home for a reunion. Jim was out in the kitchen with Della McGraw, the big, good-natured Irish housekeeper. The family crowded around him cooing compliments, making a great fuss over him.

"Oh, he has eyes just like his Aunt Emily," said one.

"Look, he has his Uncle John's nose."

"And his hair, isn't it just like Frank's?"

"Jim stood it as long as he could as one after another of his features was compared to that of some member of the family. Everyone except his father had been mentioned.

"Finally, jealous of the slight, Jim shouted, 'Well, anyway, my teeth are just like Daddy's!'"

"Just like Daddy's." It was the keynote of Jim's childhood, that desire to be like the tall, tender man who never forgot a promise, never failed the nightly ritual of a romp. Jim imitated his father's rangy walk, his wide, jerky gestures, caught the trick of slow, deliberate speech. When you meet Alec Stewart you know instantly where Jim acquired his mannerisms, his voice, his eager interest in all about him.

One of Alec Stewart's happiest hobbies was his membership in the Volunteer Fire Association. Indiana was proud of the tradition of its volunteer fire brigade. To belong to it was a little something like having your name on the rolls of the Union League in larger cities.

Whenever he could, Jim followed his father to the fire association's meetings, watching drill with excited interest, helping polish the nozzle of a hose, sharing the company's pride in the acquisition of each new piece of equipment. Soon Jim's persistence in attending each meeting, his wide-eyed worship of the heroes of the brigade, led to his being accepted as official mascot of the company and when he was six years old, Jim was thrilled at Christmas time by receiving as his main present, a fireman's uniform, complete to visored cap and brass-buttoned tunic, an exact copy of the outfit worn by his father.

The present had no sooner been unwrapped than Jim, disregarding all other gifts, rushed to his room to don the magnificent new raiment. He was still in his prized costume at the Christmas dinner table, having removed the shiny, visored cap only after vigorous protest, when the sonorous bell over the firehouse clanged a summons on the quiet winter afternoon air. Alec pushed his chair away from a half-finished plate of turkey and started out of the house. Before his mother could stop him, Jim, grabbing up his fireman's cap and his hatchet from under the Christmas tree, followed.

"The fire wasn't a very big one," Alec remembers, "just an old barn and we put out the blaze in short order. When I looked around for Jim he wasn't anywhere in sight. I walked around in back of the shed and there he was with his hatchet that wouldn't have made much of a dent on a snowball, hacking away feverishly at a rear door."

It was a memorable experience, that first fire he attended as mascot and, a little later, recounting the story to his grandparents, Jim's enthusiasm began to stretch the facts. The small barn with one or two horses became a

great stable with scores of frightened animals trapped in a giant conflagration.

Grandma Stewart listened attentively to the glowing account. Exaggeration followed exaggeration until finally the little old lady asked, "And were all the horses lost, Jim?"

The apprentice axman shot a look at his father, who had been watching the boy curiously.

"Well," hesitated Jim, "I think one of the horses got his tail burned."

It became a catchword in the Stewart family when someone seemed overboard on a story. "One of the horses got his tail burned!"

JIM was eight years old when the Stewarts moved from "The Garden of Eden" to their present home, a big brick house on Vinegar Hill, the residential knoll which rises in the center of town. Meanwhile Jim had started going to the Model School, an adjunct of the State Teachers College in Indiana, and here began his friendship with Joe Davis, Bill Neff and Hall Blair, who were to become the closest chums of his boyhood.

Miss Amy Gray, one of Jim's teachers at the Model School, remembers him as a serious-faced little boy who wore glasses and showed an unusual talent for drawing. In fact, the cover of the book in which she has kept unusual work of her pupils through the years is decorated with a skillful crayon sketch of Jim's, depicting a knight in armor astride a fiery black charger.

It was at the Model School that Jim succumbed to the one romance of his younger years. Her hair was red. Her ribbons were the biggest of any girl in the class and though a front tooth was missing at the moment, she was unquestionably the prettiest miss in the room. For months Jim had looked upon her as merely another classmate, but on the afternoon of the spring pageant when she offered him half her cake, after the refreshment stand had refused him more than three helpings, Jim knew that here was a girl to be cherished.

With sisters Mary and Ginny, Jim was star and producer of a flaming war-time play, fittingly called "The Slacker"



Nothing definite was said on the subject, but it was pretty well understood between them that she was, henceforth, to be his girl. It was toward the redheaded young lady's chair that Jim always hurried at dancing class and it was to Jim she turned when partners were chosen for parties at the school.

All through the spring, young love ran its course, undisturbed by anything more serious than an occasional hair pulling, until the fateful day that John Blair's father gave him a pony.

Ah, the fickleness of feminine fancy! Just twenty minutes after the redhead saw John Blair's pony, Jim had definitely returned to the ranks of the unattached males.

But if the redheaded one was lost, there was solace to be found in the fact that next-door-neighbors, Jean Prothero and her sister Agnes, also had recently acquired a pony and welcomed the mastery of a man's hand on the reins.

The Prothero pony was a much faster animal than John Blair's and Jim exulted in passing the Blair cart, with its beribboned redheaded passenger, and flicking his whip with a nonchalant disdain that must have been both a reproach and a reprimand to the unfaithful one.

(Continued on page 78)

Such ignominy! To be cast as a lowly spear carrier in the commencement play while his best friend, Joe Davis with the beard, took the leading rôle



His first Love was a vain moppet who preferred a rival with a pony. So Jim took buggy rides with neighbors



The Stewart hardware store, the heritage Jim deserted for Hollywood



Graduation from the Model School and his first pair of long trousers were thrills that fell to fifteen-year-old Jim Stewart

WHAT AMERICAN WOMEN THINK OF HOLLYWOOD WOMEN



One of America's most famous women writers frankly explores Mrs.

Average America's "over-the-card-table" opinion of Miss Glamour

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

THE impression that most of us have of women of Hollywood is a patchwork, made up partly of the old myths and partly of highly personal and detailed information. Where the myth stops and the information begins to be accurate is not always clear to us and perhaps it isn't to the Hollywood women. I shouldn't think it would be. But from what we hear and from what we read in the magazines and newspapers, from letters which come from Susan Smith who went out to live in Hollywood (nearly every woman now knows a Susan Smith at first or second hand) and from tourists' brief views of the industry and the community, the ordinary American woman has made her composite picture of the women connected with motion pictures, the stars, the lesser lights, and the women who have married into the business and have just gone along to be wives.

It is not the picture which we had ten or fifteen years ago. Then, to be a woman in Hollywood, especially an actress, was almost synonymous with being a siren, living in real or in potential sin all the time, and dwelling in a house and social environment as tenuous as the shadow pictures on the screen. As time has gone on and pictures have raised their own standards of intellectual values, as we have heard stars and minor actresses talk, often using

better English and more careful inflections than most of us, we realize that there must be more to life out there than we thought. It's not just sex. The Hollywood women, at least a decent proportion of them, have brains as well as beauty. They work hard. (They must work hard—or how could they do it?) And they have to behave. We have heard all about those disciplinary contracts which demand better behavior of motion-picture actresses than is required of the ordinary society woman.

Also the candid camera has shown us the realistic Hollywood woman. It reveals flaws, frowns, squints, casual actions, the girl getting older, and those prove humanity better than the posed photograph with every eyelash brushed, combed and stretched. The radio and news columnists have often been mercilessly frank about displays of temperament, about comment on those who carry success well and those who can't stand it. We realize they have their problems and some of them aren't so much different from our own.

But just the same, it's a queer life from the point of view of the average American woman. She isn't jealous of the Hollywood woman as a rule, nor does she covet the Hollywood home, which often seems from the photographs to be a swimming pool surrounded by shoe closets.

There are, of course, thwarted women in every town, who feel that they could have done just as well, given one screen test or one more husband. But aside from the few who are bitterly biting their nails because they are not in Hollywood, the ordinary woman feels that she does not compete in the same field as the Hollywood one. She may be critical of Hollywood life and she is usually curious about it, more so than she admits. She may not believe all she hears about it, or she may swallow every piece of gossip that comes her way. But she is not envious because she feels that Hollywood is not down her street. The average woman is more likely to envy the wife of her husband's boss, her college roommate who wrote a book, or Dorothy Thompson.

HOLLYWOOD is like Mars, a place where ordinary people don't live, or where ordinary people become extraordinary by the fact of residence. This isn't true of the average woman's point of view about New York or even Paris. She may not get to those places very often, but she can imagine herself there and what she would do if she did. Not so in Hollywood.

What does this feeling stem from? First of all, I think, from the fact that Hollywood women seem to lack privacy. This is not only in their professional work but also in emotional life and in marriage. If they have divorces or entanglements, they might as well have them in a goldfish bowl or in the front yard. If they have a happy married life, that's also news. This is not true of other women in public life. If, for example, Pearl Buck or Margaret Mitchell should have a personal complication in her life, her friends might know it. The literary set might be aware of it. But her millions of readers, her fans, would not. Winchell might say something about it casually, but unless it amounts to scandal or a

murder, there is not likely to be a feature about how a famous writer gets along with her husband. We know that Katharine Cornell is married, but we would be surprised and rather bewildered if Katharine Cornell's name were seen tacked to an article which said "Cornell Tells Why My Life Has Romance."

But such a line about Katharine Hepburn might be all in the day's reading. Stokowski could have had almost any other friend except Garbo and it would not have been headline news. There is a peculiar difference. Cornell, Hepburn and Garbo are all serious actresses with great publics, but the private lives of the movie actresses are more exposed than those on the legitimate stage. They are not often able to conceal anything and if they do, the fact of concealment itself is publicized.

So the average woman thinks that the Hollywood woman has no private emotional life. That she can not imagine for herself. Marriages which are open to the public do not seem real to the average American woman. Marriage relations are things which the normal woman keeps to herself, or shares only with her friends, and maybe the hairdresser and the laundress.

There is this exposure which sets the Hollywood woman apart and makes her seem quite different from other people, at least in the eyes of the average woman. There is also the impression American women have that Hollywood life is impermanent. When the average American woman marries she gets fixed for life, or so she hopes and trusts. She does not believe that the Hollywood woman, even with the same intention, has the same chance.

The Hollywood life and career itself seems destructive of human relations. Again and again the public is told that a marriage or a love

(Continued on page 77)

ILLUSTRATED BY
BRADSHAW CRANDELL





So, you thought you knew all there was to know about Ginger Rogers! Well, this is no picture of a serious careerist, it's the fun-loving Ginger, who jumps into this old game of Truth and Consequences with the zest that makes her beloved by studio workers and stars alike. She called quits on six of the questions—the forfeits she paid are pictured on the opposite page—but think of all the fun in store for you imagining what her answers should have been

Play Truth and Consequences.

WITH

GINGER ROGERS

1. (Q) Of what personal accomplishment are you most proud?

(A) The sketch I did of Madame Maria Ouspenskaya is one thing which really tickles me; it was one of the first sketches I undertook. I had seen her in a film with Garbo and had been interested by her face. I had never met her, but after I finished the sketch, working from a photograph—it took me three or four weeks altogether—I invited her to dinner so that she might see it, too. If she hadn't liked it as much as I did, I believe I would never have recovered from the disappointment.

2. (Q) In what other actress have you noticed a resemblance to yourself?

(A) Just recently in watching Priscilla Lane on the screen I had the funny feeling that I knew her—there was something so familiar about her. I realized then that it was because we are somewhat alike; not our features particularly, but our expressions, mannerisms or something—just what it is, I can't explain.

3. (Q) What famous personality would you most prefer to meet and why?

(A) There are so many I'd like to meet that I can't name them all here, but I believe I'd feel most honored to meet Leopold Stokowski and Professor Albert Einstein. I'm sure I would have nothing of interest to say to them, but if I could only listen in on a conversation they might be having with someone else, someone else who would know how to probe them intelligently, that would be wonderful!

4. (Q) Have you ever taken part in a blind date and what were the circumstances?

(A) No. Mysteries of that kind don't interest me.

5. (Q) Do you ever read beauty articles, seeking some beauty secret for yourself?

(A) I'm an easy mark for any and every advertisement which promises that a certain product will make me ravishing. If it's a lipstick, I promptly send for a half dozen and then, after trying them briefly, I invariably return to my original stand-by.

6. (Q) When have you ever consciously imitated someone?

(A) Never consciously, but I always unconsciously pick up the accent or intonation of the person with whom I am talking. Just recently, at lunch with an European, he accused me of making fun of him, saying, "You talk at me, like me." It took me twenty minutes to convince him that it was unintentional and that I was not ridiculing him. It's a very embarrassing quality.

7. (Q) When you have a man opponent at some sport, tennis for example, do you ever deliberately throw a game his way, on the theory that men do not like to be beaten by women?

(A) I should say not! I love to beat a man and I always play to win. I get a big kick out of it. And if he doesn't enjoy it, so much the better! I'm for the woman-winner every time, in everything.

8. (Q) Which photographic angle of your face do you consider the best?



Feuding is something Ginger doesn't talk about. Result: the forfeit on Question 21 is this unglamorous pose taken from her snapshot album

Imagine asking a gal Question 11! Well, Ginger wouldn't answer—but she did let us print one of her drawings (top)—a sketch of Madame Ouspenskaya—good, too, we say. Question 18 was another stopper, but the consequence really wasn't meant to frighten little children. It's how the well made up woman of 1939 does not look



Alkingta igpa atinla
isya aya inefa artya...
litya isya alsoya unf
ecauseba ouya anca
aysa atwha ouya
antwa andya eoplepa
ontda owkna atwha
ouya aysa—orya
oda eytha?

- (A) Do you mind if I say, "Behind the ears"? And I am not being facetious! I saw a rear view of my head for the first time on the screen just recently, and I couldn't help it, I thought that view of me was kind of cute.
- 9. (Q) What is your most successful disguise for avoiding recognition in public?
(A) I've tried everything, but nothing is fan-proof. The only really sure way to avoid recognition is not to go out.
- 10. (Q) What was the most tomboyish physical feat of your childhood?
(A) I was runner-up in a broad-jumping contest once. But my greatest dream was to become a champion pole vaulter, though I never got any farther at that than over the back fence on the prop-stick for the washline.
- 11. (Q) What has caused your keenest embarrassment?
(A) Miss Rogers took the consequences. (Let us reproduce one of your drawings.)
- 12. (Q) Do you really enjoy opera, or do you go because it is the fashion?
(A) I can't say I enjoy all operas, but I only go to those I really like. I have seen eighteen different operas, and
(Continued on page 86)

Questions 26 and 33 are too closely allied, so the example of Ginger's Pig Latin (above, right) is her punishment for refusing to answer. The limerick (right) is forfeit on question 58

There was a young girl named Virginia
Which is a heck of a way to beginnia,
For what can I rhyme
With a name like mine?
For forfeits like this I'm agin ya!

Rumor has it that there is only one answer to Question 26, but Ginger preferred to have a picture taken riding "no hands" on her bicycle rather than reveal her secret



Sparkie—Bonita Granville, Franklin Thomas

Double-dating—Franklin Thomas, Phyllis Howell, Peggy Stewart and Gabriel Dell at the movies

Young Fry

THE waitress moved quietly about, handling the glasses gently, while stealing soft little glances at the two on the other side of the counter.

Errol Flynn, poking his nose in the commissary door, cast a quick glance at the pair and instantly shot his eyebrows ceilingward. An electrician, off the set for an extra cup of coffee, winked broadly at Flynn.

A soft giggle came from the beautiful blonde as she gazed at her Romeo. The male voice of Romeo, with its upsy-daisy crack in the middle, answered back. Another giggle.

Romance was blooming! Deviltry was afoot! Bonita Granville and Bobby Jordan were stealing time out at recess for a glass of milk in the studio commissary.

Hollywood's young fry in action.

The scene changes. The music of Skinnay Ennis' orchestra floats out over the luxurious dining room of the Victor Hugo restaurant. Women in furs and jewels, men in dinner jackets are seated about the room listening to the lilting melodies. Suddenly, on the velvet-carpeted stairs, appears a wide-eyed, gray-sweatered girl. Johnny Downs is at her side.

"Gee, it's beautiful," she whispers, "but we'll only have time for a dance or two. I have to be back by eleven."

Judy Garland, playing hooky.

Hollywood young fry on a bust.

IN all the world there is, perhaps, no group of people so unique as the "Young Fry" of Hollywood—those in-betweeners, sweet sixteeners, who live in the sub rosa glow of Hollywood's spotlight. To them, so much is given and, by the same law, so much denied.

To begin with, these talented adolescents of the screen are divided, like Gaul, into three parts: namely, the Mickey Rooney clan; the Dead End clique; and the Jackie Cooper group.

If you are puzzling as to where "the women" come into this social picture, we can tell you right off that Young Fry society of the "Sin-oh-ma city" (as one of the Dead Enders puts it) is ruled, led and dominated by males. Unlike society elsewhere, "the women" take a back seat.

Hilarious are the doings among the top-drawer socialites of the young cinema set—which, like Gaul, is divided into three parts—Rooney, Cooper and "Dead End" Halop

There is a reason for the male dominance, and a good one—for certain ones of our little movie girls of sixteen or seventeen (not all) must, due to their rôles, remain a good fourteen (or, let's say, just fourteen), for quite a few years beyond all credibility. The public's attention is supposed to be diverted from flowering girlhood by babyish skirts, flat heels and a toeing-in cuteness.

Naturally, these little buds must be led and guided by the stronger, older (oh, yeah?) males. Result? The boy sprouts of today are the Lucius Beebes of tonight's shindig.

NOW what do these children do for entertainment; where do they go, how do they think? Do they miss the normal high-school whirl of other small towns?

It all depends on the division in which one is classed. If you rotate around the Mickey Rooney sun, you go places and you have sophisticated romplings what is. The Biltmore Bowl, the Palomar, the Wilshire Bowl for dining and dancing. You are dressed up like a billy goat and your ears are a cozy, watermelon pink from scrubbing. You have your weekly allowance of thirty-five dollars in your pocket; so, boy, what could be sweeter? You glide, you dip, you zip (I've got lumbago just thinking about it) until very late, at least eleven-forty. Then you race for a car that would cause the manufacturer's eyes to pop with surprise and tear home before midnight for fear pa and ma will be waiting

to shove you headlong through the knotty pine wall.

This is life as it is lived by the faster, dizzier crowd. The girl friend of the whirling dervish—Mickey—is usually nonprofessional and always older than her escort.

"I know what I'm about," Mickey once told me, "and I'm taking no chances. Besides, I think older than these kids around here and so I enjoy the company of older girls."

By "older," Mickey means a decrepit twenty or a middle-aged nineteen.

The Dead End clique must be divided and subdivided (do I hear shouts of approval?) into various classifications if one is to give an accurate report of Young Fry activities.

The undisputed leader of this clique is Billy Halop. Billy is It. Leo Gorcey (whom I suspect of not being a beautiful baby, for, baby, look at him now!) is the Cholly Knickerbocker of the clique, reporting the various activities of rival groups to leader Halop. Bobby Jordan, who blushes, and who is himself the little leader of his set (the wheels within wheels would floor you), goes in for roller skating on Saturday afternoons with Judy Garland or Marcia Mae Jones and recess carryings-on, over a glass of milk, with Bonita. Bernard Punsley, who is the only member of the group to go to high school, cares little for social doings but does appear if leader Billy commands. Huntz Hall is a high-powered driver, high-powered dresser, high-powered shooter-off-of-the-lip, a walking advertisement for Halop's exclusive circle. Leo is, by far and away, the most worldly of the group and talks a mean romance. He even writes a marvelous life of intrigue, if one is to judge from the note inscribed to a Warner Brother friend and penned to a publicity wall which reads: "I promise not to have more than two romantic affairs this year."

"One would have him leaping off balconies and screaming for Pa," the friend howls.

AS a whole, the boys are average boys, whizzing around in their own cars (Halop's is a gorgeous nosebleed red), going to parties and behaving well.

(Continued on page 73)



Studio dance—Pat Stewart, Jackie Cooper



Guest-of-Honor Deanna Durbin and Jackie Searl



Thirsty Previewers—Kay Stewart and Mickey Rooney

SOCIETY

BY SALLY REID

The proof of a good home party is (it's an easy guess)—the "eats." Billy Halop, social leader of the Dead Enders, entertains: Martha Burnett (right), Florence Halop, Judy Garland, the host, Bonita Granville and Grace Clarke. Charades are popular, but the first and last love is dancing. Below, Jitterbugs Bonita Granville and Frankie Thomas. Lower, right, Skating date—Bob White and Judy



MIRACLE

Men

Wally Westmore

Clay Campbell

Mel Berns

With a wave of their magic wands, these five wise men of Hollywood transform plain girls into the most glamorous ones in the world. Heretofore closely guarded secrets are revealed for you to perform miracles in your own appearance

years running—to keep him on their lot. To impress you further, we throw in the fact that Perc also is the authority on make-up in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

Jack Dawn insists that only stupid women are ugly. He dreams of a clinic in which he may guide all women to beauty. In the meantime, on the Metro lot, he is confidant and adviser in make-up problems, to stars like Loy and Bruce, Shearer and Garbo.

Mel Berns has such genius for turning ducklings into swans that the First National Studios moved heaven and earth to get him when Babe Ruth, the home-run king, arrived on their lot to make a movie. Mel admits his work since then, at RKO, with girls like Ginger Rogers and Lucille Ball, has been duck soup.

Wally Westmore, high mogul of Paramount's make-up department for fourteen years, directs a staff of forty-three beauty artists. Many times he has proved the god in the machine when a new star was born and a hundred million others like you marveled at her beauty.

BY ADELE WHITELEY FLETCHER

"OWE it all to my mother," the stars once lisped, with pretty sentiment. "She is my best friend and my severest critic."

Now—and we count it something for which to be thankful—this has changed. In the more realistic year of 1939 the stars report, "I owe it all to my studio make-up man, hairdresser, dress designer and health and charm experts. They are my best friends and my severest critics."

These Hollywood miracle men are severe critics, too. They stand off and regard stars and potential stars as impersonally as if they were amateurish wood carvings.

"Hairline frightful," they announce. "Much too big above the waist. Lazy posture. Mouth bad."

They do not stop there, however. Immediately after criticizing, they demonstrate that they also are the stars' best friends. There is a corrective formula for everything that is wrong with the feminine face and figure. The miracle men know what it is. They put it to

work. And they transform those who are average and a trifle above average into individuals whose attraction and charm circle the globe.

"Give," we said to these miracle workers. "Be modern and share your wealth!"

They gave, every last one of them—the make-up men, hairdressers, dress designers and health and charm experts. We have spent months listening to these men tell about the things they do for the stars—and why they do them. They gave us material that has never been published before so that PHOTOPLAY readers, possessing heretofore closely guarded secrets, could perform miracles in their appearance—and probably in their lives. One thing does follow another, we've found.

This month, the gentlemen in our line-up are the make-up men. Excuse us for a minute while we take time out to do a little boasting about them.

Perc Westmore has such skill for making women look lovely and lovelier that Warner Brothers have raised his salary for fourteen



You don't like your face? Well, change it!

Clay Campbell spent the early years of his independence painting faces on wax dummies. He transformed the dummies so entrancingly that George Westmore, papa of Wally and Perc and famous in matters of beauty before them, urged him to take his talents to the movie studios. He guessed what Clay could do for faces with animation. Clay worked first as assistant to Perc Westmore. And now he's the last word on make-up at Twentieth Century-Fox.

These five wise men from Hollywood say:

YOU DON'T LIKE YOUR FACE? WELL, CHANGE IT!*

*You've heard of plastic surgery, but have you ever heard of cosmetic surgery?

1. Homemade Face Lifts: Take adhesive

at work

TO MAKE YOU LOVELIER



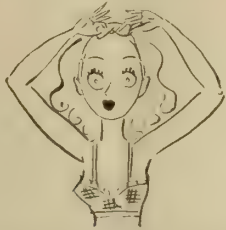
Perc Westmore



Jack Dawn



tape one-half inch wide. Fold it in two pads about three-quarters of an inch long, with half



Don't eliminate all expression

that length exposing the sticky side. Pull a length of heavy thread that is about the same color as your hair through the center of the thick half of the pads. Now, press the sticky end of those pads against your temples, as near to your hairline as you can get them. Bring the two lengths of thread together at the top of your head and tie them securely. As you do this you will raise your skin. Be careful, how-

catches the light and there is no shadow. Consequently you don't look normal. So what do you do? You make a shadow! Simply enough, too! You merely cover your second chin with a powder base that is two or three shades darker than that used on the rest of your face! And your second chin immediately ceases to be high lighted and conspicuous. Unless you



Two chins are too many

ruin everything by wearing sequins or some shiny white surface that reflects light directly under your chin. (Jack Dawn)

4. If Your Ears Don't Know Their Place: Use duoliquid adhesive, to put them in their place and to keep them there! For even if you

arrange your coiffure to cover your ears, they will ruin your sleek hairline if they protrude beneath it. Put the duoliquid adhesive behind your ears and on the back of them, too. Then, in less than a minute, when it has dried a little, wrap a towel about your head to tie your ears back. Leave the towel on while you finish your make-up. Duoliquid dries colorless and transparent. And once it sticks you can depend upon it for the rest of the evening. If you chance to tie your ears back too tightly it's a simple matter to loosen them a little. (Clay Campbell)

5. If Your Jaw Is Too Wide: A darker make-up base on the outer part of your jaw will throw it into shadow and make it less apparent. Try a base two shades darker than that you use on the rest of your face. And see to it that the two bases are blended so they merge smoothly. (Wally Westmore)

JEEPERS, CREEPERS! IMPROVE YOUR PEEPERS!

1. Keep mascara away from your eyelids! Apply it to the tips of your lashes only. When mascara is close to your eyelids it closes down the opening of your eyes and this makes your eyes look smaller. (Wally Westmore)

2. Don't fool yourself that your eyes will look



Cyrano de Bergerac trouble

ever, not to raise it so much that you eliminate all expression. Finally, arrange your hair to cover the pads and the thread. (Clay Campbell)

2. Cyrano de Bergerac Trouble—A Long Nose: Use a darker powder base on the end of your nose than you use on the rest of your nose or your face. A darker color will absorb the light and make the length of your nose far less noticeable. Be careful to have no line of demarcation between the two powder base tones. Blend them carefully. (Wally Westmore)

3. Two Chins Are Too Many: You're going to diet . . . and have massage . . . and wear a chin strap at night. We know, but in the meantime, listen! To have a shadow under the chin is normal. When a second chin appears it



larger if you pluck your eyebrows higher. Eyebrows should follow the curve of your nose and frontal bone. When they fail to do this your eyes look strange, but not larger. (Wally Westmore)

3. If your eyes are close together, widen the apparent distance between them by widening the distance between your eyebrows. (Wally Westmore)

4. Youthful lines always curve. You can't afford to have even the suggestion of an angle in your eyebrows. (Wally Westmore)

5. Don't be one of the many women who make flagrant mistakes with eye shadow. Most eye-shadow colors are not natural in the first place. The only true color around the eyes is some shade of brown. This means that any other color must be used subtly—and we mean subtly! (Wally Westmore)

6. Here's a way to do your eyes so they will be beautiful, but won't seem obviously made up. Draw a line over and below your eyes—on your eyelids, of course—with a pencil. Erase it with your finger tip until it is nothing but a shadow. Then with your pencil make a little "v" at the outside corner of each eye. Make these little "v's" the same shape as the outside corners of your eyes, merely a slight continuation of your eyeline. Fill them in with a light paste make-up base. By this process your eyes look larger and they are given a frame which enhances them just as much as a frame enhances a picture. (Mel Berns)

7. Shape your eyebrows within reason by plucking or shaving. Then train them in the way they should grow with bandoline (used for setting hair waves) or mustache wax. This is an excellent measure for eyebrows that grow every which way and also for eyebrows that droop. (Mel Berns)

8. If your eyelids are wrinkled—and some are naturally, irrespective of your age—have no traffic with eye shadow. (Mel Berns)

9. If you have squint wrinkles around your eyes, the species you get from the sun and from



The "Mama, what is beer?" expression

laughing, keep your rouge well below your cheekbones. The minute rouge touches a wrinkle it magnifies it. (Mel Berns)

10. If your eyelids are heavy, use eye shadow on them, also on that puff which sometimes appears near the nose. The shadow will cause both the heaviness and the puff to recede. (Jack Dawn)

11. If your eyes are round don't emphasize this fact, hoping you'll have a "Mama, what is beer?" expression. Use mascara only on the lashes that grow from the center of your eyes to the outer corners. And don't have your eyebrows too thin. (Perc Westmore)

LIP SERVICE

1. If your mouth looks messy—and there's no other word for it—your voice, irrespective of how beautiful it may be, and your conversation, irrespective of how interesting it may be, are ruined. Give yourself time to get your

lip salve on smoothly and evenly. (Perc Westmore)

2. Don't moisten your lips before you put on your salve. If you do, the salve will cake and you won't be pretty. (Perc Westmore)

3. Be generous in your use of lip salve, but remove the excess before you leave your mirror. Blot your mouth with cleansing tissue, until no imprint remains. (Perc Westmore)

4. Put on your lip salve with a brush. This will permit you to get exactly the line you want and to keep the line even. Outline your mouth first, then fill in the color. (Mel Berns)

5. Make your upper lip—which gives your mouth expression—a little larger than it is normally. Do this by extending the natural outline. (Wally Westmore)

6. Your lips should curve. There should not be any trace of an angle in them at any point. At the corners they should curve upward. And they'll do this—even if they don't naturally—if you'll put the tiniest dot of color at the corners of your mouth, then wipe it off with a deft upward motion, so you leave only a hint of color. Thus you will enhance your expression and make you seem younger. (Wally Westmore)

Little puffs of powder,
Little dabs of paint,
Make the chorus lady
Look like what she ain't.
—If she uses them smartly!

We have, we'll confess, added a final line to that old classic. We had to, for honesty's sake. For it makes all the difference in the world what you do with your powder and paint, whether or not you take the way your face grows into consideration when you put it on. Don't take our word for it, we give you the voice of authority—Perc Westmore.

WHAT KIND OF FACE HAVE YOU?

Mr. Westmore, Make-up Analyst Extraordinary, says there are seven basic facial types. His advice is: Determine to which of these you belong before you even look at a rouge pot or powder puff. Whichever type you are, you have particular charm—if you will give it a chance, if you will, please, make up to suit yourself and your bones, and not in imitation of someone who does very well in her way but who isn't even remotely like you. Now for the seven different types—and the make-up which causes them to bloom like the flowers that grow in the spring, *tra la*. . . .

The Oval Face: This is accepted by artists as the ideal type. And it is exactly what the name implies, a face oval in contour. If, like Kay Francis, you're blessed with such a face don't ruin it, be careful to:

1. Start your eyebrows on a line exactly above the inside corner of your eyes. And keep them as natural in line as possible.

2. Get your rouge in the center of your cheek. Blend it up toward your temple, above your cheekbone, in a tri-circular area. And see that the application of your rouge is very light under your eyes.

3. Follow the natural line of your mouth. But have your lips natural. Not too bright, however.

4. If your hair and eyes are dark you won't need rouge, really. For you're one of the lucky ones! You don't have to depend upon rouge for any contour correction.

The Round Face: The round face is full in outline, even to the jawline and the forehead. It is a face shaped like Sonja Henie's. It requires:

1. Foundation cream and powder at least one shade darker than your complexion.

2. The darkest possible shade of rouge which your coloring will permit. Rouge, like foundation cream and powder, that is light in shade accentuates your facial fullness. And that's just

what you don't want to do.

3. Rouge to rise on the outside of your cheeks to your temple and also to extend down so it will shade your jawline ever so faintly.

4. Width in your mouth. To reduce the distance between the corner of your mouth and your jawline.

5. After your lip rouge is applied remove the excess with cleansing tissue.

The Square Face: Ann Sheridan has a square face . . . a face with a square chin line, broad jaws, with the same square line at the temples and carrying across the forehead. If you're on the square too:

1. Keep your mouth as wide as possible. And see to it that your lips have a graceful curve and tilt upward at the corners.

2. Put your rouge under the center of your



What kind of face have you?

eyes in a circle, then carry it back toward your ears and down under your jawline, ever so lightly. This will give you a shadow at your jaw and make the lower part of your face seem smaller.

3. Curve your eyebrows a trifle higher. By hook or crook, suggest more length in your face.

4. Brush your eyebrows upward. This, together with the tilt of your mouth, will help to soften your contours.

The Oblong Face: Here's a face that is long and thin. The forehead is a little wider than the chin. Loretta Young has such a face. And lovely it is, if it's made up properly, if, to be exact:

1. The lightest rouge that will blend with your complexion is used.

2. Your rouge is blended carefully in the center of your cheeks in a circle.

3. Your eyebrows start on a direct line with your tear ducts and do not extend unnaturally to make your forehead look broad and your chin smaller by comparison.

4. The distance between your eyebrows and eyes is kept equal to the height of your eyes when they're open normally.

5. Your lower lip is made fuller at the corners.

The Triangle Face: In this face the jaws are broad and wide and the forehead is narrow and tapering. Like Alice Faye's. The correct make-up is very simple and very important.

1. Rouge should be applied on the side of the face and carried up faintly and delicately toward the temple. Also, it should be carried down to the jaw, equally faintly, to make a shadow there.

2. The eyebrows should begin directly over the tear duct, be fairly narrow (but not at all a thread line) and arch slightly.

3. The mouth should be made as wide as possible. There should be nothing to suggest a Cupid's bow—perish the thought! The natural outline of the lips should be followed faithfully.

4. If the chin inclines to recede, a lighter foundation cream should be used from the line where the recession begins.

The Inverted Triangle Face: Here the forehead is broad and the face tapers decidedly from

(Continued on page 89)



Movie-minded monarchs? Not only do England's King and Queen enjoy the movies—they even make their own!

BY PAUL LARNARD

TIME was when an English King sought amusement, the most famous thespians of the realm were summoned to Buckingham Palace to give command performances before a court resplendent in Elizabethan costumes. Today the shadows of Hollywood's elite entertain royalty from a silver screen not far from the historic thrones before which minstrels of old once revealed.

Mickey Mouse is now court jester in the halls that once echoed Falstaff's laughter and though on state occasions there is all the pomp and ceremony of the days of King Henry VIII, with scarlet-coated guards and lords and ladies in waiting encrusted in diamonds and decorations, for their private recreation King George VI and Queen Elizabeth have dropped the royal falconer from the palace pay roll and replaced him with a royal projectionist.

For, like President and Mrs. Roosevelt, the King and Queen are enthusiastic film fans. With both families, moving pictures provide their chief form of entertainment. A new film is shown every other evening or so at the White House and at least twice a week Their Majesties view a movie in the gold and white ballroom of Buckingham Palace.

Based on the number of requests for their films, Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert appear to be the chief favorites of England's movie-minded monarchs, although the only picture which has ever been singled out for a return engagement at the palace was a Marx Brothers' comedy, "A Night at the Opera."

Pictures with an English background, or films built upon some incident in British history are

At a George Arliss showing, Queen Mary—with Princess Helena Victoria, the Duke and Duchess of Kent—chats with the star

received with particular interest at Buckingham Palace. Anna Neagle's performances in "Queen Victoria" and "Sixty Glorious Years" won a nod of royal approval. "Gunga Din" was applauded.

"Pygmalion," the first of Shaw's plays to be screened, was shown at the palace recently and was reported to have been met with obvious delight by the royal family. The Shaw film was viewed at the theater in London, where it has been playing for some months, by the Duke and Duchess of Kent, and in Paris it was one of the few movies attended this spring by the Duke and Duchess of Windsor.

Among other British-made films which were screened for King George and Queen Elizabeth this year were "The Citadel," "The Lady Vanishes," "Stolen Life," with Elisabeth Bergner, a particular favorite of the queen mother, Queen Mary, and "Drums."

AMERICAN films, however, supply the bulk of Their Majesties' film fare. Pictures which have found favor with the royal fans in recent months

include: "You Can't Take It With You," "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," "Men With Wings," "Zaza," "Idiot's Delight," "Wuthering Heights" and "The Little Princess."

"The Little Princess" was shown also to Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, who have indicated that Shirley Temple shares with Gene Autry the rôle of their screen favorite. Just before her thirteenth birthday recently, when newspapers the world over reported that England was beginning to eye the eligibles for a consort for the future queen, Princess Elizabeth admitted that her matinee idol was Autry, the singing cowboy.

Relished by the Princesses and the King and Queen alike was "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." But it is Mickey Mouse that really rates with royalty.

This fondness for Mickey Mouse is shared by the queen mother, Queen Mary, who is perhaps the most frequent patron at the picture theaters of any of the royal family. Proof of the dowager queen's partiality for the antics of the

(Continued on page 84)

Above, King George himself at the camera! But his greatest enthusiasm is for his annual visit to the Coliseum—a joy shared by both Princess Elizabeth and his Queen (picture at upper left)

They're



Louis Hayward



Geraldine Fitzgerald



Sybil Jason

A "right guy" gets a break

LOUIS HAYWARD stepped into a dead man's shoes when he won the title rôle in "The Duke of West Point." The dead man was his best friend, Jack Dunn, so Louis gave it everything, for Jack's sake as well as his own. . . .

Now, everybody's talking about him. He has won a long-term contract with Edward Small Productions and another starring rôle in "The Man in the Iron Mask." He seems to be going places for sure.

An acting career didn't "just happen" in Louis' life; he chose it—carefully and seriously. The son of a South African mining engineer, he spent much of his boyhood in school in England and France. But his father died suddenly and it was then Louis chose acting as his future. His mother gave him most of her savings to invest in a stock company which toured the British Isles. The venture failed but the training was invaluable. Louis got work on the stage in London and later a part in the Lunt-Fontanne hit play, "Point Valaine," in New York. Inevitably, Hollywood talent scouts saw him and he was given a screen contract. Rôles in a few pictures followed, but too discouragingly often, he wasn't doing anything.

Meanwhile, he had fallen in love with Ida Lupino. But she was a star and, stubbornly, Louis wouldn't marry her and become, as he said, "Mr. Lupino." So they waited three long, not-too-happy years. On top of the difficulties Louis was having with his career, Ida fell ill and had to spend months in bed fighting a nervous breakdown. At last, however, things changed for the better. Louis got his break in "The Duke," followed by his contract and the "Iron Mask" rôle. Ida got well. So one day the two of them drove to Santa Barbara and were married . . . And now they seem to be living happily ever after—the more happily, perhaps, because they've known trouble.

The Luck O' the Irish

SHUR-R-R-E an' there's a bit of mischief in her eye an' a bit of blarney on her tongue—an' why not, I say, when she's a true Irish colleen from Dublin . . . She's Geraldine Fitzgerald, known on the Warner lot as "Jerry Fitz, sweet kid" . . . Known the country over as Hollywood's latest "discovery" since she played Ann King in "Dark Victory"!

An independent lass, Jerry. Her aunt is Sheilah Richards, leading lady at the famous Abbey Theater in Dublin, but when Jerry decided she wanted a career, she got a job on her own . . . went on to British pictures, to the New York stage presentation of George Bernard Shaw's "Heartbreak House," to Hollywood with a Warner Brothers contract.

She is still being independent. After she had her film contract, she went home to Ireland and wouldn't come back until the studio promised her a definite part (the "Dark Victory" rôle).

She has an Irish "way with her" that no one can resist. She is frank—and refreshing. For instance, she is out to be a big movie star and makes no bones about it. She says, "Shur-r-r-e an' it's stardom I'm after!" Just like that.

The little Fitzgerald is beauty-loving, fanciful, volatile. She can paint and often does. She is musical, too. She reads prodigiously, all kinds of books. She is given to daydreaming; she admits it. She is quick-tempered but generous, imaginative, moody, intense. Like many a child of the Emerald Isle, she believes in "The Little People." She is married—to Edward Lindsay-Hogg, who writes songs and breeds fine horses, and who is with her in Hollywood now.

She isn't too crazy about California's famous climate, but she'll be staying here for a while, I think, because, after "Dark Victory," she was rushed into a swell rôle in "Give Me a Child" and there are certain to be still bigger and better Fitzgerald rôles as time marches on.

Fortune-seeker at three

ALMOST seven years ago a London-bound ship sailed from Capetown, South Africa, with a three-year-old youngster aboard; a tiny, blue-eyed girl, starting out to seek her fortune.

Seven years later, in Hollywood's Carthay Circle theater, on the night of "The Little Princess" première, it looked as though she had found it, for people were whispering excitedly, "That little Sybil Jason—isn't she wonderful?"

Sybil's story is different from that of the average movie child. For one thing, her parents live many thousands of miles away from her—in Capetown. It has been her elder sister, Anita, who has taken care of her, mothered her, taught her all she needed to know to become one of Filmdom's outstanding children.

Sybil and Anita had sailed for London at the invitation of Frances Day, British screen and stage star, who, hearing of Sybil's talent for singing and playing the piano, had offered to sponsor her. In London, in a charity concert at the Palace Theater, Sybil stopped the show and as a consequence was signed for a British picture called "Barnacle Bill." When it was released, Warner Brothers took one look at her and gave her a Hollywood contract. She has been working in American pictures ever since.

Meeting Sybil, you would never know she is a "movie child." She isn't precocious; she hasn't the sophistication of many movie children. Asked if she likes working in pictures, she says, "Yes, 'specially when I can eat lunch in the studio dining room with all the grownups."

When she isn't working, she goes to public school in Beverly Hills where she and Anita live in a modest apartment. When I asked her if she wants to be a movie star when she grows up, she stammered and said she didn't know . . . And I suddenly caught on that being interviewed was a rather painful business and that she would much rather go outside to play.

Talking About—^{BY} MARIAN RHEA



Robert Cummings



Madame Ouspenskaya



Walter Brennan

Alias Blade Stanhope Conway A charming bit of old Russia Fence-sitter and whittler

BOB CUMMINGS would laugh if you said it to his face, but his story of success is a sort of Cinderella story. Here he was "kicking around" the studios, playing in fairly unimportant rôles, and then, chosen by Universal for Deanna Durbin's picture, "Three Smart Girls Grow Up," he proved a big surprise, was signed for a long-term contract and is going places, at last.

Born in Joplin, Missouri, the son of Dr. and Mrs. Charles Cummings, Bob was slated to be a mining engineer and entered Carnegie Tech, but he wanted to be an actor. This naturally brought him into college theatricals and later into the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, from which he was graduated with honors.

He thought he was all set, but it was about then that the New York stage was raiding the British stage for actors, while Americans were finding it tough to land even a walk-on part.

All of which didn't daunt Bob. He went to England and studied the British method of speech. After several months of this, he bribed the doorman of a theater in Sussex to let him put his picture in the foyer; had a picture taken of this setup, and wrote American agents that one "Blade Stanhope Conway, British actor, author and producer" was prepared to consider American offers.

Offers came in droves and Bob or, rather, "Blade Stanhope Conway" accepted a rôle in a New York play, "The Roof." Movies ultimately interested him and when he heard Paramount wanted a native Texan for "So Red the Rose," he tried out for the rôle as a bona fide "Lone Star" citizen (under his own name) and got it. That was the beginning of his Hollywood career.

Bob is straightforward, frank, endowed with an engaging grin and becoming modesty. He owns his own plane. He has, too, a flair for woodwork. Yes, girls, he is married to Vivian Janis, former Ziegfeld Follies beauty.

MADAME MARIA OUSPENSKAYA (pronounced "Oo-spen-sky-ya"), the little old lady who charmed us in "Love Affair," has been a part of the theater since girlhood. She was a star in the Moscow Art Theater for many years. She triumphed in London and New York. Recently, she has been among Filmdom's most valued players. Yet it was in a real-life rôle, following the Revolution in Russia, that she contributed her greatest performance. . . .

She was playing in Moscow at the time. Her sister, whom she adored, was critically ill. Maria didn't tell her that beyond their frosty windows an empire was crumbling. It would have killed the sick woman. The Ouspenskayas had only one stove and this was installed in the sister's room. But wood and coal were even more scarce than food. So, one by one, Maria burned the books from her library; the furniture—priceless heirlooms. But she never breathed a word of the terror in her heart.

Spring came at last. The invalid improved and Maria could ultimately reveal what had happened. But, in shielding her loved one, she had played the greatest rôle of her life. . . .

She is a lovely little lady, Madame Ouspenskaya, quiet, friendly, cheerful, free from temperament and jealousy . . . She is not seventy, as has been reported, but just a little over fifty. She is a talented pianist. When she is not playing in pictures she supervises a dramatic school in New York. She will appear in "The Rains Came," scheduled by 20th Century-Fox.

Russian born, she is now an American citizen and proud to be. She would like to keep on acting "for years and years—until I actually am as old as I appeared to be in 'Love Affair.'" When you congratulate her on a scene, she only smiles . . . And you wonder if she isn't thinking: "Ah, but you should have seen the performance I gave one winter in Moscow!"

WALTER BRENNAN is scarcely in his forties but he has been playing old men parts in the movies on-and-off for fourteen years.

I was introduced to him on the "Stanley and Livingstone" set at 20th Century-Fox. There was a sort of shy awkwardness about him that I liked, instantly . . . That same sort of quality that we loved in Will Rogers.

He has won two Academy awards—one for his work in "Come and Get It" in 1936, and one for his performance in "Kentucky," last year. His histrionic career began at Rindge School of Technology at Cambridge, Mass. He had expected to be an engineer, but got so interested in school theatricals that upon his graduation, he went into small-time vaudeville.

When this country entered the World War, he joined and served two years in France.

The close of the war found him restless. So he tried this and that business enterprise. He raised pineapples in Guatemala. He made a fortune in the Los Angeles real estate boom . . . And lost it all when the boom collapsed. So, in 1925, "dead broke," he says, he tried motion pictures. Eventually Samuel Goldwyn noticed his work and signed him for "The Wedding Night." He has been "clicking" ever since.

Now life looks pretty fine. He has plenty of work. He has salted away some money. He has a dandy little farm out in North Hollywood. He and his wife have been married for nineteen years and have two sons and a daughter. The boys aren't interested in being movie actors but little Miss Brennan would like to be a Big Star. Well, her father isn't against this. . . .

"There is plenty of time," he told me. "Trouble with most people is they hurry into things so fast, they never stop to have fun along the way. Now me—I like to sit on the fence and whittle and think about life and enjoy it . . . Or maybe just enjoy it. . . ."

DISTANCE ENDS ENCHANTMENT



Herbie and Dot looked so happy, at their rare reunions (left), but underneath was a sense of impending doom, a despair that culminated in the most tragic experience of Dot's life? Why? Has filmland found the right answers?



Divorce writes "finis" to the Kaye-

Lamour saga of long-distance love

—lost in the quicksands of Hollywood

BY HOWARD BENNETT

WHEN it came time to face what had happened to them, both Dorothy Lamour and Herbie Kaye were honest with each other. Gripping the receiver with a force that strained her knuckles white, she said, "All right, my dear. We'll call it quits, then—" And long after she had heard the faint click at the other end of the three-thousand-mile wire she sat quietly, still listening to the sound that meant the end of her marriage.

She knew now that she would have courage enough not to call him again, as she had done so often during the last week, when somehow the hope in her would not die. Let Fidler have it for his Friday night radio show; let Winchell shout it on Sunday, when she would be at that party her producer-friend was giving. Everyone there would listen, and they would look at her, and she would smile—just enough. Her explanations would be simple, have dignity. "Impossible situation . . . you can't beat this Hollywood thing after all, can you? . . . the

only sensible thing is to separate, you see. . . ."

But when the party guests looked at her, all of them, that Sunday, she forgot the brave rehearsed clichés and couldn't work her mouth into a smile, or even the semblance of one. It was no use. The tears started down her cheeks and when she realized they weren't going to stop she got up and went home, without saying anything at all.

After she had gone the other guests at the producer's house did her explaining for her, among themselves; and they remembered for her, too. They went back four years. A few knew the story, so that they held the conversation while those who listened sat eagerly forward. "Then what?" said these attentive women from time to time. "What did she do then?"

Then she accepted the Hollywood contract, it seemed. That was after she'd married Herbie, of course. And Dottie so much in love with him it stuck out of her ears. "Both of them!" several ladies cried, interpolating.

It seemed, in addition, that you could not altogether blame Dot for what had happened. (The girls could afford this generosity to her, now.) Herbie had insisted that she come to Hollywood, even if it meant living away from him so much. "It's a career—a big one," he'd told her, "and I've no right to keep you from it. As for this separation business, if our love isn't strong enough to survive it, we'd better know about that right now."

The two of them had been very sure. Later, Herbie could get engagements on the Coast, or

maybe even in a studio, and be with his wife always after that. The Kayes together would build a little house. And when the children they hoped for should come. . . .

The producer's guests smiled reminiscently, here. They interrupted again. "Remember?" they said.

Paramount had just about died. Paramount had called in Miss Lamour and had almost torn her sarong from torch song. Wasn't it enough, asked Paramount heatedly, that she'd gone and revealed her marriage to the press when the studio had expressly asked her not to? Hard job at that, doing a glamour build-up about a married woman. But the madness of announcing to the world that she intended to take a year off and have a baby!

She tried to make the studio understand, although she did a bad job of it because she wasn't clear in her own mind why she'd hit upon this extravagant idea. Dorothy didn't even know then how desperately afraid she was for the fragile thing her marriage had become. She was sure of her love, and of Herbie's love for her. But the brutal fact of that distance between them, bridged only by the thin electric ghosts of voices which they sent by long-distance telephone to each other every night, was always there.

Somehow, no matter how Dorothy tried to find it, there was no answer to this problem. There were so many problems, anyway, and so few answers. The guests at the producer's house nodded in unison. The ladies there knew about that; about Herbie's independence, and

(Continued on page 81)

THE

Camera

SPEAKS



Though Irene Dunne looks so happy here with Fred MacMurray in "Invitation to Happiness" at Paramount, she's already planning her next on-screen flirtation—with Charles Boyer over at Universall

Richie

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY
BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST



BREATH



TAKING

The phrase, "cradle of the deep," takes on a new meaning as Johnny Weissmüller gives Gaila Johnny Sheffield a swimming lesson while on location for "Tarzan in Exile" at Silver Springs, Florida. It's quite enough to leave us gasping, but not these intrepid Tarzans, who float through the trees with the greatest of ease—far, far under water!



A TRIO OF

EVES

Wallinger





Hurrell

Fetching Jane Wyman (above) has taking ways indeed! She's now taking over all future "Torchy" rôles on the strength of her excellent work in "The Kid from Kokomo"—in which she took over the romantic rôle opposite Wayne Morris, who's usually teamed by Warners' with Priscilla Lane

All three of these Eves have much in common besides talent and promise. Like Jane, young Lana Turner (left) got her first big film break from Mervyn LeRoy, with whom she went to M-G-M. She has just signed a new long-term contract there and is now appearing in "Calling Dr. Kildare"

Both Ellen Drew (right) and Jane really do come from Missouri! And, like both the others, Ellen has been on the screen for only a brief year or two. Having completed her rôle in "The Gracie Allen Murder Case," she's now in England, where she's making still another film for Paramount

P.S. There's a trio of Adams on page 38!



Walling

A TRIO OF



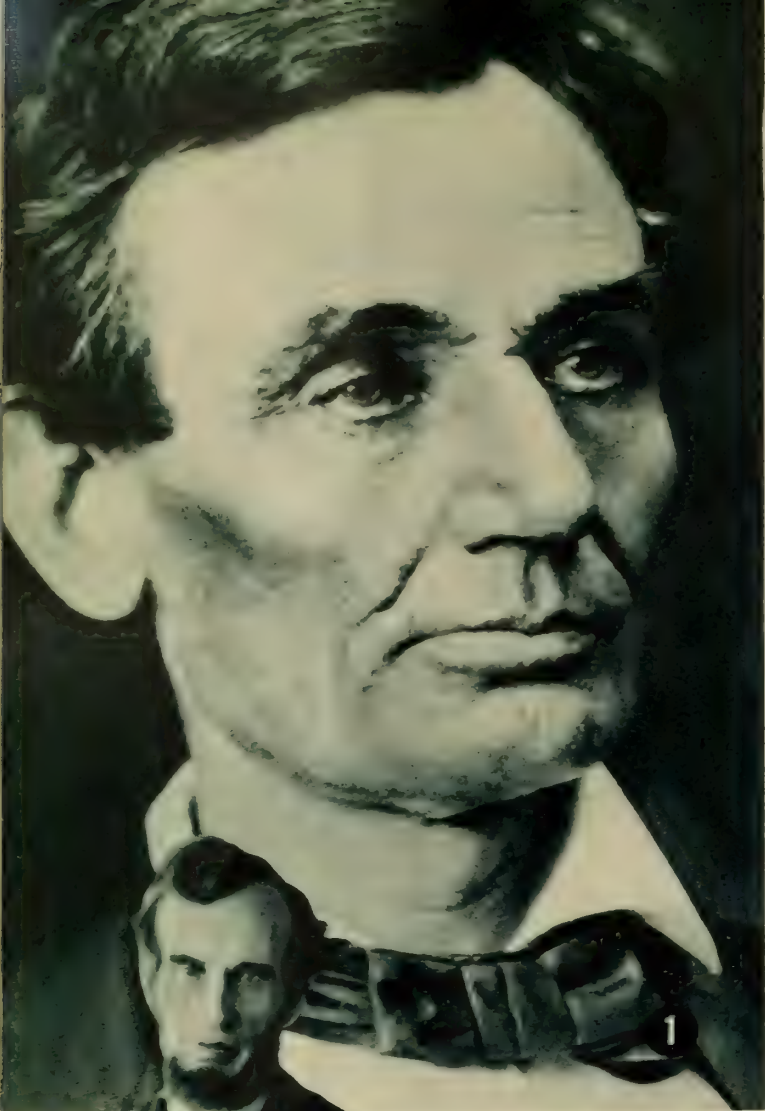
It's back to those outdoor rôles which even his feminine fans love best, for Gary Cooper! First, Paramount's colorful new version of "Beau Geste," à la Sahara, and then Goldwyn's "The Real Glory," with a Philippine background

Behold the happy bridegroom! There's no mistaking that broad smile—at left—on the face of Doug Fairbanks, Jr., who took time out from filming Universal's "The Sun Never Sets," to marry socialite Mary Lee Epling Hartford!

Ever-popular Robert Young (right) has almost more assignments at M-G-M than anyone can handle—what with "Bridal Suite," co-starring with Annabella, and currently a more dramatic rôle opposite Ann Sothern in "Maisie Was a Lady"

ADAMS





Culver Service



"... HE BELONGS TO THE AGES"



1. Abraham Lincoln—as he looked in 1860 when first elected to the Presidency
2. A rare picture of the late Ralph Ince as the screen's first Abraham Lincoln
3. In 1915, Joseph Henabery achieved fame as Lincoln in "The Birth of a Nation"
4. Although perfect in the title rôle of "Abraham Lincoln" in 1930, Walter Huston was not "typed" as the President
5. The name of George Billings, however, became synonymous with the rôle after he portrayed the President in 1924
6. One of Frank McGlynn, Sr.'s many Lincoln rôles was in "The Littlest Rebel"
7. John Carradine as Lincoln in the 1938 Broadway's hit, "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," soon to do RKO's version —
8. —and Henry Fonda, who makes June's biggest casting news as "Young Mr. Lincoln,"—made over by gum rubber and a mole into a perfect counterpart of the Lawyer from the West



3



4

*The screen, heeding the current
wave of love for Country, makes
news by adding two more names
to the roster of film Lincolns*



8



9



7

BEST-FILLED

Willys of Hollywood, stocking stylist, chooses the six stars with the loveliest legs—and tells you how you can improve your own standing on a firm beauty basis

FIFTEEN years ago a young boxer by the name of Willys De Mond gave up trading socks in the prize ring to trade in stockings among the stage and screen stars of Broadway and Hollywood.

Today, known as Willys of Hollywood, he is recognized as the leading stocking stylist in the business, designing most of the silks and chiffons, meshes and clocks, that are pulled on over the toes that tread the movies' Hall of Fame.

If anyone should be in a position to judge who has the most perfect legs that parade before the public eye, it is this Adrian of the ankles who has looped his tape measure around the calf of just about every feminine celebrity on the screen.

According to Willys, the perfect leg has a measurement of eight and one-half inches at the ankle, twelve and one-half inches at the calf and nineteen and one-half inches at the thigh and, despite their difference in height and weight and measurements above the waistline, there are six stars in Hollywood whose leg measurements match this ideal proportion.

Claudette Colbert, Ginger Rogers, Alice Faye, Eleanor Powell, Betty Grable and Marlene Dietrich are the half dozen

Claudette Colbert's legs are two exclamation points ending a well-turned line—even without benefit of stockings, as at left—observes Willys. A whole publicity campaign was based on the streamlined limbs of Marlene Dietrich (below) a few years ago. The sensation was, and still is, justified, he believes. In the opinion of this expert, most dancers' legs are too muscular for beauty, but not those of Eleanor Powell (at right), whose flashing feet carry more than mere rhythm



STOCKING

glamour girls who have the best-looking legs in Hollywood, says Willys.

"The most beautiful legs in the world are in Hollywood," declares the hosiery expert, "and the most beautiful legs in Hollywood belong to these six stars, all of whom have perfect leg measurements."

The average extra girl in Hollywood, adds Willys, has far better-looking legs than the average chorus girl of Broadway's musical shows and night clubs. A more athletic life on the part of the screen supernumeraries, and the tendency to wear more sport clothes with accompanying low-heeled shoes, is the explanation he gives.

"No girl need have ugly legs," Willys insists. "The three main aids to attractive legs are plenty of walking on low-heeled shoes; massage; and special exercises for the leg muscles. The three exercises I recommend to stars who want to keep their legs trim are walking on a straight line, pointing the toe with each step; picking up marbles with the toes and tossing them, and walking in an exaggerated pigeon-toed fashion to strengthen the muscles of the calf."

Of course, Willys wouldn't be a stocking stylist if he didn't point out that the proper choice of hosiery enhances the most attractive leg. A glamorous leg, he says, often depends upon tricks of illusion.

(Continued on page 79)



ms . . .



He indites . . .



ork at the privet hedge but
One don't know about it



Aha! "The gang" retaliates



Filmland's stocking dictator (above) also praises the definite personality of Alice Faye's well-filled stockings (left), the beauty of Ginger Rogers' (at right) and Betty Grable's legs (far right), which would be famous even without such dancing talent!



swers Axel. Love, you see,
(At least that's what Pro-
r-Star Bergen said to us!)



"Where's the jack?" asks the bandit. "Search me!" gurgles Axel. "And don't tickle!"



His adventure over, our Axel returns to the country, a sadder man he, although his smile belies it. The girl? She fled with the bandit. All that is left are Axel's film aims. CALLING ALL PRODUCERS



Brand-new bride of Gene Markey shows her ring to the wives of Charles Boyer, Doug Fairbanks

Golden opportunity, even for such gilded guests, when Richard Tauber sings, accompanied by Percy Kahn

The Rathbones

Success of the solos can be guessed from applause of Leslie Howard and host Rathbone!

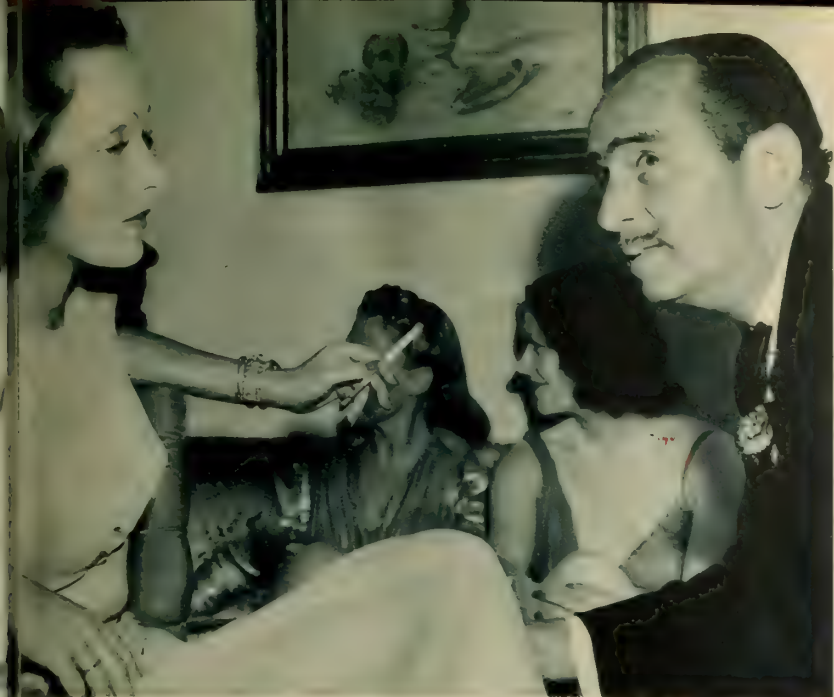
INVITING YOU TO JOIN THE GUESTS

At one of the earliest of their gay costume balls—the late Irving G. Thalberg, Ouida Rathbone. Norma Shearer Thalberg and Basil

Wedding anniversary kiss from "Franz Joseph" to "Elizabeth of Austria" at their memorable brides-and-grooms-of-history costume affair

Exotic Mrs. Harry Lachman, Gregory Ratoff, Russian singer Tamara, with Ouida—whose parties never lack the international touch





His wife, Sylvia Ashley, temporarily in the background, Doug Fairbanks chats with Marlene Dietrich (only recently recovered from a serious illness)



Hedy Lamarr finds the dry wit of new husband Gene Markey more fascinating than the music, as Charles and Pat Paterson Boyer eavesdrop

ARE ENTERTAINING

MAGIC words, these... the "Open sesame" into the top drawer of film society... for what Hollywood host and hostess can outshine Basil and Ouida Rathbone? So outstanding their past social successes... as pictured in the panels below... and brought up to date by their recent party for world-famous tenor Richard Tauber... panoramaed in Hyman Fink's exclusive candidettes... that it was the Rathbones chosen to officiate at filmland's biggest event of the year... What a party that was, too... for the benefit of the Hollywood Actors' Guild, one Saturday midnight at their Bel-Air home, as in the case of most of these enchanting events! How typical of all Rathbone parties (the Guild affair, open to the public for sweet charity's sake, and the more intimate Tauber gathering for friends only) is the blend of renowned figures from every walk of life... Little wonder that everyone in the film colony prays for an invitation when the Rathbones are entertaining!



Joined in the cameraderie of love of music—Sari Maritza, Ilona Massey, Count Reginald LeBorg, Mrs. Lionel Atwill, Alfredo Zanchino, Princess Pignatelli, Guy Charrington and Major Hal Parr

AT THE MOST SOUGHT-AFTER PARTIES IN CINEMA CITY

Typical of the cinema great at such social high lights as the wedding of Basil's son—the Gary Coopers, Myrna Loy, Norma Shearer

Of course, the marriage of Rodion Rathbone, Basil's son (with his father and his bride), was one of the most brilliant events of all!

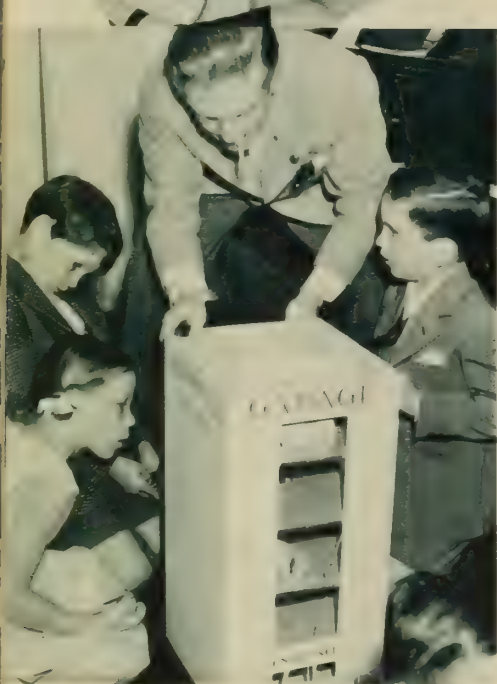
Entertaining's a full-time job, as proven by Mrs. R., planning the big charity party with Dolores Del Rio, Myrna Loy, Mary Pickford





Happy Birthday to **MIKE!**

MIRIAM HOPKINS plays hostess in honor of the seventh anniversaries of son Michael (top, with his mother) and Stan Shilling, young musician who appeared with her on a recent radio broadcast. Above, Mike puts heart and soul—and lungs—into the birthday cake ritual, as Susan Ann Gilbert (Virginia Bruce's daughter) and Hal Wallis' son, Brent, prepare to give aid if needed! Left, above, Gloria Gretchakoff, Mike, Stan, Brent, Louise Lovett, Kathryn Brown. Left, Miriam's husband, Director Anatole Litvak, with Mary Brown, Mike, and Jeffrey Selznick. Note plane motif at feast (below)



PHOTOPLAY

Fashions

BY GWENN WALTERS



Deanna Durbin, young star of Universal's "After School Days," chooses a gay active sport costume of colorful daisy-printed silk linen. The hooded jacket is a cozy companion to the halter-neck play suit that is worn beneath. Deanna's white beach slippers have platform soles and an elastic strap insert for snug fit. More of Deanna's exciting summertime wardrobe appears in the Fashion Letter

Sportswear

ON PARADE



Bette Davis, seen in "Juarez," selects a windbreaker jacket (opposite page) of Lenzy woolen striped in shades of watermelon red, green and white, which fits casually over a short-sleeved sport frock of white Oxford crepe. Bette's fantastic play shoes are of gay red and white raffia

Bette's "blouse and skirt" frock (right) is of crushed raspberry and white crepe, and a third note of color—deep purple—appears in the narrow suede belt. The pocket clip is a large cluster of violets and deep green leaves

Also in her wardrobe is a summer frock of chartreuse sheer woolen (below). The jacket, which is double-breasted with matching bone buttons, has pocket insets of knife pleating—a repeat accent of the skirt styling. Her lapel pin of rhinestones is set in gold. Bette is now filming "The Old Maid," her next starring production for Warners

All of Bette's frocks were selected from I. Magnin, Los Angeles

Welbourne



A ALL DRESSED



Coburn

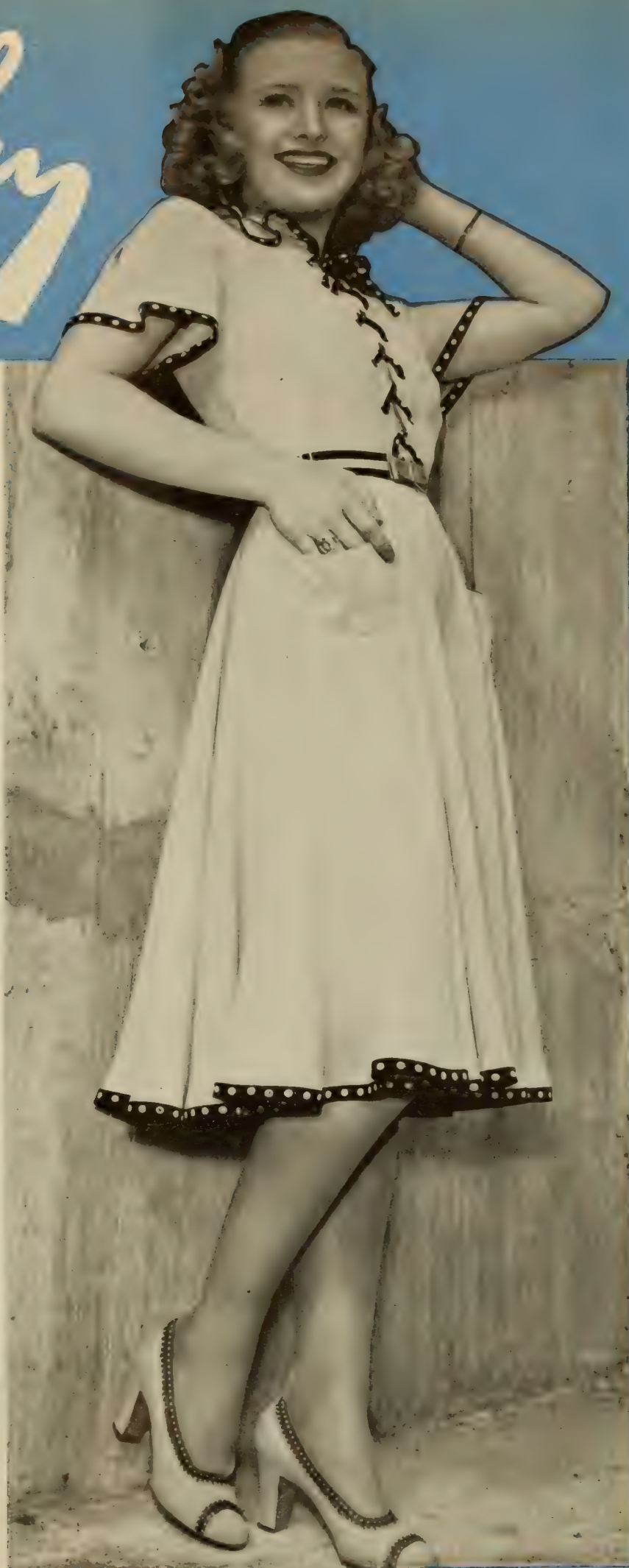


UP TO

Play

Navy and white dotted silk trims Priscilla Lane's blue Downey Bark crepe (Onondaga) sport frock, designed by Howard Shoup for her to wear in Warner Brothers "A Family Affair." The blouse, with flaring collar and full, short sleeves, is joined to a circular skirt with a blue and white ribbon belt. Her matching blue linen shoes are contrasted by navy kidskin. This studio designed frock is not available in shops

Andrea Leeds spends week ends at the beautiful Samarkand Hotel in Santa Barbara resting and playing to keep in perfect physical condition for her strenuous rôle as leading lady opposite Gary Cooper in Goldwyn's "The Real Glory." Andrea's play clothes for these week ends are colorful and gay to match the mood of vacation-time. She wears a sport frock (opposite page, top) of purple Ciella jersey accented by an inset waistband of lastex ribbing striped in purple, white and yellow. Her open heel and toe pumps of white mesh have kidskin trim and heels. For a sail in the Santa Barbara Bay, Andrea dons a collarless Sacony wool knit jacket (far left), checked in blue, fuchsia and gold on a natural background—as protection against wind, Andrea gathers her curls, peasant style into a printed silk kerchief. Under the jacket she wears a white linen crash slacks suit tied casually at the waist with silk jersey (opposite page, right). Goldwyn's "Music School," in which Andrea is now appearing, introduces Jascha Heifetz to the screen



Welbourne

THE FASHIONABLE



Brown herringbone lightweight tweed is featured in this two-piece tailored suit (top, left), which was designed by Dolly Tree for Billie Burke to wear in M-G-M's "Bridal Suite." The yellow organdie blouse has straw pleated jabot and cuffs. Miss Tree completes the costume with a brown straw hat that is shadowed by flowered veiling and high lighted by a yellow feather and a shoulder cluster of wee, yellow daffodils. A pert sailor (center, left) fashioned of lillies of the valley, a lingerie blouse with tucked butterfly jabots, full sleeves and flared cuffs, white gloves and a daffodil shoulder cluster accent Miss Burke's dressmaker suit of sheer navy woolen. The short, open box jacket of the suit is collarless and has bracelet-length sleeves. Miss Burke's "shirtwaist and skirt" dinner frock (below, left) is in combination of black taffeta and white mousseline—the jabot and cuffs of the blouse are fan pleated. To transform this frock into a theater costume Miss Burke adds a wee hat of carnations and black velvet (insert, left) and a short fitted black taffeta jacket. Old Persian wealth is recalled in Miss Burke's dinner gown with black crepe skirt and brilliant green crepe jacket, with all-over gold embroidery and emerald studding (below). Miss Burke tops this gown with a tailored white fox jacket (insert)

Willinger

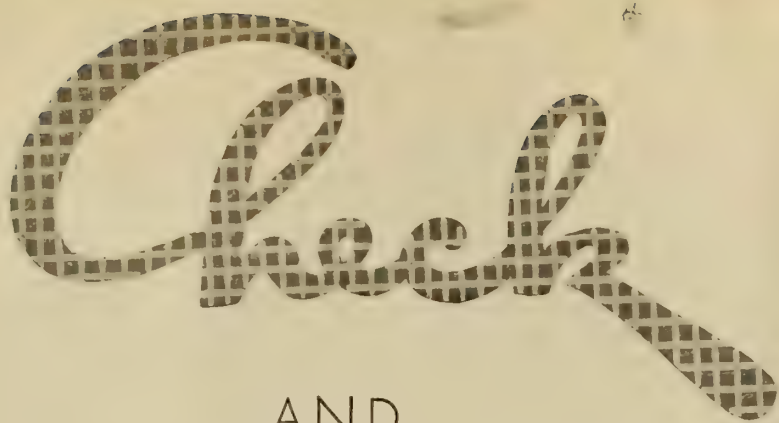


FORTIES

For those hours in the garden or on the beach, Irene Rich, NBC dramatic star, chooses this tailored slacks suit of natural colored sharkskin (right). The multi-colored striped wool sweater lends startling contrast and Miss Rich's necklace of gold keys, designed by John-Frederics, is great fun. The large, toast-colored hat (insert, top) is rough Tuscan straw. Miss Rich also wears this John-Frederics hat atop a black hand-crocheted yarn snood to dramatize her street frocks. Spring's perennial favorite, navy and white, is also one of Miss Rich's preferred color combinations. Here she wears a pure silk navy and white print dress and coat ensemble (below, right) from Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills. The print-lined coat with print sleeves is of navy sheer woolen. The frock beneath features short, puffed sleeves, a deep V-neckline and shirred ruffle yoke detail. The John-Frederics high-crown sailor is white braided organdie and cellophane. The huge white pigskin bag also comes from John-Frederics. For summer evenings, Miss Rich selects the silk evening gown (below, left) printed in varied shades of chartreuse, yellow and pink. Designed along simple lines, it is gathered at the neckline with jeweled clips. Miss Rich's wrap is of luxurious silver fox. Warner Brothers' "The Right of Way" is Miss Rich's latest film

Bachrach





AND DOUBLE CHECK



Anne Shirley, RKO's vivacious ingénue appearing in "Career," wears checks for day, checks for evening—fashion twins that are like as two peas in a pod. The princess pinafore of her street frock (left, center) leads a double life by serving on its own for sport (inset)—likewise the frock of white piqué (left, bottom), red ric rac edged, that peeks out as a jumper blouse. This novel two-frock costume is purchased as one and does duty for three. When worn combined, Anne adds Debway's "little" girl leghorn and Merry Hull's "Finger Free" gingham shorties. Anne's pinafore dinner frock (above) has a red ric rac edged organdie guimpe and dust ruffle—the guimpe and the pinafore part company to play the new rôles of separate blouse and formal décolleté evening gown. Both of Anne's frocks feature Galey and Lord's black and white checked gingham

Bachrach

WHERE TO BUY THEM

If you would like to know the name of the shop in your community that carries these PHOTOPLAY fashions write to Jean Davidson, Fashion Secretary, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City. Be sure to enclose clipping or description of the merchandise desired.





A flare-away skirt and a collarless shirt-waist blouse give chic style detail to Virginia Bruce's white linen-like frock of Tresor, a Crown Tested fabric of Crown spun rayon and cotton, boldly checked with navy—the contrast color that is repeated in the belt and bolero jacket. The toeless strap sandals with perforated trim are of white pigskin. Virginia is currently appearing in M-G-M's "Stronger Than Desire." The frock and sandals are available at Best and Company, New York, Cleveland, Detroit, Philadelphia and Brookline. Virginia selected her frock from I. Magnin, Los Angeles

Carpenter





Navy blue and white—summer's immortal color team for that cool look on sultry days. Nancy Kelly, co-starring with Spencer Tracy in 20th Century-Fox's "Stanley and Livingstone," wears a white frock of ribbed crepe, made along tailored lines and widely belted in navy kid—the bolero is of navy linen. Interesting accessories are the white baku hat with high, pleated crown and navy banding and LaValle's new matching shoes and gloves in which white suède and navy kid are contrasted. Nancy's frock and accessories were selected from J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles

Cal York's

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

Stage Door Johnny

THE car passed through Paramount's gate with a nod from the gateman to the chauffeur. Outside a sound stage the car drew to a halt and the smallish man in the back seat settled down to a wait.

"Some guy calling for his girl-friend, eh?" one electrician remarked to another in passing. "Or maybe some husband waiting for wifey," the other laughed.

The little man inside sat quietly; presently a young girl emerged from the set, entered the car and they drove away.

"Who was that, anyway?" the curious electricians asked the stage doorman.

"That. Oh, that was just Charlie Chaplin," was the reply. "He drives over and waits for Paulette Goddard to finish work every evening."

Stage door Johnny— isn't that a new rôle for the great Mr. Chaplin?

A New "Roz"

NEXT in importance to recent Hollywood weddings, is the sudden and amazing transformation of Rosalind Russell from quiet semi-sedateness (the Russell sense of humor robbed Roz of too formal an approach to the world) into a hoydenish madcapishness that has the town in hysterics.

At the swanky charity affair given by the Basil Rathbone's, Rosalind upset the applegart by accidentally falling over backward in her chair, just at the moment her hand had touched a champagne bottle. (No, it can't be blamed on the champagne, children.) But Rosalind's good sportsmanship, as she lay there laughing at herself, the bottle popping champagne in the air like mad, simply won the frozen faces over in a body. Roz's career as a tomboy next hit a high-spot when the lady mounted the Victor Hugo orchestra stand and actually played the trumpet in Skinnay Ennis' band, while listeners had hysterics.

No wonder when Rosalind appeared on the set of "The Women," with her hair in such a fantastic coiffure, the cast didn't know whether to exclaim or roll on the floor.

Yes, Roz is quite a gal these days, and the town adores her.

Romance in Earnest:

Sonja Henie and Addison Randall, the cowboy star who plays in Westerns under the name of Jack Randall, are dating nightly. . . .

Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland have staged another unfriendly parting; it looks final this time. . . .

Arleen Whelan, former girl-friend of Richard Greene, and Alex D'Arcy are so serious. . . .

Mary Brian and Nino Martini, the singing star, are a pleasing and surprising twosome these days.

Expert osculation—Charlie Chaplin, delivering, May Robson, receiving—it's his 50th, her 75th birthday

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Mary Healy, new 20th Century-Fox starlet, turns on the charm of the Old South when she goes dancing with Crooner Rudy Vallee

ROVING PHOTOGRAPHER

GOOD GATE 1 or 18
LOUIS VS. ROPER
APRIL 17, 1939
14

FINK AT THE FIGHTS



The Bob Hopes, too—comedians' night, maybe? But Hymie's exclusive camera-rovings caught a variety of stars (see right)

Why Hollywood Is All for John Garfield

1. Because John is all for Hollywood.
2. He does not feel being a former New York "Group" actor makes him superior in every way to ordinary motion-picture actors.
3. He claims his acclaim in "Four Daughters" was due to the foolproof rôle of Mickey and not to any outstanding ability of his own.
4. He thinks movie moguls are the greatest sports in the world to chance that part on him, a newcomer, when many a seasoned player asked for the rôle.
5. He still speaks with respect and considerable awe of his love for the stage but not to the critical detriment of Hollywood and movies. And vice versa. In this he is honest.
6. He loves his wife and is utterly unable to get over the wonder of his new baby. Feels humble and undeserving of such a fate as fatherhood.
7. An established actor, he is grateful to be playing a bit in "Juarez" with such stars as Bette Davis and Paul Muni.
8. Also, as an established stage star, he didn't mind too much when Warners changed his name from Jules to John. Only claimed it wouldn't

help matters anyway, but they were welcome to try it.

9. Admits plenty is wrong with Hollywood and movies but thinks open knocking and grumbling (instead of gratitude) is destructive and not constructive.

10. He chooses his friends among the lesser lights because he likes 'em and because he's a real "Group" artist.

Biting Comments

ALICE BRADY is a connoisseur of pearls. She has a large collection and is that proud of them. She was wearing her most priceless string one evening at a dinner party and enjoying the admiring glances of most everyone present. Then suddenly there appeared another lady with a bigger, better string—or at least, they appeared to be bigger and better. All eyes were turned toward the other lady, but Alice was equal to the occasion. She merely stated the trouble with pearls was that they were so easily imitated, but that she could always tell the difference.

A young man seated beside her asked, "How do you tell the difference?"

"I'll show you," she promised and taking his arm she advanced to the newcomer. Smiling sweetly, she admired the string of pearls. The lady immediately removed them and handed them to Alice. With a gleam in her eye, Alice thrust them toward the young man's mouth.

"Bite them," she invited, "and you'll discover the difference."

Bosom Pal

WARNER BAXTER did it as a joke, intending to reveal his "perfidy" right away. And then he kind of got cold feet and decided, guilty conscience or no, he had better keep quiet about the whole thing, since he'd got himself into it. And of course, Ronnie Colman, being a good sport, wouldn't betray him. . . .

All of which relates to a certain time when both Warner and Ronnie, bosom pals as everybody knows, were to be interviewed by a syndicate writer on adventures in their past lives. Both interviews were scheduled for the same day, but Warner's was to come first.

The night before, Warner and Mrs. Baxter had dinner with Ronnie.

"Interviews make me rather nervous," the latter confided, "so I've made some notes on the anecdotes I shall relate tomorrow. See what you think of them." He passed an outline to Warner who read it carefully.

"Fine!" Warner said, enviously, when he had finished. "I wish I had such good material! As a matter of fact I haven't given that interview much thought and am afraid I shall have to extemporize when the time comes."

When Ronnie's interview rolled around, however, he found to his sorrow that Warner hadn't exactly "extemporized." Ronnie had begun to relate a certain incident and was about half way through when the interviewer interrupted him.

"I am awfully sorry, Mr. Colman, but this morning Warner Baxter gave me an anecdote so similar that I'm afraid I must skip yours."

A little taken back, Ronnie tried another one, only to hear, "Sorry, Mr. Baxter also gave me material similar to that."

Whereupon Ronnie saw the light. Warner had "stolen his stuff"! So, nervous and floundering, yet wanting to laugh, too, he had to forget his notes and recall some brand new stories.

No, gallant gentleman that he is, he didn't tell the writer what his "pal" had done. . . So there are probably a good many people who, to this day, believe Warner the hero of certain adventures which really happened to Ronnie.

Close Shave

BEHIND the wholesale marriages of Hollywood's glamour boys lies a cozy little event that could and does happen to any couple altar bound.

Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Mary Lee Hartford hadn't seen each other since Douglas left New York in mid-winter, so naturally Douglas impatiently awaited her arrival. At long last she was in Hollywood and half way to his arms, when she stopped, amazement mirrored in her eyes.

Round-eyed they gazed at each other. "Your mustache. Oh, it's gone," she moaned. "I didn't promise to marry you without a mustache."

For a whole second the world rocked in balance and then with a laugh she was in his arms.

Doug's mustache, that is so fetching a part of his handsome face, had gone by the board for his rôle in "The Sun Never Sets."

(Continued on page 72)



A former amateur boxing champ—otherwise Errol Flynn—with Lili Damita—otherwise Mrs. Flynn

Not "Man Mountain" Dean, but Andy Devine, be-whiskered for art's sake, accompanied by Mrs. D.



A noted pair of dyed-in-the-wool fans—Damon Runyon, author of so many hit (and sock) stories, with George Raft

Also watching the two were the actress, and Flynn's brooks. She later sailed for England but not, they say, because of any fight



So Joe Louis did it again? Ace producer Darryl Zanuck and Al Jolson, now a Zanuck star, don't look a bit surprised!

Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck playing 'possum about the elopement plan which made them Mr. and Mrs. not long after



★ BRIDAL SUITE—M-G-M

ROBERT YOUNG gives another of his amusing and delightful playboy characterizations in this madcap comedy about a gay young black sheep who, because of a terrific hangover, misses his wedding date with Virginia Field. His mother, flighty Billie Burke, tries to find an excuse for his aversion to marriage, so she plans to get Psychiatrist Walter Connolly to swear Bob is an amnesia victim. Connolly is at a winter resort, but they descend on him there. Unfortunately for Miss Burke's plans, Annabella is manager of the resort hotel and Bob starts a terrific flirtation with her. This complicates everything, of course, but you'll get a lot of laughs out of the mix-ups. Annabella does a grand comedy job, Virginia Field is lovely to look at and Connolly is a riot.



THE GRACIE ALLEN MURDER CASE—Paramount

WHEN a picture with murder and mystery as its background turns out to be one grand hysterical farce, you can be pretty certain that lurking somewhere in the continuity is Miss Gracie Allen, the pride of the kindergarten alumni. With deft hand and numb brain Gracie steps into the mystery and, almost instantly, things are confused beyond belief. The hero goes to jail, the police go berserk and the villain goes scot free. No wonder Investigator Warren William wears a dazed look of wonder throughout the fracas. But you know how it is with Gracie; things just naturally adjust themselves despite her meddling. Kent Taylor and Ellen Drew furnish the romance with Jed Prouty, Judith Barrett and Donald MacBride following in Screwball Allen's wake.

The Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE
NEW PICTURES

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES



★ INVITATION TO HAPPINESS—Paramount

IN this latest opus, Tyrone Power turns villain but the ladies, bless 'em, will love him just the same; they'll forgive him every little fault, every little weakness, even as his screen sweetheart does. The story is laid in the prohibition era, when drinking and gambling were considered smart and the theater great were apt to find themselves rubbing elbows with the inevitable grafters and gangsters at every popular rendezvous. As the picture opens, Al Jolson and Alice Faye are seen trying to make the grade as a vaudeville team, while Joyce Compton—in the rôle of Alice's screwball friend—is trying to make the heart of a small-time magician, her latest crush, beat a bit faster.

Everything might have turned out all right if bunco-artist Tyrone hadn't come along just then to steal Alice's heart, along with a flock of other valuables. From that time on, the whole cast is involved in his get-rich-quick career, as Alice and Al work their way to the very top of their profession, via the Follies, and Ty works his way just as surely toward his destiny as a petty crook, who believes in achieving success the "easy" way.

The climax comes when Tyrone finds that the only valuable thing he ever stole was Alice's love (Al was pretty fond of her, too). Jolson, in familiar blackface, sings memory-strumming music of the period. Alice gives a touching performance as the ambitious young star who still clings to her man, come hell or high water, and Joyce garners a laugh every moment she's on the screen.

DON'T let the prize-fighting background fool you on this! Definitely adult in viewpoint, it handles sympathetically such delicate matters as the sex-versus-training angle of a prize-fighter's life, the bewilderment of a charming aristocrat married to a man whose background is almost completely beyond her understanding, and the quandary of a little boy who must choose between the mother he adores and the father he seldom sees.

The characters are all human and likable, presented with a minimum of trite or sentimental situations. First, there's Irene Dunne, as a wealthy thoroughbred who throws caution to the winds in marrying a man who has never had—and never wanted—her own advantages in life. Then there's Fred MacMurray, splendidly right as the would-be champ whose one obsession, that he can't face failure, causes him to lose the very things he values most. Charlie Ruggles and William Collier, Sr. are delightful as Fred's trainer and Irene's father. Fifth in the quintet which attempts to solve this problem of adjustment to two irreconcilable backgrounds is Billy Cook, excellent as the ten-year-old son whose unhappiness precipitates his parents' divorce.

The way it all works out is a treat to all moviegoers who appreciate truly intelligent problem drama, climaxing with a magnificent championship battle which is tense with excitement. But—don't go expecting to see an action melodrama of life in the ring, or you'll be in no mood to enjoy the preceding scenes, which would be a pity!

★ JUAREZ—Warners

WERE it not for the current tendency of the Warner Brothers to preach all through their pictures, they would have a stronger epic—for it is an epic—in this grandiose film. After all, the struggle between Emperor Maximilian and stoic old Benito Juarez, the Indian, for control of Mexico points its own moral without the need for interpolated lectures.

In its favor the picture must be said to have beautiful production and photography, a capable cast and something to say. It tells two stories; that of the Indian, Juarez, who believed in democracy almost as much as the brothers Warner; and that of two frightened people, alone in an unfriendly land, who were dupes of Louis Napoleon's dreams of conquest. He arranged a fake plebiscite and persuaded well-meaning, gentle Maximilian von Hapsburg and his wife, Carlotta, to take the Mexican throne. Then, you may remember, ensued months of bloody conflict until Napoleon proved traitor, withdrew his troops, and left his puppets to the mercy of Juarez. Carlotta went to Paris to plead her husband's cause, and became insane. Maximilian was shot by a firing squad. Belligerent Warners have drawn a close parallel here between the present political world-struggle and the original story of Mexico's big revolution. It's just that Brian Aherne, as Maximilian, can't possibly look like a dictator. Bette Davis' Carlotta is a restrained performance, except in her mad scene; then she lets loose. John Garfield plays Juarez's favorite general, Diaz, without much inspiration, and Muni himself does a fine job.



★ **MAN OF CONQUEST**—Republic



BLIND ALLEY—Columbia



★ **CAPTAIN FURY**—Hal Roach-United Artists

HERE'S some more history for you—early history, with lots of action and plenty of gunplay. Richard Dix, memorable for "Cimarron," plays Sam Houston and he is always at his best in such a rôle. As in "Juarez," there are social implications, since the story is built on a people's fight for freedom. This time it's democratic Americans shooting it out with Mexicans. You will have a fine time watching the great drama unfold, with the last stand at the Alamo and the battle of San Jacinto as high lights. Romance is taken care of by Gail Patrick. C. Henry Gordon is Mexico's brute of a general and George Hayes is amusing as Dix's aide. The production has scope and breadth, pace and a good story.

HERE'S an out-and-out cop and robber drama with the black business of murder as its motivating theme, and the psychological exposé of a criminal's mind as its climactic aim. Frankly, the whole grim affair is far from our idea of screen entertainment, but we must give praise where praise is due and declare Chester Morris one of the best portrayals of cowardly killers on the screen. His work as an escaped convict, who takes refuge in the home of a professor of psychology, is far superior to the story material provided. Ralph Bellamy, as the calm professor who holds the criminal until the police arrive, furnishes splendid contrast to Morris' more emotional characterization. Ann Dvorak, Joan Perry and Melville Cooper complete the cast.

THOSE of you who like rip-roaring melodrama with no subtlety or shading will find this Western entirely to your taste. Brian Aherne and Victor McLaglen are English convicts sent to an Australian penal colony to work out their sentence at hard labor. They manage to escape with much furore and Aherne forms a band to rescue settlers from an unscrupulous land baron, George Zucco. From that point on, Aherne plays Robin Hood, righting wrongs all over the place. Zucco is so villainous you wonder why his band doesn't cut his throat, whereas Aherne is so heroic you're lost in admiration. It all adds up to a grand thriller with June Lang adding the romantic touch and Virginia Field pairing with McLaglen.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

- | | |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Stolen Life | It's a Wonderful World |
| Juarez | Rose of Washington Square |
| Invitation to Happiness | Union Pacific |
| Man of Conquest | Bridal Suite |
| Captain Fury | Confessions of a Nazi Spy |



★ **IT'S A WONDERFUL WORLD**—M-G-M



★ **STOLEN LIFE**—Paramount

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

- Fred MacMurray in "Invitation to Happiness"
Irene Dunne in "Invitation to Happiness"
- Paul Lukas in "Confessions of a Nazi Spy"
Francis Lederer in "Confessions of a Nazi Spy"
- Gracie Allen in "The Gracie Allen Murder Case"
- Richard Dix in "Man of Conquest"
- Bette Davis in "Juarez"
Paul Muni in "Juarez"
- Robert Young in "Bridal Suite"
- Barbara Stanwyck in "Union Pacific"
Joel McCrea in "Union Pacific"
Lynne Overman in "Union Pacific"
- Tyrone Power in "Rose of Washington Square"
- Claudette Colbert in "It's a Wonderful World"
James Stewart in "It's a Wonderful World"
- Brian Aherne in "Captain Fury"
- Elisabeth Bergner in "Stolen Life"

It would be a wonderful world, at that, if Claudette Colbert would just go on making comedies—one every fourteen days. That's how long it took to shoot this and it's far more entertaining than some of the epic preachments released this month. For one thing, it's gay. The suspense is held throughout, because most of the time Jimmy Stewart and Claudette are fleeing from the police; but they manage to make you laugh anyway. You see, Jimmy's a private cop assigned to watch out for a millionaire playboy, Ernest Truex. Truex gets mixed up in a murder, is framed, is convicted. Jimmy helped him hide, so Jimmy gets two years as an accomplice. But the boy's got a clue that would clear Truex, maybe—and Truex has promised Jimmy a hundred grand if he does. Jimmy escapes on his way to jail and kidnaps Claudette, a poetess on the loose, so he can use her car. He's very unkind to Claudette but golly, she thinks he's wonderful and helps him all through the rest of the picture. The action is fast and the story has plenty of new twists in it; particularly, you will appreciate the fact that Stewart is not made too much of a hero. His grammar's not very good and he's conceited and pretty rude and furthermore, when he has time and the inclination, he makes passes at Claudette, as who wouldn't under the circumstances? She looks especially lovely and is at her best, which is very good and very funny. Guy Kibbee and sundry other people have unimportant rôles.

THIS could have been just another case of mistaken identity vying with sex-triangle motif for story honors. The skill of the star, Elisabeth Bergner, lifts it into the artistic-triumph class, instead. Of course, it's a Continental film, but you'll find it was designed to please American audiences, too.

Bergner, with the greatest display of talent, undertakes and successfully manages the dual rôle of twin sisters, both in love with the same man—Michael Redgrave. While both sisters love with an intensity consistent with their characters, those characters are as far apart as the poles. One is ruthless, selfish and destructive; the other is quiet and generous. Not once, in the many transitions from one character to another, does Bergner muffle a single lift of the eyebrow.

The story is simple enough. Redgrave isn't really quite sure which sister he loves. He marries the ruthless one, only to find that what attracts him in her also has a repellent quality. While he is away on an expedition, his wife is drowned at sea, and her sister attempts to take her place as the wife. It all seems very easy, especially since the girls' own father cannot tell them apart, but the unfortunate girl learns that if she takes her sister's name, she must take her sister's personality as well.

Miss Bergner's performance throughout is flawless. She is ably complemented by Michael Redgrave, and the rest of the cast is perfect enough to appear to be only a necessary part of the background. (Continued on page 90)

WE COVER THE STUDIOS

Buzzing around the sets—Hollywood proves a busy, balmy beehive, with a bumper crop of honeys in the offing

BY JACK WADE

... "Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Epic movies every time. . . ."

WE sincerely hope Mr. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow doesn't whirl in his grave as we streamline his famous verse in up-to-date Hollywood style.

It's only because on our monthly stalk of elusive big pictures, we discover more and more biographies and famous lives supplying your eventual film fare.

This trip it's Abraham Lincoln who gets a Hollywood break. Our first studio stop is Twentieth Century-Fox where the number one picture is "Young Mr. Lincoln."

Frankly, we couldn't see good-looking Henry Fonda as the homely string bean that was young Lincoln—that is, we couldn't until we arrived on the set. Then the surprise!

The towering tousle-headed, mole-marked, rawboned fellow we encounter doesn't look much like Handsome Henry. Built-up boot soles have added inches. A backwoods ante-bellum haircut has changed his head shape. Plaster moles and wens and a putty nose decorate his face.

The wart and nose give Hank the most trouble. It takes him three hours each morning to put the make-up on, which is bad enough, but the big cheek mole falls off and gets lost in action scenes and the putty nose—"Well," says Hank, "it itches!" And he can't scratch it without ruining three hours' work and upsetting production!

"YOUNG Mr. Lincoln" is limited to Lincoln's youth. The picture ends before the great drama and tragedy of Lincoln's life—the presidency—begins.

It shows him as a backwoods philosopher, business failure, bumbling lover and legal tyro. But it climaxes the story with a murder trial in which young Abe's great gifts for law and justice emerge dramatically. The case is right from the Illinois court records, too.

For romance, both Ann Rutledge and Mary Todd get a ghost break in the picture. Pauline Moore plays Ann and Marjorie Weaver is the plump, nagging Mary Todd. Alice Brady, Richard Cromwell, Arleen Whelan and Eddie Collins (Snow White's Dopey model) fill out the cast.

Director John Ford has assembled the company on an outdoor set representing the ramshackle, dilapidated main street of New Salem, Illinois, circa 1840. On the front porch of Abe's general store is a barrel of whiskey and a dipper, around which a bunch of idlers, including Eddie Collins, are gathered. Alice Brady drives up in a covered wagon and Abe has to break up the drinkers before he can do business with her.



An orgy for music lovers—when Jascha Heifetz, the world's most famous violinist, makes his long-awaited film debut in Goldwyn's "Music School"



The treat of the month is the jungle set of RKO's "Five Came Back," where Pilot Chester Morris and Lucille Ball romance, but there's an unexpected laugh, too, the day our reporter visits it

The warning whistle blows, the cameras turn. Abe Lincoln Fonda spies the lady in the wagon, bestirs himself from his cracker barrel, ambles lazily out and scatters his tipsy townsmen. He lifts Eddie Collins up, kicking, and hoists him over the rain barrel. He's about to dunk him in.

"Stop!" cries Eddie. "Wait a minute."

"Cut," orders John Ford. "Now what?"

"Br-r-r-r-r!" shivers Eddie. "That water's awfully wet. Can't you heat it or something?" He looks so pitiful that Ford relents. They're warming Eddie's barrel bath as we leave for the "Second Fiddle" set, Sonja Henie and young Mr. Power.

"Second Fiddle" interests us particularly this month—not only because it's Sonja's Hollywood return picture after a long screen vacation, and the next big Twentieth Century-Fox musical extravaganza—but because it includes Irving

Berlin's latest score of sure-hit tunes, dances you'll be doing soon and a mild burlesque on the "Gone with the Wind" talent hunt.

We confer about all this as we sit, very elegantly, at a table and stare down at a big dance stage, an exact replica of Hollywood's glamorous Earl Carroll nitery. Our conferee is pretty Mary Healy, a décolleté and delicious darling from New Orleans, who came to Hollywood, got a contract at TC-F, and the personal and professional attention of Rudy Vallee. She gets her first movie break in "Second Fiddle," singing the song of the very number we watch, Berlin's gay "Back to Back."

"Second Fiddle" casts Sonja Henie as a Minnesota schoolteacher who is yanked out of private life to Hollywood for one of those Cinderella parts, à la the "Scarlett" search. Tyrone Power is a demon press agent who must keep



Melvyn Douglas, Director Alexander Hall and Cameraman Henry Freulich watch Joan Blondell rehearse for a scene in "Good Girls Go To Paris".

her in the headlines. He builds a phony romance between great screen lover Rudy Vallee and Sonja, showers her with orchids, mash notes and what not—in Rudy's name—all the time being a lovelorn John Alden chap. In the end, of course, he speaks for himself, John.

Sonja glides only briefly on her silver runners in "Second Fiddle," with no big ice production numbers, which is almost as startling to us as the news that Rudy Vallee appears without his band. All of them go to town in their dance numbers, though—even Edna May Oliver is shaking and breaking it as Director Sidney Lanfield shoots the "Back to Back" dance number.

Sonja's a knockout in a sleek black velvet dress, fourteen pounds slimmer since her exhibition tour, although Ty Power still calls her "Chubby." She's teamed with Rudy, blushing and grinning as usual, in a tuxedo and red
(Continued on page 74)

"On Borrowed Time," that dramatic stage commentary on death, is a natural for Lionel Barrymore and young Bobs Watson, with Director Harold Bucquet (center), set boss



BRIGHT



Today, Brent of Hollywood, with the world at his feet—
yesterday, Nolan of Ireland, with a price on his head!

VICTORY

BY HOWARD SHARPE

GEORGE BRENT was born George Nolan in March, 1904, and eighteen years later almost won freedom for Ireland in the first revolution. The events leading up to that had to do with a childhood spent alternately working in peat fields, catching fish in the nearby River Shannon, and listening to his grandfather tell him stirring stories about civilization's long fight for Liberty. The boy and his sister were sent to America when their parents died, during the great war, and moody, belligerent young George kept his aunt in a perpetual stew; this was accomplished by fighting with his schoolmates, falling desperately in love with an adolescent Irish colleen, and running away to work in lumber mills and on farms during the summers.

An expression for his maturing ideas and his vitality came through the offices of Father Dan, a priest from the Sod, who carried on the work of Old McInnis and ultimately took George to Ireland with him. For a time the lad worked with the Abbey Players, learning how to act; then Michael Collins, rebel leader, made him a dispatch carrier. An era of danger ensued, during which young Nolan rode through fog and the dark Irish nights on a motorbike, dodging hand grenades and British raiding parties. Until at last Michael Collins was killed in ambush—and in a hiding place beneath a road-bridge leading out of Dublin, Father Dan bade his nineteen-year-old disciple God-speed. George Nolan's world, and apparently his future, lay in ruins.

FATHER DAN'S departing heels tapped a measured good-by on the road overhead, the sound fading into silence. George leaned against the base of the old stone arch, looking out of its shadow at fields chalk-white under Ireland's August moon, listening to the quiet that meant Michael Collins was dead, the rebellion over, the great plans shattered. . . .

"One hundred pounds on your head before morning." George passed his hand over his hair and swallowed hard against a rising lump of nausea in his throat. Somewhere in the swirl of panic a sane small voice said: You will get out of this. You have plenty of money, you've got that motorbike. Keep your head, you damn fool.

He climbed slowly up the bank; with deliberate movements got the motorbike out of its hiding place, primed it, started it. Kicked the tires. But his hand had the throttle lever wide open before the dust of the road had settled from his starting.

In the morning gloom, in Belfast, an old friend named O'Rourke helped cover him with evil-smelling tarpaulins in an outbound truck. "We've heard from Father Dan," O'Rourke said. "The secret service is busy already. Make haste, me lad."

At nine that evening George stood in a Glasgow alleyway, knocking on the kitchen door of a cheap café. He had bank notes ready in his hand—better than a gun. The man with the apron, and slits for eyes, gave him a slip of paper with an address on it. "Hide at this place until tomorrow. There'll be a trawler steaming down the Firth and through the Irish Sea to Liverpool. You can get a freighter there."

"Bound. . . .?"

The man shrugged. "You'll not be caring. America, probably."

The address was a rickety little rooming house near the docks, owned by a dour Scots-woman with grey hair strained close to her scalp, thin lips, a sharp nose; her eyes said plainly, "Who are you?"

But she asked nothing aloud until late in the

THE ENTHRALLING LIFE HISTORY OF A FIGHTING IRISHMAN



Brief interlude—Constance Worth as the third Mrs. Brent

afternoon, when her knock brought him uneasily to the door of his room. "Y'r an Irish laddie, hmm?" she muttered, her eyes on her work-yellowed hands.

"Originally," he said, trying to keep the rich rolling brogue out of that "r." He thought: It's a trap, maybe. He saw the corners of the proprietress' mouth draw down imperceptibly in disbelief. "If you'll just take this money," George added, "and get me a paper of tobacco at the corner shop—"

When she returned he had gone, with his luggage. She invoked the Diety aloud as she took off her apron, and was quite out of breath from running when she reached the police station. But the shadows of the warehouse George had found were deep and cluttered with waiting sealed boxes; he pried one open and put his bag and coat inside, so that when, at ten that night, the crates were carried aboard the trawler he was one of the shirt-sleeved dock hands, helping. He simply stayed on deck when the others left.

At Land's End the trawler was hailed by a small motorboat and took aboard a party of police. George, crouching tense by the pilot-house, recognized the leader of the little knot of men as they stood forward, talking earnestly with the captain. Against the boy's ribs a trip-hammer heart beat hard, sending excitement coursing through him; here was the hour at last, and its name was zero. He braced himself.

Then, as the captain turned, George jumped for the rail. He clambered down the ladder, bringing up in the motorboat's cockpit with a crash. The motor was thudding at ease under the long nose of the craft and George's fingers tore at restraining lines . . . He heard the shouting above him and the sharp interpolative explosions might have been exhaust—or guns. He did not look back to see.

The freighter, standing a mile or two out, was turning slowly and black smoke wisped from its funnels. It was just under way when George drew alongside, his arms frantic semaphores, his throat raw from yelling. A floppy ladder came overside as the freighter slowed; and a minute later the little police craft was bobbing, empty, in its wake.

George had had to make the jump with his Gladstone in one hand. On deck he waited, panting. The thought struck him that he did not have the least idea what this boat was, nor her destination, nor her captain's affiliations. To get so far, by such thin margin, only to find himself in irons—"Holy Mother," his heart prayed. "Please!"

And, "By all the Saints!" said Captain Johnny Flaherty, striding up. "Are you the man?" "Twas a close one, George—that time."

Captain Johnny had been George Nolan's friend for two years.



A Broadway break that backfired—George with Alice Brady and Glenda Farrell in "Love, Honor and Betray" (above)

Fame and happiness—for a while—in the arms of Ruth Chatterton, former co-star and wife (right)



"YOU are one of the apostles of liberty," Captain Johnny said. He took his pipe out of his mouth and gestured with the stem at the dark smoking mass that was Montreal. "You'd be hanging from the gallows in Dublin this day except for your wits."

"And some blackguard the richer by a hundred pounds," said George fiercely. "Richer than I at that, y'know."

"Collins paid you well?"

"Yes. But escape is bought dear."

"You can have your passage money back," Captain Johnny said quickly.

George grinned at him. "I don't regret the

(Continued on page 87)



Romantic enigma—George in "The Painted Veil," with Greta Garbo

JUAREZ

The Life History of a Movie

A superfilm reaches Step Three in its fascinating career and offers an exciting lesson in how movies are made

BY NANCY NAUMBURG

If you're curious about movies, you may wonder how they're made from a brainstorm in someone's mind, step by step, to the finished film. In the two previous articles of this series we took you to Warner Brothers studio to watch "Juarez" being made. You talked to the writers, producer, casting and research heads. They told you of the year and a half of preparation before a single foot of film was shot. Then you watched the two months of shooting with William Dieterle directing Bette Davis, Paul Muni, Brian Aherne and many others.

Now, with the shooting over, perhaps you'd like to come out to the studio again to watch the post-production stage of "Juarez," in which it is edited, scored and has all additional sound effects added.

Let's go to the cutting room first. . . .

Warren Low, film editor, was completely surrounded by long strips of film hanging from nails. Having worked with Producer Henry Blanke and Director Dieterle on "Zola" and "Pasteur," he knew what they wanted for "Juarez."

"Editing is much more than pasting pieces of film together," Warren Low told us. "It's much more than putting together sequences in their proper order. You must feel how long to hold a close-up or a long shot. You always try to move into a scene gradually so that the audience is not conscious of a scene changing.

"I spend a good deal of time on the set, so that if anything is missing I can suggest certain shots be made. William Dieterle is a splendid person to work with, because he figures out his cutting while he's shooting. He moves his camera quite a bit. He doesn't take a great many close-ups, he prefers medium and two-shots



Film editor Warren Low examines a scene from "Juarez." Note the moviola on the table. Sound track (right) corresponds to close-up of Bette Davis. (Below), re-recording scene of Paul Muni. Mixer Gerald Alexander controls the music, Composer Erich Wolfgang Korngold watches the screen

(that is, a medium shot which includes two people).

"You've seen the routine of shooting—first the master or long shot, which establishes the players in their setting, then generally a medium shot or close-up, or both, to focus the action more closely. Every scene is shot all the way through in long, medium and close shots. This gives the editor a chance to use some of each and in that way break up a scene in telling his story. Of course, the actors must do and say exactly the same things in all the shots of one scene, because the editor never knows where he will cut it.

"When the day's shooting is completed, the film is rushed to the (Continued on page 80)



Hal Wallis, associate executive in charge of production on "Juarez"





ALL WOMEN
WANT **LOVE**,
DON'T THEY?



THEN WHY DO SO
MANY OF THEM
RISK LOSING THE
CHARM OF CLEAR
SMOOTH **SKIN**?



YOU CAN'T BE
ATTRACTIVE
WITHOUT IT...

JOAN BLONDELL

STAR OF COLUMBIA PICTURES'
"Good Girls go to Paris"



SCREEN STARS
DON'T RISK
COSMETIC SKIN



I ALWAYS USE
LUX TOILET SOAP
BECAUSE IT HAS
ACTIVE LATHER



IT'S THE SIMPLEST
THING IN THE WORLD
TO REMOVE COSMETICS
THOROUGHLY WITH
LUX SOAP



DON'T RISK THE
CHOKED PORES THAT
CAUSE **COSMETIC SKIN**
—THIS **ACTIVE LATHER**
HELPS KEEP SKIN
SMOOTH



HERE'S MY
BEAUTY ADVICE. USE
COSMETICS BUT USE
LUX TOILET SOAP
REGULARLY!



Clever girls
follow Hollywood's tip—they use all the
cosmetics they wish, but they use
the soap with **ACTIVE lather** to remove
thoroughly stale cosmetics, dust and dirt.
It's foolish to let pores become choked—
cause the dullness, tiny blemishes,
enlarged pores that mean **Cosmetic Skin**.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap



1 . . . a sunbonnet to keep you lily-white in spite of the elements! This one's very sea-going with its marine-blue straw brim and fishnet crown and streamers. \$5.00 at Saks 5th Ave., New York, Chicago and Beverly Hills

2 . . . goggles as streamlined as the Twentieth Century, with oversize lenses, oversize rims, oversize bows—to make you look fragile. In favorite colors, \$3.95 at Saks 5th Ave., New York, Chicago and Beverly Hills

3 . . . a striped knit B.V.D. swim suit with lastex midriff, for stripes, you know, are streamlining the best figures in Hollywood, Paris and New York. \$6.00 at Strawbridge and Clothier, Philadelphia; Hale Bros., San Francisco

4 . . . a striped beach kit includes Antoine's famous suncream, a lipstick, compact, dusting powder, mirror, tissues, cigarette compartment and goggles. \$5.00 at B. Altman, New York and J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles

5 . . . a canvas carpetbag with a fishnet pocket, for when a lady goes to sea she has to tote her beach coat, towels, slacks, shorts, literature and lunch. \$4.00 at Saks 5th Ave., New York, Chicago and Beverly Hills

6 . . . wooden clogs that beat the Dutch because they're cut out at sole and heel for a fairy tread. You can change the linen laces to suit your color scheme. \$6.50 at Saks 5th Ave., New York, Chicago and Beverly Hills

Beachcombers

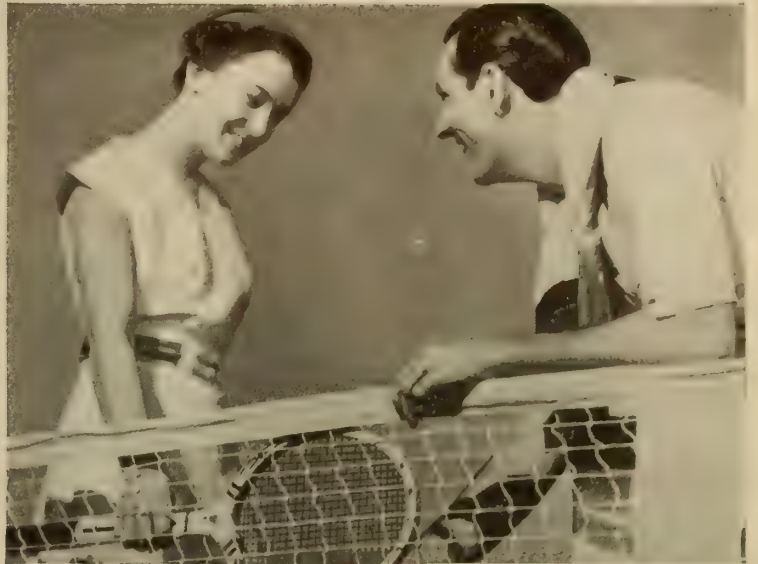
Hollywood solves a sea-going situation with Indispensables, chic and comfortable, for a day on the beach

BY FRANCES HUGHES, *New York Fashion Editor*

THEY *All Agree* ON TODAY'S NEW SKIN CARE



In England, The Lady Rosemary Gresham, daughter of the 21st Earl of Erroll, has cared for her skin with Pond's since her school days. She says: "Pond's is as perfect as ever for cleansing and softening my skin!"



Montreal—The Hon. Ann Shaughnessy, daughter of the late Lord Shaughnessy. With English and American sportswomen, she cheers the new skin care—"skin-vitamin" in Pond's Cold Cream.



British and American Sportswomen CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN*



In Canada—Mrs. Robert W. Armstrong, of Toronto, goes to Lake Muskoka for fishing. " 'Skin-vitamin' in Pond's is an added reason for banking on this grand cream!"



A Roosevelt smiles from the springboard! The former Anne Clark says: "Now that it's known 'skin-vitamin' is necessary to skin health, it's great to have it in Pond's."



Titled English Horsewoman—The Lady Cynthia Williams, daughter of the Earl of Guilford, often visits America—one of many British peeresses who praise the new skin care.



It's American to skate! Mrs. Nicholas R. du Pont, of Wilmington, often joins her friends at a private rink. She has always used Pond's to give make-up that **winning sparkle**.



In Britain, in Canada and in the United States, smart society women are quick to grasp the meaning of the **new** skin care. Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin" so necessary to skin health, is now in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft and smooth again.

Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, prices.

*Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

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(Continued from page 60)

Cross Roads

JOAN CRAWFORD stands today at a dangerous crossroads in her career. She knows it and is crushed and heartsick over it. Her last few pictures have been anything but the successes she had hoped. Whether the blame lies on story, direction or cutting isn't important now. The important thing is, Joan must now quickly and without delay, make a turn-about-face in pictures.

How to do it, where to turn, what to do, is the question. All her hopes were founded on "Ice Follies," in which her ability as a skater and a singer were to be exploited. At the preview, a brief flash of Joan on skates and a quick snatch of song were all that remained of the hours of work and the great hopes that had gone into the picture.

"I want to get away. I've got to get away," she says to her friends. But the bugaboo only awaits her on her return. Perhaps away from Hollywood, however, Joan may be able to see more clearly what to do. Certainly the rôle offered her in "The Women" is a mere bit, a strong bit but not worthy of Crawford's talents.

So what lies ahead now for Crawford? It's the question of the month in Hollywood. And one we all hope will be solved satisfactorily.

Olivia de Havilland asked us out to tea with herself and sister Joan Fontaine and we were tickled to death on account of we like them both a lot. Each has the delightful ability to listen during a conversation and to appear darned interested in what is being said, too.

Yes, we had a swell time lunching in the Green Room that day.

War Games

RESULTS of the far-away European unrest, have caused Hollywood time, money, headaches and heartaches in more ways than one. For instance, Warner Brothers have had to go to the terrific expense of re-sounding twenty-two of their huge stages to shut out the hum of planes being tested overhead. Where formerly only an occasional plane interfered with the delicate sound mechanism, now dozens and dozens of planes, from lighter ships to bombers, are daily flying over the Burbank studio, making it necessary to reshoot almost every scene.

Added to this trouble is the fear that many of the English stars may be called home at any moment.

Yes, Europe reaches out these days, even to the land of make-believe.

Livvie's Last Laugh

CLARK GABLE was doing a scene in which, as *Rhett Butler*, he was required to carry the lovely Olivia de Havilland down a long flight of stairs. While the cameras clicked, he teased Olivia about being such a featherweight. So, come the seventh take, Olivia secreted a thirty-pound weight from the camera boom under her voluminous frock—and Clark, after picking her up with a flourish, gave her a startled look and staggered on. Olivia smiled rather smugly—but last.

New Orleans Belle

MARY HEALY, the lovely little lady from New Orleans and the most recent newcomer to get her break at Twentieth Century-Fox, has an interesting bit of background connected with her "discovery" and subsequent trip to Hollywood for a screen test. Mary has always been talented and for a time she earned money now and then by singing in night clubs in New Orleans. However, when circumstances rose that made her the main support of her family, Mary decided that, while such an income was all right in its way, it was sketchy and very unreliable and that a steady income was the thing to try for. So she studied stenography and got a job in the Twentieth Century-Fox exchange with the specific understanding that she was not to have any aspirations towards movie work. When a talent scout checked into the office she evaded him and conscientiously kept her nose in her work. But, just to show that you can't control things like that, it was Mary that the scout saw one evening the following week end while out dancing—and it was Mary to whom he wangled an introduction. And when he asked if she'd like a test, she figured that as long as she wasn't on the job she had a right to accept her chance—with the result that she was one of the two girls chosen out of the group, sent to Hollywood. Mary will have her big chance as the second lead in "Second Fiddle," a dramatic as well as a swell singing rôle.

Hollywood at a Side Glance

AT a penny chewing-gum machine stands a fair lady waiting for her gum after dropping in her penny.

When none comes, like everybody else, she attempts to beat the machine into giving.

"Oh darn," she murmurs and finally walks away.

It's Hedy Lamarr.

An item in a paper attracts the attention of an actress, dressed as a bride for a movie scene. Searching in her bag for her glasses she peers at them a moment and then, stealing a little glance around, picks up a corner of her elaborate wedding veil and wipes off the glasses.

The girl? Her name is Bette Davis.

Gossip Is the Staff of Life

WE like to have lunch at Warner Brothers. The Green Room is a chummy sort of place where people stop by your table and pass the time of day and maybe tell you the latest gossip. We had some enjoyable chitchat the last time we were there.

Ann Sheridan was telling us about her new yen for ice skating. It started when they took her and Ronald Reagan out to the Ice Palace one day to pose for some publicity "stills" in fancy skating costumes. She had never been on skates before, but the idea so caught her fancy that, every single morning since, she has gotten up early (as early as five o'clock on days when she has been working) and has taken a skating lesson! She's pretty good by now; she admits it. Incidentally, Ann has a new swanky roadster. The Dead End Kids teased her so much about her old 1933 model that she finally did something about it. She calls the new job "Scarlett," for no good reason. It is coal black.

Johnny Payne stopped and had an extra cup of coffee with us and while he was there Jimmy Cagney stopped by and had a cup with us, too.



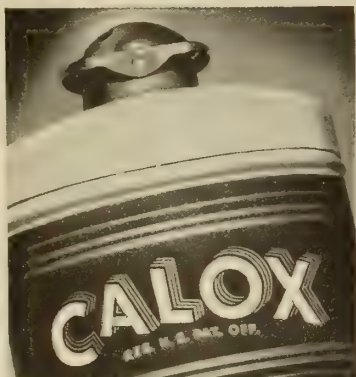
"CALOX gives teeth a real high polish"

says

Anita Louise

Featured in "OLD GRAD"
A New Universal Picture

For teeth that shine like the stars ★ ★ ★ use CALOX POWDER



Here's a tip from Hollywood for a lovely, radiant smile:

Your smile is more alluring when your teeth glisten with natural, sparkling lustre. In Hollywood, where the screen demands brilliant, radiant smiles, stars are particular about the dentifrice they use. Results show!

Lovely Anita Louise and scores of other screen stars rely on Calox Tooth Powder to help give added sparkle to their smiles.

Important to You

You, too, can have confidence in Calox. Calox is safe—a smooth blend of five tested cleansing and polishing ingredients that can't scratch precious enamel. Calox is pure—made with prescription accuracy by McKesson & Robbins, whose products have been prescribed for 106 years.

Follow the stars. Put added sparkle in your smile. Get Calox today at any drug counter.

There are four convenient, long-lasting sizes. Remember Calox... for teeth that shine like the stars'.



Copr. 1939 McKesson & Robbins, Inc.

Why Hollywood Stars OK Calox

- 1 Calox helps bring out the natural lustre of the teeth.
- 2 Calox has a pleasant, refreshing taste.
- 3 Calox is approved by Good House-keeping Bureau.
- 4 Calox is pure, smooth, safe—no grit, no pumice. Calox never harms precious enamel.
- 5 Calox, a powder, lasts longer; comes in four money-saving sizes.

Young Fry Society

(Continued from page 24)

"Billy Halop," says Leo proudly, "is a born social leader. Now me, I couldn't qualify 'cause I used to be a plumber's assistant when I was a kid."

"Anyhow, Billy seems to have more of that manly hero stuff at parties, like the one Miss Gale Page gave for us at La Conga after 'Crime School.' Billy got up and did a swell job master-of-ceremony. But it's a funny thing about Billy, too. He can't keep a girl. Just too downright chivalrous. When he sees a pal admire his girl, he just naturally gives up. He 'gave up' Judy Garland to Bobby Jordan who admired her and he 'gave up' Alice Preston to Gabriel Dell when Gabriel fell for her. But he's still a grand leader and way out in front."

There was a moment, an awful moment, when it seemed the dashing, black-haired Billy would have to relinquish his place of honor to blushing Bobby Jordan. It happened after a preview of a picture. Standing in the midst of the milling after-theater crowd, the car announcer called in a loud voice: "Miss Constance Bennett's car;" and then: "Mr. Bobby Jordan's car," amending it to, "Mr. Robert Jordan's car" and Bobby and Judy Garland stepped into the chauffeur-driven flivver and drove away.

Nothing a member of the Dead Enders had ever done surpassed this moment. But Halop cinched his social leadership by instantly purchasing a hemorrhage-colored car that flashed before the astounded eyes of the natives for all the world like a tomato surprise on wheels.

Another factor in Bobby's favor as a leader is (and here's where boys elsewhere are liable to drop over) the fact that he still consults his mother concerning his dates—where he's going and with whom.

Hollywood mamas dote on decorum; insist on it for their movie daughters. Bonita Granville, for instance, is not permitted to attend a dancing party in a night club, unchaperoned. Nor is Deanna Durbin or Georgiana Young, Loretta's youngest sister. Deanna may go dining with a young man, but no night dancing without mama or papa, or her director, Edward Ludwig.

To be honest, the Young Fryers (except occasionally, as when Judy Garland sneaked out for a moment of deviltry at the Victor Hugo) seldom attend night spots unless in a large group. And at least one chaperon accompanies the group.

Incidentally, there is little or no public rowdiness among the Young Fryers—an object lesson some of the oldsters could well copy in their rounds of gayety.

EQUALLY loyal to their leader are the members of the Jackie Cooper group. A little more sedate, perhaps, than the Dead End socialites, Jackie leads the group that entertains at home parties. To this group belong Deanna Durbin, Marcia Mae Jones, Bonita Granville, Dick Morris (Wayne's kid brother) and Peggy Stuart, Jackie's latest romance.

"The proof of a good home party," says leader Cooper, "is, first of all, the eats. Deanna's parties are somethin' when it comes to food. Then, of course, there's music. Sometimes we have a real orchestra but most of the time we use the radio or victrola records."

The rules and regulations governing dress among Young Fry parties would cause Emily Post many an anxious moment. For instance, formality is strictly taboo among the males, but the girls

nearly always appear in floor-length dresses and fancy coiffures, with a corsage (tired, maybe, but still a corsage) pinned on the shoulder.

The question of a new dress for each new party is a problem between mother and daughter and one we leave strictly to mother and daughter and the tears that are shed and the cries of, "Well, I simply can't wear that old blue taffeta again. Jackie Cooper must be sick of the sight of it and, anyway, Deanna had a new dress last time."

NOW, what goes on at these home parties?

Well, there's dancing and games and stuffing "til you just can't eat another bite—'cept another sandwich and a piece of chocolate cake and more ice cream. And after that, not one more bite, except—"

Charades and games called "Quotations" and "Cartoon" are played for a while, but their first and last love is dancing. Games are something to fill in with until dancing begins.

"I've got to admit," says young Cooper, "that the Dead End kids are tops in dancing."

When a large group party includes members of all social cliques, the undivided group stands by to admire the terpsichorean ability of Billy Halop's rhumba or Huntz Hall's waltzing. Leo is practically the only jitterbug in the group—and can he jitter!

"But what about kissing games?" we asked a fifteen-year-old member of Cooper's little band. "Don't you play post office, for instance?"

She drew herself up proudly. "Kissing was all right when we were fourteen," she said, "but we've certainly grown beyond that now. Besides, dancing is more dignified."

NOT to be overlooked is that other band of Young Fryers, "The Little Tough Guys," who acknowledge as their leader good-looking Frankie Thomas, who vies with all other leaders for top billing. And don't think the struggle for supremacy isn't terrific.

Just as the handsome football or basketball star may lead his own high school group in other towns, so do the biggest movie successes, such as Mickey Rooney, Billy Halop, Jackie Cooper and Frankie Thomas, lead their groups. But when these leaders start struggling for the top social rung, look out!

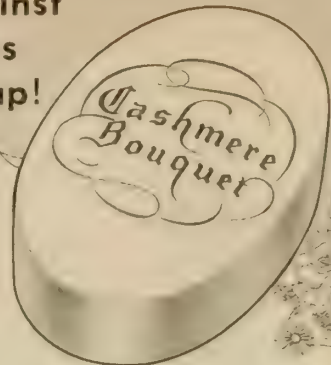
Mickey scored with his organized football team and song writing. Jackie Cooper came back with a trump in his own orchestra in which he plays the trap drums. (Recently, the orchestra moved into the Victor Hugo for one glorious night.) Mickey came back at Jackie by beating them all at bowling and Frankie Thomas shows them all up by his prowess as a skater.

After the Roller Bowl (a common meeting ground for all cliques, groups and clans), the high spot is Eaton's Drive-In-Stand on Fairfax and Wilshire Boulevard. With horns honking to summon the slack-clad waitresses, the Young Fryers sit in their cars, gorging on root beer, hot dogs and hamburgers with onions.

"With onions" is the last word in Elsa Maxwellish behavior with Young Fry Society in Hollywood.

P. S. To prove that you just can't keep up with the Young Fryers... word comes, as we go to press, that Leo Gorcey will soon desert Young Fry Society to join the Young Married set with blond Catherine Marvis as his bride.

Nice Girls guard against body odor with this lovely perfumed soap!



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SKIN HAS
SUCH ALLURE!**

**THAT'S WHY I ALWAYS
BATHE WITH
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!**



GIRLS WHO BATHE WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET ALWAYS SEEM MORE GLAMOROUS! THE DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER OF THIS LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOR. AND THEN ITS LINGERING PERFUME CLINGS... LEAVES YOUR SKIN ALLURINGLY FRAGRANT!



YOU'RE ALWAYS SO EXQUISITE, DARLING... JUST LIKE A LOVELY, FRAGRANT FLOWER!

MEN ADORE THE DELICATE, FLOWER-LIKE FRAGRANCE THAT SURROUNDS A GIRL AFTER A BATH WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!

I USE THIS PURE, CREAMY-WHITE SOAP FOR MY COMPLEXION, TOO! ITS GENTLE, CARESSING LATHER REMOVES DIRT AND COSMETICS SO THOROUGHLY, LEAVES SKIN SMOOTH AND RADIANT!



Cashmere Bouquet

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THE LOVELIER SOAP

WITH THE COSTLIER PERFUME

THE HERO PINNED A MEDAL ON ME



BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM

There I stood—staring at the rows of medals on the General's chest—too dazzled to speak. Suddenly—"Can that be a package of Beeman's in your hand?" whispered the General. His smile outshone the medals when I managed to stammer, "Y-yes! Have a stick?"

"That flavor's refreshing as a cool shower after a hot march!" the General declared. "Snappy as a band on parade! Give me Beeman's every time for real pep and tang! Miss—you deserve a medal!" And he made me one then and there—out of Beeman's shiny foil!

BEEMAN'S
AIDS DIGESTION

carnation. Ty dances with Edna May Oliver and a hundred tail-coated and bare-shouldered extras fill out the floor. The band swings it—"The Back to Back."

This dance might turn out to be one of those Lambeth Walk affairs. It's the kind a whole floor full of dancers do, and it looks like fun no end. Partners back into each other, stick their arms out and rock them up and down, hot-footing it about meanwhile.

We back away from the "Back to Back" to Samuel Goldwyn's, where, inspired by Jimmy Roosevelt or something, the lot is busy shooting the Jascha Heifetz picture, "Music School."

It's about a slum district boys' symphony and, you guessed it, Jascha Heifetz steps in at the eleventh hour to make their concert a big success. Nothing new, but packing enough suspense and heart throbs to keep you interested between the marvelous violin melodies of the master.

Joel McCrea and Andrea Leeds go along with Jascha for a movie ride, so to speak. The real dramatic parts go to Walter Brennan and a curly-headed youngster named Gene Reynolds. Maybe you remember him as the crippled kid in "Boys Town."

The set is the room where the poor kids' orchestra practices. The walls are covered with battered secondhand instruments. It's the cellar of a settlement house presided over by Walter Brennan. On another stage near-by, fifty child members of the California Junior Symphony are making music, but here only Gene Reynolds and Walter hold forth under the expert eye of roly-poly director, Archie Mayo. Everything is hushed. People speak in whispers. They're trying to get a sad scene. Our shoes squeak.

Poor Gene has lost his dog, his best pal, and Walter Brennan is trying to be sympathetic. Gene bursts into tears.

They rehearse the scene several times. Then Archie Mayo puts his hand on Gene's shoulder.

"Do you feel the urge, Gene?" he asks.

"In a minute," replies the boy.

"Let me know when you're ready," says Archie.

Gene stands looking at the wall. Suddenly he turns around, his eyes glistening in the arc lights.

"Okay," says Archie Mayo softly, "let's do it."

One take—that's all—and it's a long, tearful scene. At the end Archie Mayo booms, "Couldn't be better!"

AT Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, "On Borrowed Time," that dramatic stage commentary on death, gets the production spotlight.

Lionel Barrymore stars, with another new boy actor, Bobs Watson, running a close second in the rôle Peter Holden made famous on the stage. M-G-M wanted Peter for the part originally, but, to their surprise, they found he'd grown too big in a few months, so eight-year-old Bobs got the job.

Lionel Barrymore is *Gramps*, an old man with a great love for his grandson, Bobs. The drama is an old man's fight to ward off death until he can assure the boy's future which wicked relatives threaten. Sir Cedric Hardwicke personifies *Death* and Lionel gets him up an apple tree, but when he realizes that *Death* is a blessing he lets him get down again.

Lionel has a day off, but we watch

We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 65)

Bobs, a chubby, freckle-faced kid, Una Merkel and that stony-faced screenie-meanie, Eily Malyon, do a street scene under the direction of Harold Bucquet.

The scene is a traveling shot, a good city block long. Eily Malyon stalks grimly along the village street, while Una dashes in and out of the scene. When Eily gets going, a sound track follows beside her talking merrily along, although Eily doesn't open her lips. It's her thoughts, told in "asides," as in "Strange Interlude"—remember? The sound track talks and Eily stalks—things are going swell and then—

Around the corner of the street, smack into the scene comes, of all things, a baby elephant led by a chimpanzee! They're fugitives from a "Tarzan" picture shooting on the same lot.

Also in work at M-G-M are "6,000 Enemies" and "Maisie Was a Lady." The latter, with Robert Young, Ann Sothern, Ian Hunter and Ruth Hussey, is a ranch romance between a honky-tonk dancer on the loose and one of nature's western noblemen. But it's 'way out west on location at Chatsworth—so Walter Pidgeon and Rita Johnson catch our eagle eye on the "6,000 Enemies" set.

THE general idea of "6,000 Enemies" is love laughing out loud at locksmiths, with a bit of forgive-thy-enemies thrown in. Walter is a militant district attorney who sends a lot of people to prison and then gets framed and eased behind bars himself. There he meets his former victims and one of them, Rita, also framed, puts his heart in jail, too.

We watch Walter and Rita in a prison laundry. The whole set is clammy and stifling with steam they're piping in from a boiler near by. Giant wrench in hand, Walter, one of those handy men around the pen, is supposed to be fixing the pipes. Each time he twists a bolt prop men pump steam at him and he ducks back. Finally they get just the right amount of it and the scene gets rolling.

We roll on, too, right past Walter Wanger's sleeping studio, where "Winter Carnival," the Dartmouth ski epic, is still hammer locking production without a suitable script, out to Pasadena and the famous Rose Bowl where Warner Brothers are already making your next fall's gridiron entertainment—"Lighthorse Harry."

This is Bert Wheeler's first picture since his pal, Bob Woolsey, died. There's no doubt Bert misses Bob tremendously, but personal feelings have nothing to do with show business. Bert's a comic and comic he must be. For "Lighthorse Harry" is aimed at laughs.

The entire Southern California football squad is filling the air with pigskins and grunts as we emerge on the Rose Bowl turf. It's hottest in Pasadena, but Bert is standing around in a fur coat, one of the "benny" variety.

What a football game! Plays resemble a cross between the Statue of Liberty, Minnesota Shift, Dipsy-Doodle and the Lambeth Walk. And through it all streaks Bert Wheeler, wrapped up in his fur "benny," with the sun at ninety-five degrees! After he has made five acrobatic touchdown runs through the entire USC squad, we have melted away five pounds in sympathy and Bert looks like a wet cat. We decide to postpone our football until the proper season and head for Hollywood.

"Give Me a Child" is the other War-

ner Brothers production of the month. If you remember "Life Begins," you've got it. Loretta Young and Eric Linden did the first filming of this maternity ward drama, seven years ago. Now Geraldine Fitzgerald, the Irish colleen of "Dark Victory" and "Wuthering Heights," makes a pass at Hollywood stardom, via the lying-in hospital. Jeffrey Lynn essays Eric Linden's part and the other blessed eventers are Gladys George, Spring Byington, Jean Sharon and Gale Page. Johnny Davis, a recent prospective first-time papa in real life, gets money for his nail-biting, in the same kind of part.

The story is about a girl in prison, sent to a maternity hospital to have her baby. There are really two divisions of the story—the mamas in the ward, the papas sweating blood in the halls. All action is in the hospital, where the types—the tough mother, the young unmarried mother, the mother who has a baby every year, the nurses, doctors—all mix up in a "Grand Hotel" type of story.

The set is the white cot-dotted maternity ward. All the actresses are in bed. We watch a few scenes, meticulously checked by two technical adviser doctors. The place is alive with real babies, some crying, others asleep.

Geraldine, Jean, Spring and company all stay in their cots and chat away as the cameras line up, time when stand-ins usually work. "It's easier than climbing out of bed," says Jean lazily. "And we mothers have to conserve our strength."

COLUMBIA is a beehive of excitement with Joan Blondell, Melvyn Douglas, Walter Connolly and Alan Curtis cavorting in a comedy with the marquee-murdering title of "Good Girls Go to Paris." When we look in on a gaudy set patterned after El Morocco, the New York nitery, three rhumba teachers are slaving to teach the stars the latest Cuban jitterbugging. They look so wrapped up in their work that we pass quietly on to RKO, noting mainly that Joan is wearing the new knee-length skirts in this one. And that Dick Powell, as usual, is hanging around the set watching his wife work. They're still honeymooning, those two.

The aviation entrée of the month is cooking at RKO. "Five Came Back," it's called. "The Dove," that old standby which Noah Beery and Norma Talmadge did years ago, is also up for a remake at RKO, with Leo Carrillo and Steffi Duna.

"Five Came Back" is the dramatic record of an air transport full of passengers forced down in a South American jungle. Five can ride the limping ship back to civilization; the rest must perish in the jungle.

Stages Nine and Ten at RKO have been joined together to house a jungle, with space big enough for a plane's runway, five hundred trees and two thousand shrubs, vines and creepers, with artificial streams, swamps, lagoons and waterfalls. In one corner is parked a real transport plane, slightly cracked up. In another, a plane's cabin is hoisted on rockers. The camera peeks in the windows of this where the big cast is grouped for the scene. The cast: Chester Morris, pilot, Patric Knowles, steward, Wendy Barrie and Kent Taylor, eloping couple, Lucille Ball, easy lady, Allen Jenkins, mugg, C. Aubrey Smith, archeological lecturer, and Joseph Calleia, detective, with his pris-

oner, John Carradine, in unwilling tow. Grinning Director John Farrow, says "Rock 'em," and we notice a dozen huskies grab levers and roll the cabin back and forth. They're supposed to be flying. When the "Cut!" sounds the stars stagger down a ladder and weave across the set like drunken sailors.

A couple, and we won't give them away, hustle outside with a pale green look. "Airsick?" we inquire innocently. They give us dirty looks.

"Setsick," they answer. "This is the third day of this rockaby baby stuff. O-o-o-o-o—here we go again—"

Youth is rampant at Paramount as "What a Life," the scholastic comedy that amused Broadway for a year, gets transferred to film with Jackie Cooper, Betty Field, John Howard, Janice Logan, Lionel Stander and five hundred Los Angeles High School kids.

We look in on a high-school dance in a gymnasium set. Immediately a hundred couples speed past us having something resembling epileptic fits and, when the food appears, there is a rush like a cattle stampede. Before we know it, we're outside. We should have known better. We'll never crash a high-school party of five hundred kids again, even if it is only make-believe. Too dangerous.

The "Heaven on a Shoestring" set next door takes us backstage at the Bijou Theater for an always interesting and colorful set atmosphere to us—a vaudeville house. Theatrical trunks, costumes and gaily painted vaudeville paraphernalia clutter the long corridor beneath the curtain ropes.

Through all this Pat O'Brien weaves his way, drunkenly, singing, reciting lines, cracking jokes. He climbs an iron spiral stairway, goes along a balcony upstairs and inside a door with a star painted on it. All the time the camera, perched on a large crane, follows him.

"Heaven on a Shoestring" brings Pat, George E. Stone and Director Lewis Milestone back together for the first reunion since "The Front Page." It is the story of a brilliant Broadway producer's rise and fall and rise again through the talent of his daughter, Olympe Bradna.

We're about to move on when a boy comes in—"Telegram for Mr. O'Brien," he says. Pat rips it open. It's from his pals at Warner Brothers, congratulating him on starting the picture at Paramount. It reads:

"Twinkle, twinkle, our favorite star.

"Now we know just where you are.

"You're at Paramount with Bradna,

"But don't forget the gal's your daughter!"

Well—it doesn't seem to rhyme very well—but the advice is good. We'd hate to have to stick to a paternal complex, though, around lovely Olympe.

THAT old stage thriller, "The Cat and the Canary," is our last stop. Laura La Plante did the first Hollywood version in 1926. Elliott Nugent played it on the stage; now we find him directing Paulette Goddard, Bob Hope, Gale Sondergaard, Douglass Montgomery and John Beal. Producer Arthur Hornblow looks on critically.

The set is a gloomy, vaulted mansion. The relatives, says the script, are gathered around to hear the reading of a rich eccentric's will, ten years after his death. Paulette inherits the money, then mysterious meanies try to frighten her out of her wits so they can take it away from her. There are plenty of dark doings and much sinister stuff.

Alligators swarm in an artificial swamp near by. One of them is yawning (we hope he's yawning) as we pass.

Paulette is toggled out in a black and white checked dress. Seems they had a hard time finding the dress. They tested thirty or forty, but Paramount

designers failed to hit the right pattern.

Then, one day, Paulette showed up at the studio in this checked number.

"Migosh!" cried the high-priced studio designers. "That's it! That's the dress—exactly what we've been trying to find. Where did you get it? How much did it cost?"

"It's my mother's," confessed Paulette. "I borrowed it. It cost fifteen dollars at a bargain counter!" The bargain-counter dress got the job.

LEAVING the movie lots to their fate, we change the scenery for a look at the ether temples of Radio City.

Three new developments in the Hollywood radio picture strike us at once. First, the big program boom in dramatics; second, the simmering down of movie star bookings to a tested few; and third, preparations for summer air vacations.

As we wander around the modernistic rehearsal studios we learn that star interviews on the air are passé. Good actors and actresses are all radio wants out of the Hollywood studios now.

As a result, radiogenic stars get repeat calls week after week. Bette Davis, Barbara Stanwyck, Madeleine Carroll, Spencer Tracy, Robert Montgomery, Lionel Barrymore, Virginia Bruce, Errol Flynn, Edward Arnold and Basil Rathbone are a few who are in radio to stay.

Basil Rathbone, we learn, has rescued "The Circle" since taking over from Ronald Colman. His dramatic sketches have done it. Good News has vastly increased its emoting spot. So has Chase and Sanborn with Don Ameche and his movie guests. Charles Boyer's dramatic ten-strike is the talk of Sunset and Vine. After three years, Cecil B. DeMille's Lux Radio Theater is still at the top. Rudy Vallee, always attune to radio trends, is now spending more money on his air playlets than on any other part of his show.

On the summer slump side, Jean Hersholt has joined Joe Penner and Jack Haley. Dick Powell follows soon when Tuesday Night Party leaves for the vacation months. Bob Hope, the Good News Show, Charles Boyer's Woodbury Playhouse, the Lux plays and Jack Benny all are set to vanish when it gets hot. Rudy Vallee, the Screen Actors' Guild Gulf program, Chase and Sanborn, The Circle and the Kraft Music Hall plan to stick it all year.

Hollywood Radio City chatter: Jack Benny hasn't suffered in popularity from his smuggling mixup... the reason, they say, is that he's always the poor boob in his scripts!... Jack's sponsors are solidly behind him and won't hear of his resignation....

The golden voice of Marian Anderson, the Negro prima donna, broke down the "no applause" rule on The Circle and kept it down... Deanna Durbin is the godmother for Jimmy Wallington's new baby boy....

Fannie Brice has a complete beauty treatment across the street from NBC a couple of hours before she does a Good News Snooks... Miliza Korjus always brings her daughter along to cheer her singing on Good News....

Ned Sparks is planning "surprise appearances" on all Hollywood air shows... CBS ushers call all bad days "Gable Days," because when Clark is on a show the crowds are terrible... Bing Crosby is so lazy he now wears zipper shoes to broadcasts... Bing's "new" panama is eight years old.

And the radio insult of the month comes from Groucho Marx. Introducing Alexander Woollcott to the studio audience on The Circle, Groucho cracked. "The fat man is Alex Woollcott. Double-o, double-l, double-t—and double-chin!"



NOBODY'S SWEETHEART
BECAUSE SHE'S NOT SWEET

"She needs a long-lasting Deodorant

ONE THAT NEITHER BATH NOR EXERCISE
CAN RENDER INEFFECTIVE"

Dorothy Dix



SHE spends hours grooming herself for an important evening and yet neglects the one essential to long-lasting daintiness!

She hasn't learned that every girl needs a long-lasting deodorant—one that cannot wash off in a bath or fail you after tennis, an afternoon of shopping, or one or two dances.

You may think because you start out sweet, you'll stay sweet. You may think you don't perspire enough to matter. Every girl does... after exercise, when you're nervous or excited—just when you need to make your best impression!

Test Yourself!

If you don't believe it, smell the armhole of the dress you are wearing when you take it off tonight. You may discover why no one calls you "sweetheart."

You'll understand, too, why so many thousands of women rely on

Liquid Odorono to guard their feminine appeal. Liquid Odorono keeps your underarm dry from 1 to 3 days. Perspiration can't collect on your dress and grow more offensive every time you wear it!

Perspiration is simply diverted to other parts of the body where it can evaporate freely. A doctor's prescription, a true perspiration check—Liquid Odorono scientifically controls dampness, odor, staining.

Easy to Use

Two applications of Liquid Odorono a week are usually enough. No dread of dampness or offensive perspiration odor for as much as three days!

No fear of ruining your favorite frocks with ugly stains. How easy that makes it to be dainty every day, all day!

Liquid Odorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. Also in Ice form. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. The large size is more economical. Buy a large-size bottle or jar today! The Odorono Co., Inc., New York, N.Y.



Vera West, designer for Universal Studios, who creates all of Deanna Durbin's screen clothes and advises Deanna on personal wardrobe problems as well. Read about the exciting vacation wardrobe pictured here which she planned for Deanna

able to her age and figure, as perhaps no other woman does, not excluding her mother. From the time when Deanna, at thirteen, came to Universal to make her first picture, "Three Smart Girls"—which was an instantaneous hit—until today, when that charming youngster has registered her fifth hit in a straight row with "Three Smart Girls Grow Up," Vera West has designed and created everything which Deanna wears on the screen. In addition she puts the stamp of approval on Deanna's personal wardrobe. It is no uncommon sight to see the star of what has been called the most amazing series of hits in box-office history and Miss West, their heads together, poring over sketches, surrounded by bolts of fabrics and knee-deep in feminine gadgets. You can be sure some holiday jaunt or party or what-have-you is in the wind.

MISS WEST has just planned a play wardrobe for Deanna which she will put to good use the instant her sixth and current picture for Universal, "After School Days," is finished.

Miss West started with a slacks suit, because no holiday can be thoroughly enjoyable without one. The ease and comfort with which that type of garment is worn makes it a "must" in any play wardrobe.

This year slacks suits take on an added importance by virtue of the fact that they are no longer limited to just blouse and trousers. There must be the accompanying jacket, whether of the same fabric or a contrast.

Deanna's slacks suit, shown in the upper left-hand corner, is of apple-green crepe, the tailored trousers wider this year than last, in keeping with the feminine trend in all clothes. A cuff trims the trouser leg at the hem. The tailored blouse has a convertible collar, worn open at the neck. To wear over this suit Deanna has selected a beige camel's-hair jacket for cool days, and they do come, even in California. In length, the jacket comes well over the hip, with two huge, saddle-bag pockets. These are a joy for caching a hanky, powder puff, or anything

(Continued on page 79)

Fashion LETTER

BY GWENN WALTERS

YOUTH loves to play. The inclination to make a career of playing is aided and abetted in California with its everlasting sunshine and blue skies and the dozens of its unmatched outdoor play spots.

"What shall I wear?" gets a very definite answer. Time was when just about anything would do for knocking about on beaches, climbing over boat sides, the country club golf course, or wherever "having fun" is the chief order of the day.

But it is all different now, particularly this year. If a girl doesn't expend as much care in the choice of a play wardrobe as she gives to her dress-up for that swanky party, she will be sorry indeed. For all around her will be

worn the best-looking play clothes you can imagine, smartly designed both as to fabric and cut and precisely planned for the whole dizzying round of intensive playing from sunrise to sundown.

Because Deanna Durbin, Universal's sixteen-year-old singing star, is one of the screen's hardest-working players, her play hours are all the more precious. Her vacations, which come only between pictures, are planned so that she derives the maximum of fun and relaxation from them and her playtime wardrobe is selected with special attention to what is young, cool, pleasant to wear and good to look at.

Vera West, Universal Studio designer, knows Deanna, her tastes, the colors and styles suit-

What American Women Think of Hollywood Women

(Continued from page 21)

affair out there is wrecked because one or the other partner put his or her career ahead of family life. This fact in connection with a Hollywood divorce carries less blame, curiously enough, than it does in the ordinary community. What else can they do? They have to work hard, keep make-up on their faces all day, be massaged in their free moments. My Tom or Dick, thinks the average woman, wouldn't put up with that!

But, of course, we don't believe that the Hollywood woman would marry Tom or Dick, any more than she would cook the dinners or count the laundry or exchange recipes. If she does such things at all, they are as publicity stunts. So we think. So we say. One very possible injustice that the average American woman does the Hollywood woman is to believe that she does, and must do, everything for publicity. And doesn't mind it.

AS we learn more about the Hollywood woman, we respect her for various qualities. We know that the Hollywood woman who achieves success works hard, counts her calories and watches not only her morals but every appearance of evil. The fact that Hollywood life has plenty of attendant discipline is generally known and believed. Sometimes the average woman, comfortable in her velvet chair in the dark of a movie house, realizing the amount of labor that goes to the making of a picture, wonders if it's worth it, in spite of the glamour, and if it isn't better to be one of the audience and not have the strain.

We feel, too, that the Hollywood woman is relieved from many of the responsibilities of ordinary citizenship; that, in fact, such things don't exist in Hollywood. Almost every average American woman has some civic responsibility. She either seeks it or can't avoid it. She belongs to something, the League of Women Voters, the Musical Society, the Woman's Club, the P. T. A., the Junior League, the Farm and Home Club. She can't imagine a Hollywood branch of any of these organizations. Hollywood isn't a place where you grew up with the man who runs for mayor.

Looking around at the women in a P. T. A. meeting, conscientious and serious, whose faces are often tired and who aren't made up more than very sketchily, who may look as if they've been up all night with the baby, it seems a far cry from Hollywood, so far a cry that it would never be heard there. If women got together in Hollywood to discuss child problems, we imagine that the discussion would be one of child custody or child salaries. Fair or not, that is the impression. One can't imagine Carole Lombard being interested in the social welfare clinic, or spending her hours there like the ordinary debutante. One can't imagine Bette Davis giving a paper on foreign affairs to the Tuesday Morning Study Group. The Hollywood woman wouldn't make a practice of lunching at the club on Friday. Besides, she is always on a diet.

They haven't the time for these things. The American woman somehow

exempts the Hollywood woman from the responsibilities as well as the pleasure of simple leisure. We know—because we read it over and over again—that there are quiet women and normal children in the Hollywood of today. We know that there must be friendships there as well as love affairs. We know that there are all the usual sports. But we feel that the bright light which is partly klieg and partly California sun makes these things different from our sports and our friendships. And then, too, there is the cost.

THE Hollywood woman is again set apart from most ordinary women by the report of what she spends. In Hollywood everyone seems, from what we hear, to be either rich or starving, building a big house or going into bankruptcy. No one gets along and saves money on three thousand a year. If they do, we don't hear of it. Everything is reported to be expensive. There are rumors of what houses cost to rent, to buy; of how they are built for entertaining on the grand scale. We have no doubt that these entertainments are splendid and glamorous. But we can't believe that the Hollywood woman just asks somebody in for dinner, as we do. It's hard to believe that Norma Shearer says, "I must have the Coopers over for dinner. Did we have a marmalade soufflé last time they were here?" No, when the Coopers come, so does everybody else and they take motion pictures of the guests as they come in the gate.

They are out of scale. They are out of reach, these Hollywood women. We feel that. Then, what is it that keeps average women poring over movie magazines, studying pictures of stars? Most of them do. They don't admit or even realize how much they do of this, but the man at the magazine stand or the hairdresser could tell you. Every beauty shop provides movie magazines for women who "never read them." Why are they read so constantly and with such interest?

Because we copy the Hollywood woman. Sometimes it is done with obviousness, sometimes subtly. Walk down any street, come up behind a country girl studying herself in her mirror, and you'll see. If the average girl or woman is told that she has a resemblance to Luise Rainer or Claudette Colbert, quite definitely she is marked for life. She slants her eyes, lifts her eyebrows, reaccents herself until it's sometimes hard to bear.

We copy the stars' swift bright talk, their modulated voices, their wisecracks. There was a great speed-up in suburban dialogue after "The Thin Man." We like the way they talk, quick with a comeback, perfect in the expression of emotional feeling. Maybe it's taught to them—but they learned it. For that we admire them. We try on a hat that is extreme in style, a coat very extravagant with fur, and say, "That makes me look like Hollywood—I couldn't wear that!" We decide not to buy it but, then, we often do buy it just the same.

For she isn't like us, the Hollywood woman. That's why it is so tempting to be a little like her.

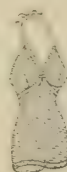
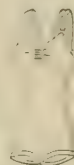
"YOU MADE ME WHAT I AM TODAY—" This might well be Hollywood's theme song when it confronts its studio beauticians! Did you absorb all that fascinating advice from leading make-up artists in this month's "Miracle Men at Work—To Make You Lovelier"? Then you'll be doubly eager to scan the next instalment for its easy-to-follow tips on hair-styling, in August PHOTOPLAY!

Beauty swims at the Fair—

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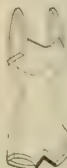
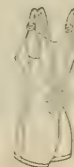
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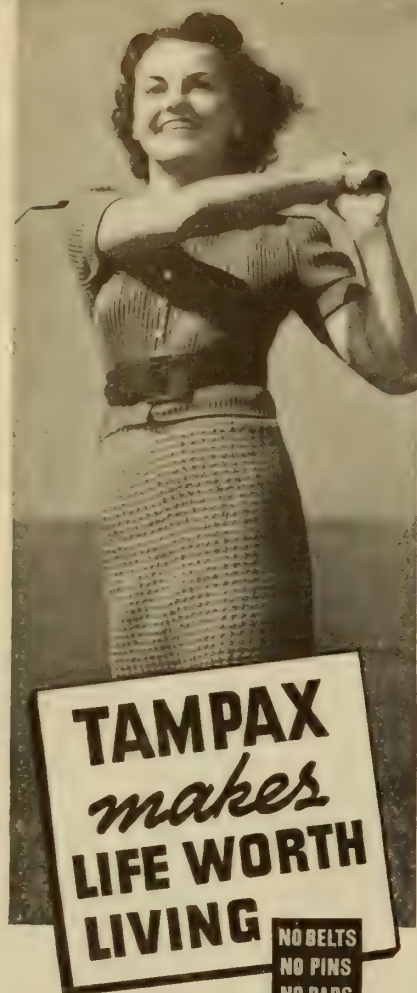
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Lackadaisical Lothario

(Continued from page 19)



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The war in Europe, which had up until now been merely something older folks talked about at the dinner table, suddenly became an immediate, personal thing that spring. For, within a week after America joined the Allies, Alec Stewart applied for a commission and was given a captaincy in the Ordnance Department.

"The war brought an early sense of responsibility to Jim," Mrs. Stewart declared. "Alec was sent to Camp Dodge in Iowa and Jim immediately became the man of the house. His concern for me was most comforting. I remember, for instance, how every night he would go around locking all the doors and windows as his father had done. It's a funny thing but, when Jim is home now, he still makes the rounds the last thing before he goes to bed.

"Jim took the war very seriously. He used to wear a soldier's suit with a little trench cap and on the slightest provocation he would salute. He'd kiss me good-by, as he went off to school, and then salute. He'd salute the postman, the grocer, the baker and, I'm sure, his teachers on arrival at school.

"His play took on a martial manner, too. The back yard was turned into a No Man's Land. Trenches were dug, battle lines mapped out, copied carefully from the newspaper reports from the front, and 'Doddie' and 'Ginny' (Jim's pet nicknames for his sisters) were made Red Cross nurses."

WHEN Captain Stewart sailed for France in the spring of 1918, Jim's mounting spirit of patriotism found expression in the presentation of a blustering play called "The Slacker." Jim was the author, star, director and stage manager. The piece was given in the spacious basement playroom where the children had built a stage, rigged up footlights and strung a very professional curtain.

Virginia recalls the dramatic debut of Indiana's favorite star.

"Jim was terribly intense about that play, just as he is about everything he gets interested in. He's either wrapped up in a venture to the exclusion of all other interests or completely indifferent. There are no halfway measures with Jim.

"We rehearsed and rehearsed that play. I remember I had just one line, 'War is declared,' but Jim had me practice that scene four and five times a day for the whole week before the great matinee. Each night before I went to bed, he'd say, 'Now you're sure you've got your part? Let's hear it again.' And over and over, in varying inflections, I'd recite, 'War is declared!'

"At last the eventful day arrived. All mother's friends and the parents of the other children in the cast were gathered for the premiere. Jim was in a flurry of excitement, superintending the costuming of every member of the cast, testing the footlights, making sure the curtain would work right and finally, with a toot on a trumpet, starting the show.

"Jim, of course, was the slacker of the story. His reception of my ringing news that war was declared established a new high in sneers. The next scene showed Jim being drafted. Then came the battle scene and our masterpiece of scenic lighting in which red paper over the footlights was supposed to establish the effect of gunfire and shells bursting. The slacker proved a hero in an emergency and the last scene found him being decorated by General Pershing.

"We felt it was really a powerful

drama with a gripping message and were extremely pleased with our performance. But the audience somehow seemed to regard it as a comedy, for even the most tense moments of the play were met with howls!"

The next production of the Stewart Basement Players was another war sketch, titled with simple dignity, "To Hell with the Kaiser." Then, really bitten by the bug of showmanship, Jim branched out with a series of movie matinees. In return for doing odd jobs for the proprietor of the local picture palace, Jim often was able to borrow a projection machine and a reel of the current serial for his home screenings.

WHEN Captain Stewart returned from France the following spring, the house on Vinegar Hill became the favorite haunt of every boy in town with even a nodding acquaintance with Jim. For the tall, rangy Ordnance officer had brought home enough souvenirs to stock a small museum; helmets, bayonets, gas masks, rocket pistols, in fact just about everything but a mast from a German battleship scuttled at Jutland or a piece of one of the Big Berthas that had belched at Paris.

New trenches were dug with spades that had actually scooped up contested ground in France. Uniforms, if not complete, now were authentic in at least one item for every warrior. And battle now had some purpose, for to the victors went the spoils of prized trophies, returnable, of course, at the end of every engagement to the Stewart attic armory.

The rest of the world might be sinking contentedly into the welcome ways of peace, but the Battle of Vinegar Hill raged on through the spring and summer and, by fall, the novelty of the war trophies having worn off, Jim and Bill Neff and Hall Blair produced a bit of war equipment all their own. It was a tank, a sort of freehand adaptation of a regular army baby tank. Wheels from pushmobiles of younger, more innocent days were utilized for locomotion. The sides of the tank were built of packing boxes. A cheese box served as turret and pieces of two-inch pipe made excellent armament. The illusion of gunfire was achieved by blowing flour in bursts through a funnel.

"So brave a sight did our tank make," recalls Hall Blair, "that we were invited by the mayor to head an Armistice Day parade. Everything went fine until the wheels of the tank got caught in the streetcar tracks right in front of the reviewing stand and the parade had to detour around us."

"Jim was always building things in those days," his sister Mary remembers. "Most memorable was the boat he and Bill Neff and Hall Blair built at Two Lick, a little cluster of summer cottages beside a creek about four miles from town.

"All through the spring the boys had worked every week end on the boat, a twenty-foot flat-bottomed scow which was to be propelled by two side paddle wheels. All through the early summer they had hammered and sawed and painted and finally, late in July, they were ready for the launching.

"It was a momentous occasion and Ginny and I and some other friends accompanied the boys to Two Lick to christen the craft. Jim climbed in and grasped the handles of the paddle wheels. With a shout, Bill and Hall shoved the scow into the water. Jim began to paddle furiously but the moment the boat hit the water it started

slowly to sink. There was Jim paddling away for dear life, headed toward the far shore, but instead of moving across the stream, the boat just sank lower and lower until finally Jim was up to his waist, still paddling!"

The next fall brought a new interest as station KDKA in near-by Pittsburgh began the first radio broadcasts. Bill and Hall and Jim immediately turned their inventive activities to the construction of receiving sets.

"For the next few years," said Blair, "most of our time was spent building radios. In fact, we were so busy those days keeping up with each new improvement of that fast-growing science that none of us had any time for dates with girls. I don't believe Jim paid much attention to girls anyway, until he went away to college."

IN addition to his enthusiasm over radio, Jim acquired another hobby about this time which was to pay rich dividends a few years later.

For several months Virginia had been urging her father to buy her a toy accordion that had captured her fancy in a store window. Finally, at Christmas, Alec gave her a real full-sized accordion. It was too heavy for Virginia, however, and Jim began fooling with it. Soon he could pick out a few tunes and after several lessons from an Italian barber who was the accordion virtuoso of the community, Jim was able to perform well enough to play with the Boy Scout band in their weekly concerts on the steps of the town hall.

The spring of 1923 brought graduation from the Model School and with it the commencement play, an ambitious little venture into fantasy called "The Frog Prince." It would be pat to record that Jim distinguished himself in the leading rôle, revealing the promise of future triumphs. As a matter of fact, his part was that of the proverbial spear carrier, a spear carrier none too sure of his footwork in the mass scenes.

The pictures in Mrs. Stewart's album of Jim, the spring he was fifteen, show a thin, gangling youngster in his first pair of long trousers, proudly purchased for commencement. Alec was worried at the boy's failure to fill out fast enough and arranged for Jim and Joe Davis to work that summer with the crew of a lumber camp.

Jim returned from the camp, fifteen pounds heavier, tanned, swaggering a little at having held down a man-sized job for a month. He was greeted with important news. In the fall, he was to go away to school, to Mercersburg.

A whole new world suddenly opened up to the boy, whose life had been bounded by ties of a closely knit family, the well-ordered routine of school days, and the safe adventures of a small town.

Just ahead lay Mercersburg with all the new, unexplored opportunities of a prep school rich in prestige and the tradition of fabulous figures like Ted Meredith, of Olympic fame, and Ed Wittmer, of All-American football renown.

And beyond, beckoning him into a bright, glorious future, gleamed the distant, romantic towers of Princeton.

A gangling Galchad with a purpose, Jim Stewart found—and held tightly to—his own theme of simplicity in the discordant cacophony of the Jazz Age. Athletic laurels at Mercersburg, social success at Princeton were sweet triumphs to this Penrod from Pennsylvania, whose appealing life story continues in next month's PHOTOPLAY.

Best-Filled Stockings

(Continued from page 43)

"Stocking heels are particularly deceptive. Low heels give the impression of height and width, while pointed ones detract from an ankle that is too chunky. A perpendicular-line stocking should be adopted by the short, stout woman. Fat legs also benefit by wide clocks which carry the eye to the slender tip and thus break the actual width. Long thin legs need stockings with circular weaves and horizontal treatments."

Willys counsels against buying cheap hosiery, declaring there are bound to be imperfections in cut-rate stockings that result in false economy. A dollar a pair is the lowest you can pay with safety for stockings, he argues.

Surprisingly enough, for a man who turns out stockings as high as \$2500 a pair, Willys believes the average girl can keep her legs trim looking for twenty-five dollars a year and recommends the selection of nine pairs of three-thread stockings, nine pairs of

four-thread and three pairs of two-thread for the wardrobe that must be purchased on a modest budget.

To prolong stocking wear, Willys advises: never wash them in hot water; use as little soap as possible; rinse with water to which vinegar has been added in a proportion of a teaspoon to a quart; never hang up stockings to dry, spread them flat on a towel; never dry them in the sun or too near a radiator; and, in donning a stocking, turn it inside out and roll it over the foot and up the leg without pulling.

Short stockings are even more harmful than tight shoes, declares Willys, who says a stocking should be at least half an inch longer than the foot. In this connection, he scouts a myth of long standing in Hollywood, namely, that Greta Garbo has big feet. The Swedish star, says the man who supplies her stockings, takes only a nine and one-half size and, incidentally, wears only sheer black chiffon.

Fashion Letter

(Continued from page 76)

else a girl thinks she can't have a good time without.

The jacket hangs loose at the back with two side seam vents, and its fairly full sleeves are gathered in at the wrist by a two-inch cuff. The front fullness is held in place with a tie belt of the same fabric, which comes from the side seams. The whole business has definitely been thought out with the dual purpose of making a lovely girl lovelier and comfortable at the same time.

ANY vacation which doesn't take water sports into account wouldn't be much of a treat for Deanna. She loves to be in the water, as well as on it. For chug-chugging along on blue waters in a motorboat she has a three-piece shorts outfit (page 76, top, center) of blue denim, a fabric which entered the fashion picture by way of the railroad locomotive engineer.

The blouse is the middy style with open neck and two breast pockets. Both collar and pockets are trimmed with narrow parallel strips of white leather. The shorts fasten at the center panel with two rows of white buttons and white leather stripes the side seams. A below-the-hip-length jacket with short sleeves and matching leather trim completes this charming boating costume.

Just as capes have invaded the fashion scene for street wear once again, so have their graceful lines made a like appearance on beaches and at swimming pools at California resorts.

Deanna's cape (page 76, upper right) is of white chenille, knee-length. The chenille stripes run horizontally and there is nothing haphazard about the cape's design. The shoulder line has been manipulated into a series of seamings to give it the squared effect so desirable this year and the snowy whiteness of the fabric is offset with a blue chenille banding. The same blue has been used in the large sailboat pattern which decorates the back. All the sails have been outlined in a contrasting shade of blue. White satin beach sandals with platform soles complete this attractive picture.

On any holiday there are times when one just sits and watches the others in action. And it is important that a girl look just as charming in that phase of

having fun.

For spectator sports wear, when others are exerting themselves at tennis, golf or darts and Deanna is just an interested and lovely onlooker, Vera West selected a charming two-piece frock (page 76, far left) in the new and exciting color combination of clay beige and strawberry red.

The simply styled dress with six-gore skirt, short sleeves and high neckline is worn beneath what one might term a ladylike version of the lumber jacket, blousing full over a snugly buttoned waistband. The jacket boasts a squared neckline cut low enough to reveal the high neckline of the frock, a large, square patch pocket and composition buttons in the shade of the frock.

A pillbox hat of suede in strawberry red—and this shape of hat for sports-wear is finding increasing favor this season—is worn with this costume. Several petal-shaped ends forming a perky ornament and set smack on top add to the chic of the hat.

The accompanying reticule, carelessly slung over one shoulder by its long strap, is of natural monk's cloth, is canteen-shaped and the famous "sleepy Mexican" scene is painted on its side in the soft colors of the natural landscape.

THESE costumes from Deanna's play wardrobe represent the chic individuality, gay color and dressed-up casualness so important this season.

The same originality should be shown in the bathing suits you select for your warm weather wardrobe and in the little occasional cotton frocks that are a "must" for summer playtime.

As final wardrobe prescription, complete each costume with the many gadgets that the opposite sex adore, but would proclaim nonsensical—such as string hair snoods, seashell jewelry, lapel pins in animal, bird, floral or comedy motifs, yard square chiffon kerchiefs that introduce still another note of color, fantastic shoes, enormous cartwheel straws presumably fashioned to hide the sun from your brow but really to flatter your beauty, enormous goggle glasses to defeat the glare—all these and many more little giddy accessory tricks that will add a final fillip to a play and vacation wardrobe.

The gift she'll treasure through the years



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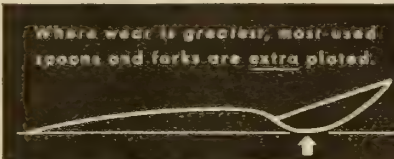
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NAME..... ADDRESS..... P7

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Unsightly Hair

Juarez—The Life History of a Movie

(Continued from page 68)

laboratory, where it is developed, printed and inspected. It is sent to me the next afternoon. Now Dieterle, together with the cameraman, sound mixer and the rest of the technical staff, comes into the projection room and looks at the 'rushes,' or previous day's work. Dieterle and I pick out the best 'takes' of each scene.

"No one else sees the rushes that night. The next morning, Major Levinson, the head of the sound department, checks the rushes for sound. In the afternoon, Hal Wallis, executive associate in charge of production, looks at the rushes to see that the picture is progressing to his satisfaction. If he has any comments to make, he dictates a letter to the director.

"Now I dash back to the cutting room and run the rushes once more to get the feeling of the sequence and start to assemble the scenes. But I never cut a sequence until all the scenes in it are complete."

While he was speaking to us, Warren Low put a strip of film under a machine called a moviola, which is really a miniature projection machine. It magnifies the picture and its loud-speaker enables you to hear the sound track. And when our editor ran the film backwards, the actors sounded like animals making unintelligible noises.

"I'm running the film backwards so that I can go back to a certain scene and not cut it in the middle of a sentence."

WE asked Mr. Low something which has always mystified us—how he cut sound.

"It's all done by numbers," he said, smiling. "When a scene is photographed, a slate is photographed, showing its number before it begins. At the same time, a spring is released which makes a sound and marks the start for picture and sound. When I cut a scene, I remove the slate, but by that time the film has been identically numbered on both picture and track and so I know they will synchronize. When I run the film through the moviola, I see it and hear it just as you do on the screen.

"Let me show you how we cut a sequence in 'Juarez.' This is the sequence where Bette Davis as the Empress Carlotta first begins to lose her mind. We start with a long shot as she enters the council chambers of Louis Napoleon III, dictator of France (Claude Rains). She moves around the table to condemn Napoleon for the betrayal of her husband. We hold on a two-shot of her and Napoleon. In a long shot we watch him get up from the table and start to go out of the room as she runs after him, then falls unconscious on the floor. We cut to a close-up of Napoleon to show his fright, then a medium shot of one of his ministers bringing her a glass of water. In a two-shot we see Napoleon trying to make her drink it. In a close-up we see Carlotta opening her eyes, then we cut to a close-up of Napoleon and, by using trick lighting, show that she believes him to be the devil. Now we go back to a close-up of her as she says, 'He is trying to poison me.' Then we pan, moving the camera horizontally, as she jumps up, goes to the group of ministers standing around the table watching her, then rushes out of the door into the darkness."

A picture must be completely cut before it is scored, because the composer

must know the exact length of each scene for which he will write the music.

In the music building, Erich Wolfgang Korngold, the composer of "Juarez," paced up and down the room talking excitedly about the film.

"If a picture is good, I'll have the music for it in five minutes. If it's bad, I work for days and days and still can't get it. 'Juarez' is a pleasure to score. It has quite a bit of background music, especially in the battle and love scenes. When it comes to political scenes, we don't have music.

"I started the real scoring of 'Juarez' after I saw the picture three times and from then on I lived with it. I sat down at my piano in the projection room and wrote the music as I saw each scene on the screen before me.

"I had holes punched in the scenes where I wanted music."

AFTER some persuasion, Mr. Korngold agreed to play some of the themes he had composed for 'Juarez' on the piano. "This is the part where Bette Davis goes insane," he said.

As he played the eerie music he spoke Bette Davis' lines softly. Then, as a contrast, he played the tender love music for Carlotta and Maximilian (Brian Aherne).

"The music for this picture is very simple," the composer explained. "I've used the Mexican, Austrian and Napoleonic national anthems because of the historical background of 'Juarez.' Also *La Paloma*, which was the favorite Mexican song of the real Carlotta and Maximilian. As a matter of fact, it was used symbolically as a bond between the two lovers.

"When I wanted to get authentic Mexican music for the 'Juarez' part of the story, we hired four Mexican musicians. They played a polka of 1870 written three years after Maximilian was executed in Mexico. It sounded exactly like Johann Strauss. So did everything else the Mexicans played, and some of it even sounded like Chopin. You see, Maximilian brought with him the Viennese waltzes when he came from his native land to Mexico. And the Mexican composers were evidently so much impressed that they all tried to imitate Johann Strauss. So I thought if Strauss and Chopin were Mexican, I'd make up my own Mexican music.

"As a matter of fact, the music of Vienna was a form of dope. Everyone was poisoned by it, even Maximilian. My music makes him a little weak, because he was a weak character. But now you take Juarez (played by Paul Muni), there was a man with a relentless will. The music I composed for him doesn't make him great, and he was a great statesman. It makes him lovable. Muni rarely has music in his scenes—his first scene is played in complete silence."

As we said good-bye to Erich Korngold, he told us: "I'm so glad I'm not in a factory. Here I can believe that I'm an artist and that means so much to me."

A MONTH later, after Korngold had completed the score, two musicians arranged it for orchestra and he went over every bar of it with them.

They were rehearsing part of the score, which is always recorded in sections.

Korngold wanted a higher tone

from the cymbals. "Am I closer, now, Professor?" the cymbalist called out. Everyone calls Mr. Korngold, Professor. He wasn't satisfied with the trumpets. "More trills, trumpets. Like this. Ra-ta-ta-tum," he sang out to them from the podium where he sat, his score in front of him.

"All right. Let's rehearse with the picture," he said.

The room was darkened except for a single spotlight over Korngold's score. On the screen suspended over the musicians' heads, we saw a series of battle scenes in quick succession—horses rearing, cannons exploding, a Mexican town toppling. At a given cue from Korngold, the orchestra started to play the exciting battle music.

"How was that, Mr. Forrest?" he called to an unseen person. The unseen person's voice came through a loud-speaker, "It was all right to me."

It wasn't a spook. It was Dave Forrest, the special music mixer, speaking from the monitor glass booth built high in the wall of the recording room, where he controls the tone of the instruments coming to him through six microphones on the stage.

Now, the conductor put on a pair of headphones to hear the dialogue of the next scene. We saw Paul Muni's lips move, but we heard no sound. The picture is projected without sound so as not to interfere with the playing of the musicians. Suddenly Korngold signaled for them to stop. He explained to us that he had determined exactly where he wanted music as a background and where he wanted no music.

That day, the orchestra worked fourteen hours. It would be another two weeks before they would be finished recording the score. Ordinarily, the music takes only three or four days to record, but in a big production like "Juarez," it takes much longer.

AS soon as the reel of the battle scenes was scored, it was taken up to the "dubbing" or "re-recording" room where all additional sound effects would be added.

The following afternoon, we were ushered into the dubbing room, where we saw our friends Warren Low and Erich Korngold, who are always present at the re-recording. In the dim light we could see a man at a huge console turning a number of little knobs. Yesterday's battle scenes were being projected on a screen and now we heard the music recorded yesterday and all the sounds of battle as well.

To the right of the screen, numbers were changing constantly, giving the exact number of feet of film. The man at the console watched these numbers and turned his little knobs. But we did not understand these mysterious goings on until Major Levinson, head of the sound department, started to explain.

"The man sitting at the console is Gerald Alexander, the effects mixer. Each of the dials he turns controls a separate sound track," Major Levinson whispered.

"The mixer is using nine separate tracks for the battle scenes: the horses, the battle shots, the explosions, men fighting, swords clashing, a drum beating, cannons roaring and two separate tracks for the music, because the battle music blends into softer music for the Paul Muni scene. Some of these sounds were recorded while 'Juarez' was being shot. Others were taken from the sound library."

When the sound track with the dialogue, music and effects has been re-recorded, it is sent, together with the picture, to the laboratory. Here girl negative cutters match the negative from the editor's print, frame by frame, each girl working on a separate reel. From this negative are made the two hundred and fifty release prints for theaters all over the country. Another negative is sent to Canada and one to Australia. A duplicating print is sent to England and prints are made for the British Empire.

Infinite pains are taken to see that the film is flawless. The laboratory is as spotless as a hospital. Every trace of moisture is removed from the air. The temperature of all solutions are automatically controlled. The film is waxed and polished. Men peer through microscopes to see that the sound track is perfect. Others press little buttons in darkened rooms to give each printed scene the correct light exposure.

All this for a single piece of film,

which, in the final analysis, is all there is to show for two million dollars and two years' work on the part of hundreds of people. This particular film is valuable not only because of the intelligence and artistry which have gone into its making, but because it marks a trend in Hollywood production—a trend which should be followed by other studios. It presents a problem of vital importance today—the conflict between dictatorship and democracy with the final victory of democracy, a conflict which we cannot escape unless we close our ears and our eyes to what is happening around us.

It was a vivid experience to watch "Juarez" being made. If you've shared it with us in the two previous articles of this series, we hope you'll agree. But if you haven't, by all means see it. For the two hours you'll spend watching it, you'll probably have a greater respect for what motion pictures can do.

THE END

Distance Ends Enchantment

(Continued from page 32)

the tendency of the public to think of him as Mr. Lamour, and the impossibility, to Dorothy, of allowing any such setup as that. All the guests knew about the money troubles, too, being Hollywood people—about Dorothy Lamour's big salary, bigger than Herbie Kaye's, and the allowance he gave her until she insisted he cut it off.

"Get on with the rest," commanded the listeners, lighting new cigarettes.

WELL, it was about that time that Herbie finally managed to get an engagement at the Catalina Casino and the marriage came within an ace of breaking up then and there. Oh, yes. There was that evening between dances, when Herbie and Dorothy sat at a table in the Saint Catherine dining room, and he suggested they give the whole thing up. Dorothy had just told him how miserable she was during the long months of separation and how she missed him. "Just these few days together have made me realize I'd rather be with you than be the biggest star in the industry," she'd told him.

His face had been very white and strange for a moment. But when he answered, with sudden despair, her eyes held a terror that made him grab her hand and take back his words. "I must have been crazy. . . ."

That was the night the two of them decided Dorothy had better go out a little, with other men. ("Ah," said the guests at the party, settling back in chairs. They knew this portion of the story also, but they wanted to hear it again. It could stand repeating. "Go on," they said.)

It had sounded like a great idea. Mainly, Dorothy would go dancing or out to dinner and the theater with fellows who were mutual friends—men Herbie knew, too. Of course, there would be gossip. Bound to be. But each time, if Herbie would promise to wait and believe nothing until she could call him about it—"I'll never lie to you," she vowed solemnly, watching his face.

Herbie smiled. "That's the way it'll be, then."

And that's the way it was. How well the ladies at the party knew, as they hashed it over now. "Randy Scott!" one girl said, her eyes amused as she looked around the room.

"Dozens," added another simply. And that summed it up.

In the following silence the ladies all stared into their glasses. "But it might have worked," a woman said finally. "Logically, it might have."

"It never works." The girl who answered was blonde and lovely and famous, with a notable Past. She knew whereof she spoke; wherefore the others listened respectfully. "Given a guaranteed status quo of all circumstances, it might just possibly work. But people change and the setup changes. Dorothy's not the same girl who married Herbie Kaye four years ago. Then she was an elevator girl with nothing in her experience but a dirt-poor childhood and a lot of hard luck. She believed in glamour, just as she believed all the magazine stories she read and all the movies she saw. Herb was terrific in her eyes, then. And she hadn't been exposed to the Hollywood virus. She wanted a house and a husband and kids. Maybe she still does—but not as much. You always have to make a choice, in a case like this. Husband or career. Home and anonymity or success, money, fame. The answer's almost always the same." The girl paused, and smiled. It was not entirely a pretty thing to see. "Mine was, as you all remember. And I'm not surprised at Dorothy's."

"But last year she told people she'd quit pictures before she'd let anything interfere with her marriage."

"That was last year. She was just starting her house, then—the one on the sunny side of a hill. With a nursery in it. But then she still thought she'd take a year off and have a baby. It was before so many things happened. It was before Randy, for instance—or any of that. And it was before she began going around with Charlie Barnet. She likes Charlie, you know. Maybe even enough to marry him. I wouldn't be surprised if she did after Herbie gets his decree . . . Still, Charlie is a band leader, too, and will certainly have to be on the road and away from Hollywood at least as much as Herbie was. So why does she go from the frying pan into the fire? Oh, well—"

THE nods of the ladies were simultaneous and unanimous again. This was clear thinking. There was one thing not yet settled, though, one fact not explained. "But she really loved him!" the woman—who-thought-it-might-have-worked put in. "She still does. And that should have offset everything else."

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COTY

SUB-DEB LIPSTICK



Eight drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.

The blonde girl was impatient now. Her case was so nearly finished—"Listen," she said scornfully. "Could you keep on being in love with a name, a photograph, a voice on long-distance? Could you tie yourself down to as little as that? Remember last Christmas—and all the big plans about Herbie coming out here to be with her. Something turned up, just as it always did, and he couldn't make it. And Dottie sat there in that new little house with the Christmas tree and the presents—I can see her now. She was crying. She said, 'I've looked forward all year to the holidays. Now he can't come after all. I've

never in my whole life had a happy Christmas—but this was to be the first.'" The blonde girl paused to light a cigarette hurriedly, waving her free hand to signify she wasn't finished.

"And then the final straw, this spring. Herb signed at the St. Francis, up in Frisco. Dottie was going to fly up and stay with him. So what happened? So her show moved to New York just then for two broadcasts and, according to her contract, she had to go along. It was the end, that's all. Herbie must just have told her to make up her mind, that he couldn't give everything up to come here and be Mr. Lamour and that she'd

have to choose between him and her job. It always comes to that. She chose. Or she quibbled so long he gave up and filed that divorce on desertion grounds."

She was finished now, the blonde girl. She relaxed, sighed, reached for her cocktail. And there was no dissenting voice, nor any further argument. The assembly was convinced.

"That's the way it goes," someone said, adding a note of philosophy to the buried topic of Dorothy Lamour's ruined marriage.

"But I still think," persisted the woman—who-thought-it-might-have-worked, "that it's a shame."

Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 8)

lady is crazy, saying Friday and Saturday and Sunday nights I kept the other roomers awake with a muffled sound like crying. Say, if you suffered from a toothache like I did, you'd cry, too. Honest, I hurt all over. But not about no guy named Nelson. Not me.

JULIE SHERMAN,
Chicago, Ill.

LONG-FELT WANT

"BREATHE there a gal with soul so dead

She never to herself hath said—

Thanks, Deanna Durbin, Judy Garland, Bonita Granville, Marcia Mae Jones and others, for tips to the teens on 'How to Wear Clothes and Influence People'?" Not only do we owe you fellow "in-betweens" thanks for showing us how to wear clothes, but what to wear, when to wear it, how to comb our hair to keep it from looking like Old Man Hicks' haystack, or whether younger sets wear fingernails like old Dobbin's toenails or the Carole Lombard digits.

Let me recall that, before the Reign of the Adolescents, there was a primitive idea—at least in many small towns—that the minute we girls graduated from the cradle, we were ready for skirts like Ma's, hair-do's like Aunt Frizzle's bangs, and make-up like the village vamp's—the latter making us all look like "Angels with Dirty Faces" and the former, inexpressible!

The appearances of these young girls in the cinema industry have not only enlightened us small-town girls so that there need be no such thing as a "hick" any more, but have proved to us and our elders that we look better when clad in clothes to suit our own age, and these à la modern.

MAXINE BELLEW,
Lexington, Neb.

Here's one reader we know is going to get an extra-special thrill out of "Young Fry Society," on page 24 of this issue! (Not to mention the Deanna Durbin Fashion Letter on page 76!)

ENGLAND TOSSES A FEW BOUQUETS

NEVER having visited America, but having seen a great number of your films, I now feel as if I have approached the New York harbour on a liner and seen the Statue of Liberty with its hand in air, New York with its slums, the children in the streets, the overcrowded tenement houses, the subway, and the streetcars. Main street, Broadway, the lights and the traffic, Park Avenue—I know them all.

Washington, the White House, Philadelphia with its colleges, and the smaller towns with their tree-lined avenues and Hardys and Joneses. All these are familiar scenes to me, and all on account of the wonderful way in which they are brought to us on the screen.

I often wonder if our British films help make the American public acquainted with our different towns and people. I doubt this, for what I have seen of British films has usually left a poor impression of exaggerated characters, either speaking with a plum in their mouths, or with cap on side and scarf tied on neck, speaking with an appalling accent supposedly "cockney."

I would doff my hat to all the American producers for giving us the hills 'way out West, California, the sidewalks of New York, the good and the bad, gangsters and national heroes, and making me love the Americans as if they were my own countrymen.

Thank you, America.

SANDRA SADIE LEWIS,
London, England.

But how many film stars are content with such a course? Robert Montgomery, a brilliant light comedian, hankered after tragedy, and "Night Must Fall" proved a commercial failure. George Raft desired to be a sympathetic saint in pictures and has practically disappeared from the screen.

And now we hear of Sonja Henie's ambition to become a dramatic actress, her superb skating consigned to the limbo of forgotten things. Carole Lombard making a "weepie" and Akim Tamiroff frolicking as a comedian. I quite understand the reluctance of film players to become "typed," but the frenzied leaping from comedy to tragedy shown by certain actors reminds me of the small boy who insisted on playing every part, including Henry VIII, Wolsey, Anne Boleyn and the executioner. He ended up by saying a prayer to his ambitious self as he cut off his own head.

PETER GORDON,
London, England.

MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE HE'S IN LOVE?

ALL the bouquets in the world to Don Ameche, Sonja Henie, Cesar Romero, Annabella, Loretta Young and all the other stars who came to the Treasure Island premiere of "Alexander Graham Bell." They were one fine troupe of stars, smiling to all their fans and letting us see what really fine people they are. Don Ameche and Sonja Henie are to receive extra bouquets for being the most jovial of the group. They smile so naturally; they really make you feel like one of their close friends.

Now, I'm sorry that I can't include Tyrone Power in the above. I was really disappointed in my screen king. Everyone has had his Clark Gables, Robert Taylors, but mine was always Tyrone Power—and still is, though I've suffered a bitter disappointment. Why, the poor fellow never smiled once that I could see. I thought that perhaps he was shy, for he did sort of hide behind Annabella. Then, perhaps, I thought he was scared. But scared of what? The only reason I could think of was that he was afraid that San Francisco women would tear him apart as the South American women almost did. I really can't figure it out. Was he shy? Was he afraid of San Francisco women? Didn't he like Treasure Island or San Francisco? Or was he disgusted because Don Ameche got the greatest ovation, and couldn't take it? I wish I knew. Perhaps you other readers know. Won't someone add something to this criticism?

A POWER FAN,
San Francisco, Calif.

How often have I heard people in the past few months wish that they dwelt in the distant safety of America, with the soothing urbanities of its modern civilization, blessed by its cinema, that crystallization of the hopes and desires of everyone for freedom, romance and adventure.

And so, to the motion-picture industry I, and millions more, express grateful thanks.

JOHN A. PETTY,
Walsall, Staffordshire, England.

—BUT ENGLAND ALSO BOOS

"LOVE the little trade which thou hast learned, and be content therewith."

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?



GRADE yourself five points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as **PHOTOPLAY**. Check up on page 87.

1. This redheaded star twinkled her toes in a chorus line before she discovered her voice was her fortune:

Miliza Korjus **Jeanette MacDonald**
Ethel Merman **Frances Langford**

2. She has two "Oscars" to her credit, yet this temperamental actress had been absent from the screen for many months:

Greta Garbo **Luise Rainer**
Janet Gaynor **Bette Davis**

3. The state of wedded bliss is so popular in Hollywood that, among these four actors, there is only one bachelor:

Ray Milland **Cesar Romero**
Mischa Auer **Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.**

4. In bursting into screen fame recently, this youngster is merely following in the career footsteps of eight brothers and sisters:

Dickie Moore **Johnny Sheffield**
Gene Reynolds **Bobs Watson**

5. One of the screen's early "strong silent men," he will speak for the first time on the screen in the prologue of a revival of his famous "Tumbleweeds":

William S. Hart **Hobart Bosworth**
Jack Holt **William Farnum**

6. Some of her fans waxed indignant at the casting of this "perfect wife" as the sirenish Lady Esketh in "The Rains Came":

Maureen O'Sullivan **Irene Dunne**
Madeleine Carroll **Myrna Loy**

7. Another famous musician will become immortalized on celluloid when he makes his screen debut in Bing Crosby's "The Star Maker":

Yehudi Menuhin **Walter Damrosch**
Jascha Heifetz **Arturo Toscanini**

8. Three of these actors are separated from their wives but, should they wish to, are not free to middle-aisle it again:

George Raft **Lew Ayres**
Walter Pidgeon **Fred Astaire**

9. She's a movie veteran from 'way back, for the start of her latest film, "Career," on her twenty-first birthday, marked her eighteenth year before the cameras:

Betty Grable **Anne Shirley**
Joy Hodges **Madge Evans**

Joy Hodges, starlet of Universal's "Family Next Door" series

10. Although she's only in her late twenties, she's almost consistently played mother rôles, including that of Scarlett's O'Hara's mother in **GWTH**:

Barbara O'Neil **Fay Bainter**
Gloria Holden **Barbara Stanwyck**

11. He played a drunken doctor in "Hurricane" and "Stagecoach":

Alan Hale **Akim Tamiroff**
John Barrymore **Thomas Mitchell**

12. This actress, once reported engaged to Henry Fonda, recently married her agent, Ken Dolan:

Lucille Ball **Margaret Tallichet**
Lynn Bari **Shirley Ross**

13. Although this blonde comedienne was considered Grand Opera material when a young girl, her first chance to sing on the screen will be in "The Magnificent Fraud":

Mary Boland **Alice Brady**
Louise Fazenda **ZaSu Pitts**

14. She is the screen's youngest male impersonator:

Ann Miller **Sandra Lee Henville**
Sybil Jason **Juanita Quigley**

15. Two of these actresses have found that moving-picture producers make grand husbands:

Sally Eilers **Margaret Sullavan**
Jean Parker **Virginia Bruce**

16. He is Joan Crawford's current beau:

Walter Wanger **Charles Martin**
Howard Hughes **David Niven**

17. Besides being one of the first ten box-office favorites, he is also a song writer, having composed the popular "Have a Heart," with two others hot on the griddle:

Spencer Tracy **Richard Greene**
Mickey Rooney **Robert Taylor**

18. There's "Music in the Air" for this actress, for she is married to a band leader:

Benita Hume **Mary Pickford**
Claudette Colbert **Annabella**

19. They rank high in Hollywood society, for two of these stars are married to members of the nobility:

Charles Boyer **Constance Bennett**
Joan Bennett **Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.**

20. Only one of these stars has no relatives in the moving picture business:

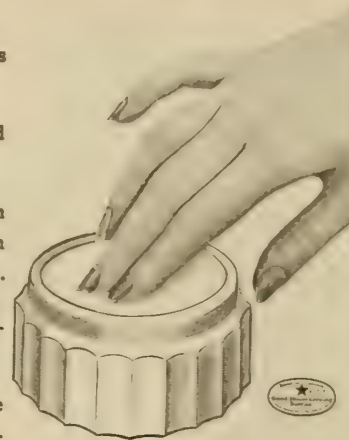
Russell Gleason **Margaret Lindsay**
Charlie Ruggles **Norma Shearer**

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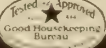
Maybelline Cream form Mascara (easily applied without water) in dainty zipper case. Same shades.



Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil, Black, Brown (and Blue for eyelid liner).



Maybelline Eye Shadow in six glamorous harmonizing shades.



Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Films Fit for a King

(Continued from page 29)

Disney rodent, is the story they tell of a charity matinee given not long ago for the Richmond Hospital.

Arrangements were being discussed for the presence of the Queen at the matinee and, as is always the case when royalty attends the theater, a careful schedule was being prepared which would provide for the exact time of Queen Mary's arrival and departure.

A few days before the matinee, the manager of the theater telephoned a secretary at Marlborough House.

"By eliminating the Mickey Mouse comedy," he suggested, "Queen Mary will be able to see the whole program and be home for five o'clock tea."

A short time later, the secretary called the theater. "Her Majesty requests that on no account you omit the Mickey Mouse," he instructed. "Her Majesty is most anxious to see it and doesn't mind being late for tea. In fact she would far rather miss tea than Mickey Mouse."

THE King's attendance at the theater is considerably less frequent than when he was the Duke of York. Once a year he attends a special performance at the Winter Garden, a matinee for the King George Pension Fund for Actors and Actresses, established by his father, George V. At least once a season he and the Queen occupy the royal box at the opera and occasionally George and Elizabeth grace a concert at Covent Garden with their presence. Most of all, however, the King enjoys his annual visit to London's Coliseum where the best musical turns of the year are assembled for a royal performance.

Clever vaudeville comedy delights him and in none of his pictures does the King ever appear more intent on the spectacle he is viewing than when he is photographed in the royal box at the Coliseum. This year Princess Elizabeth accompanied her father and mother to the variety show for the first time and showed a keen enjoyment in the performance.

For the most part, though, the King and Queen depend upon the palace showings of movies for their entertainment. When they move the royal household to Sandringham for the Christmas holidays, a generous supply of new films is always dispatched ahead for their amusement and seldom does a week end at Windsor go by without a movie being fitted into their program of recreation.

Princess Elizabeth and her nine-year-old sister, Princess Margaret Rose, are already confirmed film fans. Once a week a movie is shown the little Princesses and their governesses and frequently some other members of the royal family, Queen Mary, the Duke and Duchess of Kent or their aunt, the Viscountess Lascelles, will drop in on these matinees. Ambassador Joseph Kennedy, the American representative at the Court of St. James, and a favorite with the Princesses, has been a guest on several occasions at his young friends' film parties.

The Duke and Duchess of Kent have inaugurated a form of film party distinctly their own. Instead of taking their dinner guests on

to one of the picture houses in the West End, they frequently arrange to have private showings in the projection rooms of one of the film company's London offices.

After the regular office staff has gone home for the night, the royal party arrives and takes over the projection room for the evening, usually going on to a supper club after the screening.

The Duchess of Kent, admittedly the style leader among London's smart set, is an enthusiast over any picture which presents new fashions. The wardrobe of Irene Dunne in "Love Affair" is said to have won her nod of approval.

When he was the foremost figure in London's night life as the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Windsor was a constant patron at the picture houses, often dropping in unannounced and, if the house was sold out, sitting on the balcony steps in the foyer to watch some favorite. Fred Astaire was the particular pet of this dance-minded Prince, whose various partners used to make social history as "Girls Who Danced With the Prince of Wales."

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester confine their movie-going mostly to what shows they see as dinner guests at Buckingham Palace and the numerous charity performances they are urged to attend.

In recent years, it has become quite an established practice among hospitals and other charitable organizations seeking to raise funds to sponsor the first night of a new film at one of the larger London theaters. Queen Mary, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and the Duke and Duchess of Kent are asked to aid the benefits by appearing and usually some member of the royal family, in many cases all of them, accept.

Attendance of royalty at an increasing number of these charity premières has lent to London much of the brilliance and glamour of Hollywood first nights. When it is known that one of the royal family is to be present, there is a rush for seats by that part of society which likes to see its sequins in the rotogravure sections.

Crowds surround the theater for a glimpse of the celebrities and there is the same atmosphere of a human peacock parade that marks the dressy premières of the Carthay Circle in Hollywood.

KING GEORGE is an ardent camera enthusiast. He owns several motion-picture cameras, both 16 millimeter and standard size, and the making of amateur movies is one of his chief hobbies. The King has a full photographic history of his trips to various parts of the Empire when he was Duke of York, and it is not unlikely that on his trek

across Canada, before visiting the United States, the King will have added a host of scenic shots to his film collection.

Not only is His Majesty expert in the use of a movie camera, but he has a thorough understanding of the mechanics of projection. This was proved during his trip to Australia as the Duke of York. He was viewing a film in the officers' mess of H.M.S. *Renown* when the movie was halted because of trouble with the projector.

When neither the seaman, who was operating the machine, nor any of the officers in the audience seemed able to get it going again, the Duke of York fussed with the cantankerous mechanism a few minutes and soon had it in running order. It was, he explained, a machine similar to the one he operated himself at home.

THE movies of themselves which the King and Queen enjoy most are those taken by Princess Elizabeth, who shares her father's enthusiasm for this hobby. They are, of course, the most photographed couple in England, with the newsreels covering every function they attend. The Queen is a particularly good subject, the newsreel men declare, having an easy manner before the camera and a dramatic sense for the little details which make a picture interesting. Her Majesty does not mind facing a whole battery of cameras, but she has certain favorite poses. The King is slightly more self-conscious.

Incidentally, most newsreels, of royalty made in England, must be submitted to Buckingham Palace for approval before their release. This custom began when Edward VIII was King because of the release of a reel in which Edward was shown in what seemed to be a rather undignified pose.

As most American audiences are aware from newsreel shots of the present Duke of Windsor, he is a rather nervous, self-conscious person before the camera, constantly fixing his tie or tugging at his coat.

On this particular occasion, Edward kept pulling his coat down and when the reel was printed it looked as if he had been scratching himself with great vigor.

In addition to countless newsreels, King George has appeared in one short made for the Safety First Association in England. His Majesty was pictured examining the medals which were to be awarded drivers with good records and signing a letter of endorsement of the Association's work.

The scenes involved several people and the King seemed to relish the rehearsals and even suggested bits of business to improve the action.

It is safe to suppose that during their visit to America their Majesties will be photographed more frequently than ever before and that on their return to England a newsreel record of their trip will be one of their most highly cherished souvenirs.

For King George and Queen Elizabeth are very movie-minded monarchs.

YOUR FAITH

A nonsectarian, pocket-size magazine packed with interest for those who feel the need of some Power higher than themselves to stabilize their lives and bring encouragement and hope. It is filled with human interest stories and articles which show the vital experiences people have had with religion. Discussions of creeds and doctrines are avoided. It does not preach. Striking cases of answers to prayer, rewarded faith and rebuilt lives make their own appeal, and conclusions are left to the reader's individual idea of God and His dealing with man

**AT YOUR NEWSDEALER'S
A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION**

Great Lady

(Continued from page 15)

you will go alone . . . and you will be silent and proud when you are hurt." Slowly the mother's eyes fill with tears. But little Greta has no time for foreboding. She jumps up and throws herself into her mother's arms.

"Everything is so lovely, so lovely I must hug you," she cries, "and I shall start today; but I will be an actress only until someone whom I love has come. Then I shall marry him and have two little girls with curls. They may have all the cookies they want to eat, with lingonberry jam on top, and though I shall no longer be an actress, I shall always be a very great lady."

SO GRETA GARBO began to live her dream, becoming more and more obsessed with the idea of being great. She worked and planned and studied. She lived alone, seeing no one, not talking much, even to her servants. She became beautiful. She had gold and silver dresses and men who loved her and sent her flowers and jewels.

Greta Garbo became a legend—writers have chanted it to you for years—something like the headless Aphrodite of Cyrene who is never mixed in with the rest of the statues; but is off, apart, in a little niche all alone. We forgot that once there was a very human little girl who said, "One day I'll marry someone whom I love and I will have two little girls with curls." And no one wrote about the very human older girl who wept bitterly when she learned that being a great lady is not so pleasant when there is nobody else to be glad about it.

In her heart she knew he would come. At least life hadn't robbed her of her dream. Long ago she had retired into it. In the twilight she would sit and wonder how it would be. Usually on a prancing charger, in the old Norse tales, and always playing a serenade. . . .

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI made up in serenades what he lacked in the way of a charger. He laid his serenade at her feet—whole symphonies, operas, concertos, cascades of golden sound. Best of all, at home in America waiting, were two little girls with curls. They would love cookies with lingonberry jam on top. That is what Greta thought.

For the first time in her life she knew what it was to be completely happy. No longer a dream or a fantasy! This was real! Strolling along an Italian beach in the moonlight, counting the fireflies at twilight, lazily floating in the warm Italian water, becoming golden brown in the hot Italian sun; Greta no longer watched the parade as if from behind glass. How wonderful to live and feel and know that life had not passed by, leaving one ignorant of the strong, slashing, painful beauty it contained!

She would never forget these weeks of rapturous idleness, the fulfillment of the old dream. Greta spent hours in the kitchen, all the old cunning with

the pots and pans, so laboriously taught by her mother in the kitchen in Stockholm, returning. She made dozens of cookies for the caretaker's children. She haunted shops and found little gifts—embroidered robes, slippers with fur, many things to delight the hearts of two little girls. She wondered what they would say when she met them. She guessed they would be shy at first (but the cookies would remedy that!). Then came another thought: were girls of ten and twelve to be won with toys and cookies? She had been thinking of them all along as babies. But they couldn't be! They were grown-up little girls . . . and best of all they had curls. While they were with her only she would be permitted to brush their hair. She would do it carefully, winding the soft ringlets around her forefinger.

AND now it was all over. Love was thrilling and beautiful, like the bright sun in a blue sky, and it was the only thing worth fighting for . . . but you didn't fight two little girls . . . who loved the same man you did . . . and had more right to him than you had.

Instead, you did as the "divine" Sarah would have done! You courageously gave him up! Because it was the only noble thing to do. For a while you felt desolate and alone and you pretended you weren't hurt and that it didn't matter. But in your heart you knew that it did matter and in the night you felt you couldn't bear the waves of darkness and fear that passed over you.

You knew that no matter how long you lived you would never recall just how you managed to tell him that you wouldn't come if the little girls didn't want you. Of course, if you had been anyone except Greta Garbo, you'd have known that their resentment was only a normal one. You'd have known that in their full and happy lives there was no place for you. It wasn't that they disliked you, they just didn't care! You had lived too long in a dream and didn't realize that the world of reality had its complications. You had been a success in business, but love is not a business . . . it is something in an old Norse fairy tale that always turns out right!

Finally, you put away the old cookie jar you brought from Stockholm, because there wasn't any use making more cookies. You put the little gifts on a high shelf where you'd never see them again. Once more you retired deeply into the old dream!

You had given up the most precious thing you ever had! You wept bitterly . . . and now your face shows a softness that only tragedy can bring to it . . . but you have something left . . . you have the old dream . . . and you still remain . . . a Great Lady!

Once I saw this in a book of yours:

Why borrow sorrow?
Live your dream . . .
For your dream
Is your deed of tomorrow.

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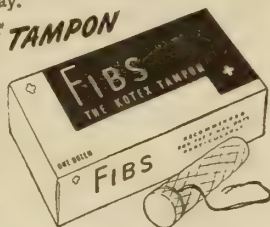
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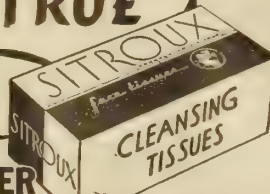


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DEPARTMENT STORES

Play Truth and Consequences with Ginger Rogers

(Continued from page 23)

- while I wouldn't like to see all of those again, there are three of them which really appeal to me: *La Tosca*, *Carmen* and *The Barber of Seville*.
13. (Q) Are you a back-seat driver?
(A) No, I'm as meek as a mouse because I know that most anyone drives better than I do.
14. (Q) With what man star, with whom you have not worked, would you most like to make a film?
(A) Gary Cooper.
15. (Q) In what ways do you enjoy being "elegant"?
(A) I enjoy having a fabulous amount of nice lingerie, and two clean changes a day make me feel very luxurious.
16. (Q) When have you ever been a wall-flower?
(A) So many times you wouldn't believe it!
17. (Q) What other languages beside English do you speak?
(A) Pig Latin! I took a postgraduate course from Jimmy Stewart who is a past master.
18. (Q) Who or what on the screen gives you the greatest pain?
(A) Miss Rogers took the consequences. (Give us a picture of yourself showing how the well made up woman of 1939 does not look.)
19. (Q) On a date, what typically feminine bluff have you indulged in recently?
(A) Pretending to notice that I just that moment got a run in my hose when I knew that I had it an hour before.
20. (Q) In what difficult action shot have you recently used a double?
(A) In "Carefree" a man double did some bicycle riding for me—not because I can't ride, but because the riding had to be done downhill over a bumpy terrace and end in a spill.
21. (Q) With whom have you had a long feud and why?
(A) Miss Rogers took the consequences. (Let us print a photo from your vacation album—in a most unglamorous pose.)
22. (Q) When you are eating alone are you ever careless about your table manners?
(A) Yes, I eat fast and furiously—but then my table manners are nothing to brag about even when I'm with others. When I'm hungry I like to eat, not dawdle.
23. (Q) At what age, and in what circumstances, did you have your first unrequited love?
(A) He was in knee pants and I was still wearing socks.
24. (Q) If a surprise caller found you ungroomed, in old clothes, with your hair not fixed and your face not made up, would you try to excuse yourself or pass it off with nonchalance?
(A) I have done both. It all depends on the caller.
25. (Q) When a book is being discussed, have you ever pretended to have read it when you have not, and how did you bluff your way through?
(A) I usually try to switch the conversation to some book which I have read—it's the safest way out.
26. (Q) With whom do you most enjoy going out?
(A) Miss Rogers took the consequences. (Have a picture taken riding "no hands" on your bicycle.)
27. (Q) Do you notice men's clothes and do you consider smart dressing important for a man?
(A) Yes—and definitely!
28. (Q) Are you a good speller?
(A) I can't spell anything! I can't even write a letter without resorting to the dictionary.
29. (Q) Do risqué jokes amuse you?
(A) Very seldom, and I prefer not to be told them.
30. (Q) In what ways are you easily embarrassed?
(A) When someone tries to tell me one.
31. (Q) What is your disposition when you get up in the morning?
(A) Quietly grouchy.
32. (Q) Who is the best dancer with whom you have ever danced off the screen?
(A) George Murphy. I have only danced with him once, but I believe he is perfect.
33. (Q) Have you any immediate plans to alter your marital situation?
(A) Miss Rogers took the consequences. (Write something for us in Pig Latin.)
34. (Q) What kind of bridge player are you?
(A) I have never progressed beyond the auction stage.
35. (Q) How many song records made by yourself do you have in your own collection, and which is your favorite?
(A) I have them all, but none is my favorite. I only play the records to hear my mistakes—and then I always swear I'll never make another!
36. (Q) Are you subject to freckles?
(A) Yes. Nice big fat ones, and what's more, I like 'em!
37. (Q) What early experience has most affected your life or philosophy?
(A) Going into the movies!
38. (Q) What T.L. (Trade Last) have you recently exchanged with a friend?
(A) I can't remember, but I have one for Margaret Lindsay.
39. (Q) Are you a good loser?
(A) Yes, I think I am. My friends tell me I am, anyway.
40. (Q) In what ways are you stubborn?
(A) I never say die on anything!
41. (Q) Are you the kind of reader who can't refrain from glancing at the end, before finishing a book?
(A) I never do. I like to be surprised.
42. (Q) What subjects do you film most with your candid camera?
(A) Sports events.
43. (Q) Do you dislike candid camera shots of yourself?
(A) Yes. I feel that it is unfair for a photographer to take advantage of an actress by photographing her when she is not prepared—particularly if she is disheveled, as in the wind at a polo match—and I have on occasions tried to beg out of such shots. It's not a question of being a bad sport, because I feel the same way when a cameraman takes the same unfair advantage of other actresses, too. Showing an actress at her worst accomplishes nothing—and it disappoints the fans as well.
44. (Q) What household task do you usually perform?
(A) As long as I must be honest, none. Not that I can't, but I don't have the time for it these days.
45. (Q) On what occasions do you drop your dignity and shout and yell?
(A) At prize fights and wrestling matches.
46. (Q) At which do you think you are the greatest success, as hostess or as guest?
(A) Hostessing doesn't seem to be in my line. I'm always a guest, even at my own parties.
47. (Q) Has any of your art work ever been sold?
(A) No.
48. (Q) Do you have any of your own art efforts displayed in your home?
(A) I have two framed and hanging in the library; the sketch of Madame Ouspenskaya and one of Irving Berlin.
49. (Q) What unkindness have you ever done which you now regret?
(A) I always regret having blamed somebody for something without waiting to hear both sides of a story. It's snap judgment, I suppose.
50. (Q) What curriculum did you follow in high school?
(A) I was afraid you'd ask me that one—I never got to high school!
51. (Q) What small failing of your girlhood have you had to overcome?
(A) Chewing my fingernails.
52. (Q) Now that Fred Astaire has left RKO, where you have made so many pictures together, do you believe that you will ever make another dancing picture?
(A) I suppose so. I would like to concentrate on dramatic rôles, but I am told that I shouldn't kill the goose that lays the golden egg—or something to that effect—so I won't be surprised, if I get a call for another dancing picture even before my legs and feet have rested up from the last one.
53. (Q) What extravagance might be called your weakness?
(A) My weakness is nice hose and shoes, but it can't be called an extravagance because early in my career I waged a battle to have the studio supply me with them, since my dancing is so hard on shoes and stockings.
54. (Q) What things give you the jitters?
(A) Hangnails and scraping sounds.
55. (Q) When you arrive at the age of thirty, will you be inclined to admit it, or will you hope to hide it?
(A) I'll admit it I guess, but quietly. I don't see any reason for wearing it on my shirt front.
56. (Q) What slang phrase or exclamation is most characteristic of you?
(A) There are two: "Oh gosh" and "For goodness sakes' alive!"
57. (Q) Do you prefer men companions of your own age, or older, and why?
(A) I like them about thirty; still young enough to be gay, yet old enough to be serious.
58. (Q) What one word would you choose to best describe your personality?
(A) Miss Rogers took the consequences. (Write a limerick, using your own name Virginia, beginning "There was a young girl named Virginia.")

Bright Victory

(Continued from page 67)

bargain. My neck for . . . No. I didn't mean you. But I must do something soon." He felt the wind on his face. "I'm nineteen, but older than that. It's grownup I am, you know."

"Ah. You've lived like something out of a penny dreadful for two years, and it's no wonder. Your sister's successful in the States. She's a writer. Try that."

"'Twould be damned dull."

"It's grownup I am, you know!" Captain Johnny quoted sarcastically. "Well, and still a black Irishman without a penn'orth of sense." He took out a tremendous green kerchief and made trumpeting noises into it. "Born for trouble."

George, staring detachedly at the water, snapped his fingers suddenly. "The Abbey Theater!" he laughed. "I'd forgotten. I'm an actor, by heaven! I'll woo the stage," and he struck a silly pose.

"You'll neither woo nor wed anything," said Captain Johnny. "They'll hang you first."

But he was wrong. George had won the stage and married a girl before the year was out. The description of his work at the Abbey, enlarged upon and shamelessly colored by the bland young Mr. Nolan, brought him the first achievement. His flashing Irish grin and a line of blarney got him the second: a little actress, called Molly. That was not her name; but Nolan was no longer George's, for that matter. He was not sure about this business of extradition. He saw a name, sounding of no nationality, on a signboard the day before he met Molly so that the play's director, introducing them, said, "This is George Brent. Signed on yesterday."

With the strange sound of it in his ears, George said to her, "You're why I signed. I was hoping they'd give me a part that would call for a bit of love-making between us, in the last act—or any act."

Her eyes did not waver. They were the young eyes of 1922, fearless, questioning. "I'll see it's written into the script," she told him.

He married her for various reasons. Because he was nineteen. Because she was beautiful and he wanted her. Because life, so nearly taken from him, was now inexpressibly precious and love a part of it. Because something important must be substituted for the excitement to which his spirit was attuned. Because the winter was past and the spring like no spring he had ever seen, or felt, or smelled.

It lasted a month—the spring and his marriage—and both were a section of that period in his life when adjustment, not only to being alive but to being seriously adult, was a hectic thing. There was that first night on the stage, when he forgot his lines and the leading man, exiting, said to him for the benefit of the audience, "I leave you to your reveries!" And his subsequent change to another stock company, where he was relatively good but the play was not; so that once again the young man walked Broadway in a brand new suit that fitted too well because the pockets were flat. . . .

Love had been sudden, overwhelming, the result of a certain oblique inclination. When it was over—and it was over when the first drunkenness of his freedom had passed—the young man and his wife discussed what they

had done coldly, detachedly. The answer was obvious. They stood in Central Park, for their farewell. George pointed at two swans haggling noisily over a piece of bread by the pond's edge.

"See what we'll escape?" he said.

She was strong, too, with a fine chin-held-high air. "Yes. It's been—great fun."

"More than that." He meant to say more but a curious constriction in his throat refused the words. Awkwardly he took her hand in both of his, watching her eyes. They were brown and large, magnified by a film of tears.

She turned suddenly and walked away down the path, her four-inch heels struck sharp final sounds in the gravel.

CLIMAX, such as first love, has its necessary anticlimax; George's began at once, and lasted almost three years, and consisted of passing months empty of emotion, of excitement. Broadway was indifferent to him, but his persistence lasted in each case as long as his funds did. Then there was always another stock company, another outskirts show. Until the afternoon came when his manager called him to say, "I've got something nice for you, George. It'll bring you in a nice mess of mazuma, too."

George clutched the phone eagerly. "Yeah?"

"It's a road show of 'Abie's Irish Rose.'"

After a moment's silence George said, "What am I supposed to be? The rose?"

"Hell, no. You're Abie."

George laughed patiently. "That's very funny. Now that we've settled that a black Irishman with the brogue of the Sod on his tongue would do very well for a Jewish gentleman. . . ."

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 83 with these correct ones:

1. Jeanette MacDonald
2. Luise Rainer
3. Cesar Romero
4. Bobs Watson
5. William S. Hart
6. Myrna Loy
7. Walter Damrosch
8. George Raft, Walter Pidgeon, Lew Ayres
9. Anne Shirley
10. Barbara O'Neil
11. Thomas Mitchell
12. Shirley Ross
13. Mary Boland
14. Sandra Lee Henville (Baby boy rôle in "East Side of Heaven")
15. Sally Eilers to Harry Joe Brown, Virginia Bruce to J. Walter Ruben
16. Charles Martin, writer
17. Mickey Rooney
18. Mary Pickford to Buddy Rogers
19. Constance Bennett to Marquis de la Falaise; Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. to Lady Sylvia Ashley
20. Margaret Lindsay

"I'm not kidding," the agent interrupted.

And he was not, it appeared. "Don't be a dope," George told him, and hung up. Ten minutes later, when the phone rang again, he picked it up and said, "Hello. Yeah. I was just going to ring you back. I'll play Abie, as a test. Abie's supposed to be five, seven and sound like a Bronx tailor. I'm six, one and you know what I sound like. If I can get away with this I'm an actor. A real actor."

He got away with it for over a year in hundreds of barns and opera houses and churches, in hundreds of big cities and minor villages in every state of the Middle West; and it was the beginning of things, as he had known it would be. He escaped by five minutes, with the rest of the company, a spring flood in the Mississippi Valley and went barnstorming back across New England and to New York, where he checked on his bank account and found it plump; and on the year, which was 1925, and found it buzzing with prosperity, with the fever of enterprise. Responsive, young George rented an expensive theater in Pawtucket, hired some actors and invited the population to come and be entertained.

Pawtucket's grim textile-worker citizenry read his playbills, spat thoughtfully through its collective teeth and went quietly home to listen in at the new crystal set. Just as quietly, George went home to New York with the \$1.47 he had left in the world. He was twenty-one.

He saw the rest of the decade through at a dead run; another flier at owning a company—this time in Florida, where the rent was low and the townspeople's enthusiasm for drama encouragingly high, so that he made a few hundred dollars on the deal; a chance in a Broadway play, "The 'K' Guy," at long last, except it flopped; seventeen plays in a row at Elitch's Gardens in Denver; and, finally, Broadway once more. . . .

The time in his memory is a confusion, as those years are now to so many people. There were occasional unimportant loves, a few good-bys without bitterness or regret. There was the infusion, as was inevitable, in his young mind of such sophistication as no man hath except he be an actor graduated from that period in time, and from that experience.

NINETEEN-THIRTY brought him, almost simultaneously, his greatest success and his greatest failure. The first was the lead opposite Alice Brady in a sprightly play called "Love, Honor and Betray," which made a great deal of money and in which he fed cues to a struggling unknown named Clark Gable and in which he gave (thought George complacently) the finest performance of his career.

The second. . . .

He could observe what happened to him then with detachment, with understanding, only after several years had gone miserably by and, on a particular evening, he found the impulse to explain it to the charming young lady who sat opposite him at a Coconut Grove table. "Can you imagine such a thing?" he asked her. He watched her slim lovely hands draw circles on the tablecloth with the end of a match. "A dirty break like that, I mean. You see, this agent had just come back from Hollywood and told me if I'd get right



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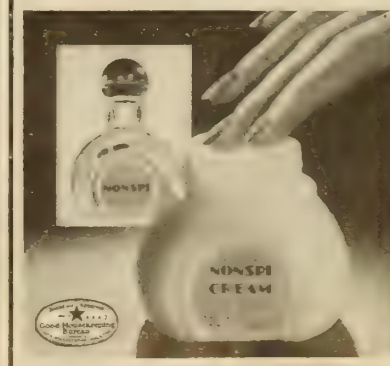
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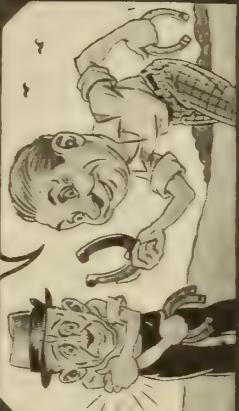
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out there I could have the lead in 'The Man Who Came Back.' And, hell, I didn't even think of flying. When I arrived in all my grandeur, Charlie Farrell was already in my rôle."

Her voice was low and even, frankly curious. "Then what did you do?"

"I knocked around town trying to get a job, of course. And all the time Warners' New York office hunting for me to make a test with Bette Davis! The studios didn't want me, so I tore back to New York too late for the Warners' test and too late for a decent spot in a play. It went on like that, for years."

"But you did get in pictures for a while?"

"Oh, sure," he grinned at her. "I was a stooge for Rin Tin Tin in a lot of Westerns and I made a Charlie Chan or two and 'Foolish Wives.'"

George was silent for a moment. "After that the worst thing happened," he said simply. "I went blind."

"God," murmured the girl.

"I went East for an operation on my eyes and my sister put me up during the months it took to get well. For a while I didn't know . . . a thing like that does something to you. Not being able to tell whether you'll ever see again, for weeks and months, and the future making faces at you out of the darkness . . . When it turned out all right I didn't care much about anything else. I was broke, though—and you know the spot Broadway was in. So I barged on out here to Hollywood again."

She had used the match to light a cigarette and now traced her circles in black. She seemed very intent. "That was about the time Warners called for the 'Rich Are Always With Us' test, hmmm?"

George sat back in his chair, smiling. "Yes. And the next night Ruth Chatterton saw it, and approved—"

"She approved, all right." The girl was smiling, too. "Do you know what she said? She said, 'Where has he been all my life?' And I'll bet she really wanted to know."

He was leaning forward, suddenly, and his hand had captured hers. A little to their left on the stand one of Arnheim's entertainers, a young fellow named Bing Crosby, stepped up to the mike and began to sing, but the two at the table did not notice. "Now you know," George said softly.

"And now you want your answer." Her eyes came up to meet his at last. "Silly," she chuckled. "I think I made up my mind to marry you the moment I saw that test."

He said nothing for a moment. Then, in a voice that crowed above Bing's ineffable crooning, he said to the waiter, "More champagne! Miss Chatterton's glass is empty!"

SHE turned out to have a flair for living, possessing limitless physical vitality, motivated by a clear mind attuned to the present and to humor; she was interested in things, as he was: in flying, in work, in people, in travel. And when crises came she stood beside him, as ready and as cool and as capable as he. There was the time they went off to a cabin in the hills behind Arrowhead, intent on an idyllic week end, and the call to return for retakes came simultaneously with a sudden blizzard.

George eyed her, as the snow swirled outside. "Snowbound?" he asked.

Her eyes were fixed on two old pairs of snowshoes, hung decoratively against the wall. "Not on your life!" she said; and an hour later they were flopping along through the shrill white storm, side by side. Furthermore, they were at the studio on time.

They managed to get in a magnificent trip to Europe before the inevitable

happened. They might have known . . . Their individual personalities were each too dominant, too forceful; both were fighting people hurtling through life after some far, invisible goal and, if their paths were parallel for a time, that was simply fabulous luck for them both. It was just unfortunate for George that his separation and divorce from the woman he still loved—essentially—had to come at a time when he was in disagreement with his studio.

"The Rich Are Always With Us" had made him a bright new Hollywood star. He had made other pictures, just as good, just as successful. His fan mail was mushrooming. Even so, he probably would have buried his viewpoint about his contract in reserve had not his personal world dissolved around him. It was too much. It made him sore; and when the explosion was over, George's fists were bruised, as was his career, from beating against the invincible, too-mighty studio walls.

He shut his mouth into a grim line, bought a bachelor's house at Toluca Lake (he was in a mood for irony, and Charlie Farrell's place was for sale), got himself a plane and went barrelling up into the clouds where there was room for his wrath. It was in that plane, with the wind whipping at his face and cold still emptiness about him—there, free from influences—that he faced the person he knew as George Brent, calling back the memory of a boy, restless and strangely excited, at his grandfather's knee, of a youth running through an Irish fog while machine guns sputtered behind him, of a man in love and incapable of adjusting to love. The boy, the youth, the man spoke as one: "Go away. Pack your clothes and catch a freighter bound for China, or Chile, or Bagdad—let come what will, as you once did, meet it as it comes, feel again the shock-thrill of danger. . . ." But he was no longer, he realized suddenly, intrinsic in any of these three people he had been; a new urge, unwanted, repulsed, but inexorably stronger than any he had known, insisted on courage. Acceptance of circumstance, a struggle to death with circumstance, with hard work as his weapon—and eventual triumph: "You must do this." And that voice did not persuade, did not bargain.

When at last he turned the ship back and set it down at the airport he knew

what he would do. And he did it without melodrama.

Wherefore, today, his is a brighter victory. It has been a hectic fight, these last years. Typical of him as the man he is, the battle has been spectacular, with sporadic high lights. There was the Garbo engagement, which he won; he fell in love with her but he survived her, which was a special triumph because she might have hurt him very deeply.

There was the Constance Worth episode, which he lost. There was something reminiscent about an earlier romantic encounter in that, and some held-over dynamite must have exploded in him. They married, they changed their minds, she sued him, they arranged a settlement. And the thing was over.

There is the Bette Davis encounter—it may be called that, merely, unless Hollywood is wrong and George is sincere and once again he takes a chance with marriage. They are a decorative couple, speaking in relative terms of intelligence and appearance and tastes; but they cannot be sure, since if they were they would announce their love. They are both honest people.

BUT what went before, somehow, was not really important. His career was the first factor in his adjustment and steadily in the next years he built it, through the Garbo pictures and through minor comedies and program fillers, to the fine pinnacle of "Jezebel" and "Dark Victory" and "The Rains Came."

In the process he made of himself an American gentleman in every sense of the word, so that at thirty-five he is a man of the world, clean-cut, evolved. His reserve, which is inherent, gives him mystery; the way he lives, apart and without ostentation, adds to it; but there is only one essentially mysterious thing about George Brent. It is that he is still alive, after the things he has done.

Perhaps, after all, there is something in this banshee business. As an example—that last plane of his crashed the day after he sold it, killing the new owner. But he is injured now to living; he has found the measure of his own strength.

And Old John McInnis would have banged his shillalah against the nearest fence, in pride and pleasure.

LAST-MINUTE REVIEWS

★ ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS—Columbia

EVEN if you think you don't like aviation pictures, you'll get a thrill out of this. There's an added thrill, too, in witnessing the magnificent performance of Richard Barthelmess as an embittered pilot who gets one last chance to prove his manhood flying old crates (one loaded with nitroglycerine—which gives you some idea!) for a banana republic airport managed by hard-boiled Cary Grant. It's Dick's picture, both in plot and acting, though Grant

and Jean Arthur are as ingratiating as ever, carrying on a cockeyed romance. With exciting photography, a suspenseful story, dialogue packed with humor, and great work from every player—notably Thomas Mitchell, Sig Rumann and lovely Rita Hayworth, the latter splendidly sincere as Dick's wife—what more could one ask?

Best Performance: Richard Barthelmess.

HOTEL IMPERIAL—Paramount

CONDOLENCES to Isa Miranda, making her American bow in this weak war melodrama. When the Russians arrive as paying guests at Hotel Imperial in disputed territory, Miss Miranda, *femme fatale*, and Ray Milland, Austrian offi-

cer, must carry on as hotel chambermaid and waiter. There's an attempt at suspense, but somehow you know handsome Mr. Milland will win over his enemies, J. Carrol Naish and Reginald Owen. Better luck next time, Isa.

Miracle Men at Work—To Make You Lovelier

(Continued from page 28)

the cheekbones so the jaw and chin are narrow. And the chin, likely enough, is pointed. Priscilla Lane has an inverted triangle face. If you have this type of contour proceed as follows:

1. Keep your eyebrows natural looking. Don't have them too thin. And start them above the inside corner of your eyes.

2. Get your rouge on the highest point of your cheekbones. Carry it well up toward the temple and bring it down, very lightly, to the jawline.

3. A little arch to the mouth! But don't widen the corners. Keep soft curves in the indentation of your upper lip. Above everything else, your mouth must not look square.

The Diamond Face: If, like Claudette Colbert, you have great width through your cheekbones, a quite narrow forehead, and a pointed chin you're the diamond type.

1. Do not extend the eyebrows too far toward the temple.

2. Many of the diamond type have a marked concave about the eyes. If this is true with you, use little shadow and blend it very delicately.

3. Your rouge should be placed on the highest point of your cheekbone and blended up to the receding concave of your temple and down to the receding concave of your cheek.

4. Don't allow your rouge to fall into the cheek hollow.

5. Use your lipstick so your mouth will be neither too full nor too narrow.

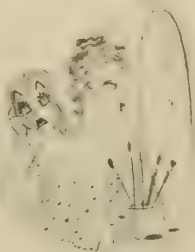
6. Use a lighter foundation cream on your forehead and chin than you use on the rest of your face.

WHATEVER your type, before you begin to make up, you'll see that every bit of your old make-up is removed. Skin tonic or astringent comes first. Pat it on your face and neck with firmness. Stimulate circulation. Then comes the foundation cream, the powder base. Get this on evenly and lightly. Eye shadow, if you use it, next. Then your powder. Don't rub powder on your face; pat it on. And be generous and firm about it. Use a powder brush to remove all surplus powder and make sure not one

smitch of it is left about your hairline. Eyebrow pencil. Mascara—and do your upper lashes first, always. And last of all, your mouth. Leave enough time to get the lip salve on smoothly.

WAKE UP, ALL YOU SLEEPING BEAUTIES

1. We call your attention to the masks of Comedy and Tragedy. In the first, the lines go up. In the second, the lines go down. Lines that go up give a pleasant expression. Lines that go down make you look disgruntled and sour. As you grow older the lines of



The masks of Comedy and Tragedy

your face will naturally go down. Watch your eyebrows, your eyelashes and your lips. Be ready to counteract any downward trend, with a flip of your make-up stick. (Perc Westmore)

2. A powder base is a vital part of make-up. There are oily secretions between the eyes and at the sides of the nostrils and the mouth. These secretions discolor your powder and the shadow this discoloration adds to your face simultaneously adds years to your appearance. (Perc Westmore)

3. Heavy make-up will make you look artificial and cheap. It's heavy make-up we use to coarsen the appearance of any actress. (Perc Westmore)

4. You have three moving parts to your face. (a) Your mouth. (b) Your eyes. (c) Your eyebrows. With these you express your personality, so emphasize the best of them. You know which is best. If you don't, let that

unfailing good friend, your mirror, tell you. (Mel Berns)

5. If a man has ink on his shirt front, it is the first thing you see. Because



Don't use too heavy make-up

it is the unusual thing about him. The same rule applies when you overdo your eye shadow, your rouge, or your lip salve. Avoid overdoing any detail of your make-up. Ordinarily! But if you have a mouth that's bad, forget this advice. Go ahead and emphasize your eyes, even to the point of overdoing them. Make them the focal point of your face and thus detract attention from your mouth. And vice versa. (Jack Dawn)

6. Discover the colors you should have in your cosmetic palette by experimenting, by asking the advice and honest opinion of those who love you, and by consulting with the experts which more and more shops are placing behind their cosmetic counters. (Wally Westmore)

Next month the Hollywood hairdressers tell you what they know—and you'll be richer for hearing it. For instance, they will tell you how to choose, unerringly, the right coiffure for your type—whatever the mode. When you've read what they have to say, put it into practice, then take a good long look in your mirror—well, you'll agree that they're wizards, too. Watch for their expert opinions in August Photoplay.

Photoplay's Own Beauty Shop

(Continued from page 6)

overshadowing Olivia's own individuality.

Mary Mason is the rising young star who plays the part of *Nancy Chandler* in the radio sketches. Three movie companies are bidding for her talents, so you will probably see her soon in pictures—standing and walking according to *Dr. Susan's* precepts, and fully displaying her own natural charms.

HELPFUL HINTS—If you find yourself so busy and occupied with one thing or another all day long, that you can hardly find time to powder your nose, much less renew your lipstick, take Sonja Henie's advice on how to keep your lipstick on. Sonja says she always powders her lips before she applies the lipstick because the rouge then stays on twice as long. To set it even more, try using the most indelible lipstick you can find in a definitely light shade. Then, over that, use your regular stick in the shade you prefer. Sonja says that if you follow this pro-

cedure "no matter what you go through during the day some color will be left."

Marjorie Weaver recommends a homemade facial for those of you with a slightly oily skin, to use about once a week as a supplement to your regular routine.

"Beat up an egg," is Marjorie's recipe, "until it is foamy and add powdered magnesium until it makes a paste that can be applied to the face with the fingertips. Relax, read or sleep during the half hour it is drying. When thoroughly dry wash it off in cold water and your skin will have a lovely tingling glow, while your pores will be purged of all impurities."

Marie Wilson is one of those lucky persons who always looks fresh and cool on the hottest summer day.

At stated intervals during the day she bathes her forehead, wrists and throat with ice-cold water into which has been dropped a dash of her favorite cologne. She wears nothing but tubbable dresses because they look so

cool and fresh and she drinks lots of cool water and eats no heavy food.

Geraldine Fitzgerald believes in pencils for achieving the perfect make-up and has them in various colors. She outlines her lips with a red lipstick pencil and uses a white one to moisten and run under her nail tips. When she wears blue in the evening, Geraldine uses a blue pencil to draw a short line at the outer edges of her eyes, which makes them look longer and accents the color of her eyes. She has a green pencil for green clothes and a purple one for violet ensembles. The line must be smudged a trifle so that it looks like a faint shadow.

Gale Page, appearing in "A Family Affair," brushes her eyelashes with warmed castor oil to stimulate their growth and to keep them soft so they won't break. At night, when she uses mascara, she dusts her lashes with powder after oiling them, which enables the mascara to go on more smoothly. It makes your lashes look heavier, too.

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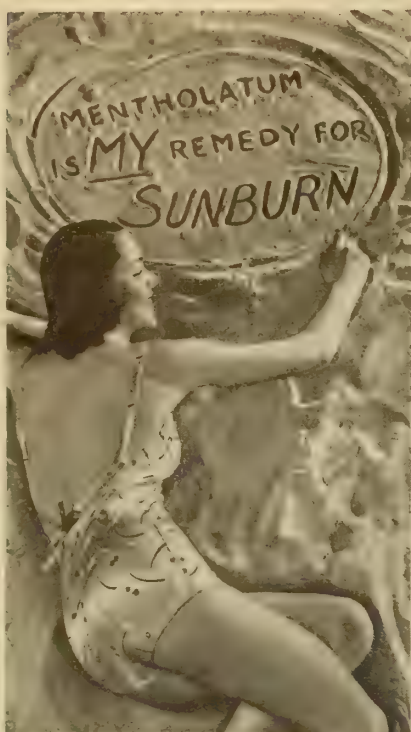


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LOS ANGELES

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 63)



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★ CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI SPY—Warners

WITH warning to all and apology to none, Warner Brothers step out of the entertainment and into the enlightenment field with "Confessions of a Nazi Spy." It is a bold step.

Its purpose is to prove that Nazism is not confined to a large or small area of the European continent, but is spreading tentacles throughout the world, particularly in the United States. It dramatizes the Nazi method of approach upon American soil, its premise, the fact that any citizen's allegiance is where his heart is, and often—too often—his heart is in the Fatherland. Simply, the piece is propaganda with no pretense of being anything else.

Edward G. Robinson is advertised as the star. His rôle of G-Man is well enacted but throughout he is merely Edward G. Robinson, doing a splendid job with a splendid rôle. The real star is Paul Lukas, in the guise of a celebrated doctor, who leads the Nazi forces in the United States. Francis Lederer, as the none-too-bright egocentric spy, gives a really memorable performance. Dorothy Tree is also to be commended.

★ UNION PACIFIC—Paramount

GOOD old Cecil DeMille! This intelligent die-hard makes us a present of a movie in the old tradition, melodramatic and breath-taking and altogether wonderful. You will die a thousand deaths, howl as hundreds of redskins bite the dust and grunt with each swing of each hammer as the spikes are driven home and the track stretches on toward Ogden. This is a 1939 version of "The Iron Horse," using the story of the Union Pacific from the time Abe Lincoln decided to sponsor it until the gold nail united that company's rails with those of the Central Pacific. Profiteers try to delay the building of the road by sending along a pleasure concession to keep the workers drunk and lazy; the company retaliates by hiring ex-soldier Captain Joel McCrea to do the trouble shooting for them. He's prodigious at the job, even if one of the gamblers is an old buddy of his. New Robert Preston plays the pal who has gone wrong and is excellent. Both Preston and McCrea fall in love with Barbara Stanwyck, Irish postmistress of the road. The whole picture is a succession of lusty brawls, suspenseful escapes from death, train holdups, fights with Indians, locomotives crashing over embankments and what all. The romance is honest-to-God love, complete with sacrifice, misunderstandings and sex. Lynne Overman and Akim Tamiroff are swell as Joel's two bodyguards, with Overman especially funny. Brian Donlevy makes a good heavy.

SORORITY HOUSE—RKO-Radio

YOU couldn't call this a really big picture, but it's got a sizable social message in it, particularly to young high-school girls who intend to go to college. That business of being rushed by a sorority or standing miserably by while other gals get the bid is no light problem; and, in this, it is Anne Shirley who shows you how to take whatever comes. She's a daughter of a small-town grocer and sending her to the university means a lot to him. She's a friendly miss and when she bangs up against the cut-and-dried organizations system at school she has to make a choice. Naturally, she goes for the best sorority when it asks

her to join. It could not have been an accidental piece of business on the studio's part, this rather brutal picture of the house full of girls, of their snobberies and small ambitions. The part of the piece which hurts is offered in the supplementary story of Anne's friend, Adele Pearce, who is forced to remain non-org, and thus is shunned. Oh yes, Anne makes the number one big-man-on-campus, Jimmy Ellison.

THE HARDYS RIDE HIGH—M-G-M

MICKEY ROONEY, Lewis Stone and the other lovable members of the Hardy family, along with the director, have got that swell money-making Hardy series right down to formula now. The variance in excellence is too small to bother with and we can only remark that this installment, in which the family almost get two million dollars, is in the groove. The whole bunch flies off to Detroit to claim the money and while the claim is being tested, go berserk en masse in their several ways. Mickey has a run-in with a chorus dancer and you'll get a howl out of the way he makes his escape. Mousy old Aunt Milly, played by Sara Haden, gussies herself up and gets her man, and the others, both cast and situations, are typical of the Hardy tradition. Good new addition: Virginia Grey, as the Temptress.

STREETS OF NEW YORK—Monogram

EVEN Jackie Cooper, veteran at causing you to cry, can't make of this anything more than a routine, sentimental story of an underprivileged kid's regeneration. The moral is apparent; live a clean life, help your neighbor, be strong. Jackie heads a gang of paper boys, goes straight even if his brother doesn't and takes care of a little cripple. Dick Purcell is the brother and Marjorie Reynolds lends the feminine touch.

BIG TOWN CZAR—Universal

HERE we have more gangsters, more tenement kids turning into criminals, more proof that crime does not pay. Barton MacLane, having come out of the slums, gets ambitious and tries to reach the top of the gangster business. Things don't go well and he gets his punishment, you bet. Tom Brown plays his younger brother and Eve Arden has been inserted for purposes of romance.

THE RETURN OF THE CISCO KID—20th Century-Fox

REMEMBER the Cisco Kid, that sort of Mexican Robin Hood with the accent and all? Here he is again, and welcome; there's not much story this time but a great deal of shooting and robbing and hard riding. Cesar Romero plays the Kid's lieutenant and is wonderfully mean, especially when a chance comes to kill somebody. Henry Hull and Lynn Bari have minor rôles; Warner Baxter, of course, plays the Cisco Kid and is believable and charming.

THREE WALTZES—Vedis Films

AS effervescent as champagne and as unreal as the dreamy Strauss (Johann) and Straus (Oscar) music which high lights three romances, ranging from the court of Louis Napoleon to a modern film studio, this French picture provides a field day for Yvonne Printemps, who sings like a lark, and Pierre Fresnay, whose dramatic abilities don't get much chance. You'll probably like its naïve

Gallic naughtiness, even if you don't understand French (English subtitles).

LUCKY NIGHT—M-G-M

IT was understood—Hollywood all but promised—that the mad-mad-fun stories were out, once and for all. It just goes to show how far you can trust that town. Here's the works again, and it is a picture with a galloping case of whimsy; furthermore, Myrna Loy and Robert Taylor are stuck with the leads. She's a rich girl with no idea of what she wants, goes out on her own to try for a job, isn't successful, meets Taylor on a park bench. Here, then, is where it starts—good and early. Taylor sweeps her off her feet, they swipe a tip off a counter, hit a jack pot. They gamble a little more, win a car, borrow some money, drink too much and are married. Taylor gets a job, and they get an apartment, Myrna gets a Little-Woman-In-the-Home complex and they both get bored. No more mad fun. But don't relax; it starts up all over again.

Frankly, this reviewer's attitude about the whole thing is more plaintive than angry; we keep wanting to cuddle the dialogue to our chest, like a fluffy white bunny.

BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S SECRET POLICE—Paramount

ASCHOOLBOY'S nightmare, after listening to Gangbusters at night, must be something like this picture. There is mellerdrammer beyond belief; there are horror chambers; there's even a treasure. John Howard is still playing Drummond, and he is still doing it well, but even that pleasant character can't make such a yarn acceptable to modern audiences. Heather Angel, H. B. Warner, Reginald Denny and others struggle valiantly, too.

CALLING DR. KILDARE—M-G-M

THIS series has its big following and you may expect to see the same cast as always, with Lew Ayres doing well as young Dr. Kildare. This time he must choose between operating on a man wanted for murder, or letting the fellow die because of principle. His decision gives him a chance to fall in love with the patient's sister, Lana Turner, and, for a time, it looks as if he would marry her and thus end the series. Lionel Barrymore is the old surgeon who steps in when things look black.

THE NIGHT RIDERS—Republic

THE best of the excellent Three Mesquiteers series, this novel Western presents the trio fighting the perpetrators of a fraudulent land grab in the early '80s. John Wayne again stands out as the leader of the Mesquiteers, with Ray Corrigan and Max Terhune supporting him in his Robin Hoodish career. It's an absorbing and exciting Western that you'll all enjoy.

BACK DOOR TO HEAVEN—Paramount

PERSISTENTLY pessimistic in tone, this social message on celluloid starts in a folksy way. It wants to prove that a little misdeed in childhood can lead to eventual degradation, with Wallace Ford the victim of the thesis. He works very hard at it. Patricia Ellis plays his old school friend, who helps him out when finally he is brought to trial for murder. Aline McMahon, Stuart Erwin and a lot of children help.

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 4)

FISHERMAN'S WHARF—Principal-RKO-Radio

Less saccharine than its predecessors, this allows Bobby Breen (yes, he's an orphan) to live with Leo Carrillo and Henry Armetta and fuss around with fish and a fishy Italian accent. He sings a few songs in the usual manner. (April)

FLYING IRISHMAN, THE—RKO-Radio

A somewhat romanticized screen treatment of the trials and final triumph in the life of Doug Corrigan, this doesn't pretend to be anything but a sincere story, nor does the principal try to be anything but a simple flyer. Therefore, the film is in good taste and a nice hour of entertainment. You will hardly be surprised to learn that he really did intend to fly—to Ireland! (May)

FOUR GIRLS IN WHITE—M-G-M

This has a message—a message to the medicos to stop trying to make so much dough and start worrying about the health of the patient. Florence Rice is cute as the hard-boiled nurse out for a rich husband; Alan Marshal does well as the idealistic surgeon. Una Merkel, Mary Howard and Ann Rutherford are the three other gals. (April)

*GUNGA DIN—RKO-Radio

Adapted from Kipling's barrack-room ballad glorifying the brave water carrier, this exciting drama shows the British in India up to their old tricks of policing the natives. Cary Grant (boy, is he good), Doug Fairbanks, Jr. and Victor McLaglen are the swashbuckling heroes; Sam Jaffe, the courageous Gunga Din. Two hours packed with spectacular thrills. (April)

*HONOLULU—M-G-M

The studio intended this extravagant musical to be Eleanor Powell's picture, but somehow Gracie Allen appropriated it. The plot revolves around a screen star's (Bob Young) attempt to have a tropical vacation incognito. Miss Allen's irrepressible humor and Miss Powell's expert hoofing will keep you amused. (April)

HOUD OF THE BASKERVILLES, THE—20th Century-Fox

There is disappointment in this Conan Doyle crime puzzle, in which everyone lives under the shadow of an old legend. It drags at the beginning, works up to good suspense and then comes to climax without letting us in on *Sherlock Holmes*'s methods. Basil Rathbone is a bored *Sherlock Holmes*; Nigel Bruce, *Watson*. Richard Greene and Wendy Barrie supply romance. (June)

*ICE FOLLIES OF 1939, THE—M-G-M

Metro steers into the ice field with this Gargantuan frozen follies, using as background the ice troupe that successfully followed Sonja Henie around America. The plot has Joan Crawford loving Jimmie Stewart, marrying him, leaving him, coming back to him. Lew Ayres is good as the bitter partner of Stewart. (May)

*IDIOT'S DELIGHT—M-G-M

An effective screen treatment of the Lunt-Fontanne play. Clark Gable is a vaudeville ham; Norma Shearer, a phony Russian countess traveling with Edward Arnold, a munitions maker. Add assorted characters, put them in an Alpine hotel when the next war breaks out and you have drama in fantastic proportions. Salute! Hollywood grows up. (April)

I'M FROM MISSOURI—Paramount

You may not care if the Missouri mule is replaced by the tractor but Bob Burns does and goes to England in defense of the animal. Gladys George plays Bob's wife. Bill Henry and Gene Lockhart do good jobs in small roles. Full of Burns' homely humor. (June)

I WAS A CONVICT—Republic

Really, the publicity that convicts have been getting from Hollywood lately! This particular bit will put you in a stupor. Barton MacLane, Beverly Roberts, Clarence Kolb and Horace MacMahon are the main ones in the cast and they're so bored with what they have to do. (May)

KID FROM TEXAS, THE—M-G-M

A trite story keeps this from A rating, although its cast and performances are excellent. It's about a cowhand who wants to play polo, gets his chance, but ends up in a rodeo. Dennis O'Keefe, the cowhand who falls in love with Florence Rice, deserves a better assignment. Buddy Ebsen gets the laughs. (June)

KING OF CHINATOWN—Paramount

There's plenty of action and a lot of mystery in this chilling mellerdrammer, wherein Akim Tamiroff is the King of Chinatown and Anna May Wong, a doctor trying to get money for Chinese war refugees. Akim takes a beating throughout. (June)

KING OF THE TURF—Small-United Artists

The long arm of coincidence is practically pulled out of its socket in this race-track tale. Adolphe Menjou, cast as a bum, is regenerated by a runaway boy. The boy has a mother, Dolores Costello. Menjou has an ex-wife. Who? Dolores Costello. We can't stand surprises. (April)

LADY AND THE MOB, THE—Columbia

Academy Winner Fay Bainter brings a light but dignified touch to this semihumorous story of a rich eccentric who runs a mob of racketeers out of town by hiring her own plug uglies and practically manning their machine guns herself. Lee Bowman as Miss Bainter's son, and Ida Lupino furnish a light romance. (May)

LADY VANISHES, THE—Gaumont-British

Alfred Hitchcock, the great English director, here gives you his best, a stirring story of spies, bloodshed and, of course, loo-v-el. All action takes place

on a transcontinental express, and the cast, Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave and others are splendid. Will suit the most cynical of "guess-who" fans.

*LADY'S FROM KENTUCKY, THE—Paramount

"Kentucky" was responsible for this cycle of prop bluegrass, Southern accents and blooded stock. George Raft is the dam' Yankee who makes short work of a little Kentucky gal's prejudices. Ellen Drew is the attractive Southern belle. Hugh Herbert and ZaSu Pitts carry the comedy. This has some swell races and plenty of action. (June)

*LET FREEDOM RING—M-G-M

This is the movie in which Nelson Eddy has a fist fight with Victor McLaglen. He also sings to Virginia Bruce (not J. MacDonald). As the hero rancher who persuades the railroads to give back stolen property, naturally Nelson wins over Victor; he wins Virginia, too. You will like this blend of action, drama and music. (April)

LET US LIVE—Columbia

Based on a case in the daily papers some years ago, this is an indictment of some phases of our legal setup, the implication being that justice wins over injustice by the grace of Providence and nothing else. Henry Fonda is the innocent bystander, identified by hysterical witnesses as a murderer and sent to the death house. Maureen O'Sullivan is the girl who sees him through all the trouble. Very interesting. (May)

*LITTLE PRINCESS, THE—20th Century-Fox

Shirley Temple's boss has said this was the best picture he ever made. The charming story is that of a soldier's daughter in a swank school, treated well until news comes of his death, when she is relegated to the scullery. Shirley is perfect, the Technicolor throughout superb and the cast, Richard Greene, Anita Louise, Ian Hunter, Mary Nash, Sybil Jason, Arthur Treacher, Cesar Romero and others, are in top form. (May)

LONE WOLF SPY HUNT, THE—Columbia

Spies are in vogue just now, so here is Warren William again (as the *Lone Wolf*) catching up on his espionage in Washington. Ralph Morgan is the menace, Ida Lupino the sex appeal and Virginia Weidler just tags along. Will not win friends or influence people. (April)

*LOVE AFFAIR—RKO-Radio

A delicately wrought love story, with several fragrant episodes, plenty of comedy and much pathos. It begins aboard ship when playboy Charles Boyer falls in love with ex-cape singer, Irene Dunne; crystallizes in Madiera when they visit Boyer's aged grandmother, Maria Ouspenskaya; has a temporary set-back when Irene is crippled by an automobile accident and Boyer thinks he's jilted. A picture you won't forget. (June)

*MADE FOR EACH OTHER—Selznick-United Artists

This vital, modern love story will appeal to most adults, but especially to "young marrieds" whose problems, miseries and happiness are portrayed with understanding and humor by Carole Lombard and Jimmie Stewart. The cast, production and direction are Hollywood's best. (April)

*MIDNIGHT—Paramount

Claudette Colbert trips along as cute as a new bunny, playing an American chorine stranded in Paris. Cab driver Don Ameche sees her plight, tries to help her, but doesn't succeed until she has let herself in for undue publicity as the foil in a divorce scandal between John Barrymore, Mary Astor (his wife) and Francis Lederer (Mary's lover). Gay and good. (May)

*MIKADO, THE—Toye-Universal

The first full-length production of a Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera, this retains the sentimentality and ironical humor of the original. Beautifully sung by the D'Oyly Carte Opera Co. (augmented nicely by Kenny Baker), this tale of the loves of the son of the Mikado of Japan in the Middle Ages should charm anybody over twenty. (April)

MY WIFE'S RELATIVES—Republic

In this hilarious episode of the Higgins family, Pa (James Gleason), Ma (Lucile Gleason) and Son (Russell Gleason) get into one homey little scrape after another but succeed in preventing a designing widow from marrying Grandpa (Harry Davenport). Unsophisticated fun. (May)

NANCY DREW—REPORTER—Warners

Bonita Granville now gets involved with a group of journalism students who outwit an editor to solve a murder case. Frankie Thomas, Jr. helps her out. Very tough on the poor murderer. (April)

*NEVER SAY DIE—Paramount

Screwup Bob Hope is very funny in this gag story wherein he is told he only has a month to live because he has hyperacidity and is digesting himself! It's all a mistake but Bob doesn't think so, nor does Martha Raye, the Texas heiress who marries him to escape being sold to a prince. Nutty but nice. (May)

OKLAHOMA KID—Warners

The redoubtable James Cagney dons boots and saddles to play a sort of Robin Hood of the sagebrush during the land fights on the Cherokee Strip in 1893. Lots of Indians, stage coaches, assorted low-life desperadoes, shooting, shouting, and suspense. Rosemary Lane, Humphrey Bogart, Donald Crisp and others make up the good cast.

*ONE THIRD OF A NATION—Paramount

Using the President's line from his second inaugural address, Dudley Murphy has made a

sermon for slum clearance that will make you want to take an axe to the first old house you see. Sylvia Sydney, Leif Erikson and Sidney Lumet are splendid, but the tenement house is the star. We suggest this is worth seeing if you are at all interested in everyday news items. (April)

PERSONS IN HIDING—Paramount

Taken from a book of crime cases by the same name written by J. Edgar Hoover, this is impressively realistic. It deals with the "get-rich-quick" aspirations of a vicious young woman by means of robberies, kidnappings and assorted peccadilloes. Patricia Morison (a newcomer) does amazingly well. (April)

PRIDE OF THE NAVY—Republic

If you have been wondering where James Dunn was keeping himself, drop in at your neighborhood theater. He's a speedboat demon kicked out of Annapolis. The Navy says all is forgiven if he will design a torpedo boat and Rochelle Hudson persuades him it is the thing to do. No great shakes. (April)

SERGEANT MADDEN—M-G-M

It's pretty tough being a good policeman and a good father, too, but Wallace Beery manages nicely. His son Alan Curtis jams things up, first as a rotten fighter, later as a disgruntled rookie cop. His doorstep daughter, Laraine Day, finally marries Curtis, but not before a good deal of shooting and sentiment on the part of Beery. (May)

SON OF FRANKENSTEIN—Universal

Success of the revival of horror pictures inspired this up-to-date chiller. Boris Karloff (the original Monster of 1931), Bela Lugosi (of "Dracula") and Basil Rathbone work together with an awesome effect of terror. Josephine Hutchinson has a small bit. Prepare for nightmares. (April)

SPIRIT OF CULVER—Universal

Jackie Cooper plays the son of a dead war hero, who is picked up from a bread line by the American Legion, sent to Culver Military Academy where he goes for the bread and butter but holds no brief for the patriotic theme "there are some things worth dying for." Roommate Freddie Bartholomew brings the dissenter to his senses. (May)

*STAGECOACH—Wanger-United Artists

Well-written, well-acted and well-directed, this delineates the adventures of nine people who meet and face treachery traveling through Indian-infested territory in 1885. One of the best characterizations of the year is that of Thomas Mitchell as the drunken doctor, but Claire Trevor, John Wayne, George Bancroft, Tim Holt and others are exceptional. Very fine. (April)

ST. LOUIS BLUES—Paramount

This Mississippi showboat story is a series of anti-climaxes holding the plot together so the performers can sing. Lloyd Nolan is the dashing captain, Dorothy Lamour is a runaway actress who refuses to wear sarongs (but she does). Four songs are delightfully rendered by Maxine Sullivan, aided by the Hall Johnson choir. (April)

*STORY OF ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL, THE—20th Century-Fox

It's no easy job to make fast-moving, emotional entertainment of a technician's life, but Mr. Zanuck tried it with edifying success. Don Ameche plays Bell, whose love for his lovely wife (Loretta Young) and his interest in deaf-mutes leads to his invention of the telephone. It's a superlative production, with perfect support by such troupers as Henry Fonda, Elizabeth Patterson and Charles Coburn. (June)

*STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE, THE—RKO-Radio

This is a sweet picture that will have enormous appeal. It's the true story of those glamorous dancers of the pre-war days—Vernon and Irene Castle—their life and love together until Vernon's plane crash during the war. It has the inimitable Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire playing the Castles, recreating their dances—and it sparkles like polished crystal. (June)

SOCIETY LAWYER—M-G-M

This was called "Penthouse" in 1933 and starred Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy. Now, Walter Pidgeon makes love to Virginia Bruce. Pidgeon, a lawyer, is first in love with Frances Mercer, but this cools when he disgraces himself by saving gangster Leo Carrillo. Miss Bruce looks beautiful and Pidgeon is suave. (June)

SUDDEN MONEY—Paramount

Don't go out of your way to catch this little number. It deals with a family who wins a sweepstakes and goes berserk. Charles Ruggles, Marjorie Rambeau, Broderick Crawford, Billy Lee and Evelyn Keyes do their part. (June)

*TAIL SPIN—20th Century-Fox

Alice Faye, Connie Bennett, Nancy Kelly and Joan Davis show you the perils and sacrifices of competition in women's air derbies. There are assorted love stories, but see this for the novelty and speed thrills. (April)

THEY MADE HER A SPY—RKO-Radio

Hollywood is hepped up over the spy scares—result: Sally Eiler's brother invents a new shell and is killed; she becomes a member of a spy ring; so does reporter Allan Lane. If you think real hard you may guess the ending. (June)

*THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP—Universal

A little more grown-up, with her voice in perfect condition, Deanna Durbin pulls this sequel to her first success onto the gravy train. Nan Grey and Helen Parrish are her sisters whose love affairs Deanna tries to straighten out—but with what

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result! Surprise of the picture is Robert Cummings. Charles Winninger does a splendid bit as the father. (June)

TWELVE CROWDED HOURS—RKO-Radio

The Richard Dix of the great "Cimarron" is lost here as a news reporter who helps a pal when murder will out. The story is well-knit, but you may be sick of the newspaper-versus-murders idea. Lucille Ball is Dix's sweetie and Allan Lane also runs. (May)

★ WIFE, HUSBAND AND FRIEND—20th Century-Fox

Warner Baxter needed a good picture and he has it in this blend of comedy, burlesque and music, the plot based around a contractor whose wife (Loretta Young) has a yen to be a singer. Binnie Barnes is the opera star who finally brings matters to a dramatic climax. (May)

WINNER TAKE ALL—20th Century-Fox

Tony Martin is a singer—not yet too good an actor, but he's fine in this as the fighter whose name has been built up in fixed fights. He carries the fortunes of Henry Armetta in his gloves, as Armetta is treasurer of the "Sons of Garibaldi" and bets everything on Tony. Gloria Stuart adds a dash of sex. (May)

WITHIN THE LAW—M-G-M

It's a story of vengeance, with a good new twist in it. Ruth Hussey gets sent to prison for a crime she didn't commit. When released she sets about revenging herself by marrying Tom Neal, son of the man who sent her up. Things go awry when she falls in love with the boy. (June)

WOMAN DOCTOR—Republic

Henry Wilcoxon, Frieda Inescort and Claire Dodd worry through the tangles of love wherein Miss Inescort can't make up her mind whether her duty lies with her husband and child (Sybil Jason) or with other mothers' crippled offspring. Will suit the customers. (April)

★ WUTHERING HEIGHTS—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists

No humor has been added to this famous Bronte classic. It introduces Laurence Olivier as the out-cast loved by Merle Oberon. But when Merle's desire for jewels leads to her marriage to rich David Niven, hate rules the moors. The fine acting of Miss Oberon and Olivier, the restraint of Niven and the performances of Geraldine Fitzgerald and Flora Robson make this picture a must. (June)

★ YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER—Warners

Transferred from the stage, this is meant to be a satire on the freedom and unconventional attitudes of young females of today. Priscilla Lane is the

daughter who reacts too completely to her liberal mother's advice (Fay Bainter). Jeffrey Lynn is the bewildered young swain who thinks "woman's place is in the home." Very amusing. (April)

YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN—Universal

The new W. C. Fields-Edgar Bergen-Charlie McCarthy feature is pretty funny. There seems to be no end to the gags this trio can evolve from the circumstance of Fields playing the rôle of boss of a smalltime circus. Constance Moore, Princess Baba, Arthur Hohl, Mary Forbes and an elephant named Annie are in the cast. (May)

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH MURDER—Warners

Once again Humphrey Bogart is the icy-eyed killer; Billy Halop, his little stooge. Like all literary slum kids, Billy has a pure sister, Gale Page, in love with Harvey Stephens, falsely accused of murder. What will Warners do when they run out of U. S. prisons? (April)

ZENOBIA—Hal Roach-United Artists

In this Harry Langdon replaces Oliver Hardy's old sidekick—Stan Laurel. The main laugh gag is an ailing elephant who is cured by Doctor Hardy's pink pills. Jean Parker, James Ellison, Alice Brady and June Lang add to the merriment—or is it confusion? (June)

Casts of Current Pictures

"BACK DOOR TO HEAVEN"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by John Bright and Robert Tasker. From an original story by William K. Howard. Directed by William K. Howard. Cast: Frankie Wallace Ford; Miss Williams, Aline McMahon; Jud, Stuart Erwin; Carol, Patricia Ellis; The Mouse, Bert Frohman; John Shelley, Kent Smith; Charlie Smith, Bruce Evans; Bob Hale, George Lewis; Wallace Kishler, Doug McMullen; Mrs. Smith, Helen Christian; George Spelvin, Robert Vivian; Penitentiary Warden, Hugh Cameron; Colored Woman, Georgette Harvey.

"BIG TOWN CZAR"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Edmund L. Hartmann. Original story by Ed Sullivan. Directed by Arthur Lubin. Cast: Phil Daley, Barton MacLane; Danny Daley, Tom Brown; Susan Warren, Eve Arden; Ed Sullivan, Ed Sullivan; Sid Travis, Frank Jenks; Paul Burgess, Walter Woolf King; Mike Luger, Jack Larue; Nick, Jerry Marlowe; Chuck Hardy, Gordon Jones; Punchy, Horace McMahon.

"BLIND ALLEY"—COLUMBIA.—From the play by James Warwick. Directed by Charles Vidor. Cast: Hal Wilson, Chester Morris; Shelby, Ralph Bellamy; Linda, Joan Perry; Doris, Shelby, Rose Stradner; Agnes, Ann Doran; Fred, Stanley Brown; Dave, Scotty Beckett; Dick, John Eldridge; Buck, Marc Lawrence; Mary, Ann Dvorak; Sidney, Melville Cooper; Nick, Milburn Stone; Harriett, Marie Blake.

"BRIDAL SUITE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Samuel Hoffenstein. Story by Gottfried Reinhardt and Virginia Faulkner. Directed by William Thiele. Cast: Luise Rainer, Annabella; Neil McGill, Robert Young; Doctor Grauer, Walter Connolly; Sir Horace Bragdon, Reginald Owen; Cornelius McGill, Gene Lockhart; Lord Helder, Arthur Treacher; Mrs. McGill, Billie Burke; Abbie Bragdon, Virginia Field; Max, Felix Bressart.

"BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S SECRET POLICE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Garnett Weston. Based on "Temple Tower" by H. C. (Sapper) McNeile. Directed by James Hogan. Cast: Capt. Hugh Drummond, John Howard; Phyllis Clavering, Heather Angel; Colonel Nelson, H. B. Warner; Aunt Blanche, Elizabeth Patterson; Algy Longworth, Reginald Denny; Tenny, E. E. Clive; Horgeri Islanyani, alias Henry Seaton and Albert Boulton, Leo Carroll; Professor Downie, Forrester Harvey.

"CALLING DR. KILDARE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Harry Ruskin and Willis Goldbeck. From an original story by Max Brand. Directed by Harold S. Bucquet. Cast: Dr. James Kildare, Lew Ayres; Dr. Leonard Gillespie, Lionel Barrymore; Mary Lamont, Laraine Day; Wayman, Nat Pendleton; Rosalie, Lana Turner; Dr. Stephen Kildare, Samuel S. Hinds; Alice Raymond, Lynne Carver; Mrs. Martha Kildare, Emma Dunn; Dr. Walter Carew, Walter Kingsford; Molly Byrd, Alma Kruger; James Galt, Harlan Briggs; Harry Galt, Henry Hunter; Sally, Marie Blake; Bates, Philip Terry; Joiner, Roger Converse; Collins, Donald Barry; Tom Crandell, Reed Hadley; "Nosey," Nell Craig; Nick, George Olfman; Jr.; Conover, Clinton Rosemond; "Red," Johnny Walsh.

"CAPTAIN FURY"—HAL ROACH-UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by Grover Jones, Jack Jevne and William De Mille. Directed by Hal Roach. Cast: Captain Fury, Brian Aherne; Blackie, Victor McLaglen; Francois Dupre, Paul Lukas; Jeanette Dupre, June Lang; Coughy, John Carradine; Arnold Trist, George Zucco; Preston, Douglass Dumbrille; Mabel, Virginia Field; Mergon, Charles Middleton; Governor, Lawrence Grossmith; Mr. Bailey, Lumsden Hare; Mrs. Bailey, Mary Gordon; Bob, John Warburton; Suco, Claud Allister; Bertie, Will Stanton; Governor's Aide, Edgar Norton; Tess, Bailey, Margaret Roach; Duffy, Billy Bevan; Danny Bailey, Edwin Brian.

"CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI SPY"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Milton Krims and John Wexley. Based on materials gathered by Leon G. Turrou. Cast: Ed Renard, Edward G. Robinson; Schneider, Francis Lederer; Schlager, George Sanders; Dr. Kassel, Paul Lukas; Ally, Kellogg, Henry O'Neill; Erika, Wolf; Lya Lys, Mrs. Schneider, Grace Stafford; Scotland Yard Man, James Stephenson; Kroegman, Sig Ruman; Phillips, Fred Tozere; Hilda, Dorothy Tree; Mrs. Kassel, Celia Sibelius; Renz, Joe Sawyer; Hintze, Lionel Royce; Wilderbrandt, Hans von Tivardowsky; Helldorf, Henry Victor; Captain Richter, Frederick Vogeding; Klauber, George Rosener; Straubel, Robert Davis; Westphal, John Voigt; Gruetzgald, Willy Kaufman; Capt. Von Eichen, William Vaughn; McDonald, Jack Mower; Harrison, Robert Keane; Mrs. MacLaughlin, Ely Mal-yon; Staunton, Frank Mayo; Postman, Alec Craig;

Kassel's Nurse, Jean Brook; Krans, Lucien Prival; A Man, Niccolia Yoshikin; A Woman, Budli Rosing; Young, Charles Sherlock; U. S. District Court Judge, Frederick Burton.

"GRACIE ALLEN MURDER CASE, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Story by S. S. Van Dine. Directed by Alfred E. Green. Cast: Gracie Allen, Gracie Allen; Philo Vance, Warren William; Bill Brown, Kent Taylor; Ann, Ellen Drew; Daniel Murche, Jerome Cowan; Dixie, Judith Barrett; Markham, Donald MacBride; Lathrop, H. B. Warner; "Gloomy Gus," Horace McMahon; Sergeant Heath, William Demarest; Two Thugs, Al Shaw and Sammy Lee.

"HARDYS RIDE HIGH, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Agnes Christine Johnston, Kay Van Riper and William Ludwig. Based upon the characters created by Auranja Rouverol. Directed by George B. Seitz. Cast: Judge Hardy, Lewis Stone; Andy Hardy, Mickey Rooney; Marian Hardy, Cecilia Parker; Mrs. Hardy, Fay Holden; Polly Benedict, Ann Rutherford; Aunt Milly, Sara Haden; Consuela, Virginia Grey; Mr. Archer, Minor Watson; Philip Westcott, John King; Don Davis, John T. Murray; Dobbis, Halliwell Hobbes; Mr. Bronell, George Irving; Miss Booth, Allen Pringle; Susan Bowen, Marsha Hunt; Caleb Bowen, Donald Briggs; Dick Bannersly, William Orr; Clerk, Truman Bradley.

"INVITATION TO HAPPINESS"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Claude Binyon. Based on a story by Mark Jerome. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. Cast: Eleanor Wayne, Irene Dunne; Al "King" Cole, Fred MacMurray; Pop Hardy, Charlie Ruggles; Albert Cole, Jr., Billy Cook; Mr. Wayne, Wm. Collier, Sr.; Lola, Marion Martin.

"IT'S A WONDERFUL WORLD"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Ben Hecht. Based on an original story by Ben Hecht and Herman J. Mankiewicz. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke, II. Cast: Edwina Corday, Claudette Colbert; Guy Johnson, James Stewart; "Cap" Sireiter, Guy Kibbee; Sergeant Kores, Nat Pendleton; Vivian Tarbel, Frances Drake; Lieutenant Miller, Edgar Kennedy; Willie Heyward, Ernest Truex; Major Willoughby, Richard Carle; Dolores Gonzales, Cecilia Callejo; Al Mallon, Sidney Blackmer; "Gimpy," Andy Clyde; Captain Haggerty, Cliff Clark; Madame Chambers, Cecil Cunningham; Herman Plotka, Leonard Kibrick; Stage Manager, Hans Conried; Lupton Peabody, Grady Sutton.

"JUAREZ"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Aeneas McKenzie, John Huston and Abem Finkel. From a story by Mrs. Beritita Harding. Directed by William Dieterle. The Cast: Benito Juarez, Paul Muni; Carlotta, Bette Davis; Maximilian, Brian Aherne; Napoleon III, Claude Rains; Empress Eugenie, Gale Sondergaard; Porfirio Diaz, John Garfield; Marechal Bazaine, Donald Crisp; Colonel Miguel Lopez, Gilbert Roland; Miguel Miramon, Henry O'Neill; Alejandro Uradi, Joseph Calleja; Rita Palacio, Pedro de Cordoba; Jose de Montares, Montagu Love; Dr. Samuel Basch, Harry Davenport; Achille Fould, Frank Mayo; Drouyn de Lhuys, Alex. Leitch; Countess Kollontai, Georgia Caine; Major DuPont, Robert Warwick; Senor de Leon, Gennaro Curci; Tomas Mejia, Bill Wilkerson; Mariano Escobedo, John Miljan; Sir Campbell-Scarlett, Gilbert Emory; John Bigelow, Hugh Sothern; Senor Salas, Fred Malatesta; Tailor, Carlos de Valdez; Carabaja, Chas. Middleton; Coachman, Frank Lackstein; Senator del Valle, Walter O. Stahl; Prince Metternich, Walter Kingsford; Le Marc, Louis Calhern.

"LUCKY NIGHT"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Vincent Lawrence and Grover Jones. Based on the story by Oliver Claxton. Directed by Norman Taurog. The Cast: Cora Jordan, Myrna Loy; Bill Overton, Robert Taylor; Joe Hilton, Joseph Allen; Calvin Jordan, Henry O'Neill; George, Douglas Fowley; "Dusty Sawyer," Bernard Nedell; Carpenter, Charles Lane; "Blondie," Bernadene Hayes; "Blackie," Gladys Blake; Mrs. Briggs, Marjorie Main; Policeman, Edward Gargan; Conductor, Irving Bacon; Police Lieutenant, Oscar O'Shea.

"MAN OF CONQUEST"—REPUBLIC.—Screen play by Wells Root, E. E. Paramore, Jr., and Jan Fortune. Original story by Harold Shumate and Wells Root. Directed by George Nicholls, Jr. Cast: Sam Houston, Richard Dix; Margaret Lea, Gail Patrick; Andrew Jackson, Edward Ellis; Eliza Allen, Joan Fontaine; William Travis, Victor Jory; Davey Crockett, Robert Barrat; Lannie Upchurch, George Hayes; Stephen Austin, Ralph Morgan; Jim Bowie, Robert Armstrong; Santa Ana, C. Henry Gordon; Mrs. Lea, Janet Beecher; Oolotekne, Pedro de Cordoba; "Deaf" Smith, Max Terhune; Mrs. Allen, Kathleen Lockhart; Jonas Lea, Ferris Taylor; John Hoskins, Leon Ames.

"NIGHT RIDERS, THE"—REPUBLIC.—Screen play by Betty Burbridge and Stanley Roberts. Based on characters by William Colt MacDonald. Directed by George Sherman. Cast: Stony Brooke, John Wayne; Tucson Smith, Ray Corrigan; Lullaby Joslin, Max Terhune; Soledad, Doreen McKay; Susan Randall, Ruth Rogers; Talbot, George Douglas; Jackson, Tom Tyler; Sheriff, Kermit Maynard; Tim, Sammy McKim; Hazellon, Walter Will; Andrews, Ethan Laidlaw; Harper, Edward Peil, Sr.; Wilson, Tom London; Wilkin, Jack Ingram; Allan, William Neffelt.

"RETURN OF THE CISCO KID, THE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Milton Sperling. Based on a story by O. Henry. Directed by Herbert I. Leeds. Cast: Cisco Kid, Warner Baxter; Ann Carver, Lynn Bari; Lopez, Cesar Romero; Colonel Jonathan Bixby, Henry Hull; Alan Davis, Kane Richmond; Mexican Captain, C. Henry Gordon; Sheriff McNally, Robert Barrat; Gordito, Chris-Pin Martin; Deputy Johnson, Adrian Morris; Deputy, Harry Strang; Stage Coach Driver, Arthur Aylesworth; Hotel Clerk, Paul Burns; Bartender, Victor Kilian; Guards, Eddie Waller and Ralph Dunn; Blonde, Ruth Gillette; Tough, Ward Bond.

"ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Based on a story by John Larkin and Jerry Horwin. Directed by Gregory Ratoff. The Cast: Bart Clinton, Tyrone Power; Rose Sargent, Alice Faye; Ted Colter, Al Jolson; Harry Long, William Frawley; Peggy, Joyce Compton; Whitley Boone, Hobart Cavanaugh; Buck Russell, Moroni Olsen; Barouche Driver, E. E. Clive; Band Leader, Louis Prima; Mike Cavanaugh, Charles Wilson; Chumps, Hal K. Dawson, Paul Burns; Toby, Ben Welden; Irving, Horace McMahon; District Attorney, Paul Stanton; Mr. Mok, Maurice Cass; Mr. Pounce, Bert Roach; Miss Lust, Irma Wilson; Dexter, Harry Hayden; Sem Kress, Charles Lane; Jim, Adrian Morris; Judge, John Hamilton; Mrs. Russell, Winifred Harris.

"SORORITY HOUSE"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Dalton Trumbo. Directed by John Farrow. Cast: Alice, Anne Shirley; Bill, James Ellison; Doty, Barbara Read; Merle, Adele Pearce; Lew Fisher, J. M. Kerrigan; Mme. President, Helen Wood; Neva Simpson, Doris Jordan; Norma Hancock, June Storey; Mrs. Scott, Elisabeth Risdon; Mrs. Dawson, Margaret Armstrong; Mr. Grant, Selmer Jackson; Mr. Johnson, Chill Wills.

"STOLEN LIFE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Margaret Kennedy. From an original story by K. J. Benes. Directed by Paul Czinner. Cast: Martine, Sylvia, Elisabeth Bergner; Alan, McKenna; Michael Redgrave; Thomas E. Lawrence; Wilfred Lawson; Aunt Helen, Mabel Terry Lewis; Morgan, Richard Ainley; Garret, Kenneth Buckley; Old Pauline, Danielle Mendaille; Doctor, Pierre Jouvenet; Nurse, Stella Arbenina; Maturin, Kay Seeley; Demangeon, Ernest Ferney; Clerk, Cot D'Ordon; Eileen, Dorice Fordred; Cook, Annie Esmond; Karal Anderson, Clement McCallin; Prof. Burdlesley, Oliver Johnston; British Minister, Roy Russell; Mayor, Homer Regus; "Boomsie," an old English sheepdog.

"STREETS OF NEW YORK"—MONOGRAM.—Original screen play by Robert Andrews. Directed by William Nigh. Cast: Jimmy, Jackie Cooper; Gimpy, Martin Spellman; Jiggsy, Sidney Miller; Flatfoot, Buddy Pepper; Beansy, Bobby Stone; Spike, David Durand; Howie, Robert Tucker; Sammy, William Tucker; Pop O'Toole, George Cleveland; Roger Wilson, Robert Emmett Keane; Burke, Robert Emmett O'Connor; Tap Keenan, Dick Purcell; Judge Carroll, George Irving; Anne, Marjorie Reynolds.

"THREE WALTZES"—VEDIS FILMS.—Script by Leopold Marchand and Hans Muller. From the operetta by Leopold Marchand and Albert Willemetz. Directed by Ludwig Berger. Cast: Fani, Yvette, Irene, Yvonne Printemps; Octave, Philippe, Gerard, Pierre Fresnay; Brunner, the Impresario, Henri Guisot; Brunner, père, Boucot; The President, Jean Perier; Dowerer Aunt, France Ellys; Journalist, Pierre Stephen; Producer, Emile Roques; Director, Vattier.

"UNION PACIFIC"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Walter DeLeon, C. Gardiner Sullivan, and Jesse Lasky, Jr. Based on an adaptation by Jack Cunningham of a story by Ernest Haycox. Directed by Cecil B. DeMille. Cast: Mollie Monahan, Barbara Stanwyck; Jeff Butler, Joel McCrea; Fiesta, Akim Tamiroff; Dick Allen, Robert Preston; Leach Overmile, Lynne Overman; Sid Campeau, Brian Donlevy; Jack Cordray, Anthony Quinn; Mrs. Calvin, Evelyn Keyes.

PHOTOPLAY

INVITES YOU TO SEE
**"I'll Tell The
 World"**



See lovely *PATRICIA MURRAY* in person and on the screen



"It's always time to get up!"

"Advertising costs nothing?"



"Business is terrible, but..."

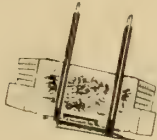
Peach on the beach.

A REAL LIFE COMEDY-DRAMA
 featuring

PATRICIA MURRAY—the Liberty Girl
 and a cast of Hollywood Stars

JED PROUTY FRANK ALBERTSON
 MAUCH TWINS (Billy and Bobby)
 MARILYN KNOWLDEN BETTY ROSS CLARKE
 MICHAEL BLAIR ETHELREDA LEOPOLD
 CLEM BEVANS BYRON FOLGER
 Directed by LYNN SHORES

THE ADMISSION IS **FREE** AT THE
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MACFADDEN THEATRE



The place to meet your friends—Restful chairs
 and lounges for your comfort and music for your
 enjoyment in the beautiful Macfadden lobby
COMMUNICATIONS BUILDING
NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR — 1939



Frank Albertson and Patricia Murray



• WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:

A-1 AT JUDGING TOBACCO

"Recent tobacco crops are the finest ever raised—and Luckies always buy the Cream," says Joseph Burnett, tobacco auctioneer, who has smoked Luckies for 10 years.

Have you tried a Lucky lately?

LUCKIES ARE BETTER THAN EVER! They are better than ever because new methods developed by the United States Government have helped farmers grow finer, lighter tobacco in recent years. As tobacco experts like Mr. Burnett point out, Luckies have always bought the cream of the crop. Aged from 2 to 4

years, these finer tobaccos are in Luckies today. And remember: Sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined. Try Luckies for a week and then you'll know why...

With Men Who Know Tobacco Best—It's Luckies 2 to 1



PHOTOPLAY

AUGUST

25¢



ALICE FAYE
By Paul Hesse

HOW TO BE FRIENDS WITH YOUR EX-HUSBANDS **AND**
RIGHT LIFE OF THE HOLLYWOOD GODS Another Unconventional **VELL**
W'S YOUR "CROWNING GLORY"? Secrets of Movie Experts T **Four Coiffure Problems**

Pardon Me for Bragging



The Life of the Party—

—just at the time I expected to be miserable! But Kotex Sanitary Napkins saved me because they're made with layer after layer of soft filmy tissue. One after another these layers absorb and distribute moisture *throughout* the napkin and so check damp, chafing edges.



The Smartest Move I ever made

—if I do say so myself, was when I changed to Kotex Sanitary Napkins with patented pressed ends. I never dreamed I could get rid of that unbearable bulky feeling...but those special Kotex pressed ends relieved my embarrassment at once!



The Girls Gave me a Hand

—when I proved to them that the idea of the same size napkin for days of varying needs was old fashioned! Because with 3 sizes of Kotex Sanitary Napkins—Regular, Junior and Super—it's now a simple matter for every woman to meet her individual needs from day to day.

All 3 Types at the Same Low Price

KOTEX* SANITARY NAPKINS

(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office)



Better Say Kotex—Better for You



“I had only myself to blame”

“THERE, making love to another woman, was the man I had been seeing steadily for two years . . . the man I had hoped to marry. It was the heartbreaking climax to weeks of growing indifference, which I could not understand and which put us further apart each day. This was the end. At thirty, I had lost the one man for whom I cared. Looking back now, I know that I had only myself to blame. I attributed his indifference to every cause but the right one* . . . a condition that every woman should ever be on guard against.”

Suspect Yourself

There is nothing that kills a romance or nips a friendship so quickly as a case of *halitosis (unpleasant breath).

The insidious thing about this offensive condi-

tion is that you yourself seldom suspect its presence. Others do, however, but never mention it. The subject is too delicate.

So Easy—So Pleasant

Why risk offending, when there is such an effective, pleasant, and easy precaution against halitosis?

Listerine Antiseptic halts fermentation of food particles, a major cause of breath odors and then overcomes the odors themselves. Immediately after its use as a mouth rinse or gargle, the breath, indeed the entire mouth, becomes fresher, sweeter.

Be Agreeable to Others

Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic every morning and every night, and between times be-

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LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

P.S. Do you know that the Listerine Antiseptic treatment for dandruff has produced amazing results for thousands?

1500 GIRLS INVADE
MEN'S COLLEGE!



We gave you Hedy Lamarr. Now we give you America's New No. 1 Glamour Girl (voted "first in allure" by jury of motion picture critics) in her first big starring role... An exciting story of romance and front-page headlines against the background of Dartmouth College's colorful Winter Carnival.



“SHE WAS “HARD TO HANDLE”
—UNTIL SHE MET THE HAND-
SOME YOUNG PROFESSOR.”

Ann Sheridan in the Season's Gayest Picture
"WINTER CARNIVAL"
with Richard Carlson *Helen Parrish, Robert Armstrong*
Virginia Gilmore, Alan Baldwin

Original screen play by Budd Schulberg, Maurice Rapf and Lester Cole... Music by Werner Janssen

A WALTER WANGER Production • Directed by CHARLES F. RIESNER • Released thru United Artists

PHOTOPLAY



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On the Cover—Alice Faye, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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POOR RUTH —ALONE
UP HERE! EVERYBODY
ELSE IS AT THE **PARTY**
HAVING FUN

GEE — HER
VACATION'S AN
AWFUL FLOP! WE
UNDIES ARE TO
BLAME, I'M AFRAID!
PEOPLE NOTICE
UNDIE ODOR

BUT **WE** CAN'T HELP IT!
OH DEAR—WHY DOESN'T
RUTHIE **LUX** US AFTER
EVERY WEARING? SHE'D
BE HEAPS MORE **POPULAR**

Yes, Ruth could be
as popular as Sally...



Lux undies
daily! Lux removes
perspiration odor—keeps
undies new-looking long-
er. Avoid harsh soaps,
cake-soap rubbing. Buy
the thrifty BIG box of Lux!
removes undie odor



—a little goes
so far—it's thrifty

BOOS

AND

Bouquets

THAT'S TELLING IT TO THE JUDGE!

WHAT a man! No, I'm not referring to Clark Gable, Tyrone Power or Robert Taylor, or any of those cinema Romeos the ladies heave sighs for, but to Lewis Stone—and I repeat it, "What a man!" The June PHOTOPLAY confirmed my suspicion that "Lewis Stone is really Judge Hardy," and it is a refreshing thought.

I've seen Lewis Stone in many parts over a period of years and admired his ability as a versatile actor and can readily understand his reluctance to settle into one character part, that of the *Judge*. For the present, at least, we are content with his choice and I hope he and the rest of the *Hardy Family* will continue to help us through life's disillusionments, with their interesting experiences and grand performances. I'm grateful to them for a "lift" in "The Hardys Ride High"—and especially am I grateful to Lewis Stone.

LISETTE LOOMIS,
Indianapolis, Ind.

PLEASE SAVE OUR ANNIE!

I WANT to make a plea to Warner Brothers on behalf of Ann Sheridan. Would it be too much to ask them not to do to Miss Sheridan what Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer did to our beloved Jean Harlow? Miss Harlow had to spend the latter part of her career diminishing the impression that "Hell's Angels" and succeeding films had given the public. Many women began to hate her, not because she had done anything to them, but because she was much too glamorous and sexy. I am sure that nothing could have been so far apart as was Miss Harlow in reality from the general impression of her screen portrayals. The public was, alas, inclined to believe the star was in reality the image of her screen self. It is still inclined to believe the same thing about others who are in Miss Harlow's position.

I am afraid that if Warner Brothers continue to show Ann in such scenes as the first part of "Broadway Musketeers," they will make the same mistake M-G-M made. Miss Sheridan bears a great resemblance to Miss Harlow. She has the same exciting and thrilling quality Miss Harlow so wonderfully had.

Give us Ann Sheridan (who is destined to be one of our great stars), glamorous but not sexy!

VICTORIA GARCIA VICTORICA,
Buenos Aires, Argentina

A SARONG FOR NEW ENGLAND

IF it is hokum that makes me forget my rheumatism, the family budget, and the process of disciplining the moral turpitude out of six growing children, at which I spend most of my waking hours, then give me HOKUM! If I can cavort (mentally) in a sarong, on a beach with Dorothy Lamour, in spite of my age, circumstance, and 190



Joan Bennett brings historic beauty to an historic figure—Maria Theresa, French queen—in "The Man in the Iron Mask"

pounds, that is ART enough for me. I can face reality most of the week but an evening off once in a while and a break in the routine are very welcome. Then, I want to let my hair down (in a nice way, of course). Give us more of Lamour. There is a gal who is a delight to the eye! In my loose moments, I like to imagine that I look just like her and sing in the same beautiful voice—pleasant delusions, both!

ETHEL WALBRIDGE,
Burlington, Vt.

THE AUDIENCE TAKES THE STAGE

ONCE upon a time I thought movies were true examples of everyday living. When Robert Taylor murmured sweet, endearing love notes into Greta Garbo's ear, I thought, "Love, ah, love." I thought how wonderful 'twould be if some handsome hero would put his arms around me and tell me how beautiful I was, etc., etc., etc. I waited anxiously for the day when that perfect man would come knocking at my door. When it came—what a disappointment! Shirley Temple is too good; Jane Withers, too bad; Clark Gable, too perfect; Hedy Lamarr, too beautiful; Carole Lombard, too silly.

Everyone is too-too something or other. They aren't a little good, a little bad—they are all one extreme. They are not real.

I've never seen a movie that was real throughout. In "Made for Each Other," Miss Lombard's changing the baby's diapers at midnight was the most hu-

PHOTOPLAY INVITES YOU to join in its monthly open forum. Perhaps you would like to add your three cents' worth to one of the comments chosen from the many interesting letters received this month—or perhaps you disagree violently with some reader whose opinions are published here! Or, better still, is there some topic you've never seen discussed as yet in a motion picture magazine, but which you believe should be brought to the attention of the movie-going public? This is your page, and we welcome your views. All we ask is that your contribution be an original expression of your own honest opinion. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use gratis the letters submitted in whole or in part. Letters submitted to any contest or department appearing in PHOTOPLAY become the property of the magazine. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boos and Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

man action portrayed by any star in any picture.

Producers, directors, authors and actors may not like this insult, but I would like to see just one picture that is really, really real.

MILDRED PALMER,
Akron, O.

A BAD film should not be tolerated as an accident, but resented as a robbery, for the studios are able to make good ones when they like.

When a new find appears in the film firmament we see him in nothing but plummy rôles; his pictures are always good. They are good not by virtue of his talent so much as by deliberate star-building. From which it appears that quality can be determined in advance and has very little to do with chance. A star on the wane offers another proof of deliberate policy. When his rising salary makes him a costly burden instead of a lucrative investment, we see him in a series of vehicles so poor that only his established fame could make them salable. By this strategy, the last dregs of his popularity are utilized and the star, when finally dropped, is useless to rival companies.

Nearly all stars rise and decline in this way, demonstrating that, while mediocre films may crop up by chance, the best and the worst appear by design. Producers can calculate to within a narrow margin just how good or how bad their work is going to be. If they turn out inferior wares it is because, like other business men, they sometimes like to get money for nothing!

ELIZABETH FLETCHER,
Blackpool, England.

MARRIED BY MAKE-UP?

DEANNA DURBIN, the famous young star, has become, like all cinema stars, the victim of make-up men at the studios.

A comparison of Deanna as she appeared at the beginning of her career with the Deanna of these days will show a very marked difference. Why must they do away with the natural expression on people's faces, covering them up with artificial masks that disguise their true personalities? Actresses are taught how to look, how to smile, all in a wild search for glamour. And, suddenly, the question arises in our minds: Is it really so necessary that the natural expression on a face be sacrificed for studied poise and glamour?

Deanna's personality has the special characteristic of bringing to us the adolescent girl, with the combination of her youth and childlike charm. Her open smile has been replaced with a formal one. A perfect one—even prettier, if you want to call it so—but one which conceals her real personality. And that is the great mistake. We want Deanna as she really is, with all the ingenuousness of her sixteen years. The time will come for her to look and act like a grown-up star, with the great advan-

tage of her magnificent voice. But, for the time being, let us have Deanna just as Deanna is!

AMINA V. PAOLI,
Ponce, Puerto Rico.

BITTERSWEET

I HAVE just seen "Dark Victory"! When I went into the theater I was in a state of personal boredom and listlessness. For months, illness, pain and defeat had overshadowed me. A vague fear of what lay just around the corner constantly possessed me.

I came out, knowing that in watching Bette Davis portray her gallant *Judith Traherne* and George Brent as the brilliant yet tender *Dr. Steele* I, too, had won a victory and had learned what I had almost forgotten—how to live in the light and happiness.

"Dark Victory" did not depress me. It gave me an insight into something nostalgic and beautiful—the thing we can all rise to if we have the depth to find peace within ourselves.

Judith Traherne and *Dr. Frederic Steele* lifted the shackles from my heart and, I think, from the hearts of a great many others around me. Once in a lifetime, such a film as this flashes across the screen, a picture in which the characters rise to greater heights than just the mere acting of their parts.

"Dark Victory" not only gave to its audience a poignantly beautiful love story, but it gave a lesson in compassion, tenderness and gallant courage.

LINDA ROGERS,
Springfield, Ill.

BACKPATS WITH BRICKBATS

THE gentle, but sometimes obnoxious, art of "mugging" on the screen is utilized to advantage by some of screenland's great, but is registered on the liability side as far as others are concerned.

Irene Dunne's neat little, sweet little, exaggerated facial expressions tug at the heartstrings and deserve a salute number from our home town's band. In her case, "mugging" is becoming. We refer you to the picture, "Love Affair," with Charles Boyer, in which she goes through her entire repertoire of nose-twitching, uplifted eyebrows, *et cetera*, throughout the picture. But she's good—damn good!

Now, we'll take the case of Mr. Don Ameche. He's pleasant looking, has a decent smile and, I understand, is a nice sort of fellow to know. But Mr. Ameche's constant attempt to dramatize with every muscle of his face is very disconcerting and is, undoubtedly, one of the reasons (the main reason) Kansas City, Missouri, has a "We Hate Don Ameche" Club. Someone should tell Mr. Ameche that with one half the "mugging" he would be very nice.

But—full "mugging" ahead as far as you're concerned, Irene Dunne!

GRIER LOWRY,
Warrensburg, Mo.

Lady Esther asks "Where's the girl who wants to be Lucky in Love?"



If you do—why let the wrong shade of powder hold you back?
Find the one shade of my powder that is **Lucky For You.**

ARE YOU a "powder-guesser"?—a girl who merely *thinks* her powder is *really right*—the lucky powder for her? Can you be sure the shade you use today doesn't actually age you—or dim the freshness of your skin? It's so very difficult to *know*. For powder shades are always deceiving, and unless you compare them *right on your own skin* you may never find the one shade that makes you a *lovelier* and a *luckier* you.

I know that this may seem hard to believe. Yet I have seen hundreds of girls innocently sacrifice their own good looks. Innocently, they were using a powder shade that made their skin look coarse... made them look older... spoiled their beauty when eyes looked *close*.

Don't risk it—please! Find among my ten thrilling new shades of powder the one shade that can bring you luck—the one shade that will flatter you *most*.

Your Lucky Shade. So I urge you, compare, compare, COMPARE! Send for all

ten of my samples, which I'm glad to send you *free*. Try *all* ten of my shades. Don't skip even one! For the shade you never thought you could wear may be the one *really right* shade for your skin!

The minute you find it, your eyes will know! Other women will tell you that you look fresher and younger... and men will say to themselves, "She's lovely."

A True Beauty Powder. When you receive my ten shades—and make your "Lucky Shade Test"—you will find two amazing qualities in this superfine powder. It's free from the slightest hint of coarseness. And it goes on so smoothly that it clings four full hours! If you use it after dinner you will be care-free of powder worries until midnight!

So write me today for the ten shades of my powder... free. Find your lucky shade—and let it flatter your beauty *always*—help you win more luck in life and love!



"My lucky shade of Lady Esther Powder brought me luck in love!"

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

(45)

LADY ESTHER, 7118 West 65th Street,
Chicago, Illinois

FREE! Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

Brief Reviews



Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

A combination that spells dynamite at the box office—George Raft and James Cagney, co-starring in Warners' dramatic "Each Dawn I Die"

ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN, THE—M-G-M

It's a shame that Mark Twain's great classic of boyhood should have received such unhappy treatment. Mickey Rooney in the title rôle is given almost no chance to display his talent. If you loved the original story and like Mickey, skip this—it will save embarrassment all around. (May)

BACK DOOR TO HEAVEN—Paramount

Pessimistic in tone, this social message proves that a misdeed in childhood can lead to degradation, with Wallace Ford the victim of the thesis. Patricia Ellis, Aline McMahon and Stuart Erwin help when he is brought to trial for murder. (July)

BIG TOWN CZAR—Universal

More gangsters, more tenement kids, more proof that crime doesn't pay. Guttersnipe Barton MacLane gets ambitious and tries to reach the top of the gangster business. Tom Brown plays his younger brother and Eve Arden furnishes the romance. (July)

BLIND ALLEY—Columbia

A cop-and-robber drama, with murder as its motivating theme and the psychological exposé of a criminal's mind as its climactic aim. Chester Morris' work, as an escaped convict who takes refuge in the home of Psychologist Ralph Bellamy, is excellent. Ann Dvorak, Joan Perry and Melville Cooper complete the cast. (July)

BLONDIE MEETS THE BOSS—Columbia

The irresistible *Bumpsteeds* return for the second time. When Dagwood (Arthur Lake) is fired, Blondie (Penny Singleton) takes his place, leaving him at home to sweep and sew. Meanwhile *Baby Dumpling* and *Daisy* the pup are cutting capers and things go haywire. Skinny Ennis and his band contribute a well-done jitterbug sequence. (May)

★ BRIDAL SUITE—M-G-M

Robert Young gives another delightful characterization in this madcap comedy of a playboy who is allergic to marriage—that is until he meets up with Annabella. Billie Burke, as his flighty mother, Virginia Field, the jilted fiancée and Psychiatrist Walter Connolly add to the fun. (July)

★ BROADWAY SERENADE—M-G-M

Here again Jeanette MacDonald has a hit, largely due to her own beauty and voice. She is cast as the wife of pianist Lew Ayres, but when his success doesn't match hers, there's a divorce. Ian Hunter moves in at this point, but the script writers see to it that Lew scores Jeanette's new show. Ayres continues to prove that his recent comeback was a good idea. (June)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S SECRET POLICE—Paramount

Here's mellerdrummer beyond belief—with horror chambers and even a treasure. John Howard is still playing *Drummond*, but even he can't make such a yarn acceptable. Heather Angel, H. B. Warner and Reginald Denny struggle valiantly, too. (July)

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CALLING DR. KILDARE—M-G-M

Lew Ayres, doing well in this popular series as young *Dr. Kildare*, must choose between operating on a man wanted for murder, or letting the fellow die because of a principle. He falls in love with the patient's sister, Lana Turner, but Lionel Barrymore, as the testy old surgeon, steps in when things look black. (July)

★ CAPTAIN FURY—Hal Roach-U. A.

A rip-roaring melodrama, with escaped convicts Brian Aherne and Victor McLaglen playing Robin Hood in rescuing settlers from an unscrupulous land baron, George Zucco. It all adds up to a grand thriller, with June Lang adding the romantic touch and Virginia Field pairing with McLaglen. (July)

★ CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI SPY—Warners

This is propaganda—with apologies to none. It's a bold step and its purpose is to prove that Nazism is not confined to Europe, but is spreading throughout the world. G-man Eddie Robinson is billed as the star, but it's Paul Lukas, leader of the Nazi forces in this country, who's the real star. Francis Lederer, as the egocentric spy, gives a memorable performance. (July)

CRIME IN THE MAGINOT LINE—Tower

In this French-made film, mystery, murder, espionage stalk the underground passages of France's famous fort, the Maginot Line. Victor Francen, as a French army officer, relentlessly tracks down the enemy cause of it all. Vera Koren, as Francen's wife, adds light but not too much sweetness to her rôle. There is suspense to the plot and a compelling quality to the many authentic shots of the grim fortification along the German border.

CRISIS—Mayer-Burstyn

An arresting picture of "the rape of Czechoslovakia," from the time of the Austrian Anschluss to the so-called Peace of Munich. Herbert Kline and his camera were right on the spot when things began to happen, so the film provides a valuable contribution to the screen's history of our times. It's propaganda, yes, but definitely worthwhile.

★ DARK VICTORY—Warners

You may have heard "raves" over this picture and they are all true. Bette Davis' matchless acting reaches new heights as the rich young girl who learns she has only a few months to live, falls in love with George Brent, her doctor, gallantly solves her problem in the best way possible. Geraldine Fitzgerald, a newcomer, Brent and Humphrey Bogart are splendid too. A must. (May)

★ DODGE CITY—Warners

As a Western to end all hoss operas, this rousing Technicolor film is a prize piece of production. Errol Flynn is the hero who has little time for love (even Olivia de Havilland's) until the last killer has bitten Kansas dust. Bruce Cabot is a dyed-in-the-wool villain and Ann Sheridan gets past the Hays' office as a cabaret girl. Entire cast deserves high praise. (June)

★ EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN—Universal

A cute little moppet steals this from Bing Crosby and Joan Blondell. Bing, who sings messages for a telegraph company, and Joan, who is a switchboard operator, are always on the verge of marriage. Something usually stops them and this time it's young Sandy Henville. But Bing sings his way out of trouble. Mischa Auer's melancholy Russian act is good for its usual laughs. (June)

FAST AND LOOSE—M-G-M

Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell are the screen's newest additions to the long line of married couples who are amateur sleuths. They work like beavers to show up the guilty party who murdered a rich bibliophile. You may be annoyed at the ease with which you yourself can pick "whodunit." (May)

FLYING IRISHMAN, THE—RKO-Radio

A somewhat romanticized screen treatment of the trials and final triumph in the life of Doug Corrigan, this doesn't pretend to be anything but a sincere story, nor does the principal try to be anything but a simple flyer. Therefore, the film is in good taste and a nice hour of entertainment. You will hardly be surprised to learn that he really did intend to fly—to Ireland! (May)

GRACIE ALLEN MURDER CASE, THE—Paramount

When a murder-mystery turns out to be an hysterical farce, you can be certain that Gracie Allen is lurking in the continuity. With deft hand and numb brain Gracie sees to it that the hero goes to jail, the police go berserk and the villain goes free. No wonder investigator Warren William wears a dazed look. Kent Taylor and Ellen Drew furnish the romance. (July)

HARDYS RIDE HIGH, THE—M-G-M

Another delightful *Hardy* picture, in which Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone and the other lovable members of the family go berserk en masse when they almost fall heir to two million dollars. You'll get a howl out of Mickey's run-in with a chorus gal and mousey Aunt Milly's romance. Good addition, Virginia Grey. (July)

HOTEL IMPERIAL—Paramount

Isa Miranda makes her American bow in this weak war melodrama as a *femme fatale* who must carry on as a hotel chambermaid when the Russians invade disputed territory. There's an attempt at suspense, but somehow you know handsome Ray Milland will win out. (July)

HOUD OF THE BASKERVILLES, THE—20th Century-Fox

There is disappointment in this Conan Doyle crime puzzle, in which everyone lives under the shadow of an old legend. It drags at the beginning, works up to good suspense and then comes to climax without letting us in on *Sherlock's* methods. Basil Rathbone is a bored *Sherlock Holmes*, Nigel Bruce, *Watson*. Richard Greene and Wendy Barrie supply romance. (June)

★ ICE FOLLIES OF 1939, THE—M-G-M

Metro steers into the ice field with this Gargantuan frozen follies, using as background the ice troupe that successfully followed Sonja Henie around America. The plot has Joan Crawford loving Jimmie Stewart, marrying him, leaving him, coming back to him. Lew Ayres is good as the bitter partner of Stewart. (May)

I'M FROM MISSOURI—Paramount

You may not care if the Missouri mule is replaced by the tractor but Bob Burns does and goes to England in defense of the animal. Gladys George plays Bob's wife. Bill Henry and Gene Lockhart do good jobs in small rôles. Full of Burns' homely humor. (June)

★ INVITATION TO HAPPINESS—Paramount

Don't let the prize-fighting background fool you in this story of a charming aristocrat, Irene Dunne, who marries a man whose background is beyond her understanding. Fred MacMurray is splendidly right as the would-be champ and Billy Cook is excellent as the ten-year-old son whose unhappiness precipitates his parents' divorce. Adult and intelligent. (July)

(Continued on page 87)

Twice IN A LIFETIME

A Motion Picture Like This...

Once, on a rare occasion, you've sat in a theatre—that magically ceased to exist! Under the spell of the picture unfolding, that world on the screen became *your* world. And there you lived, and loved, and laughed, and cried with those whose feelings became *your* feelings, whose story became your very own.

Such a picture, we believe, was "Four Daughters." . . . Now, certainly, just such a picture is this!

Here, once again, the same celebrated players. Here, again, a story, though different, sure to be cherished as long as your heart has room for love!

"DAUGHTERS COURAGEOUS"

We couldn't better the "Four Daughters" cast—so we've reunited them for a still better picture!

JOHN GARFIELD

CLAUDE RAINS • JEFFREY LYNN

FAY Bainter • DONALD CRISP

MAY ROBSON • FRANK McHUGH • DICK FORAN

and THE "FOUR DAUGHTERS"

PRISCILLA LANE

ROSEMARY LANE

LOLA LANE

GALE PAGE

Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ



PREVIEWED BY
WALTER WINCHELL:

"'Daughters Courageous'
is superior to
'Four Daughters'!"

Original Screen Play by
Julius J. and Phillip G. Epstein
Suggested by a Play by
Dorothy Bennett and Irving White
Music by Max Steiner
A First National Picture

Presented by
WARNER BROS.



The greatest combination of talent ever gathered for one show!



Sonja **HENIE**
... radiant in her greatest role!

Tyrone



POWER

... gay, lovable—the way he really is!

in
Irving Berlin's
SECOND FIDDLE

with

RUDY **VALLEE**

EDNA MAY **OLIVER**

MARY HEALY

LYLE TALBOT

ALAN DINEHART

Directed by Sidney Lanfield

Associate Producer Gene Markey

Screen Play by Harry Tugend

Based on a story by George Bradshaw

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

DARRYL F. ZANUCK

In Charge of Production

Irving Berlin's six new
song hits . . . "the best
he's ever written!"

"I'm Sorry For Myself"

"An Old Fashioned Tune
Always Is New"

"Song of the Metronome"

"When Winter Comes"

"I Poured My Heart
Into A Song"

and the new ballroom dance craze...

"Back To Back"



Sonja skating
her sensational
tango with a
partner for the
first time on the
screen!

That Dodge City trip taught Errol Flynn about America—and taught Hollywood about Jean Parker (at right with Rosemary and Priscilla Lane)

\$95 or \$8.95 for a dress? Jane Wyman thinks it over



CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

BY RUTH WATERBURY

ATEN-DOLLAR tie and "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" . . . those two productions, during the last month, made me realize what a good deed Hollywood is doing for itself in its rediscovery of America . . . finding out about you and me, the ordinary ticket buyers, that is, on its location trips for pictures like "Jesse James" . . . on its publicity tours like the premiere of "Dodge City" in the city of that name . . . the tour over the Union Pacific lines to exploit the film, "Union Pacific" . . . Jeanette MacDonald's and Nelson Eddy's concert tours in the cities throughout our wonderfully united United States. . . .

Nelson Eddy told me it was that "united" feeling about our country that struck him more forcibly than anything on the tour he recently completed . . . "No matter where I went, whether to New York, Kansas City or Seattle, I found people united in thought, ideals and action," he said, "so in contrast to Europe where, even in one small country, you discover distinct groups and classes, one in opposition to another."

One listener's response during this tour will affect all Nelson does next winter . . . I'll tell you about that . . . but first I must give you my routine about the ten-dollar tie and "Goodbye, Mr. Chips". . . .

I was in New York when one of Hollywood's more promising younger players came to town . . . He's no millionaire or star . . . just a particularly swell guy getting along neatly . . . in the course of our meal, he asked if I liked his tie . . . I said that I did, very much indeed . . . it was an excellent tie in excellent taste . . . it looked to me, however, quite like any one of a hundred other ties I have seen . . . I didn't realize it was a de luxe production until the young actor began discussing it. . . .

"I've discovered a little woman who makes these ties for me," he explained. "She makes me a certain number of them each month so that I get them at bargain prices . . . only ten dollars apiece," he said. . . .

Now, where I come from a really big-time tie can be had for two and a half clams while a good daily one costs about one, so the idea of ten shells handed out for one bowknot . . . well, I mean . . . the memory of this newest note of luxury was still with me that evening when I went to the preview of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" . . . the thought that Hollywood's inflated earnings inflated prices so worried me . . . I wondered if this velveteen point of view was what made possible so dull and expensive a movie as "Broadway Serenade," for instance . . . and then that exquisite, heart-stirring "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" began . . . and while watching it, I began thinking about Hollywood's rediscovery of America . . . and concluded through this rediscovery how the movie colony could once more get to know about its own public. . . .

"Goodbye, Mr. Chips" is pure Hollywood product, despite its English backgrounds and its

all English cast . . . it was the late Irving Thalberg, who first thought of making James Hilton's tender story into a movie . . . the enchanting script was the product of Metro's Hollywood studio . . . Sam Wood, its director, is a Hollywood veteran . . . but the greatness of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" comes, I believe (always allowing for Robert Donat's magnificent performance which must be included in the screen's immortal portrayals, forever) from the blessed reality of it and from its true perspective . . . yet I do not believe this perspective could have been maintained if the film had been made in Hollywood proper . . . that feeling of old traditions, of time always marching on, yet never changing . . . that reflection of the pathos and beauty of life . . . got into the picture from the very fact that it was made in a city where just those values exist . . . that all around the film makers, as they recorded the story of a very average little man, there were in person just such average little men . . . their work done, the actors didn't walk off the set and out into an atmosphere composed in equal parts of ermine capes, sixteen cylinder cars, five thousand dollar a week salaries and ten-dollar ties . . . not that there is any harm in these luxuries . . . we all long for them and would possess them if we could . . . it's only taking them for granted that dulls one's perspective . . . the English actors walked off the set and straight back into the world where men were thankful indeed for the meagerest job and incredibly thrilled when they got together the price of a very simple evening's entertainment. . . .

"Goodbye, Mr. Chips" being so fine, that old, silly cry comes up again, "Will London-made movies surpass Hollywood movies?" . . . that is nonsense . . . the equipment, the workers, the
(Continued on page 75)



Tomorrow's Smartest
Fur Fashions in
FEDERAL FOX

An exciting glance into the future... this slim and lovely cape of FEDERAL Fox! Witness the new way the skins are worked... the flattering grace of the unbroken line. Notice, too, the natural shoulders and unadorned neck. Most important of all, observe the beauty of the fur. FEDERAL Fox represents specially selected skins that meet a high standard of luxuriousness and frosty loveliness. When you look at furs, it will be well worth your while to ask for FEDERAL Silver Fox; and to find the Federal name stamped on the leather side. It is your assurance of *lasting* beauty. At smart stores throughout the country.

FEDERAL SILVER FOXES HAMBURG,
WISCONSIN



1889

Light up fifty candles on the cinema's birthday cake! My, how the baby has grown! From Kinetoscope to television—and from kiss to kiss—well, you'd hardly recognize that little peep show which was such a sensation in 1889, when Edison invented it, but don't tell us you can't recognize a kiss when you see one!



The touching little opus of the upper right, daintily titled "The Kiss," was quite a shocker in its day—people were simply scandalized by the daring of May Irwin and John C. Rice. Wonder what they would have thought of Hedy Lamarr and Robert Taylor in "Lady of the Tropics"? Can you blame us for waiting breathlessly to see what television will bring?

1939

JUBILEE!

DRAWINGS BY VINCENTINI

HOW TO BE FRIENDS WITH YOUR

Ex-Husbands

*"Why, I ask the world, is it more correct to hate
than to keep on liking a man you have once loved?"*



"Why can't we be friends?" asks Joan, pictured with her first husband, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

BY JOAN CRAWFORD AS TOLD TO RUTH WATERBURY

WHEN this last April I sought my divorce from Franchot Tone, the presiding judge of the Los Angeles court, Judge Ben Scheinman, expressed a very adverse opinion on my attitude toward the man from whom I was seeking my freedom.

When I said to His Honor, "I hope that I am intelligent enough to be friendly with my husband," I meant it in all sincerity. What I didn't say is what I want to add here, thanks to PHOTOPLAY's having given me the opportunity to express myself more fully. It is this: I think it is not only intelligent to be friends with your ex-husbands, but I cannot imagine being anything else. Why, I ask the world, should it be considered more correct to hate, rather than to keep on liking, a man whom you have once loved?

Every divorce is a tragedy. Every legal separation represents somebody's heartbreak. We all know that. There is no possible way of arguing any differently. Nevertheless, divorce is no longer an exceptional proceeding. Speaking for America alone, one out of every six of our marriages ends in divorce. Those figures are hideous. They are appalling. In an ideal society, they wouldn't exist. But we are all human beings and those are the facts about our marital situation. There are in this country, according to the 1930 census, 905,697 divorced people. Think of it, 905,697 men and women who once adored each other, now separated. Nearly a million men and women, who once shared love and marriage, now trying to go on alone or to make a go of a new union! The attitude of Judge Scheinman, and many sincere people like him, seems to be that these million people

should forget all the delights and tendernesses, all the dreams they once inspired in one another; that they should, in effect, become enemies. But why? Hate is the most destructive force in the world. Hate has never done one single good thing, either for an individual or for a nation. Why then replace the song of love with the hymn of hate?

Why can't we be friends?

Edouard Bourdet in one of his plays wrote, "There's only one way to love and one way to suffer. It's the same formula for everyone." I believe that is true, but the way we use our love and our suffering to make ourselves greater people, or the world a better place, is, I believe, an individual thing.

MY love for Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. had all the magic, all the ecstasy, all the exquisiteness that comes with the glory of first love. My love for Franchot was more mature, no less intense, but more intellectual. Yet, the same thing broke up both my marriages. Neither Douglas and I, nor Franchot and I ever had time for our love. Our separate careers, with their toll of hours, energies and jangled nerves, were the forces that destroyed the delicate relationship between us. But not the friendship. I insist upon that. It did not destroy the friendship I am determined to have always with each of them.

I say "I am determined" because I believe it my job, the woman's job, to turn her ex-husband not into an enemy but into a friend. I do not believe any ex-husband is capable of taking the first step in that direction. Men are too proud. Their emotions are too severe to let them be the

one who initially asks the other partner to let bygones be bygones. So what I am saying here, whatever little advice I can give, I'm really giving to women. If some women, whose hearts are heavy with loneliness and disillusion, can profit by it, I shall be very glad.

Every divorced woman, I'm sure, goes through a stage of self-pity. I know I did. It would be much easier for you to hate. You feel betrayed and hurt. You think everyone is pointing you out and calling you a failure at love.

Next, you are so bitterly lonely. Those rooms you once shared with your beloved, that chair for which you two went shopping, those curtains you both decided upon, all seem to be crying out to you. You have a habit of another person in your life, a person of whom you think even before you think of yourself, and now you must break the habit. He is no longer about and you do not know what to do with the time that hangs heavy on your hands. You feel incomplete—a half woman—and you cry and cry and cry.

After you begin to emerge from that mood, you go into the next and more dangerous one. That's the "I'll show him" stuff. That's the spirit in which you decide you are going to let him see that you are attractive to other men, even if he hasn't sense enough to appreciate you. Beware! If you let either of these moods master you, you will get yourself into fearsome trouble. You may actually become just as dreary as you imagine yourself to be or you may, on the rebound, wake up some morning married to a new, wrong person.

The antidotes for these are humor, memories



Joan warns against too early interest in other men—an echo from her brief romance with Charlie Martin?



"Franchot and I had a date together—no one was more amazed than I at the storm of criticism we got for doing so"

"I believe, if they are ever in trouble, they will come to me"

and work. If you're in danger of a rebound, lock yourself up at home with a good set of romantic novels to give your emotions a workout. Otherwise, don't stay home. Work, if you possibly can. See people. Go places. But go in bunches. Don't go around, for six months at least, with only one man. Remember a broken heart is as inaccurate in telling you your real emotions as a broken clock is in telling the correct time.

After you're over being hurt, sit back and remember the nice things about your ex-partner. Recall that romance builds out of beautiful and hectic and breathless moments. The memories of those moments are enough to form the basis for the quieter values of friendship, if you will

but let them. I remember that the first thing I worried about after I stopped crying over Douglas was this: "Who is going to take care of his clothes?" Douglas is one of those people who undresses all over the place. He may leave a tie in the parlor and his shoes on the front lawn. That winter, 1933, he was going to New York and I suddenly realized that he didn't have any woollens with him. I airtailed him socks and mufflers and such to Chicago and when he changed trains he found them waiting for him. He sent me a wire of thanks and thus our friendship was established. After that little exchange, each of us felt free to get in touch with the other when anything interesting or discouraging happened to us. We were no longer being

artificial and nursing our hurts. We could be civilized and kindly toward each other.

When Doug returned to this country a year or so later and took a place down at Malibu, he asked me to call and give him my advice on the decorations. I doted on that. Douglas naturally does charming things. One of the most amusing ones was about a year ago. I ran into him in Hollywood, and I admired a sports coat he was wearing. I said I wished I had one just like it. Instantly Doug took it off and gave it to me, rushing off so fast that I couldn't refuse it, even if I had wanted to, which I certainly didn't.

In average people's existences you hear, occasionally, of some one's leading a "double life."

(Continued on page 81)

Miracle Men

You can't do a thing with your hair?

*Madame, there's not a problem of beauty,
style or charm these experts can't solve*

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

DON'T miss by a hairline! For to miss by a hairline—it's your appearance we're talking about, of course—is to miss utterly and completely.

And there's no excuse for missing by a hairline now . . . now that the miracle men and women of Hollywood here divulge the ways and means by which they bring hair to its highest beauty point and keep it there.

The stars themselves have served as guinea pigs that you may be lovelier. For it's only as a result of years of experimentation, some of it made upon the stars, that the studio hairdressers now possess the beauty-giving discoveries they pass on here.

What they say is startling, often. But at no time is it complicated, difficult, or budget-shattering. It's practical advice by which you will bring a new light into the eyes of that man in your life—whether he is lover (that's no trick at all), friend (that's not so easy), or husband of long-standing (that's all there is, there isn't any more!).

Now to impress you with our hairdressing experts:

Buy good hairbrushes and wear them out as quickly as possible. Grandma didn't have permanents, but she did have brushes . . . and she had beautiful hair

Guilaroff, wearing a morning coat and striped trousers, was discovered by Joan Crawford in an ultra Fifth Avenue salon. Now he's under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. And the Social Register ladies whom he used to make beautiful for luncheons at the Colony and suppers at El Morocco are in a twitter. They write him and call him long-distance pleading for his return to New York. All in vain.

Emily Moore gets gigantic gold stars for the way Deanna Durbin's hair looks today. And Kay Francis', too. She made the first shine on the second curl; when no one else could. And that's only the beginning, folks, that's only the beginning—as anyone you meet in the Moor workrooms at Universal City will quickly and gratefully tell you.

Perc Westmore is back in our line-up this month. For, as the stars who work on the Warner lot testify, he has a positive genius for knowing exactly the basic hairline differences faces need.

Jane Romeyn was credited with having a knack for making hair do things when she was a schoolgirl. Her classmates used to flock around



It's neither a crown, nor a glory, that hair of yours—if it doesn't bring a new light into the eyes of the man in your life

at work

TO MAKE YOU LOVELIER

begging her to do their hair next. Today, presiding over the hairdressing rooms at Twentieth Century-Fox, she is credited with being an outstanding hair specialist. And it is stars who now flock around begging her to do them next—whether they're going on a set or, more important still at certain beautiful moments, on a date.

Hazel Rogers, of the Selznick Studios, preaches simplicity in hair styles. And it is by practicing what she preaches that she helps girls like Carole Lombard and Vivien Leigh to even greater beauty. We have their enthusiastic word for it.

Wally Westmore, like his brother Perc, is in again. And again we're loud with our welcome. For if Madeleine Carroll, Dorothy Lamour, Claudette Colbert and others on the Paramount lot can't get along without him, we can't either.

Enough of this editorial boasting! It's time for our miracle men and women to get to work—to make you lovelier.

LONG MAY IT WAVE

1. Don't have a shampoo before your permanent. The more natural oil there is in your hair at this time the better—for your hair and your appearance. (Perc Westmore)

2. Your permanent won't be permanent if you have it after you've been singing "Sweet Adeline." In fact it pays to climb on the water wagon several days at least before your appointment at your hairdressers. (Perc Westmore)

3. Have your curls permanently waved in the direction in which your coiffure will want them to go and when they are set they will not depart from it. (Jane Romeyn)

4. Some curls should be put in tighter than others. Those on your neck, for instance, where the friction of your collar will do them no good. These curls need more time under the heat, or

more heat. Let your operator decide which it shall be. (Wally Westmore)

5. If you use a dye, a tint, or a rinse on your hair, say so—at the start! Hair colorings, perfected today, do not interfere with a permanent wave if your operator allows for them. (Guilaroff)

IT'S WHAT YOU DO WITH YOUR WAVE

1. Don't be misled by the photographs of exotic coiffures you see in the smart magazines. The models who pose for these pictures take their hairdresser to the photographic studio with them so he may comb out their hair and fasten the most difficult curls with hairpins just before they sit for the camera. Attempt any such coiffure for everyday wear and within twenty-four hours, in spite of your best efforts, your hair will look like a haystack. (Hazel Rogers)

2. To get rid of that ghastly wooden look your hair assumes following a set, brush it. This releases the wave and permits your hair to fall back into place. (Hazel Rogers)

3. All hair, even the straightest, has a natural bend in it. Fluff your hair lightly with a comb and you will see where the bend appears. Have your hair set with its bend, not against it. If you don't do this, your hair won't stay properly. And if you do this, you'll be able to brush your hair and it still will spring back into wave. (Jane Romeyn)

4. Keep your hair soft even though it's that high-nose, sophisticated look you're after. For the minute you let your hair appear stiff you add years to your appearance. (Guilaroff)

5. Flat waves that slope downward are depressing. Have no traffic with them. (Guilaroff)

6. If it's a clean, chic, youthful line you want, have your hair set in a backward sweep. (Guilaroff)

7. There always are some women, Heaven help them, who can't decide between swirls and braids and curls. So they combine all three in their coiffure—and their hair looks like a fright wig. Whatever you do with your hair keep it simple. Never let it be more important than any other detail of your appearance. (Hazel Rogers)

8. There isn't such a thing as hair that will not take a wave, even though it's coarse, wiry hair, even though it has been worn in a short straight bob for so long that it has grown stubborn. If you have contrary hair use a setting lotion on it following your shampoo. And while it is doused with this lotion bend a wave in it. Then, when it's entirely dry, spray it with bril-

(Continued on page 78)



Climb on the wagon—if you want your permanent to be that. "Sweet Adeline" and the waving machine don't mix



Don't just brood—if your hair is crimply and you look like a scarecrow, use your brooding time to improve yourself



Don't lose your perspective—when you tint your hair. You don't want to look like Sadie Thompson, do you?



Don't give yourself a fright wig—just because you like curls and swirls and braids



Starring as guinea pigs—those Hollywood glamour girls—so you may be lovelier

ILLUSTRATED BY
BARBARA SHERMUND



Adele suggested doing something about peace and armaments but none of us knew what to do

"A CAUSE"— and Effect

TODAY, with so many world events happening all over, there is no excuse for compromise. A person has to be on the fence or under it.

So Barbara and I have decided to give a Cause Party and we have been very busy trying to find a cause.

My Old Reliable, Henry, says I devote too much time to the fan profession and now that I am rapidly approaching 16 I ought to develop a social consciousness. Of course what is really burning up his sub-conscious is the way I feel about Leslie Howard, and if truth must be told, he is right. I like Henry well enough, and if no one better comes along I might even marry him, in which case I'll be a devoted wife and the mother of his children (2). Nevertheless, Leslie will always have first place in my innermost heart. I have felt this way for some time, but I didn't know it, not having been analytical last year. Now I understand why I sat all through "Hamlet." No one knows about it but Barb, and red-hot irons couldn't drag it out of her, because I have plenty on her. Henry has become rather dictatorial since he became a Senior but I know how to handle him. Many a woman has changed the course of history by being the power under the throne.

So Barb and I had a conference yesterday while skating in the Mall. We've been skating

a lot on acct. of Barb has to do something about her hips. So I told Barb what Hy had said and she was willing to get a social consciousness, but the question arose as to which side of what to be on, Barb having a tendency to isms while I am a staunch supporter of President Roosevelt's policies, though I'm not sure of what they are. Decided to call a meeting of our gang Monday to decide and in the meantime to concentrate on thinking.

Went to Zoo Cafeteria for tomato juice *apèrtif*. Barb had two chicken sandwiches also, on acct. she gets hungry when reducing.

In the evening her o.m. took us to "Union Pacific." It was a pleasure to watch him enjoy the injuns and sheriffs. His generation is rather naïf. He said it reminded him of Bill Hart, whoever that was. Barb rebounded from Basil Rathbone to Brian Donlevy. Her penchant for villains is getting positively morbid (or is it moribund? Must look it up.) When Humph Bogart was honeymooning in New York she sent him flowers, which I think was rather tactless.

Saw "Wuthering Heights" four times. If they get out a book version of the picture, I'm going to read it.

MEETING this aft.

PRESENT: Muriel, Adele, Dot, Barb and Ye Scribe.

BUSINESS: Discussion of how to improve world.

REFRESHMENTS: Chocolate layer cake and orange punch made by Lilybud, who is very interested in my activities. (She is going to start a fan club for Rex Ingram & I'm going to help her.)

Barb thought we ought to give a Cause Party for refugees (male).

Adele suggested doing something about peace and armaments, but none of us knew what to do. We discussed the matter to and fro and the only thing all factions agreed on was that we give a party. Somehow it got to be 6:30 and Lilybud had to set the table so the meeting was kicked out. Pops came home as they were leaving and started wisecracking as usual. He said we ought to form a Charlie McCarthy Club and collect shavings. The girls think he's funny. We are meeting tomorrow at Barb's.

WE have found a cause.

We are starting a new club which will be very exclusive, and which will have a social consciousness, as follows:

Even the stars who have money and glamour, etc. make mistakes like other people and sometimes don't know who their real friends are. So we have decided to devote ourselves to helping them solve their problems. We are objec-

BY LILLIAN DAY

tive and have their best interests at heart. All they have to do is to write us and we will weigh their problems and advise them what to do. After all, we predicted about Joan and Franchot years ago, but did they listen to us? We have our opinion about what Carole can do to make a success of her marriage with Clark and if she will write us we will help her. We are going to get a filing cabinet (from Pop's office) and keep all sorts of information on file in case needed. They can come to us at any time for advice on love, marriage, contracts, rôles, etc., and we shall give them our best attention with no charge whatever.

Haven't decided on name yet.

I am to be president because it was my idea, and Adele will be sec'y because she has a mimeograph. Dot is Contact Woman as she is tall and can push her way through crowds. Barb didn't want to be vice president, but I convinced her how important it was, and that she could also do lobbying at the premières. We five will be Associate members, as we associate together. Members out of New York will be Contributing Members. We are only going to accept outstanding fans who know stars in person or who have unusual qualifications. We are making the dues prohibitive (\$2.50). Next meeting tomorrow.

Dot knows a marvelous woman down at the La Gitane Tea Room who reads tea leaves for a quarter. She told her lots of things that were absolutely true. We're going down tonight. Barb won't go to fortune tellers. She says it's just superstition and besides it's bad luck. This is the first difference of opinion Barb and I have ever had, she always agreeing with me until she

met Franz. I'm not telling her what I think of him because she might misunderstand my motives, but he is looking for a job in her father's office and those Europeans would even marry for a job or a fortune. Besides he drinks coffee with whipped cream and she has no will power and is getting to look like Mae West from the rear. But he always kisses her hand and even over the telephone says "Küss die Hand" (kiss the hand) and he says he doesn't like thin girls. I'm getting worried.

Have prepared questionnaire for membership:

QUESTIONNAIRE

1. NAME (print or type).....
2. DATE OF BIRTH.....
3. Height..... Weight..... Coloring.....
Type (in terms of screen stars).....
4. Hobbies..... Collections.....
5. Occupation (if still at school, leave blank).....
6. What stars have you met in person.....
7. Give details.....
8. Favorite movies
1..... 8..... 15..... 22.....
2..... 9..... 16..... 23.....
3..... 10..... 17..... 24.....
4..... 11..... 18..... 25.....
5..... 12..... 19..... 26.....
6..... 13..... 20..... 27.....
7..... 14..... 21..... 28.....
9. Favorite books
1..... 2.....
10. Favorite dessert.....

That ought to be a pretty good test of their I.Q. French exam tomorrow. Guess I'll cram a couple of French movies tonight.

MINUTES

An informal meeting of GUIDING STARS was held at the house of the President, Miss Jane Lyons. Formalities of elections were dispensed with as the president appointed the officers, including herself. The name of the club was selected out of a hat (Breton sailor with violets), each member having brought one name.

was
Dues collected and arrangements made were
for ordering stationery with Office of the President in the corner.

The first problem was taken up and discussed, namely to use every means available to prevent Bette Davis from getting married for several years. It is feared that she may do something rash on a rebound. Being the world's greatest actress we feel she must devote herself to her career, because she has a responsibility to her fans. We don't mind her going out with men occasionally, but we object to her falling in love. Of course in years to come she may want a home and children. Then she should marry a man who is a combination of Leslie Howard, Anthony Eden and Sir Cedric Hardwick, if such can be found. A petition is to be drafted to this effect, signed by all members and B.D. fans and sent out to her.

It was also moved and seconded that if she is known to go out with the same man too often, a letter will be sent to him warning him to lay off.

The club next considered what to do about Geraldine Fitzgerald's husband. He is being kept in the dark in Ireland and we think he ought to come out in the open. If we hear of anyone falling for her we consider it our duty to inform him that she is happily married.

Naturally we think anonymous letters are contemptible, so we shall sign our first names.

The President's father crashed the meeting
(Continued on page 70)

ILLUSTRATED BY GALBRAITH



But he always kisses her hand and even over the telephone says "Küss die Hand" and he says he doesn't like thin girls

NIGHT LIFE

OF THE HOLLYWOOD GODS

SOMEONE said: "Watch London . . . with so many successful pictures being produced nowadays in England, the first thing we know London will become a Hollywood-on-the-Thames."

I say: "Not in a billion years."

Do I question the fine quality of the latest English pictures? I do not. But I know my London. London is London and Hollywood is Hollywood and never the twain shall meet. London is a city where natives are entertained by visitors. Hollywood is a city where visitors expect and demand to be entertained by natives. Hang a lamb chop outside your door in London and watch their Lordships make a beeline for it. While in Hollywood . . . Well, in Hollywood, nothing shorter than "a party to finish all parties" can assure the hostess of a good attendance.

Of all the cities on earth, Hollywood is the most difficult one in which to give a party. Not only are the Hollywood people accustomed to the very, very best in music, food and entertainment, but that famous device of taking one's guests "out" and unloading one's responsibility on a restaurant or a night club does not work in Hollywood. It works beautifully in Paris, London and New York but it simply refuses to work in Hollywood.

Why is that? Because, unlike Paris, London or New York, Hollywood refuses to be faithful to its night clubs

Back again! The world's most noted authority on gay social life—giving us her own amusing and strictly off-the-record findings about filmdom society

BY ELSA MAXWELL



Constance Collier (with Leslie Howard, Ralph Forbes) charms as hostess



"Most elaborate dinners west of the Hudson" are given by the Darryl Zanucks (pictured with Boyer, David Selznick)



Popular David Niven takes Loretta Young to popular Lamaze's



Arthur and Myrna Loy Hornblow—
famous for their "Sunday afternoons"



Connie Bennett, party-giving
artiste, with the Fairbanks,
Seniors, leaders of society



the hostess Kay Francis with the Jack Warners, who make the most of their luxurious home

and restaurants. A Rip van Winkle need not fear that he would be unable to locate his friends in New York. All he has to do the moment he is fully awake is to summon a taxi and say "21" or "The Stork" or "The Colony"—and ten minutes later our Rip van Winkle will behold the selfsame people whom he used to know way back in the days when grandfather had measles. How about Hollywood? Well, let's consider the case of Hollywood.

Right at this moment there are three popular night clubs in Hollywood. Two of them are yet to celebrate their first anniversary. What happened to the night clubs of yesterday, to those greatly ballyhooed places that were expected to outlast the Grand Canyon? Failed . . . Folded up . . . Went broke . . . Why? There is no "why." Simply—"that's the motion-picture business for you." Back in New York there are

likewise three popular night clubs at this moment. One of them is a newcomer, but the other two are older, quite a bit older than Repeal.

HOW about the restaurants? The Hollywood ones and the New York ones? Well, of some half a dozen smart and successful restaurants in Hollywood only one or two can remember the days when Herbert Hoover was President of the United States. The others are young enough to make Deanna Durbin look and feel like a veteran. Where, oh, where are the glittering Embassies, the Montmarts and all those other places where everybody who was anybody in the industry had either to appear at least once a week or run the risk of not being mentioned in the columns? Where are they, indeed? Nobody knows. What sent them out of business? Nothing, except that "that's the motion-picture busi-

ness for you!" How about New York? There are exactly three really smart and successful, if a bit expensive, restaurants in New York. The youngest of them is fourteen years old, the oldest was already in existence when we decided to make the world safe for democracy.

And that, ladies and gentlemen, is that. The Tale of Two Cities in a nutshell. A tabloid edition of the comparative history of the dancing and eating habits of East and West. If New York is fickle, then Hollywood is plain wacky. One woman's opinion? Not at all. The proprietors of "21," in New York, than whom there are no shrewder judges of what will and what won't click with the limousine trade, spent several years toying with the idea of opening a branch in Hollywood. Once upon a time they even leased an empty lot in Beverly Hills and had a set of beautiful blueprints drawn. They wound up, however, by retreating to their abode in West Fifty-second Street in New York. Why? Because not only did they become convinced that no "habit," with the possible exception of that of not "taking up an option," can last for more than a year in Hollywood, but they realized likewise that the failure of their branch in Hollywood would affect the mother house in New York. The selfsame stars, producers, directors, writers, et al. who think nothing today of being pushed around at "21" in New York would be sure to say:

"Oh, we've had enough of that joint in Hollywood. Let's go somewhere else."

(Continued on page 83)

YOUNG

in Heart

That's our own Child Roland—who dotes on canes, and doodles the dippiest drawings in Cinema City

BY SARA HAMILTON

THERE is a saying in Hollywood to the effect that when very very bad little writers die, they go to Roland Young—for an interview; the obvious implication being that they must pay for their sins on earth and, therefore, deserve the punishment of trying to probe from Mr. Young a few plain statements of fact. Or even fiction; they'll settle for anything. It isn't that Mr. Young is annoyed or even surprised at the shades in action, for as *Topper* he's been haunted by the loveliest, and is quite used to it. Nor is it that Mr. Young is exactly unwilling to impart information. The truth is he is most co-operative, even eager to aid in every way. Only nothing concrete ever materializes.

That, you see, is the HELL of it.

His inborn English reticence (he'll scoff) is constantly at war with his willingness to be noised about (if he must be) and the result is plain fantastic. The writer, pad in hand, begins:

"Mr. Young, I believe, you were born—"

"Yes, but I wouldn't bring that in. I mean—couldn't we just sort of work around that?" interrupts the actor.

Instantly, the writer senses that something special in the way of whimsy-pooch has just blown her way and she had better take a firm hand in the beginning.

"Mr. Young, I am not going to work around your birth anything of the sort," she says. "Either you were born or you weren't. It's your duty to tell the public which."

Mr. Young quietly picks up a pad and pencil and draws the picture of a bee—in profile.

This strange interruption over, the writer proceeds. "Mr. Young," she begins, hoping to spur him into action of some sort, "you are supposed to be a very funny man. Say something witty, please."

Mr. Young turns the paper over and draws a picture of a bee—full face. It's the image of Marie Wilson in a Dutch cap.

Then Mr. Young smiles that smile of bland innocence for all the world like the White Knight in "Alice in Wonderland." In fact, the idea that maybe Mr. Young is somebody from the "Alice" world grips one's fancy. He's as dressy as the White Rabbit, as smugly resigned to his fate as the Frog footman and as tea-time struck as the Mad Hatter. Finally, we decide that with a pair of tusks Mr. Young would make as pretty and as cute a Walrus as ever walked

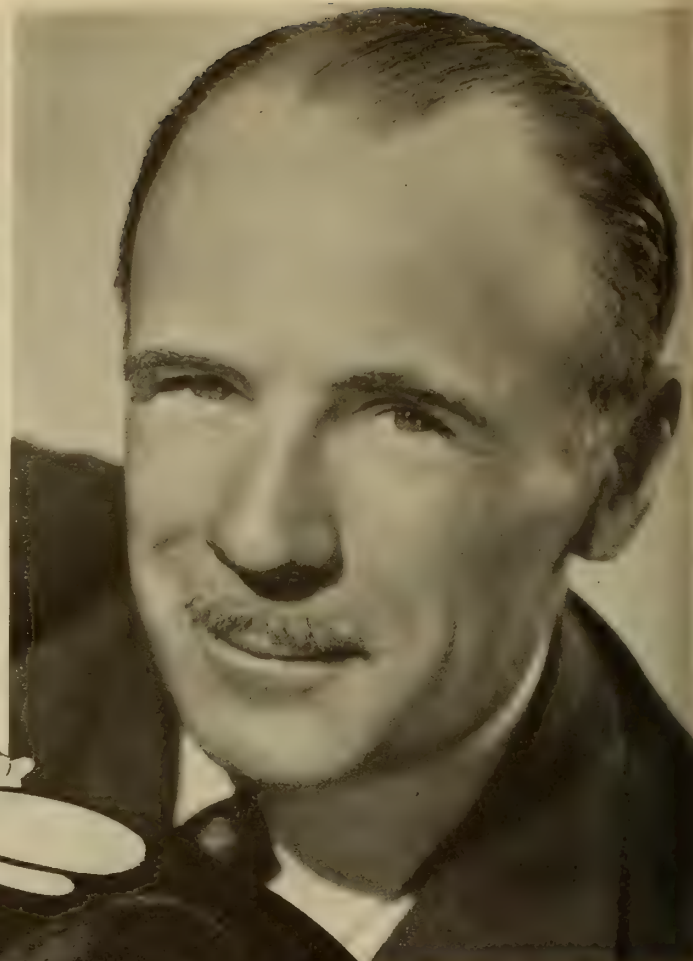
hand in hand with a Carpenter and ate up little oysters. But all this time, mind you, we're afraid to say a word, a single word, for fear he'll begin his drawing.

He does anyhow. This time, it's an elephant with an extended rear leg upon which is perched a canary.

"A female," Mr. Young explains, admiring the bird on its peculiar perch. Which reminds us of his never-to-be-forgotten verse in his own book, "Not for Children":

Here comes the happy bounding flea
You cannot tell the HE from SHE
The sexes look alike you see,
But SHE can tell and so can HE.

IN an attempt to get the interview on a working basis, we make a list of every fact he thinks (and
(Continued on page 72)



No telling what mischief Roland and Bob Benchley are plotting at left! It's certain to be bloodcurdling



Not fugitives from a hangover, these droll little beasties — just examples of what the innocent Young interviewer is up against!

THE WIZARDRY OF

OZ



The magic of modern movie-making at its miracle best breathes life into that beloved classic of childhood

BY DIXIE WILLSON



AND so M-G-M's art department was given a script labeled "Wizard of Oz"; a movie script of that wondrous book, that grave and gay mixture of nonsense and philosophy which for forty years has been a juvenile best seller.

At last it was to be breathed into life in as miraculous fashion as ever story or picture imprisoned on film; the fantasy of a little lady from Kansas whom the tail of a cyclone transports to the mystical kingdom of those three musketeers, the Scarecrow, the Cowardly Lion and the Tin Woodman.

Soon there would take place in the huge city of M-G-M's studio, such breath-taking, unbelievable sights as would have the very stars standing on the side lines to stop, look and listen! For where else, if ever, could eyes behold flying houses, apple trees which pelt you with apples, men whose complexions are green and whose heads are square! A forest of jitterbug trees! Horses in the gayest shades of the rainbow! Judy Garland whisked away by a cyclone! A fairy city built of emeralds!

The magic of modern motion-picture making at its miracle best! And beginning, of course, in the art department from whence all pictures start; that practical, hard-boiled, down-to-earth art de-

Sights, unbelievable and breath-taking, are what you catch on this set visit where the Wizard of Oz, Frank Morgan (above); the Cowardly Lion, Bert Lahr; the Tin Woodman, Jack Haley; the Scarecrow, Ray Bolger; the Good Fairy (left), Billie Burke and Dorothy, Judy Garland bring enchantment to this delightful fantasy



While Dixie Willson explored the re-creation of Munchkinland on the M-G-M sound stages, our fashion editor tracked down Adrian and arranged for this advanced showing of the brilliant costume designs reproduced here and described by Miss Walters on the opposite page

partment, where dreams are not only dreamed but come true; where cities, even whole countries are created for the asking.

"So they gave us a script," smiled handsome, brawny Art Director Cedric Gibbons, "in which a little girl from Kansas lives a great adventure in a country of her own imagination. But neither in the script nor in the original book was there any description to indicate along what lines her imagination might build such a country! Which left us, first of all, to do some imagining ourselves!

"Take one scene of the fifty, for instance, the country the book calls 'Munchkinland,' to be inhabited by 'very tiny people called *Munchkins*.' To fashion a 'Munchkinland' which a little girl from Kansas might have dreamed, we began with a premise that the smallest things she had ever seen were probably ants. And how do ants live? Under grass and tree roots. So with toadstools and anthills as our architectural pattern, we made proportionately larger grass and flowers, such as, for instance, hollyhocks twenty feet tall."

So much for a thumbnail bit of the "Oz" problems of the art department. And remaining a moment longer in "Munchkinland," what about *Munchkins* to people this delightful place?

During Producer Mervyn LeRoy's entire shooting schedule for "Oz," the *Munchkins*, finally assembled, were the gayest detail of all. In response to a call sent out by Casting, midgets from all over the world came tramping to Hollywood; little midgets, middle-sized midgets, lady midgets, gentlemen midgets, midget graduates of Universities, a midget window demonstrator from Chicago . . . The littlest ones smoking the biggest cigars, eating the largest pieces of pie.

But the midgets, while perhaps the *jolliest* casting problem, were not the most difficult. Midgets, after all, are easy to find, but not so the frowsy little mutt who was to play the longest screen rôle ever written for a dog! Through the entire hour and a half of picture he appears in every scene! He will be remembered in the book as *Toto*; the illustrations showing a bright-eyed Cairn terrier. After many tests and long consideration, the rôle was entrusted to an engaging little girl dog named Terry who, as boy dog *Toto*, has delivered a superlative performance.

In Hollywood, Terry's owner and trainer, Mr. Carl Spitz, conducts a kindergarten, grammar school, high school and college for canines.

But, though Terry enjoys acting, the "Oz" rôle was something else again, the strangest background she has ever been called upon to understand! Our lady *Toto* found it obviously distressing, then suddenly everything was forgotten in complete devotion to the *Scarecrow*, the *Lion*, and the *Tin Woodman*.

(Continued on page 88)

An exclusive presentation of fashions that are destined to influence milady's wardrobe. Designed by—

Schne

6

7

8

9

Fantasy IN FASHION

BY GWENN WALTERS

THE influences that sway the world of fashion have been many, ranging from the brilliant colors of a Van Gogh masterpiece through the surrealism of Salvador Dali, the discoveries of archaeologists in ruined temples, cataclysmic world events, famous books, the primitive attire of hula dancers!

In 1939 some of the major fashion influences have been derived from the supermodern New York World's Fair, and the more intimate Golden Gate International Exposition—Treasure Island, with its scintillating colors, marine murals and sculpture.

Now comes a motion picture that seems fated to have its fantasy in costume duplicated, not as a whole, but in subtle, exquisite and whimsical details, in fall fashions.

The production is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "The Wizard of Oz," produced in Technicolor, and PHOTOPLAY takes pride in presenting on these pages reproductions of Adrian's original sketches of the fairylike, frolicsome and sprightly costumes that will be an outstanding feature of this fantasy.

So come with me to The Land of Oz—tread on its imaginative ground and greet its quaint and noble little people. You will love the freedom and abandon of their fanciful and colorful clothes; and readily see how Dame Fashion will adopt many of their silhouettes and details to dramatize the clothes you will wear.

1. "The Braggart Townsman" struts in garb of Stuyvesant mood to suggest new design for coats, collars and accessories. His circular box jacket has new dash as it swings from a stiffly

(Continued on page 88)



For one thing, of course, she has Ty himself! Read about Annabella (left, ready to join Ty for their honeymoon) and get a liberal education in charm

Mrs.

TYRONE POWER—

WHAT'S SHE GOT WE HAVEN'T GOT?

BY SALLY REID

AND so *they* were married and *we* all lived unhappily ever afterward. For it took one little French girl to walk off with our prize catch of Hollywood, Tyrone (how could you?) Power.

When Tyrone led Annabella to the altar (mademoiselle wore blue) the united torchbearers of America raised their feminine voices in one long prolonged wail (I yelled the loudest) of "What has she got that we haven't got?"

Well, for one thing, we grudgingly admit, she has Tyrone. But why has she? That's the catch. That's the little colored boy in the woodpile. And that's exactly the riddle I set out to solve by finding out a few facts, a few choice bits to pass on to American girls for future references. There's still Jimmy Stewart left, you know. To say nothing of Dick Greene.

To begin with, bless our souls, Annabella cuts her own hair. And never wears a hat. She has the best-looking coiffure in town and looks better minus a hat than nine-tenths of us do in our latest hysterics in straw.

She stands before the mirror. Now, down the

center of her head she draws a part, carefully brushing the hair on both sides back from her face. Then she picks up the manicure scissors (no others will do) and snip, snip, snip the curls fall like snow in "Way Down East" and Annabella is left with an inch and a half of the cutest ringlets all around her face.

"That's the best-looking hair-do in town," I heard a man say to her at a party the other night.

She wasn't sure of the word "hair-do" (where do we get these weird expressions?), but she knew it was a compliment by the gleam in his eyes (she knows about gleams).

THE only time she has worn a hat in a coon's age was at her own wedding. A sort of concession to formality, as it were.

"The hat makers don't like me," she laughed (throatily, but boyishly), "but I feel so much better without one. With a hat on my head I feel stuffy—as if I weren't free. Besides, in the shop it looks nice on me—the veil hangs just so and the ribbon falls just right, but as soon as I move about everything is wrong—the veil hangs badly and the ribbons get in the way. No, I like to be free."

That, I may say, is the character keynote to

the girl who married Ty. A girl who likes to be free from unnecessary trimmings, emotional trimmings that hamper the freedom of character and thought and deed.

Ah, yes, I found out many things, my hearties. Many things.

Like a child, Annabella has an enormous capacity for living—each moment at a time. Filling that minute with all the life she can crowd into it. Or taking from that minute all the life it has to offer. Enjoying the now. Living in the present. Reveling in little things. Getting a kick out of them. Like the porch furniture up in their bedroom.

You see, Annabella and Ty wanted to move into their new house (the one they bought from Grace Moore) as soon as they were married, and they didn't let the fact that they had no furniture, except a bed, stop them. Lilliputian conventions that manacle so many young married moderns will never trap these two, you can bet. Annabella carts up the green porch furniture, a piece at a time, and fills the bedroom with green wicker and flowers from the garden, and if it were Louis the Sixteenth at its satiny grandest, she couldn't be happier. But then, look who sleeps there.

(Continued on page 74)

Turn the page and join Sonja Henie and
Cary Grant at Elsa Maxwell's gay party

THE
Camera
SPEAKS

ON THIS AND THE
FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY
BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD
AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST



SHE

COMES TO THE AID OF YOUR PARTY

Time: an early summer evening.
Place: Connie Bennett's home.
Heroines: Constance (who has given some bang-up parties by herself) and Elsa, hostesses.
Hero: Darryl Zanuck, who produced Elsa's debut picture—and dared to give her strict orders not to diet, lest she lose the charm that made her the toast of two continents!

Aristocratic Guest of Honor: England's charming Duchess of Westminster. Dinner Partners: Ronald Colman and Randy Scott. (Don't tell us it doesn't pay to be guest of honor in film-land!) Scenario: Elsa proves own brand of parties she deserves on page 18—that she merits her reputation as the world's champion party-giver!



Photoplay's new writer
Elsa Maxwell, Doctor of
Gaiety to Café Society,
gives film colony night
life a shot in the arm!



1. Newlyweds Tyrone and Annabella Power (see story on page 24) greet Constance Collier. That's Charles Boyer at left

2. Unretouched illustration of the gaiety à la Maxwell management, unposed by Claudette Colbert and Cesar Romero

3. Prime example of matrimonial felicity—Dick and Joan Blondell Powell—who still prefer to dance with each other

4. What's this? We thought we saw Sonja Henie dancing with Cary Grant just as we came in! Now, it's Randolph Scott

5. Hyman Fink, whose never-failing eagle camera scooped up all these pictures, catches a quick one of the Jack Oakies



Probably no one was more amused than thrice-married Miriam Hopkins herself, assigned to a film called "The Old Maid." However, it's co-star Bette Davis who carries the title rôle—and Miriam's next for Warners' will bear the somewhat happier name of "We Are Not Alone"



Columbia's gem of the ocean of starlets—Joy Hodges. Undergraduates of the famed university elected her their own "Yumph Girl." Universal topped that with the title of her next film, "Bachelor's Baby"—referring, however, not to the campus queen, but to infant Sandy Henville

WELCOME BACK, BEAU GESTE!





A baker's dozen of years ago, a new kind of romance came to the screen—the drama of brother love, with hardly a feminine ankle in the cast. Even as Valentino lay in state, this epic of sand and sun lent stature to such careers as Bill Powell's and Vic McLaglen's. Today, Paramount is giving us another "Beau Geste," complete with speech—and Ray Milland, Gary Cooper (also at far left), Robert Preston (below), Brian Donlevy (above) in the rôles created by Ralph Forbes, Ronald Colman, Neil Hamilton and Noah Beery. The spirit of chivalry once more rides the Sahara!





BIOGRAPH GIRL: Her adorers of 1909 didn't know her by the name of Florence Lawrence



THE VAMP: She gave the public a taste for leopard skins, couches and seductive wiles—the screen's first siren, the incomparable Theda Bara



AMERICA'S SWEET-HEART: Like her kitten, Mary Pickford held us all in the palm of her hand



ECSTASY GIRL: Outstanding example of modern glamour—the pulse-quickenning Hedy Lamarr



THE ORCHID LADY: Patrician beauty of the early '20's; essence of refinement—lovely Corinne Griffith

from



SARONG GIRL: A minimum of clothes gave Dorothy Lamour a maximum of fame and a title she wants changed

*Since the screen's infant days,
the "It" girls have made names
for themselves—as Photoplay's
history of titled ladies reveals*



PLATINUM BLONDE: The crowning glory of glorious Jean Harlow made history

IT GIRL: The rah-rah era personified by the wink of titian-headed Clara Bow



OOMPH GIRL: Sultry sex returns in the shape of the shapely siren, Annie Sheridan

VAMP" TO
"Oomph"



Brian Aherne . . . almost the last of our bachelors . . . didn't want to go on the stage but became a Broadway idol, opposite Katharine Cornell . . . didn't want to make movies and is now the toast of the town in "Juarez," "Captain Fury"

Harold Lloyd



The classic understatement of all time — "Dr. Livingstone, I presume" — lives again in Spencer Tracy's voice, as he unearths the lost explorer in "Stanley and Livingstone" for 20th Century-Fox



Laraine Day of Utah—and the
cast of "Tarzan Finds a Son"



Isa Miranda of Italy—once a champion
typist, now Paramount's Glamour Girl



Virginia Grey of Hollywood—once a
stand-in but now one of "The Women"

DAMSELS



Susan Hayward of Brooklyn—"Beau Geste's" only girl (Mary Brian's rôle in the original)

DEMAND

Opportunity's summoned
this alluring quintet
from every point of the
compass—proof that all
roads lead to filmland

Joan Perry of Florida—now learning that "Good Girls Go to Paris"



P O R T R A I T



ERROL FLYNN

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

HE probably holds the Hollywood matrimonial record for being separated and reunited.

He would have made a magnificent roustabout had he not been born good-looking.

He has no particular ambitions beyond a lust for life.

His full name is Sean Errol Flynn.

He was born in a stone farmhouse at Antrim, Ireland, and he is very fond of highly seasoned food.

He was nineteen years old when he aided in the delivery of babies in New Guinea. He enjoys eating any variety of sea food.

He is a grim realist, and he has never had a tooth extracted. He does not like flowers in his bedroom.

He is a congenital loafer, he rebels against routine, and he never touches hard liquor.

He was impelled to visit war-torn Spain over a year ago by an overwhelming desire to know the truth at firsthand. He came back with a violent loathing for Fascism.

He likes to drink beer but does not do so because of an aversion to large stomachs. His knowledge of the graphic arts is almost zero, and he prefers tea to coffee.

He has a happy-go-lucky attitude towards the future, and he never wears a hat.

He never plans ahead.

He never gets seasick.

His viewpoints are marked by skepticism, and his body is straight and slim. He alternates with pipe, cigars, cigarettes.

He believes the World War and its aftermath brought out a greater social consciousness in the world. He does not like night clubs, and never collects souvenirs.

He plays golf very badly.

He is a fatalist.

He dislikes hunting for sport chiefly because at one time he had to live by it. He was terrified of girls when he was a boy.

He prefers belts to suspenders, he is a heavy sleeper, and he likes to eat in places where there is music and dancing.

His hair is brown, and he thinks life has been more than good to him.

He is ranked second only to Frank Shields by Hollywood's tennis addicts.

(Continued on page 85)

OF A MAN WHO GOES PLACES

Very bad cook, class one loafer, hater of ticking clocks—he's the delight and dilemma of Hollywood

The camera captures Sean Errol Flynn aboard his great passion—the yacht Sirocco. Pictorial record of a man who loves his work because it lets him buy boats and go sailing with wife Damita and bosom pals, champion archer Howard Hill and Guinn Williams





Colony

Is this higher education—in Goldwyn's "Music School"? Or the spellbinding violin of Jascha Heifetz—making his film debut in the same picture? Or just the screen reunion of Joel McCrea and Andrea Leeds—who did such a swell job together in "Youth Takes a Fling"? (Privately, however, Joel's devoted to a lovely wife—Frances Dee—and young Andrea's devoted to a promising career)

PHOTOPLAY

Fashions

BY

GWENN WALTERS



Sonja Henie, currently appearing in the 20th Century-Fox production, "Second Fiddle," models a first fall suit of red shadow-checked woolen—a costume which could claim top honors as a campus fashion. The short jacket, which tops the flared bias skirt, buttons straight up the front to high revers. The navy velours hat, with smart upturned brim, is pierced by a red quill. A navy sweater and navy accessories complete Sonja's costume which was selected from Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills. This photograph was taken on the porch of Sonja's beautiful Bel-Air home.



Edith Head designed this two-piece navy blue faille suit with white faille blouse for Madeleine Carroll to wear in Paramount's "Are Husbands Necessary?" The collar of the blouse trims the collarless neckline of the peplum jacket. The navy blue Kasha topcoat (sketched below) has princess lines, a single button closing and wide revers that are accented with white binding. Daché designed the draped blue silk jersey hat. Miss Carroll's studio-designed clothes, on these two pages, are not available in the shops



MIDSUMMER MODES

Madeleine also wears this pale pink mousseline evening gown in "Are Husbands Necessary?" The skirt fabric is printed with clusters of black violets. Edith Head, its designer, stresses the nipped-in, higher waistline which she accents with a girde and sash of black velvet—the same fabric which fashions the short jacket that completes this evening costume (sketched below). Note the cluster of pink violets that finishes the neckline, and the wide waistband. Don't miss this Paramount picture which centers around the life of a fashion career girl and features twenty costume changes



TOPPERS

FOR

TOWN AND COUNTRY

Paulette Goddard and Jane Bryan pose in early fall coats that are perfect inspiration for the coat that will meet the demand for career girl, coed or young matron for travel, street or sport. Edith Head designed the chalk-striped, navy blue imported woolen model for Paulette Goddard to wear in Paramount's "The Cat and the Canary." The circle neckline is piped with white and fastened with a jeweled pin. Miss Head's sketch (below) shows the frock Paulette wears beneath. The flaring skirt is of navy woolen—the jacket of white. Miss Goddard will soon appear in M-G-M's "The Women"

Morrison



Orry-Kelly designed Jane Bryan's beige, brown and white checked imported English tweed topcoat with casual roll collar, flaring skirt and front belt for her to wear in Warner Brothers' production, "Each Dawn I Die." The insert photograph (left) shows the unusual design interest that individualizes the belted back of the coat—the center seam releases into radiated tucks above the waistline and into an inverted pleat below the fitted hip-line. The studio designed coats shown on these two pages are not available in the shops



Welbourne





Barbara poses in her first trousseau fashions exclusively for Photoplay—two all-suede costumes especially designed for her by Varis. She wears an amber colored jacket suit contrasted by a Mojave brown tuck-in blouse and brimmed, high-crown swagger hat. The copious bag is amber in deeper hue than the suit. Barbara is currently appearing in Columbia's "Golden Boy"

Schofer

SUÈDES FOR MRS.

ROBERT



Barbara's second all-suede costume boasts flashing color and a gathered culotte skirt set on a deep waistband. The laced coat styled after a hunting jacket is scarlet; the tuck-in blouse, cypress green; the culottes, brown—the off-the-face hat is deep purple. If you wish further information concerning these suede costumes, write direct to Voris, 8618 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California

Schafer

TAYLOR

Frocks

WHERE TO BUY THEM

If you would like to know the name of the shop in your community that carries these PHOTOPLAY fashions write to Jean Davidson, Fashion Secretary, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City. Be sure to enclose clipping or description of the merchandise desired.



This tag identifies an original PHOTOPLAY Hollywood fashion. Look for it

Helen Parrish, appearing in Universal's "Three Smart Girls Grow Up," models woolen University frocks that are fashion winners and budget triumphs. A zipper purse slung onto the belt lends trick and practical detail to Helen's green and brown plaid frock (top). The hat, from Helen's personal wardrobe, is brown felt. Helen dresses in the mood of a Scotch lassie (center) in an authentic Royal Stewart clan plaid with a matching over-the-shoulder bag, a typical Scotch cap of felt and grosgrain ribbon (Debway model). The belt of self-fabric has an inset of patent and this shining accent is repeated in the handle of the bag. The olive green frock (right) features a high waistline, a high, pointed neckline and a pocket motif and shoulder epaulets of self-fabric cording. With it Helen wears a brown suède hat with green suède crown and alligator bag and shoes selected from her personal wardrobe. All of these frocks have swing skirts and all are of pure woolen. Walter Wanger borrowed Helen from Universal to appear in "Winter Carnival"

ENROLL FOR COLLEGE DAYS



Erl of Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills, designed Ann Sheridan's gold colored two-piece woolen frock with contrast trim of brown grosgrain ribbon for her to wear in Walter Wanger's "Winter Carnival." Ann combines it here with two changes of accessories to show how it may alternate for sports or dressy wear. The photograph above shows the frock worn with a dressy hat of brown silk jersey (the cone-shaped crown is of beaver) and a choker necklace and matching bracelet of gold. Ann wears it with a brown suède hat (left), an over-the-shoulder brown kidskin bag and brown kidskin and suède gloves. Her "Three Little Fishies" bracelet and lapel pin are novel costume jewelry pieces created by Roger of Hollywood. A matching bar pin (above left) clearly shows the fish motif that is embossed on spun aluminum. This "Three Little Fishies" jewelry is available at I. Magnin, Los Angeles, Marshall Field, Chicago and B. Altman, New York. Ann is also appearing in "Devil on Wheels" for Warners, her home studio. If you wish further information about Ann's chic studio designed frock and hats, write direct to Saks Fifth Avenue, Beverly Hills, California



The story that period pictures more and more influence modern fashions finds added proof each day in Hollywood. The gowns designed for Marjorie Weaver to wear as Mary Todd in 20th Century-Fox's "Young Mr. Lincoln," so convinced her of the charm and femininity of that period that she included a modern adaptation of the era in her summer wardrobe. It's a flounced, full-skirted frock of white organdie, printed in tiny quaint floral bouquets of pink and green. Narrow black velvet ribbons hold the ruffled drop-shoulder décolletage and mark the front of the bodice. Marjorie's gown was designed by Patricia Perkins, Los Angeles. It's available in The Campus Shop, The May Company, Los Angeles.

K. W. B. B. B.

It can't be love—neither Bette Davis nor George Brent took off the specs when Hymie turned his lens on them at Café Lamaze



GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

Frothier than sea foam; flavored with spice—this amusing chatter from your favorite tea-tattler

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK



There's cause for Gene Raymond's grin—it was "Let Me Always Sing," his own little number, whipped up specially for Jeanette's concert tour, that won the most applause

Dampened Spirits

AN important but rather cynical visitor from London, who had heard of the wonders (mostly exaggerated) of the cinemah village, is returning home with firsthand stories that pale into insignificance the tales that seep into the hinterlands concerning Hollywood. And all because Hollywood can laugh at itself.

For instance, while the visitor was seated in a Warner projection room watching a torrid love scene, the automatic sprinkler system went haywire and began pouring down on the onlookers.

Mouth agape, the visitor turned to the director and producer who were with him and who never batted a single eyelash. They just sat as though being dribbled upon was the most natural of occurrences.

"I say—isn't this a bit unusual?" the Englishman asked, turning up his coat collar.

"Oh, not at all," replied the director with a shrug. "When the love scenes get too warm for comfort, the sprinkling system just automati-

cally goes on. Sort of a cooling-off process, you see."

The Englishman sat on, his face a picture of puzzled bewilderment. The director and producer never faltered but went right on discussing the scene while the water poured.

Yes, you've got to hand it to Hollywood. They know how to create laughs so others may laugh at them—that, boys and girls, is showmanship.

Work—The Open Sesame

THIS month the name Richard Barthelmess is the one spoken of most frequently in Hollywood. Richard Barthelmess, once a great star, sailed away to Europe after his career seemed definitely ended.

And now, several years later, he's back, winning acclaim for his great performance in "Only Angels Have Wings." No, Dick isn't the star. That rôle belongs to a young man named Cary Grant who, as Archie Leach, was stilt-walking

in Coney Island when Dick was the great star.

"I can't understand why Barthelmess wanted to get back in the grind again," one of a group of Hollywood writers said. "He's got plenty of money, he's had his share of fame and it lasted longer than most stars. I wonder what brought him back to it?"

Cal knows. The reason is so simple.

"I was lonely," Dick explained. "Yes, I have lots of friends, that's true, but you see they are working in pictures. They're in the swim."

"I was just an outsider. Oh, we tried to talk of other things and get back on the old footing, but I could see they had gone on and left me. So, I had to get in, too, to be where they were, so we could all be fellow workers again. I couldn't stay on the outside any longer."

And so for friendship's sake Dick, once a great star, is back at work in much lesser rôles, just to keep in, to be with and of his friends.

And it looks as if he's headed again for the top, as sure as you live.



1

Ambition's Daughter

THIS is a story of burning ambition, of sacrifice, of heartbreak . . . And, yes, a story of Hollywood. Its heroine is a beautiful Italian girl who, since she was a child, dreamed of being an actress . . . Dreamed it not so much because of the plaudits such a career would bring, but because it would afford opportunity for expression of the beauty that welled in her heart when she beheld the red sunset, or walked in a color-bright garden, or stood before the magnificent handiwork of the great Italian sculptors in the Palazzo Brera in her native *Milano*. It is Isa Miranda's story.

An Italian film director found her, one day, gazing in rapture at a Diana in the Palazzo. To him she seemed a Diana, too; erect, free, proud and lovely.

"I will make you a star," he said.

He kept his word and her beauty was proclaimed throughout Europe. "The most glamorous woman in the world," the press described her. And the poet, d'Annunzio, wrote of her: "Oh my Life! Never has desire been greater. I saw all the stars setting in your hair. They descended into impenetrable shadows, where lips cannot reach!"

Inevitably, from the suitors who laid siege to her heart, she chose one to adore. But even then, career was first. She would not give it up. And when came the opportunity to journey to Hollywood, to the heart's desire of every ambition-ridden soul—she renounced love and went her way.

She arrived in Hollywood in 1937 and went to work, first to learn English, then to learn the ways of American pictures. The going was hard. She knew no one. It was a busy new world in which she found herself. Oftentimes, the only persons she could find to converse with her in

the language she sought to master, were the tradespeople who came to her door. At last she was given a rôle in Paramount's "Zaza." But they found she wouldn't do. Various rumors gave various reasons. Isa Miranda said nothing. She merely went back to her study of English.

She was given another rôle—this time in "Hotel Imperial." They made the picture. It was previewed. . . .

The next day, three lines appeared in a certain review. "Isa Miranda also plays a rôle. She came from Italy. She might as well have stayed there." These lines expressed the consensus of critical opinion. Isa Miranda had given up much for the sake of career, but she "might as well have stayed at home."

But the fight is not over yet, she says. She says she will keep on fighting. She has taken out citizenship papers. She has cast her lot with American pictures. She will not give up. She can't, she says.

Well, it occurs to us that determination is a pretty good means of ensnaring success—just by itself. Maybe, in the case of Isa Miranda, it will be good enough. Anyway, we'll bet she will do just as she promises—keep on trying until, as she puts it, "these Hades, eet freezes on top!" And more power to her!

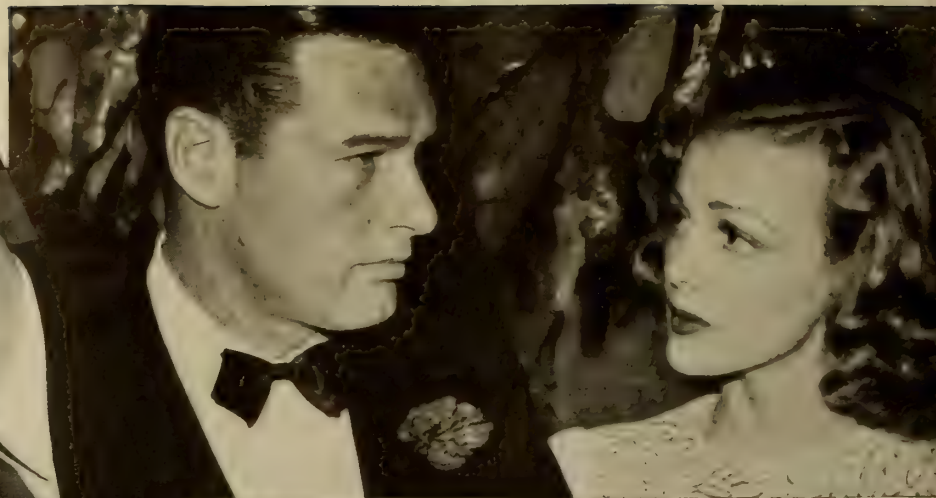
Oomph Man

WHEN the news was broadcast that Charles Boyer had been chosen by a certain group of the Hollywood press as the sexiest actor on the screen, we wondered just what the reaction might be in the Boyer household.

We translated that wonder into knowledge, by simply up and asking lovely Pat Paterson, wife of the French star, how her husband of five years felt about it.

The news hadn't reached their hilltop home. "I can imagine how he will feel about it," said Mrs. Boyer, "for I do know he wants to be known, first of all, as a good actor. Not just a certain type actor, but a good actor."

And then we learned another thing. "Love



2

Affair" (in which he co-starred with Irene Dunne) is his first Hollywood picture to receive wholehearted acclaim in his native France. Since Boyer played a very persistent lover in the picture and since he very much wants his native country to approve his work here, we can imagine the title of "The Sexiest Actor on the Screen" might not be too unwelcome under the circumstances. Incidentally, how do you feel about the Boyer sex title?

That'll Teach Him!

THEY stood together in the small, automatic elevator in the front-office building of M-G-M studios—Harpo Marx and a shabby young lady in an large outmoded felt hat.

As the elevator slowly rose, the devilry in Harpo's soul did likewise. Given to no repressed inhibitions, Harpo finally reached over and pulled off the girl's hat.

"Come on, let's see your face," he grinned. "I might know you."

He was greeted with a stare so icy, it almost froze the funnyman into an igloo.

The woman who stood alone with him in the elevator was Garbo.

Garbo and Harpo remained silent throughout the rest of the journey.

Bringin' Home the Pumpkin

THE funniest story of the month concerns handsome Walter Pidgeon and his houseboy. Walter had tried for weeks to explain to the boy just how he liked his pumpkin pies made, but somehow, despite all his powers of description, they always came out apple dumplings.

Finally, Walter carted home a piece of his favorite pie from the M-G-M commissary to show the boy.

"Now, eat it," Walter said, "and see how it should taste."

The next morning, the Filipino gingerly handed Mr. Pidgeon twenty-five cents.

"This from house money," he explained. "I think better you just bring whole pie home. Then we can both have a piece."

The sight of Pidgeon lugging home his weekly pie is just one of those Hollywood things.

Sister Act

THE Lane Sisters are nothing if not loyal. A few weeks ago, a burglar invaded the San Fernando Valley home of Priscilla and Rosemary and stole all of their jewelry, including a string of pearls belonging to each. Considerable publicity resulted from the theft.

Not long after the robbery, Pat was guest
(Continued on page 66)



THE CAMERA OF HYMAN FINK KEEPS ITS EYE ON CUPID



4

1. Now you see it, now you don't—but the Joan Fontaine-Conrad Nagel twosome is usually in evidence, as at Café Lamaze
2. Richard Arlen looks a bit preoccupied, but all Hollywood knows he's far from blind to the beauty of Virginia Grey
3. Practicing up that wedding march? Each month finds Buddy Adler and Anita Louise just that much closer to the altar
4. Now, that's what we call the right way to her heart! Mickey Rooney and Betty Coe read Cal York at the Brown Derby
- 5.

5

6. Lucky Henry Wilson—it the camera not lie! He has Patricia Ellis eating right out of his hand at Café Marcel
7. The tenderest love story of all—the romance of Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul—glimpsed at the Victor Hugo





★ TARZAN FINDS A SON!—M-G-M

OH, boy, another Tarzan. This time the idyllic life of Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan in the African jungle is complicated by a plane crash in which the sole survivor is a baby boy. The jungle King and his mate raise him as their own, until, five years later, relatives arrive to claim the boy, who is heir to five million pounds and a title, a kidnapping plot is arranged so the fortune can be controlled. *Tarzan* has taught the child all his tricks, as only he can, to keep him. The gorgeous underwater swimming scene is enough blood and thunder to make a convincing character. Sheffield, is Henry



CHARLIE CHAN IN RENO—20th Century-Fox

HOLLYWOOD may some day crumble and rot, but we've a feeling *Charlie Chan* will just go on solving celluloid mysteries. Sidney Toler has taken over the title rôle with enthusiasm and the new adventure comes when an Islander drags *Chan* into a murder mystery that has popped up in Reno. There, against the backdrop of a desert, Chan does his fastidious detective work, aided by his fastidious wife and irritated husband. Chan is always by the eager but fastidious Yung. Ricardo Cortez plays the straight rôle, but comedy is added to the formula by Eddie Collins. The some-thing is tied up with a rich wronged wife.

The Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE NEW PICTURES

ANAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURE

for Kay Francis' and Men Marry"



HOLLYWOOD goes to the head of the class this month. Nothing but straight A's show up on our private report card as we circle the set. Every studio in town is booming with the biggest collection of important pictures we've seen in many a moon.

We find cooking up, for instance, a potpourri of plums like "Golden Boy," "The Rains Came," Frank Capra's new epic, "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," the long-awaited Hedy Lamarr glamorizer, "Lady of the Tropics," and the Charles Boyer-Irene Dunne "Love Affair" follow-upper, "Modern Cinderella."

Walter Wanger snaps out of his nap with "Winter Carnival" and Gary Cooper is busy with Sam Goldwyn's "The Real Glory." Even Bing Crosby is hustling out of the house at the crack of dawn for "The Star Maker." Maybe Hollywood meant it when it promised a new deal in entertainment.

There's another new deal we notice, too, this month. Mister and Miss Cinderella have come to town. Never before have we noticed as many young unknowns yanked from nowhere to fill the fought-for shoes of choice Hollywood picture parts. Hollywood is taking a chance on new talent—for which the saints be praised, say we!

Our first port of call, Columbia, is the gem of the studio ocean this month with Frank Capra's "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" and Rouben Mamoulian's "Golden Boy" companies cranking their cameras. William Holden in the "Golden Boy" title rôle, is Hollywood's head Cinderella Man.

Hollywood snaps out of a midsummer lethargy with a new deal in entertainment—a boom of supers that will make the welkin ring

BY JACK WADE

Only a few weeks ago William Holden was just another student at the Junior College in Pasadena, California. When we meet him at Columbia, we see personified that sort of dazzling, unbelievable luck that still strikes like lightning in Hollywood. Columbia looked high and low for the right "Golden Boy." It cost them a big chunk of the bank roll to buy Clifford Odets' great stage play about a talented young violin player ruined by the easy money of the prize ring; they wanted to make it right. Box-office male stars, great and small, anxiously performed before the "Golden Boy" test camera. Then, Columbia's boss, Harry Cohn, saw Holden in a Paramount stock test one day and said, "There's Golden Boy!"

The setup we see is Fight-manager Adolphe Menjou's office. Adolphe, hardly the well-dressed man in his flashy outfit, and Barbara Stanwyck, his hard-bitten girl friend, confer with their pugilistic pals as Gangster Joseph Calleia arrives to muscle in on the profits of *Golden Boy*. It's an interesting scene to us because of a Mamoulia touch—the use of "on-stage" cues. They work like this:

The actors line up in a circle, chattering *ad lib* like magpies to make a microphone murmur. When Calleia enters, the first actor stops talking, turns and stares. When he stops, the next one stops and stares—and so on around the circle—each taking his cues from his neighbor's silence, with the camera in close pursuit. That way, the audience sits right in on the whole thing. Clever—what?

On the side lines Bill Holden sits this one out with us. Bill has a swell grin, kinky black hair and a smooth muscular build. We ask him if the strain of being a Cinderella chap isn't pretty terrific. He tells us he is as busy as a one-armed paper hanger. "Every day after the set folds," he relates, "I take a violin lesson. Then I eat dinner. After dinner I take a boxing lesson. Later on I learn my lines. Then all the next day I have the jitters. It's a great life—but Mr. Menjou, here, and Miss Stanwyck are a great help."

WE find Jimmy Stewart in the midst of a marathon talking contest on the Frank Capra set, "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington." It's one of the most spectacular sets we've seen, too—an exact reproduction, inch for inch, of the Senate Chamber in Washington, D. C. Even the desks where the extra cinema Solons are parked, looking very wise at \$8.50 a day, came from the nation's capital.

"Mr. Smith," you know, was originally "Mr. Deeds." Capra wanted to follow up the successful "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" by taking the same odd but salty gentleman to the capital and turning him loose. But Gary Cooper was too busy to do the *Deeds*—if you can handle the

pun—so Jimmy got the job, alias *Smith*. It's the same "Deeds" formula, though; a supposedly small-town Simple Simon is sent to the United States Senate by a political machine. They think they can run him. They don't figure on smooth secretary Jean Arthur, though, or Jimmy's devotion to his country.

The scene we see is Jimmy knee-deep in hot water. The machine has managed to have him impeached when he won't play ball. Jimmy is carrying on a one-man filibuster. The minute he stops talking, he'll be kicked out of the Senate on his ear. So he doesn't stop.

The scenarist has given Jimmy a load of stuff to talk about—he uses everything from the Sermon on the Mount to "Casey at the Bat"—it's all fair in a filibuster. Suddenly he stops and looks at Capra helplessly. "That's all," says Jimmy, "that's all the speech in the script."

"It's not enough," replies Capra. "Keep talking."

Jimmy knits his brows. "How about 'The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck'?"

"Go ahead," grins Capra.

"—Whence all but him had fled . . ." parrots Jimmy.

We grab the idea ourselves. James Stewart's



Richard Carlson, Ann Sheridan and Robert Allen (top) shiver for the sake of Art in "Winter Carnival," but William Holden's teeth chatter for another reason—he has the title rôle in "Golden Boy," opposite Barbara Stanwyck (above)

a nice fellow—but not nice enough for us to listen long to his poetic readings.

ACROSS Sunset Boulevard and up the street, Paramount has Bing Crosby busy boo-booing in "The Star Maker." There's more boo-booing there, too—but of another kind, as Lloyd Douglas' "Disputed Passage" gets itself picturized with expert tear-jerker Frank Borzage in the driver's seat.

Not many more times will we duck in off Marathon Street to Dear Old Paramount. Already, work is under way on the new Paramount studio site out across from Twentieth Century-Fox's Westwood Hills. There the most modern movie factory imaginable will soon rise. The storied Paramount-Hollywood lot will vanish with its memories. Rumors say RKO, next door, will take over the old plant.

Dorothy Lamour, minus song and sarong, brightens up "Disputed Passage," with John Howard, Akim Tamiroff and Judith Barrett.



Goldwyn does things the big way! A \$100,000 set for "The Real Glory"; orchids—as well as Broderick Crawford, Gary Cooper and David Niven—for Andrea Leeds

The story is love versus a scientific career. John's a prize pupil of a great surgeon, Akim. Dorothy is a delicious distraction with a Chinese accent. The battle skips between China and the United States, but right now it's concentrated in a laboratory set packed with retorts, test tubes, vials and beakers.

Akim Tamiroff, John Howard and Gaylord Pendleton are about to engage in a free-for-all fight. Pendleton attacks Akim because he flunked him out of his class and John comes to the rescue. They're all set to go, when an efficiency man runs onto the set. "Boys," he pleads, "take it easy with these retorts—they cost \$2.50 apiece!" Nobody pays any attention. "Okay!" says Borge. "Action!"

It sounds like the collapse of a china store bargain counter and it looks worse than that as John, Akim and Gaylord tangle. Most of the glass is "breakaway"—prop glass that isn't dangerous. But a lot of it isn't, too. The efficiency man groans as he sees the profits vanishing. That reminds us of Groaner Crosby. We leave the carnage for "The Star Maker."

Gus Edwards and his famous troupe of kid stars plainly inspired Bing's new musical, although, in the movie, Bing will answer to "Larry." The newsboy gang that produced Eddie Cantor, George Jessel, Lila Lee and Walter Winchell in the old days lives again in fifty talented Hollywood youngsters, the result of the biggest studio stampede for children Hollywood has seen for years. Paramount had announced free tests to all comers. Fifteen hundred and seventy-five youngsters responded—with their mamas. They almost tore the studio down, but Bing got his kids.

Another Cinderella girl shows up in "The Star Maker," too. Her name is Linda Ware and Paramount says she's another Deanna Durbin—only better. H-m-m-m. Linda was just a little Detroit orphan whose friends told her she ought to go to Hollywood. So she did. One song was enough to convince Paramount. Even Bing thinks she's got a great voice and Bing ought to know. Louise Campbell, as Bing's wife, and Ned Sparks fill out the cast.

The camera crew is lining up while Ned dismally fires darts at a derby hat and Bing sits in a canvas chair figuring up his racing losses. He

doesn't seem to let them get him down. He hums "School Days." Louise Campbell reads a book. It's one of those off-set hours when everybody relaxes.

The kids are nowhere in sight, which is strange to us, because they're on the call sheet. In a minute, the door flies open and a mob of them troop in. The leader is toting a huge cake with candles. They're all singing "Happy Birthday to you, Dear Bing."

Everybody jumps up. "Now, I'll be diddle-de-dad-burned!" exclaims Bing. "How did you rascals know?"

After much huffing and puffing at the candles, Bing slices the cake. That's the last he sees of it. The fifty kids dive for it and, in a minute, the plate is as clean as the Hays' office. Bing gets a crumb, maybe.

"Hey!" he protests, "whose birthday is this, anyway?"

"Yours," says a tyke, "but it's *our* cake!"

"Well," laughs Bing, "it's better for my figger that way, after all, I guess."

At our next stop, Walter Wanger's, we're referred to an ice house, of all things. When we arrive at the address, in downtown Los Angeles, we find the whole "Winter Carnival" troupe shivering in a vast, refrigerated building where it's six degrees below freezing!

There, in the great cooler, Ann Sheridan, Richard Carlson, Robert Armstrong and Helen Parrish are hopping about to keep warm, while a horse-drawn sleigh ploughs through real snow, artificially made and selling by the ton.

It's odd enough to find a complete Hollywood set in an ice house with everybody bundled up in overcoats and mufflers—but the reason is even funnier. All the trouble is just to make the actors' breaths show. Much of "Winter Carnival" was filmed last winter at Dartmouth College, where the thermometer does a nose dive. To match the Dartmouth frozen breaths, the cast in Hollywood has to act in an icebox!

It's a relief to warm up once more on the "Real Glory" set at Sam Goldwyn's, although a high fog chases Gary Cooper, David Niven and Broderick Crawford right out of the tropical island set on the back lot a few minutes after we arrive. An interior is ready for just such an emergency.

We have a look at the \$100,000 Philippine Island set before we follow them inside. We admire Sam Goldwyn because he does things right. This set is a classic. You might be right in the Islands. Thousands of dollars worth of bamboo has been gathered, and an absolutely authentic native village and military station have risen, with a stone church, barracks, boat landing and even real Philippine trees—ban-yans, palms, banana trees—transplanted on Goldwyn's back lot. Half the movie homes have been robbed of their household help, while six hundred Filipinos, male and female, get movie breaks.

"The Real Glory" glorifies the American army during the Moro uprisings of 1906. Gary Cooper's a doctor, David Niven, Brod Crawford and Reggie Owen are officers, Andrea Leeds is the lone white gal. It's a little like "Arrow-smith"—a cholera epidemic, a native attack, heroism, rescue and love through it all.

It looks like a day's work getting the Filipinos rounded up. We ask Gary if the scene is worth waiting for. "Well," drawls the Coop, "all I do is look heroic—is that worth it?"

We're just starting our trip through the tropics, we find, when we light next at Twentieth Century-Fox. "The Rains Came," probably the most exciting picture of the month, is tropical India stuff—as you surely know, if you've read Louis Bromfield's very popular novel.

Myrna Loy is out of her element in this—both away from M-G-M, and from the perfect-wife parts she's gloried in ever since she gave up Oriental sirening as a steady chore. Minnie goes shady lady in this—as *Lady Esketh*, a female very much without moral standards or a tender, loving disposition. George Brent, in his very first job at TC-F, also is strictly a heel as *Tom Ransome*. But Darryl Zanuck did a little better with the home folks. Even though Ty Power has to wear chocolate make-up, a stringy mustache and a turban as the Hindu surgeon, *Major Safti*, he's a pretty right gentleman beneath it all.

In the eagerly-sought part of *Fern*, the missionary's daughter, squabbled over by fifty young Hollywood ladies such as Frances Dee, Wendy Barrie, Phyllis Brooks et al, we find another Cinderella—Brenda Joyce, fresh from the campus of the University of California at Los Angeles. She's tagged as real talent.

"The Rains Came" is a story of regeneration in India and we'll let it go at that—except to warn you that it's due to outrain "Rain," out-blow "The Hurricane," outquake "San Francisco," outflood "Suez" and outplague "Yellow Jack." Everything comes at once, too!

We catch Minnie Loy, George and Ty getting a sample—just a wee taste—of the rain end of it. Minnie is in jodhpurs—and a dish she is, too—Ty's in his turban, and George is more or less in his cups. Above them, stretched out along a block of rigging, are miles and miles of sprinkle pipes. Through this dripping gauntlet Director Clarence Brown orders them to run.

Minnie looks at the pipes and shivers. The "prop" turns on the giant shower and everybody takes a bath with clothes on. We've noticed strange people standing around. We thought they were visitors. But they're masseurs and masseuses. As soon as Brown yells, "Cut!" they dash in and grab Myrna, Ty and George. They hustle them into their dressing rooms, strip off their clothes, dry them with rough towels and give them a rubdown. In a minute, all three emerge again, fresh as daisies, in dry costumes, ready to get all wet again!

This happens three times while we watch. There's one thing they can't dry though—that's the earth under the rain pipes. It soon becomes a sea of mud. On the last take, Myrna catches a slippery spot, and her feet fly in the air, she does a neat "high and gruesome" as they used to say in Christie comedy days. Minnie lights

(Continued on page 80)

PHOTOPLAY'S

own Beauty Shop

CAROLYN VAN WYCK
PROP.



E VOLUTION OF A BEAUTY—Hollywood is wonderful! It takes pretty, unsophisticated little girls and turns them into glamour gals by teaching them the ways to beauty—how to walk and how to talk, how to wear clothes, how to enhance their good looks and how to overcome their bad points. It took Gail Patrick, who came straight to Hollywood from Alabama, just out of school where she had studied law, and taught her how to make the most of her natural good looks so that she emerged a new person—glamorous, poised, gracious—and accomplished this with just a few simple twists of the wrist.

Gail was naturally pretty and charming when she hit Hollywood, but she had paid little attention to her looks and given most of her time to study, forgetting that a woman to be a success must make the most of her good looks as well as her brains.

Look at the pictures of her taken when Paramount tested her and gave her a contract in 1932. It was a thrill for her when she posed with Gary Cooper (pictured at right), but notice the lack of self-assurance and poise she displayed then. Her clothes were unbecoming, her hat not right for her. Her hair was pulled behind her ears and her eyebrows were un-plucked. She just hadn't bothered to make the most of herself. But that was soon changed.

Her hair was completely restyled. They waved it softly around her face and dropped it lower on the back of her neck. Her lipline was slightly altered and they gave her eyebrows more shape. She looked very sweet and wholesome and just like a little daughter of the South. She was appearing in her first picture at that time; so the studio began to send out fashion stiffs on her.

They dressed her in more tailored clothes and kept her hair close to her head, but she still lacked poise and grace and was obviously very self-conscious about the whole thing. The studio was still experimenting with her, and a little later, in that same year (1933), they decided that perhaps she was the sophisticated glamour-girl type. They put her into gold lamé and draped her seductively over a chair. They darkened her eyelids, gave a fuller curve to her mouth, brought her hair closer around her cheeks and told her to look languorous and alluring. This wasn't very much of an improvement, because Gail is too much the normal American girl—vital, charming and straightforward, not at all the slinking, exotic type. The rôle was not an expression of her own personality, so it was all wrong for her.



By 1936, the true Gail Patrick had begun to emerge. She had become more sure of herself and of her own potentialities, and had gained confidence and poise. Her brows were thinned out at the ends, her rouge was placed to accent her cheekbones, her mouth had been made fuller. Her hair was dressed to give more balance to her face, and her clothes, while tailored, were a little softer and more feminine.

OF course, all this time Gail was co-operating with them to the fullest extent, working on herself and her personality to find what was best for her and to truly express herself. Her Southern accent was so thick she didn't know the sound of the letter "r," which naturally limited the rôles she could play, so Gail went to the dramatic coach of the studio, working steadily and faithfully day after day, practicing phrases endlessly until now her voice is charming and unaffected and that limiting accent gone.

So let's look at Gail today in the full flower of her beauty. She has overcome all the drawbacks of the unsophisticated, awkward girl who first came to Hollywood, wanting only to be a lawyer. Her loveliness is not a false loveliness superimposed upon her, but a reflection of the schooling she went through to develop her own personality as well as to find her true good looks. She's found the exact curve her lips

(Continued on page 77)



Hollywood has a way of making over its pretty girls—as witness the evolution of Gail Patrick described herein. The student, who made her first test with Gary Cooper, had gained confidence when the above picture was made in 1936. Top, as she is today



"Dear Roberta: I ask you, how would you be in a love scene with a boy you'd never laid eyes on?" Pat wrote to best friend Roberta McCoy (far left) from New York—where she took her first screen test (above) for a talent scout

Hoping You Are the Same

The postmark: Hollywood (mostly).

The address: Indianola, Iowa. In the envelopes: intimate confidences of a girl (Pat Lane) who found stardom in her Christmas stocking

Editor's Note: No girl—star or otherwise—ever reveals herself so completely as she does in letters to the childhood friend she has gone to school with, played dolls with, and hooked apples with. Ever since Priscilla Lane left Indianola, Iowa, to visit sister Leota in New York—a visit that was to culminate in stardom for both herself and another sister, Rosemary—"Pat" has written to Roberta McCoy step-by-step details of her progress. Photoplay has borrowed from Miss McCoy the correspondence, for publication; and herewith presents to you, Pat Lane, in her own letters, collected by Marian Rhea.

This, like most of Pat's letters to Roberta, is undated.

New York City

DEAR Roberta:

Well, my fine-feathered friend, yours truly has had a screen test! For M-G-M! A talent scout (a man who goes around looking for people who he thinks might be good in the movies) named Al Altman fixed it up. Mother and Leota went with me up to a sort of theater in a big skyscraper and I went into a room to be made up. Others were there being made up, too. One was a strange looking girl with her hair slicked back into a sort of bun. Not very pretty, I thought, but Mr. Altman said she "has something," he thinks. Her name he said is Catherine Hepburn (yes, *that's the way Pat spelled it*). Margaret Sullavan, the Broadway actress, was there, too, being tested.

As for me, they dolled me all up in a swishy black dress and ultra-ultra black hat and penciled my eyebrows and painted me a new mouth and I had to do a very dramatic love scene. But it was with a boy I had never seen before

and I don't think I was good at all. I ask you—how would you be in a love scene with a boy you'd never laid eyes on until fifteen minutes before? I suppose that's what you have to do in the movies but it's kind of crazy.

Well, I'll let you know how I came out.

Love,
Pat

She made good her promise soon.

DEAREST Roberta:

Well, that screen test was n.g. At least I guess it was because Mr. Altman's secretary called and said she was sorry but the test "wasn't satisfactory." I thought maybe that meant I'd get another, but Leota said she was afraid I wouldn't. I was disappointed, but Mother says I am too young to be in the movies and there is plenty of time. But time seems to go awfully slow and I don't mind telling you I am pretty sunk, so I hope you will write soon and cheer me up.

Your n.g. playmate,

Pat
(Continued on page 76)



The grim realities of the North Country and a Shakespearean tour (far right, in "Julius Caesar") helped prepare Robert Donat for his rôle in "Goodbye, Mr. Chips"



DOLLARS TO DONAT

A glimpse into the little-known private life of a handsome Britisher whose career started with a laugh

BY CAROLINE LEJEUNE

DRIVING through the dark Buckinghamshire lanes to hear Robert Donat give his midnight "Citadel" broadcast to America, I sank back against the cushions and lounged and thought.

I thought, it's lucky I knew Robert Donat when, or I shouldn't be writing this article. Robert is the friendliest soul alive, but if you didn't know him when, you never really knew him.

The whole secret of the Donat success is back in those early years when he tramped the Manchester pavements and talked without any broad a's, spoke rough and lived tough like all of us who were raised in that dour North Country of cobblestones and "bally big cart horses."

It's a funny thing, when you come to think of it, what the north does for our actors.

There must be something in the smutty air of the northern factory towns, or the sleet and the rain and the hard, uncoddled childhoods, that brings out the grit and the human touch in people. We don't waste time in the north. When we think a thing, we say it. When we want a thing, we go out and get it. Our actors have learned their job in the best school of all, the school of the common people.

Look at Charles Laughton, born and bred in the Yorkshire dales. Look at Gracie Fields, a part-timer in the mills at ten.

Look at Robert Donat, speaking to the world tonight from his private study like the King at Sandringham. . . .

As we started the long climb up the outskirts of the Chilterns, through pinewoods and larchwoods to the Donat home, I thought of the grey little street where Robert was born.

I KNEW that street so well. It was just around the corner from my own home. St. Paul's Road, Withington, a drab cul-de-sac behind a church in a Manchester suburb. The Donat house was the last in the row, and grimy fields, now built over, crept up to the garden.

Donat senior, who loved flowers, made the best job he could out of a few gallant rose trees struggling against the Manchester soot. There were stunted apple trees with a few green apples, and an ancient glass vinery.

The young Donats went to school by street-car, which we in Manchester called "the tram." Their education cost them threepence a week, and the boys themselves had to bring the money. Every Monday morning the teacher

rapped on his desk and called out, "Fees, please," and Robert would hand up his three pennies, wrapped in a twist of paper. No pennies, no school.

He was always a lonely little boy. He never went about in a gang, like his brothers. Sometimes he used to go scorching along the sidewalks on his tricycle, but more often he shut himself up in his room, reading, or reciting poetry out loud to himself.

He was nervous and imaginative. Often, when he was left alone in the house on winter evenings, he would listen to the rain pattering on the roof of the vinery and go into a cold sweat of terror. His brain created all sorts of bogeys. He heard Things and saw Things in the dark, but he never told anybody.

When Robert was eleven years old, his mother decided that he must take elocution lessons to get rid of his broad North-Country accent. In Lancashire and Yorkshire we say our a's short and reverse our oo and u sounds, making soot sound like sut and butter like booter.

So Robert's parents scraped the fees together somehow, and the boy was sent, after school hours, to study with a local elocution

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Jim (with sword), in a blustering Mercersburg melodrama, in which another Hollywood hero, Dick Foran (at Jim's left) made his debut

BY WILBUR MORSE, JR.

"WHAT'S your name?"

The sleek-haired, wise-eyed senior in voluminous plus four knickerbockers regarded with mock gravity the tall, gangling boy in the tight-fitting grey suit, as he dropped his bulging suitcase on the cement walk of the broad campus.

The September sun laid golden rays on the green lawns and shining trees and sharply outlined the shadows of the Gothic and Georgian buildings that form the impressive front of Mercersburg Academy.

The tall boy met the confident, critical stare of the knickerbockered one with a wide, friendly smile that faded before the other's impersonal manner. The hand which had dropped the suitcase to stretch out in greeting, fell to his side unnoticed.

"What's your name?" the sleek-haired senior repeated. "You're new at Mercersburg, aren't you?"

"Yes. My name is Stewart—Jim Stewart."

"Where do you come from?"

"Indiana, Pa."

"Never heard of it."

"It's near Pittsburgh."

"What can you do? What are you going out for?"

"Why . . . eh . . . well . . . you see . . ." As the new boy fumbled for an answer to this unexpected question, the senior, with a final appraising look at him, moved across the campus to join a group lounging on the steps of Keil Hall.

Jim Stewart pondered that query through the rest of the afternoon, as he tacked up pennants in his new dormitory room. What had he done

thus far that would contribute anything to the brisk, competitive life of a big prep school?

Life had been scored to an easy, even tempo back home in Indiana by the simple pleasures and safe adventures of a small town and the close ties of a happy, self-contained family that included Alec Stewart, his big, rangy, lovable-natured father; Bessie Stewart, his laughing, soft-voiced mother; and his two pretty younger sisters, Mary and Virginia, whom Jim had affectionately nicknamed "Doddie" and "Ginny."

Building model airplanes, perfecting radio sets, trapping muskrats, selling programs at the county fair and playing his accordion with the Boy Scout band had been the interests which had occupied Jim's boyhood until he was sixteen, and then came the family decision that was to alter the whole pitch of his quiet existence. With Princeton as the ultimate goal, Jim was to be given the helpful handicap of four years at a good prep school and was registered for entrance at Mercersburg in the fall of 1924.

And now here he was, actually a part of the college-like democracy of 300 or more well-dressed, prosperous boys from all parts of the country, poured into a carefully tended mental melting pot from which issued a mold that has become standardized as the "prep school type." And none of his past performances promised to be of much value in making a place for himself in this new, challenging world so utterly different from the comfortable certainties of home.

At sixteen, popularity on a big prep school campus is an achievement to be worked for, worried over, won, above all other attainments. Jim saw that athletics were one of the certain roads to a desired standing among his new schoolmates and immediately turned out for football.

There had been no football team at the Model School back in Indiana and what experience Jim had in the game was entirely second-hand, gathered from the side lines at State Teachers' College games. It was a thrilling new adventure to report at the gymnasium, don a

Lackadaisical LOTHARIO

THE LIFE AND GOOD TIMES OF
JAMES STEWART

*Pictorially and factually, perhaps the
finest star biography PHOTOPLAY
has been fortunate enough to publish*



A freshman at Princeton with a yen for the movies—as spectator only

blue and white jersey and heavy padded pants, handed down from some last year's varsity player, and trot out on the field to scrimmage until the autumn dusk fell over the green oval. There was a glorious sort of heroism in this game of plunging, crashing bodies that left you bruised and weary, but strangely elated and uplifted, at the end of the long afternoon.

Jim was too light to be varsity material, but with that persistency which was to mark his entire career, he kept out for football for three years and finally, in his Upper Middler fall, was rewarded with the captaincy of the third team, on which he played center. It was the only elective post Jim ever held in his school and college days, and one of his most treasured memories is the hard won 3-0 triumph over the Harrisburg Y.M.C.A. eleven, the third team's one scheduled contest.

But if he was too light for varsity football, Jim's long legs won him a place on the track squad as a hurdler and high jumper and there were other interests, other honors to be won in the various campus activities in which Jim played his full share during his four years at Mercersburg.

In the spring of his first year, Jim contributed a number of drawings to the *Karux*, the school year book, and in his last three years was art editor of the annual, a post usually reserved for seniors.

He sang in the glee club and the choir, and at commencement time he was the soloist in the ceremonial step singing for which each year the seniors gather on the front steps of Main Hall to chant farewell to their Alma Mater.



Debutantes' delight, hero of "The Tiger Smiles," (left), 1930-31 production of Princeton's famous Triangle Club. Some college boys find fame in football. Others swallow goldfish. Jim squeezed renown out of an accordion



The Stewart clan of Indiana, Pa. Jim, as a sophomore at Princeton, with his grandfather, James M. Stewart, and his father, Alec

When Jim was leading cheers at Princeton, instead of bowing to them. Steve Brown, his roommate and best friend, at Jim's right

No Hollywood triumph was ever as sweet to Jim as the captaincy of Mercersburg's third football team



He played in the orchestra of one of the two literary societies, and in his senior year he was cast in one of the leading rôles of the annual production of the dramatic club, "The Wolves," a blustering melodrama of the French Revolution by Romain Rolland. For this school-boy dramatic debut, Jim donned a matted wig and an incredible mustache and swaggered through his lines with a robust confidence. In the same cast was another Mercersburg boy who later was to unlimber histrionic prowess in Hollywood, Nick Foran, now romping through Westerns as Dick Foran.

But it was Jim's accordion which really garnered him glory at Mercersburg, just as it was later to be the medium of his success at Princeton and finally the direct cause of his adopting a stage career.

In the lazy spring evenings when the dogwood and apple blossoms robbed the campus in white, Jim and his "squeeze box" were the center of many a song fest on the lawn back of Keil Hall and winter nights when study hall was over, it was to Jim's room in Main the crowd would gravitate for a tuneful rollick.

AT the end of his second year at Mercersburg, Jim came home for summer vacation to find that Bill Neff, his boyhood playmate, now a senior at the Indiana High School, had acquired a new hobby. From a mail-order house, Bill had obtained a book on magic and already he was quite accomplished in a number of illusions.

Jim was intrigued with the venture and was promptly pressed into service as Bill's assistant. A benefit show was to be held in the high-school auditorium in August to raise money for the Boy Scout band and Bill was asked to headline with his magic act.

For weeks the two boys worked tirelessly, building stage properties, escape trunks and all the other paraphernalia of a magician's outfit. "Ginny," Jim's younger sister, was recruited as a stooge to be sawed in two or mysteriously raised from a table, and the act was rehearsed day and night until the little troupe felt they could have challenged Thurston to a tournament in legerdemain.

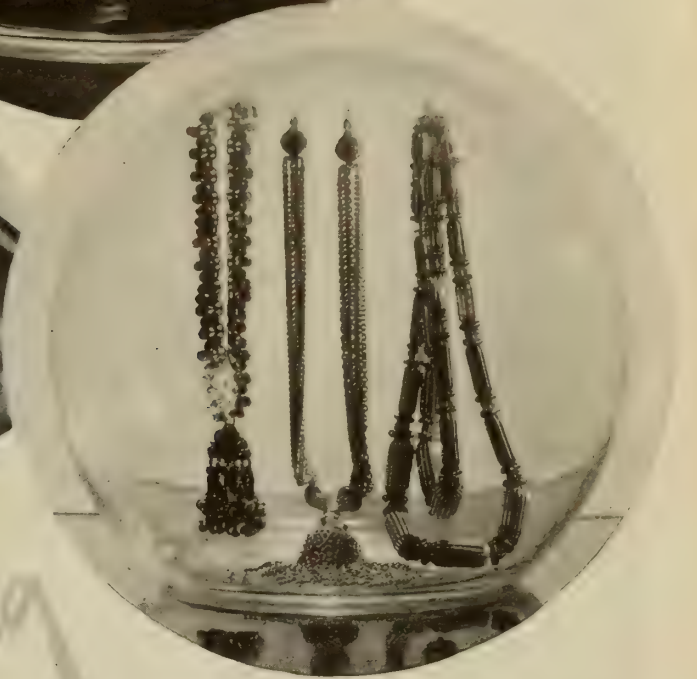
"The benefit show was a huge success," recalls Virginia, "and Jim and Bill decided to widen the sphere of their stage activities. For the remainder of the summer they made excursions to near-by towns to perform their act.

"Bill had a shrewd sense of showmanship and every appearance in these neighboring towns was ballyhooed with a professional vigor. A few hours before the performance was scheduled, Jim would station himself at the busiest corner of the town and begin playing his accordion. When a sufficient crowd had collected, Bill would have himself strapped into a strait jacket and then hoisted, suspended by his feet, on a crane high over the street. Dangling by his feet, Bill would stage a Houdini-like escape from the strait jacket that was guaranteed to start word-of-mouth publicity percolating through the town and attract a large audience to their show.

"As the boys got an increasing number of engagements, Bill added new stunts to the act until he was giving a very creditable show. The challenge of mastering more and more difficult illusions fascinated Neff and by the time he left college, his career was established. Today he is one of the better-known professional magicians in the East.

"When Jim went home to Indiana for Christmas last year and was prevailed upon by the local theater manager to make a personal appearance, he agreed only on the condition that Bill Neff be engaged and Jim assume again his old rôle of assistant and stooge. To make the occasion memorable, Bill arranged for Jim to be inducted into the International Brotherhood of Magicians at the conclusion of the performance."

(Continued on page 84)



Crystal Gazing
INTO FALL'S FASHION FUTURES

BY FRANCES HUGHES, New York Fashion Editor

Assisting Gwenn Walters, Fashion Editor

EVEN the Irish are going Oriental! Geraldine Fitzgerald, new and bright little star in Warner Brothers' heaven, who won her spurs after her sensitive performances in "Dark Victory" and "Wuthering Heights," looks deeply into Photoplay's fashion crystal and sees *you*, herself and all smart women going Oriental for Fall! Wonderful way to work magic with your basic black dress! Your head swathed, like hers, in a Maharajah's turban of hand-blocked red and green silk surah, cinched with a giant gilded safety pin paved with pearls! Your neck hung, like hers, with heavy ropes of golden beads. Copy the matching bracelet wound around her wrist and—for good measure—wear dangle earrings that jingle like a Hindu dancing girl's. Now look into the

crystal with Miss Fitzgerald and you'll see yourself carrying a draped suede dressmaker bag (top crystal) hung like a knapsack from glistening black bracelet handles. You will add gobs of jewelry to your simplest dresses, like the gold bead necklace (center crystal, left) of glittering dangles, golden medallions and a giant beaded tassel; or the nine-strand golden necklace (center) with a dripping, fringed tassel; or the twin strands (right) of silver tubes like Persian melons, with make-believe ruby and emerald and sapphire rondelles. Your gloves (bottom crystal) will be longer, worn crushed around your wrists and garnished with a wide, wide silver bracelet fit for a Maharanee. Your accessories may look heavy, but on you they'll be as light as a feather. You'll see!

All Oriental loot from Macy's, New York



Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 52)

artist on a radio broadcast and Lola went along to see how she did. Seated in the audience, Lola heard a couple of women whispering back of her.

"Priscilla Lane has on a string of pearls, now," one of them said. "I'll bet hers were never stolen at all. I'll bet she was just after publicity."

Whereupon Lola turned in her seat and put her straight. "Hers were, too, stolen!" she hissed. "She's wearing Mother's pearls!"

Well, she was. But the emcee made faces at Lola and, with no uncertain gestures, motioned her to be quiet. Everybody else looked at her disapprovingly. But she only sat there, glowering.

"Well, I don't care what people say about me, but it makes me furious to see 'em go after Pat," she said, afterward. "Pat never told a lie in her life!"

John Public Discovers

IT'S a funny thing about the general public . . . Or maybe it is only human. Anyway, something kind of interesting is happening at 20th Century-Fox.

As you may have noticed, 20th Century is given to pushing newcomers, hard. They'll get someone they believe in and the sky's the limit for the build-up. Remember June Lang and more particularly, Simone Simon? They got as much advance publicity as Greta Garbo did when she was to talk on the screen for the first time.

And then, John Public, having a mind of his own—even being a little perverse, maybe, about having these unknowns rammed down his throat, so to speak—got stubborn. He wouldn't take June Lang for what 20th Century said she was worth and he wouldn't take Simone Simon . . . No particular reason, just wouldn't, that's all.

And so 20th Century got wise. When it found some more new star material, it went a little easier on 'em. Ty Power wasn't given the build-up June and Simone were, nor Don Ameche, either. And look at 'em now!

And also, look at Dick Greene! He is, in fact, the real moral to this story. We happen to know that 20th Century had a lot of faith in him when it brought him over from England. He was already tops over there. But what did it do? Well, practically nothing. Dick received merely the average build-up. He was put in average rôles. No particular attention was called to him at all until . . . Just the other day, a survey of fan mail told a strange story. It told that, of all the stars at 20th Century-Fox (except Shirley Temple), Dick Greene gets the most fan mail! You see, the public has "discovered" him, itself, which makes him the public's own fair-haired boy . . . All of which should constitute a good tip to all movie producers, we think.

Silence versus Talkies

HOLLYWOOD is interested in watching the developments of two marriages. Need I say the Tyrone Powers and Robert Taylors are the objects of interest?

It's this way—before their marriage, Bob and Barbara Stanwyck were noted for their silent dates. Dining in public, the two would sit, each absorbed in his own silence, exchanging only a few words during the entire course of the evening. Whether this was a silence born of great understanding, or whether they simply had nothing to say and

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check the Correct Answers on Page 78

GRADE yourself five points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY. Check up on page 78.

1. This virile actor made his stage debut playing the rôle of Catherine in "The Taming of the Shrew":

Humphrey Bogart Laurence Olivier
Spencer Tracy Henry Wilcoxon

2. Two of these actors began their movie careers as extras:

Charles Boyer James Stewart
Dennis O'Keefe Clark Gable

3. This temperamental star made news in all the papers when she panned Hollywood in an interview, then later retracted and said she had been misunderstood:

Constance Bennett Sylvia Sydney
Jeanette MacDonald Grace Moore

4. The hectic marriage of this couple has finally, after many reconciliations, ended in divorce:

Errol Flynn, Lili Damita
Mr. and Mrs. Basil Rathbone
Stan Laurel, Illeana
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Young

5. In her early vaudeville days, this actress twirled a lariat and imitated a Texas cowgirl on the London stage:

Binnie Barnes Barbara Stanwyck
Ann Sheridan Joan Blondell

6. He was a dispatch carrier for Michael Collins, leader of the Irish Revolution:

Pat O'Brien Brian Aherne
George Brent Warner Baxter

7. This picture set a world's record for gross returns:

The Singing Fool The Gold Rush
The Ten Commandments
Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs

8. She won the coveted rôle of Belle Watling in GWTW:

Carmel Myers Mae West
Rosalind Russell Ona Munson

9. A film popularity poll in South America recently voted this actress, currently working in the picturization of a famous stage play, as the most popular star:

Sonja Henie Claudette Colbert
Norma Shearer Carole Lombard

10. The National Safety Council awarded this actor a plaque for 500,000 miles of safe driving:

C. Aubrey Smith Lewis Stone
Jed Prouty Walter Connolly

11. She is the wife of John Payne:

Jean Arthur Lucille Ball
Anne Shirley Ginger Rogers

12. "Flying Down to Rio" was this top star's first film success:

Robert Taylor Cary Grant
Tyrone Power Fred Astaire

13. After twenty-five years of being one of the leading comics of the screen, this actor will now turn to producing a comedy for RKO-Radio:

Harold Lloyd Buster Keaton
Charlie Chaplin Oliver Hardy



Mary Healy of New Orleans—who sings a merry tune in 20th Century-Fox's film, "Second Fiddle"

14. This singing star owns the largest pewter collection in Hollywood and is an amateur sculptor as well:

Allan Jones Gene Autry
Don Ameche Nelson Eddy

15. The sons of two of these actors are following in their fathers' footsteps and rapidly rising to fame on the screen as leading men:

Jack Holt Noah Beery
Edward G. Robinson Buck Jones

16. When this actor's return to Hollywood and the screen was delayed by illness, Chester Morris replaced him in his rôle in "Thunder Afloat":

Ricardo Cortez William Powell
Franchot Tone Dick Powell

17. It's hard to believe that this lovely actress was once a schoolteacher:

Greer Garson Hedy Lamarr
Joan Bennett Madeleine Carroll

18. Two of these men gave up their acting careers to become movie directors:

Norman Foster Jeffrey Lynn
Lee Tracy Leslie Fenton

19. Two of these stars came to Hollywood from Montana:

James Stewart Myrna Loy
Gary Cooper Olivia de Havilland

20. Sigma Chi fraternity elected her their 1939 sweetheart because of her "kissable lips":

Mary Healy Dorothy Lamour
Joan Crawford Loretta Young

didn't say it, no one knows. But, nevertheless, there they sat.

Tyrone Power and Annabella, on the other hand, were the most-absorbed-in-each-other couple in town. Their heads were always together, as they excitedly exchanged ideas, or their eyes were glistening with interest in the joy of each other's presence.

Now which type of couple is better prepared for the matrimonial journey? That's the problem that's intriguing the interest of Hollywood these days and one, alas, that only time can answer.

Cal's New Personality of the Month

SHE'S redheaded with tumbleweed locks that frolic above the greenest eyes in town. A devastating combination in any language. Her name is Greer (get a load of that) Garson. She's English, dares to wear a red dress with that red hair, and has every man in town right on his ear. Has stolen the local thunder (at least) from Hedy Lamarr and will win national huzzahs for her rôle as the lovely, understanding wife of Mr. Chips. Can act like a blue streak and talks like one. Wears a jade ring on her little finger that matches her eyes (on purpose, if you ask me) and lives with her mother in a small Beverly Hills house. But with a garden, remember. Lived in Hollywood for a whole year, ill and alone (what's the matter with this town?) without making a single picture. Was finally sent to London for "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," her very first movie. Has had only stage experience, as if that weren't enough. And now they're sending her straight back to London to make another film, "The Doctor's Dilemma." (This place must be crazy.) We don't think she's married, but we do know she's a brand new sensation.

So "Goodbye, Mrs. Chips." Hurry back to a town that need redheads with "It."

The Misses "X"

ALL eyes in the "cinemah" village are turned with interest these days on Hollywood's two most popular bachelors—one Jimmy Stewart (too bad he isn't two) and David Niven.

And not without reason does feminine Hollywood wear that anxious gleam in her orbs. You see, according to the maxim, coming events cast their shadows before, and milady fancies a slight overcasting of the sun in yon direction.

To begin with, there is that repeated rumor that Davey has already chosen his lady fair—in a young society miss from England. Her name, we discover, is Miss Jacqueline Dyer and she is now on her second visit to Hollywood in a very few months. What's more, Davey seems anxious to throw a smoke screen around the lovely Miss Dyer by repeatedly introducing her to the various members of his picture, "The Real Glory," under a different name each time. To Gary Cooper, for instance, Miss Dyer may be Miss Brown and to Andrea Leeds, Miss Dyer may suddenly become Miss Smith.

All this, Hollywood feels sure is merely a camouflage to confuse his friends into believing there are many, many young women in bachelor Niven's life, whereas there is actually only one.

This, the Hollywood girls feel, is a very, very dangerous sign, indeed.

Now about Jimmy. Right out in the open Jimmy expresses a dislike for

(Continued on page 68)

ANY GIRL WHO REALLY WANTS TO CAN WIN ROMANCE

MADELEINE CARROLL

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S
"AIR RAID"

"Lovely skin wins hearts, so
be careful about Cosmetic Skin
—use Lux Toilet Soap as I do"

CLEVER GIRLS take Madeleine Carroll's advice. Foolish to let pores become *choked* because you don't remove dust and dirt, stale cosmetics *thoroughly*. Foolish to risk dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores: Cosmetic Skin. Use cosmetics all you like, but remove them *thoroughly* with Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather. Lovely screen stars use this gentle soap *regularly*. It helps keep skin soft, smooth—appealing.

Is your skin
the kind that wins
Romance?



9 out of 10 Screen Stars

use Lux Toilet Soap



Americans in Paris—the Fred Astaires, on a Rue de la Paix shopping tour

himself for not being married. He frankly states it would be nice if he were. Now, a certain very close friend of Jimmy's insists the lad will only lose his heart to a nonprofessional and at this very moment another young lady, (name unknown) from that spot vaguely known as "back East," is now in Hollywood and is engaging the entire attention of bachelor Stewart during his few free hours, which aren't many, heaven knows.

So, with two very personable young ladies from out of town absorbing the interest of Davey and Jimmy, no wonder the girls of Hollywood are wide-eyed with apprehension.

And, if anything should happen in the way of bells pealing and rice popping, don't say we didn't come right out and hint the fact ahead of time.

Trivia de Luxe

JOAN CRAWFORD has a new short haircut and loathes it. Can't wait for it to grow long again. . . .

Garbo has the same old long bob and loathes it. Can't wait for Guilaroff, M-G-M's hair stylist, to whack it off. . . .

ZaSu Pitts will once again attempt a serious rôle in "Nurse Edith Cavell." Her one attempt at drama, as the mother in "All Quiet on the Western Front," landed in the scrap heap when the preview audience tittered.

More tears, this time, please. . . .

On Thursday night, (maid's night out) Bride Hedy Lamarr and Groom Gene Markey go right from the studio to Café Lamaze for dinner. When Hedy's beauty attracts too much attention, the waiter merely places a huge bowl of ice, pyramid shape, before Hedy's face.

The sultriest thing in town behind an ice cake!

The romance between Vivien Leigh (*Scarlett O'Hara*) and Laurence Olivier (*Heathcliff* of "Wuthering Heights") goes right on, although Olivier is in New York playing with Katharine Cornell. The telephone lines are kept busy between the two despite the distance. . . .

The pair that persisted in cracking peanut shells in a little North Hollywood theater last week, right in the midst of the love scenes, are herewith about to be punished. . . . So you sit over in that corner with your face to the wall, Barbara Stanwyck, and off to the other corner for you, Bob Taylor. . . . David Niven's illustration of utter stupidity: the old maid who let down the wall bed and then looked to see if a man were hiding under it. . . .



Bathing beauty in Hollywood—Monogram's pretty star, Marjorie Reynolds

Catching Up With Cupid

THE "oomph" girl, redheaded Ann Sheridan, is rolling those dreamy eyes in the direction of Richard Carlson, her new leading man in "Winter Carnival," these days. And are those two a handsome pair? What does this do to the story of her interest in Cesar Romero? Can it be another publicity romance, boys?

Monday night it's a Randy Scott dinner date in Miss Dorothy Lamour's date book, and Tuesday night it's a John Howard dinner date. Wednesday it's back to Scott, and Thursday, whom should be waiting with more and more impatience than young Howard, again? It's a photo finish, with the returns not yet in at this date.

Sights You'll Never See Elsewhere:

BETTE DAVIS in a long full-skirted costume for "The Old Maid," flying around the Warner Brother streets on a scooter bike. . . . John Howard, carefully removing his mustache in the Paramount café and placing it in his pocket for safekeeping, just before eating his lunch. . . . Clark Gable yoo-hooing to friends in the driveway of his home, as he tears about his new farm on a tractor. . . . Bert Wheeler at a night spot, trying to look every which way at once when his estranged wife, Sally Haines, walks in with an escort; while in the same spot, Tom Brown peeks up over the table at his ex-wife, Natalie Draper, who walks in with another man. . . . Elsa Maxwell, the party-giver for the world's elite, calmly dunking her bread in her coffee in the 20th Century-Fox dining room.

What's In a Name?

WE heard this with our own ears, so we know it's true! When Hedy Lamarr first arrived in Hollywood, she found it most difficult to remember the names of all the newspaper photographers and writers to whom she was introduced. It had been impressed upon her that these names were very important and that she must remember them. But, try as she might, she was always getting them confused, and to this day she still calls PHOTOPLAY's cameraman, Hyman Fink, by the very quaint nom de plume of "Finky High."

Juvenile Sophisticate

THE awkward age—bugaboo of all child stars—never caught up with Jackie Cooper, screen's busiest juvenile. His mother, resigning herself to it when Jackie left M-G-M, enrolled him in Beverly Hills High, where he immediately got on the football team and the band and became one of the "gang."

The freedom lasted three weeks. Monogram hired Jackie for one picture—kept him for six. Then, "White Banners," "That Certain Age," in which Jackie played Deanna Durbin's first love, followed by "Spirit of Culver," showed the little "champ" in better and better form. If seventeen-year-old Jackie is all angles at this point, the casual observer wouldn't know it.

His mother lets him wear the fuzziest tweeds and sweaters. . . . and he smokes a pipe, so the illusion of maturity is pretty complete. He has as much fun as a normal kid. One huge room at the house is his for what he likes—a soft drink bar, a larder full of food at all hours, an open fireplace, game tables, an orchestra stand. Jackie can bring his friends home any time, and he does.

His swing orchestra, an amazing aggregation of six adolescent instrumentalists, whom he calls the "Clambake Cats," rehearse twice a week there. His parents are so inured to swing, they can chat gayly along despite all hell breaking loose.

The Old Order Changeth

HE has been known as the "Male Garbo of Hollywood," at least to the press boys. But he's come out of hiding at last and has done a complete rightabout-face. He not only appears at supper clubs and cafés, but he smiles nicely and willingly for our eager photographers. Yes, that is the magic which matrimony has wrought as far as Ronald Colman is concerned, and, as our own Hyman Fink puts it, "I don't blame him for smiling, for Benita Hume Colman is one of our most attractive women."

More Trivia

PENNY SINGLETON can skate—almost as well as Sonja Henie. . . . Hedy Lamarr is a pianist of professional caliber. . . . Margaret Lindsay is about to get her pilot's license. . . . A wall in Bob Hope's home is completely covered with famous autographs. . . . Jimmy Cagney can outcroon Crosby; so can Lloyd Nolan. . . . John Payne wrote all the orchestrations for his recent personal appearance program. . . . Cary Grant's definition of a publicity man is, "a guy who, if he mounted a horse, would ride away in all directions." . . . Ever notice how much Lynn Bari looks like Claudette Colbert?

He Tears 'em Apart

GARY COOPER is a tinkerer. There is no star in all Hollywood obsessed with the passion for taking apart and putting

together things, as lanky Mr. Cooper. So, when Gary discovered his brand new car delivered only twelve miles to the gallon of gas, it was just like waving a lollypop under a baby's nose; the old gleam leaped into Gary's eye as he drove the car right up to the door of



Babe in Wonderland—one-year-old Sandy Henville, our youngest Cinderella!

the sound stage and proceeded, between scenes, to tear the engine apart. A new carburetor, pistons and gas feed were installed between love scenes of "The Real Glory" (only the real glory was going on outside the stage in a mess of wheels and cogs) and Gary was as happy as a kid.

Finally, it was all finished. The new parts were installed, the old ones discarded and on his first free Sunday, Gary was off with Mrs. Cooper on his first jaunt.

Monday morning, the car was back in its usual spot outside the set door.

"Well, how did it go?" a friend asked.

"Oh, swell," Cooper said. "There's only one thing, though. I only get eleven miles to the gallon, now. Guess I'll have to tear the whole thing down again."

He couldn't have been happier.

Cal Reflects:

JUST as the world outside the cinema colony focusses its attention on a visiting star in their midst, so does Hollywood bestow intense interest on a visiting celebrity in their midst.

The man of the hour in Hollywood today is Erich Maria Remarque, author of "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "The Road Back." The fascinating German has actually stolen the spotlight from the beautiful Dietrich. All eyes swing their direction when the pair walk into cafés and night clubs together. But there is something so compelling in the face of Remarque, something between bitterness and loneliness that every eye fastens itself on that face, forgetting the beautiful woman at his side.

'Tis said, because of his books, the German will not return to his native land but remain in Hollywood to continue his writing.

Even his name spells mystery and intrigue. It's really Kramer which, when spelled backwards becomes Remarque.

Yes, he's the man of the hour in Hollywood today, stirring the pulse of every woman who looks his way.

In the Social Whirl

—IN THE



Before Her Guests Arrive—Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III, busy member of Philadelphia's young married set, steals a moment for an interview.



Yachting Enthusiast—Mrs. Drexel enjoys cruising in southern waters off Nassau. The family's palatial yacht is known around the world.



Belle of Masquerade—Mrs. Drexel's regal costume holds every eye. After hours of dancing, she still looks fresh and charming.

**Both thrilled over the
NEW "SKIN-VITAMIN"
care* they can give
their skin today**

QUESTION:

Mrs. Drexel, how do you ever find time to keep your skin so smooth and glowing?

ANSWER:

"It takes no time at all. To get my skin really clean and fresh, I just cream it thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream. Now that it contains Vitamin A, I have an added reason for using it! Then to smooth little roughnesses away, I pat on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream—one application does it."

QUESTION:

Do you have to spend a lot of time and money on your complexion, Blanche?

ANSWER:

"No, I can't! I haven't much of either. But thanks to Pond's two creams, it isn't necessary. I cream my skin with their cold cream night and morning and when I freshen up at lunch hour. After this cleansing, I always smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base."

QUESTION:

Why do you think it is important to have Vitamin A in your cold cream?

ANSWER:

"Because it's the 'skin-vitamin'—skin without enough Vitamin A gets rough and dry. So I'm glad I can give my skin an extra supply of this important 'skin-vitamin' with each Pond's creaming."

QUESTION:

Don't sun and wind roughen your skin?

ANSWER:

"Not when I protect it with Pond's Vanishing Cream! Just one application smooths little roughnesses right away."

QUESTION:

Would you say that using two creams keeps make-up flattering—longer lasting?

ANSWER:

"Yes, indeed. My make-up always has more sparkle when I cleanse and soften my skin first with Pond's Cold Cream. And Pond's Vanishing Cream gives it an even finish—then powder clings for hours."

QUESTION:

What steps do you take to keep your make-up glamorous all evening?

ANSWER:

"Before I go out on a date, I get my skin good and clean with Pond's Cold Cream. That makes it soft, too. Then I smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream so my skin takes make-up evenly—holds powder longer."

*Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods.

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BUSINESS WORLD



Landed Gov't Job—Blanche Brewer of Clarksdale, Miss., keeps books. Starred in recent beauty "survey" among capital employees.



Sunday Afternoon Canoe Trip—Blanche flashes a winning smile at her admiring escort as he talks to her across the paddle.



After the Movies—Blanche says a lingering "good night" on the front steps. She and her sister share small apartment in Washington.

**SEND FOR
TRIAL
BEAUTY
KIT**

Pond's, Dept. 15-CVH, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tubes of Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and 7 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

"A Cause"—and Effect

(Continued from page 17)

again and started being smart. He suggested that they start a social security act for future Veteran Fans. The President said it was a good idea and he had better make the first contribution. Naturally he couldn't back down so it cost him five bucks. That'll learn him to wisecrack.

The meeting adjourned to the dining room for refreshments.

IT'S amazing how many relatives turn up when there's a World's Fair. This summer is going to be terrific and Barb and I would like to get away from it all to some desert or a wild canyon (Laurel). Sent the petition to Bette 10 days ago, air mail. Haven't heard from her yet.

Have had several answers to questionnaires and the treasury is growing. We need several members from Hollywood itself who can keep an eye on the private lives of stars and keep us posted. Naturally we need people with tact, who can make themselves inconspicuous but who have enough money to get inside places. We are considering advertising.

We think Wayne Morris and Bubbles ought to have a baby and we're going to tell them so. We would like a say in the selection of Carole Lombard's clothes off the set so we are going to clip ads and send them to her with suggestions.

Would like to run an article in our mag called "The Truth about Shirley Temple," but so far haven't unearthed a thing. The sec'y sent out notices to our members to send in letters about Bette pro and con. We shall print the pro letters. Have to work on Mops to get her to give me the sewing room for an office. My bedroom is beginning to look as if a couple of cyclones had an argument in it.

We are watching over the Faye-Martin ménage. We kept our eyes on him when he was alone in New York but couldn't discover a thing to wire her.

Pops says we ought to see that McCarthy doesn't interfere in the privacy of the Bergen-St. Germaine combine, because a dummy-in-law can make a lot of trouble. If it all weren't so serious, I'd admit that was slightly funny.

AM frantic. Don't know what to do. Yesterday went with Dot to a new woman as Esmeralda has left the La Gitane. This one starts out with tea leaves and for fifty cents more uses numerology and astrology. She is simply wonderful and told us both things that nobody could possibly guess, like Dot's boy friend coming from across the water (he lives on Staten Island) and my having a gift for writing. We wore our ten cent store wedding rings, but she knew at once we weren't married. She described Henry perfectly and said I was absorbed in some one a great distance away, and that I would take an unexpected journey. Then she looked in the cup and said "I see a B and a D."

Dot and I nearly passed out, for naturally she meant Bette! I tried not to give anything away and just said "Yes," noncommittally. Then she said, "This person is close to your heart. I see a marriage. There is a ring."

"Go on," I said, scarcely able to breathe. She said there wasn't any more in the cup, but there was plenty in the stars which she could tell me for fifty cents. She said numerology and astrology were more exact sciences than tea leaves. So Dot and I pooled

MOVIES in your home



A new Photoplay department—giving tips and advice hot from the Hollywood lots—for all amateur movie-camera enthusiasts who want to buy, make and show their own home movies

BY JACK SHER

THE trend is towards color pictures. Home movie cameramen who are planning to enter this new field will be interested in the professional advice of Sid Hickox, top-notch lenser of the Warner Brothers Studio lot. Cameraman Hickox devotes all his spare time to 8 and 16 mm color work, and believes that color films will soon replace black and white in Hollywood.

The chief point for amateurs to remember in using color, says Hickox, is that the exposure for color must be much more exact than for black and white. Present day black and white panchromatic films have "100 percent latitude"—that is, they are designed to compensate for an error of a full stop above or below the aperture—while color films have a latitude of only 25 per cent. So if you plan to take color pictures get a good exposure meter and learn how to use it.

Your exposure meter indicates how much light you have. When taking color pictures, either interior or exterior shots, you'll need one-stop more light than you ordinarily use for black and white. After taking your picture have your film vaporized. Color film doesn't disintegrate any more rapidly than black and white, but it is wise to take this precaution.

The second point for beginning color-filmers to keep in mind is that "panning" in color must be done much more slowly than in black and white. The blurring effect of panning is greatly heightened when color is used. In Cameraman Hickox's words, "No matter how slowly the cameraman thinks he is panning, he is almost certain to be going too fast." The safest way to avoid trouble, says Hickox, is to shoot all pan shots at double speed—with due allowance for change in exposure. The resulting

"slow motion" sequences, when projected at normal speed, will be almost exactly right for proper pan shot effect on the audience.

The third consideration in color work is that contrast "values" are entirely changed. Cameramen accustomed to judging contrasts in terms of high lights and shadows are apt to be disconcerted when they find that a bright color in the shade will often appear lighter than a dull color in the light when filmed on color film. Hickox says that the best rule to remember is that color pictures result in much more faithful reproduction and, consequently, a color shot is likely to turn out exactly as you see it.

If the amateur who is taking up color work will remember these points—and if he will watch a few other minor points, such as using a filter for late afternoon shots; making his interior lighting a little more "flat" than ordinarily; avoiding clashing color combinations; he should have little trouble.

SPECIAL! How would you like to take part in making a newsreel? And how would you like to get paid for the shots of yours that are used, too? Well, Garrison Films are going to put out a series of newsreels called "The World Today." They plan to use shots sent in by amateur cameramen all over the United States. They will buy anything that has an up-to-the-minute news angle. Anything that is going to happen in your community that will be of interest to people all over the country is just the kind of film that Garrison wants. Be sure it has a news angle. Mr. T. J. Brandon, head of Garrison Films, requests that you write him at 1600 Broadway, New York City and tell him what kind of camera you use and what sort of news events are coming up. Also tell him whether you have a sound or silent projector.

Castle Films have just put out a special film called "New York, the Wonder City" for you Fair goers to take home. Castle's "Coronation of the Pope" is selling very well now and you can get 50 feet of this film on 8 mm for as little as \$1.75. In 16 mm, 100 feet costs only \$3.50.

Pathegram is releasing new Grantland Rice Sportlights and some excellent films on hunting and trapping.

and gave it to her, and she went on. First she asked me the birthdate of this B.D. and I told her April 5. She wrote it down and then wrote lots of numbers.

"She's an Aries," she said, but perfectly respectfully. "She must be careful not to cause emotional upsets in children from 4 to 12. (I thanked the stars that Pamela was 13.) She must avoid accidents. She will be very successful if she is careful to begin new undertakings when the stars are right. She should be careful of her diet."

I asked about her marriage. "I see an obstacle," she said. "I note Saturn's transit of his 7th equilibrium house. Tell her to beware. Perhaps she'd better come in for a reading." "She can't," said Dot. "She's three thousand miles away."

"I see a career for her if marriage doesn't interfere." Dot and I kicked each other under the table, and I made up my mind something drastic had to be done.

When we left we went straight to a telegraph office. We felt there wasn't a moment to lose. Sent the following message:

MISS BETTE DAVIS
LAUREL CANYON
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
AVOID ACCIDENTS. DON'T
MARRY. WATCH DIET.
DON'T TRUST ANYBODY.
LETTER FOLLOWS. PLEASE
REPLY.
GUIDING STARS, LTD.

Have to go to the Fair again. . . . No word from Bette. Sent another wire. . . .

Still no word. Wired her club in Columbus. Went to Fair. . . .

No word. Wired her mother. Haven't seen Barb for three days. Feel low. . . .

HELEN DAMNATION! Of all things! Holy broiled mackerel!

Barbara is engaged! To Küß die Hand. I'm heartbroken, but she'll never know. A girl who was brought up on Child Psychology will never, never get along with a foreigner who is not only dictatorial, but very bossy. She says our friendship will always be the same, but I feel a change already. Dot is a swell gal, but she isn't Barb. She often disagrees with me.

He didn't even buy her a new engagement ring but gave her an old one that was his mother's. Whatever happens in the future, I shall stand by her. It's a secret on acct. of her being so young and his not having a job.

But that isn't all. Dot and I hadn't told her about Madame Kemp and the tea leaves, on acct. of her being a skeptic, but finally we told her yesterday.

"B.D. is also Barbara Drew," she said. "Do you think she could have meant me?"

Dot and I nearly passed not only out, but on. We remembered all the things she had said about a ring, and the diet, and being careful and they could all apply to Barb as well as Bette.

I rushed to the telephone and called Western Union.

BETTE DAVIS
LAUREL CANYON
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
DISREGARD ALL FORMER
COMMUNICATIONS.
NEEDN'T AVOID ACCI-
DENTS OR DIET. SORRY.
GUIDING STARS, INC.

The rest is history.

ANDREA LEEDS in Samuel Goldwyn's "MUSIC SCHOOL"

**"Do
your lips *DRY*?
...then try this
New
LIPSTICK"**

HERE'S NEWS from the motion picture world...a new and original lip make-up creation by Max Factor, Hollywood. It's Tru-Color Lipstick!...and it has these four amazing features which every woman wants in the perfect lipstick.

1. lifelike red of your lips
2. non-drying, but indelible
3. safe for sensitive lips
4. eliminates lipstick line

There's a thrill in store for you when you try this new kind of lip make-up...you'll discover that this new Hollywood glamour secret is truly remarkable. Remember the name...Max Factor's Tru-Color Lipstick. New color harmony shades for your type. \$1



**POWDER...in New
Color Harmony Shades**

To give your skin new beauty, Max Factor, Hollywood, has created new color harmony shades having a luscious warmth of color that is positively enchanting. Satin-smooth in texture, Max Factor's Powder really stays on...\$1

ROUGE...Flattering Lifelike Colors

Do you realize that the right shade of rouge will do wonders in accenting the color appeal of your type? You'll note the difference when you make up with your color harmony shade of Max Factor's Rouge. Creamy-smooth, it blends perfectly...50¢

Max Factor
★HOLLYWOOD

PURSE MAKE-UP KIT



Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR MAKE-UP STUDIO, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
Send Purse Size Box of Powder, Rouge, Smoother and miniature Tru-Color Lipstick in my color harmony shade. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me a Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Illustrated Instruction Book. *Tru-Color Lipstick* Mail to... FREE

NAME _____ 1-5833
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE ☐
Light ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Fair ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE ☐
Creamy ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Medium ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE ☐
Ruddy ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Sallow ☐	LASHES ☐	REDHEAD ☐
Freckled ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Olive ☐	Dark ☐	1-HEAVY GRAY HAIR ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	AGE ☐	SPRING AND WINTER ☐
Only ☐ Normal ☐		

Young in Heart

(Continued from page 20)

don't ask me why) should be withheld from the public—as follows:

He was born in London, England on November 11th.

He's fifty-one years old (isn't that awful?).

He was educated at Sherborne in Dorset, and where Alfred the Great went to school, University College, London.

He had nothing in common with Alf the G. except a 13th Century monk's cell below ground level. He's tried to keep upstairs (with many amazing results) ever since.

He was only eight when he left for school. His health seemed to demand the change. He hated and loathed every minute of it and was probably the meanest snip of a snipe ever to enter a classroom.

He earned his very first money, three-pence, for singing in the school choir and sixpence for singing in the chapel choir. And was overpaid on all counts, if you ask me.

His father was a well-to-do and well-known architect, who had hopes that Roland would follow him in his profession. But when Roland kept flunking out on his examinations, his parents suspected something was amiss. They decided to probe the thing to the bottom and, walking into his bedroom (Roland was in bed with tonsillitis), they put it to him.

Before Roland could bring himself to murmur the dreadful word "actor" his mother, who had been regarding her progeny quizzically, exploded a bombshell.

"I think," she said, "he wants to be a cowboy."

Hi Ho, Rollo!

After that, becoming an actor was such a relief, his father sent him off to Tree Dramatic School for a try at it.

After a tour of the provinces in a stock company (how those English provinces must suffer), he landed on the London stage and has been fascinating audiences on both sides of the Atlantic ever since.

He's a naturalized American and makes a swell pot of tea.

He doesn't want to talk about his penguin collection any more. Feels it's been overdone, but has a grand assortment of canes. Get him to tell you about the one from Spain, sometime. It will kill you.

HE never intrudes his whimsicalities on other people. One has to stumble over them before they're discovered. Like his three-foot key chain. If you ask about it, he'll be only too delighted to drag from the depths of his pocket (it must be specially made) this yard-long key chain upon one end of which is fastened a tiny nest of keys. Spread along the floor it looks like an anemic rattler too relaxed to spring. Mr. Young explains he never likes to open a door while practically on top of it. The long chain gives him plenty of room to avoid crowding. Provided he doesn't trip over it. He usually trips over it.

There's something funny about him and watches, too. He wears a watch on each wrist and one somewhere in the middle. He likes to know what time it is all over.

He carries green ink in a green fountain pen which are the only two things about him that ever match. Simply because we encountered him one day in a pearl-grey suit, a burgundy shirt, blue tie and white flower, we demanded (whatever got into us) his views on sex.

"Sex, like the poor, is always with

us," he shrugged. "Besides, I was born during Queen Victoria's reign, so I'm allergic to sex."

As the radio comic says, "That ain't the way I heard it."

He isn't a bachelor or an Elk or a Deputy Sheriff. And yet there's something faintly (oh, very faintly) reminiscent of all three about the man. I can't explain it, really.

He has twinkles in both eyes (both, mind you) that are magnified by his spectacles. He wears them off screen, both the twinkles and spectacles, with the strangest consequences.

YOU'VE heard about the upper lip? Mr. Young's, I mean? That's the feature that puts the H in Hades for all little writers, for you see, even if Mr. Young were inclined to be loquacious (which he isn't), it's next to impossible to understand all he says, simply because he so seldom moves his upper lip when talking. It has a mustache on it, too, but this has nothing to do with its immovability. I asked both a doctor and a barber (and once I said something about it to a brush salesman) and they all agreed that the mustache was incidental. Probably (it's only a guess, of course) in his youth some kindly soul admonished Mr. Young to keep a stiff upper lip and he has taken the advice literally. It has paid him well, for radio comics, so called, make much of it when Mr. Young makes a guest appearance on their programs.

Its effects on writers are far reaching. "I like Gosomoso better than Dickens," he informs the interviewer.

"I beg your pardon?" says the writer, believing this to be the most eloquent form of inquiry.

"I like (this time it sounds like UncleSammadeaslam) better than Dickens," repeats Mr. Young.

The writer makes no comment. Naturally. She's left higher and dryer than two kites. Too, it hardly seems quite polite or even ladylike to suggest that one's dainty ears cannot make a gawd-dam bit of sense out of the remark and that, years and years hence, she may wake up in the night faced with the knowledge that undoubtedly she will enter Eternity, never knowing whom Mr. Young preferred to Dickens. That's a pretty devastating thought in any woman's life and can, as she reaches the

middle years, seriously affect her whole mechanism. Throwing glands and things off balance, as it were.

On the other hand, the thought may arise that Mr. Young is merely having fun and has resorted to a sort of double talk to confuse the not-so-well-read interviewer.

Any psychiatrist will tell you this could easily result in a broody complex that could affect one's whole mental and social outlook on life. Personally, as I prefer to be glandularly rather than mentally upset, I shall attribute my inability to interpret Mr. Young's literary preference to his upper lip and let the whole thing rest with that.

HIS design for working is the envy of every actor in the business. It's been going on for years and somewhere along the line, if it slips a cog, Mr. Young keeps right on rotating on schedule. A certain number of months each year are spent in Hollywood, making pictures. A certain period of time, usually during late spring through early summer, is spent in London, again making pictures or resting. Autumn finds him in New York, often starring in a stage play. His plays including, "Good Gracious, Annabelle," "Beggars on Horseback," "Rollo's Wild Oat," "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" and "The Queen's Husband," all riotously successful, are results of his New York end of the program.

He seldom attends the movies and is frankly outspoken concerning his own pictures. "The Young in Heart" he thought was adult and amusing. "Yes, My Darling Daughter" offended his moral sense in that it merely implied indiscretion rather than decently asserting it. This beating behind the bush with sex on the screen Mr. Young declares "dirty" and, until one has heard Mr. Young's English inflection used on the word "dirty," one hasn't really lived. The *Topper* series he enjoys, as well he may, and he declares himself happy with "Heaven on a Shoe String," his latest. As the slimy *Uriah Heep* in "David Copperfield," the man proved himself an actor who would have warmed the heart of Dickens himself. No matter whom Mr. Young prefers.

He's in constant demand on radio programs for interpretation of an English sport's announcer which convulses American listeners. He never listens

to the radio, except to good music.

Never, he insists, has he heard an American call himself an "Amurrican" (as our English cousins insist we do), nor has he ever heard an Englishman say "fawncy" (as we love to think they do).

The funniest thing that ever happened to him happened in Philadelphia, which makes it all the funnier. Mr. Young was playing on the stage there, and during the run of the play was invited to a home for tea. Stepping into the living room, Mr. Young's foot came in contact with a polar bear which was quite dead, and zip went Mr. Young on the bear rug, tearing across the floor like sixty. En route he spied a tea wagon and clutching it like mad, the tea wagon joined in the disgraceful journey which terminated at the feet of the dumbfounded hostess, who stood gazing down at little Mr. Young, snug as a bug in his rug, with tea things scattered in all directions.

THE consensus of opinion among mere women and children is that Mr. Young is one of the funniest men alive. "I think," women say everywhere, "he's the cutest thing I've ever laid my eyes on. My, he must be a perfect scream to know."

In the face of all this, I must in all honesty reveal that Mr. Young is not the cutest thing I ever laid my eyes on, nor is he, to me at least, a perfect scream. For be it known, Mr. Young is probably the wisest, the richest in thought, and most tolerant of men.

He has my vote for Hollywood's greatest sophisticate, because of his knowledge of so many things and his wide circle of friends, in Hollywood, in New York, in London and Paris, among those who do things. And yet his sophistication bears roots that probe deep below the surface through great layers of wisdom and understanding to the greatest of all worth-while things: a keen knowledge of the value of simple things. He likes people who are genuine. From all walks and degrees of life they come his way to give him pleasure in thought and ideas and, likewise, they take away from him in heaped-up measure. W. C. Fields, Deems Taylor, Pat O'Brien and Rachel Field, writers, thinkers, just people, go into the construction of his inner plan for living intelligently.

He is an amazing person, not just because his work is such a delight to behold, but that he goes inward and deep in even greater proportion to his tremendous outward cleverness.

Of course, he brings the "perfect scream thing" on himself and can blame no one but himself. Not that he would have it otherwise, we believe. For example, the last time we saw Mr. Young, our interview over, heaven help us both, he was sitting quietly with pad and pencil.

"We will ignore it," we said to ourselves. "We'll pay no attention. We'll just slip away without looking."

We couldn't quite make it. We had to take one peep over his shoulder. As heaven is my judge, Mr. Young was drawing a polka-dotted elephant resting ecstatically on its neck, its four feet extending upward in the breeze.

We got away from there in a hurry. As far as we know, he is still sitting there quietly drawing pictures of bees and elephants in the weirdest kind of poses.

Or at least we wouldn't put it past him.



High-jinks: Roland Young congratulates Dave Chasen (breaking ground for addition to his café), as Jean Rogers, Bob Benchley, David Niven, Bart Marshall and Virginia Pine kibitz

PHOTOPLAY

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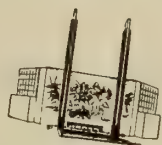
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NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR — 1939



Frank Albertson and Patricia Murray

Mrs. Tyrone Power—

(Continued from page 24)

She can cook good plain food, but doesn't particularly care to. And says so. But gardening. Ah! There's her passion. In one little corner of their extensive grounds she planned and seeded her garden with love and thought and care. (I'm telling you this to show her lack of temper.)

As she was dressing to go to his mother's one evening, Annabella called down to Ty, to please turn the sprinkler on her garden for a few minutes. Two hours later, he remembered he had forgotten to turn off the water.

The garden (her own) was a mudhole when they got back. She laughed at the look of chagrin on Ty's face.

"Let it dry and I will begin over again with a better garden," she said, without a word of complaint.

But then, as I always say, look who let it get muddy.

Her eyes are amazingly alive. They're brown, too, which contrasts favorably with her blonde hair. But they immediately arrest the attention for the lively intelligence they register—a shining awareness to things going on about her. She has read more American novels than most American girls, knows our poets, our philosophers, our humorists and our thinkers. But—and here's something, lassies—with all her intelligent knowing, she wears a pout on her lips. A tantalizing, devastating pout. Now we're getting places.

THE two outstanding things about her that I think would interest a man and hold that interest are her healthy vitality and her adaptability.

She has a vim about her that makes her lazier, more indolent sisters look like so many wet hens under a dripping drainpipe. At this same party I had noted the trim figure of her in her blue slacks (well, everybody else wore them) as she stood in the center of the room with Ty and a group of friends. I had turned my head for just an instant when suddenly I was aware that a minor commotion had happened near me. Not a sound had been made but a feeling of something vital and exciting close by, startled me. I turned to glance into the puckish, almost impish, face of Annabella.

"Oh, Miss Annabella," I cried, "you almost scared the pa—" (I was going to say pants off me, but remembered to be refined in time. I discovered later that she'd have loved the idea of the pants.)

"I can make him do anything I say tonight," she said, nodding at Ty.

"Make him think I'm wonderful," I suggested.

"In the marble game I gave him for his birthday, I had highest score tonight and, you know me, I never get over 600, 800, 900. But I won tonight, and the bet was he would do anything I ask. I could have made him come in white tie and tails," she grinned, "but I didn't."

"There," said a guest (a director, by the way), looking at Annabella (as if all the men didn't most of the evening), "is my idea of a man's woman. She has vim, vitality, worldly knowledge, healthy good looks without artfulness. But, with it all, she has a certain feminine quality. A gentleness that no man could ever mistake. That's why she's a man's woman. And why Ty Power is the luckiest dog in town."

I'm only telling you what he said.

Of course, this refreshing liveliness could be attributed to the fact that Annabella was born in Paris, on July 14th, with flags waving and guns booming in celebration of Bastille Day. Per-

haps this tiny French mite caught the gay spirit of festive activity and carried it on with her through life (and carried it much too far for disappointed American girls, if you ask me).

SHE has a persistency that cannot be downed. As a schoolgirl in Paris, she became intensely interested in movies and our American stars. Now this, of course, is only natural as who of us hasn't at one time or another fallen under the magic spell of the camera? But, you see, Annabella (she chose the name from Poe's "Annabel Lee" according to the press agents. I don't believe a word of it. It's just cute and Suzanne Charpentier was cute to know it. Wish I had thought of it first) takes her crushes in earnest and nothing could swerve her. She, too, would become a movie star, she determined, and let who will be clever. Only she was both. That's the catch, you see. She practiced for hours on end in the back-yard chicken coop of their home outside Paris, swooning all over the homemade stage, with her dog as a villain and her very bored brother as a director, with his cap on backwards. It was the vogue in those days. Like De Mille's puttees.

Her father, Pierre Charpentier, director of a weekly publication in Paris, would stare at his lovely daughter dressed as Mae Murray giving an imitation of Norma Talmadge, and sigh. And Annabella would sigh back.

"What ails her?" a visitor at their home asked.

"The cinema," shrugged her father. "She wants to be an actress in the cinema."

The friend was interested. Quietly he arranged for Annabella to make a test at a Paris studio and—well, her persistency won. Won through her agony of shyness, won her rôles in several French films, forced her to learn the English language in three months for the rôle in "Wings of the Morning." Persistency—it brought her through the loneliest year of her life in Hollywood, when she arrived here to make the French version of "Caravan" with Charles Boyer. It even brought her back to Hollywood, after she mastered the language, to make pictures in English and it won her—Tyrone Power. Tsch, Tsch!

Her adaptability is equally amazing. She has adapted herself to America and its ways with a childish eagerness that's almost touching to see. She works at learning our games, deciphering our humor and liking our food. Ears of corn, crisp spareribs with horse-radish, sauerkraut and doughnuts, these she eats with apparent enjoyment. This is her husband's world and hers. To hell with indigestion! Vive l'Amerique!

She has the talent for lending a feeling of adventure to every little thing that comes her way. For instance, all their wedding presents, in their colorful

wrappings, she heaped about the fireplace of their empty living room, giving an air of Christmas to an otherwise barren room. She can bring a holiday feeling to every little jaunt or event. A trip to Boulder Dam (she's seen more historical spots in the Far West than any ten residents) becomes an electrifying escapade to hear her tell it. An open car and an open road are challenges to be met by Annabella. She radiates adventure, if it's only a trip to Santa Barbara.

It might be well, at this point, to conceal from impatient beaux and husbands who have spent a small lifetime waiting for sweethearts or wives to get dressed, the fact that at least one woman in the world can beat a man to the front door.

"I am always ready first," Annabella grins.

She wears little make-up (unless these French women are terribly clever at concealing it), she dresses simply, goes snip and zip to the hair and there she is—waiting and ready for Ty-Power, doggone it all.

"I believe," I told her, "we deserve most of the things we get in life. Your happiness with Tyrone was undoubtedly deserved."

Her eyes filled with wonder. "Oh, no," she said simply, "I have never done anything to deserve this great happiness. Oh, no, I can tell you that. I could not think of anything I have ever done, to deserve anything so wonderful. I am so happy, I am almost ashamed," she added, "because I have not earned so great a happiness."

Could you—or would you, rather—speak so humbly and so honestly of any share of happiness that is yours?

"SHE can be a child," her dearest friend, Mrs. Charles Boyer, told me, "and then when you need a woman's understanding, somehow she's just as suddenly a woman. Listening and sharing."

"She has grown more than anyone I've ever known in the past three years. Her feet are on the ground. She's developed a new philosophy of courage. She knows, definitely, the things she wants of life. She'll get them, too. She doesn't give her friendship freely, but once given it's for always. In the past six months her mastery of English is amazing. I've never seen anything like her progress. She has great chic and impulsiveness. She wants to do things immediately. As they occur to her. She's great to be with for her lightness of mood and gaiety. She makes a great chum. She's so young to be such a woman of the world, but she loves America, and here she has planted her roots. Here she will live and grow."

"She adores American slang and thinks she's a master of it."

"It's 'kay by you' is her interpretation of 'Okay by me,'" laughed Mrs. Boyer.

Only two kinds of frocks repose in

her wardrobe. Sport dresses or slacks and shorts for daytime and home wear, and formal dresses for evening. No afternoon frills or chiffons clutter up her life or cupboards.

She drinks only a little and smokes one cigarette a day. Right after dinner.

A single superstition reveals a charming side to Miss Annabella, as Hollywood calls her. Once when she was a little girl named Suzanne Charpentier she rapped on the wood of her mother's bed three times to make a wish come true. The results were far beyond her dreams.

"Now, no matter where I am," she told us, "I mentally rap on the wood of my mother's bed when I make a wish. And when people say, 'Are you not rapping on wood?' I only laugh for, inside of me, my soul is rapping on wood."

SHARING with others all the beauty and success and happiness that comes her way is part and parcel of this girl called Annabella. Once she was established in Hollywood, enjoying the beauty of California, she must send for her family so that they, too, might enjoy the wonders of it all. Her father, brother, and little daughter by the first marriage that ended in the death of her husband, and her second husband, Jean Murat, the French actor, were all brought to a Hollywood that was so different from the lonely world she lived in that one long year.

When distance and careers, each with their own work in a different country, built its inevitable barrier between Annabella and her husband, Murat, whose work called him back to France, they were quietly divorced. Her small daughter remained in Hollywood with the actress to share the love and success of her young and lovely mother.

She's an up-early-in-the-morning girl, this girl who married Ty.

"It is the most glorious time of day," she says. "Something so new so fresh and wonderful about mornings. Sometimes when I phone my friends still at eleven o'clock they are in bed. This is such a mistake when early morning is so beautiful."

He did all right, Ty Power, didn't he? I'm afraid we've got to admit it.

"And what of the problems that so often arise between two married stars with careers?" we boldly asked.

"Problem?" Annabella's brown eyebrows arched upward. "But there will be no problem. I love my husband much better than I do my career and if it should come to a decision it will be my husband I choose."

"It's all very simple, really."

If you ask me, I think she has him for life, girls.

All the way from France and her childhood comes the furniture that will fill their first new home together. Patiently, they have waited for weeks for its arrival so that her life as a child and young woman may be definitely tied to Tyrone's and her new life by these material, as well as spiritual, bonds.

"It will be nice to look at some chest or chair I have always known and think, 'We are here together,'" she explained. And in a gesture with these beloved pieces of hers, she is sharing moments and memories of childhood with the man she loves—Tyrone Power. Binding yesterday and today together.

She thinks straight, radiates warmth, and displays intelligence. But, remember, with it all she keeps a pout—an inviting pout—on her lips.

THE BERNARR MACFADDEN FOUNDATION

conducts various non-profit enterprises: The Macfadden-Deauville Hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, one of the most beautiful resorts on the Florida Beach, recreation of all kinds provided, although a rigid system of Bernarr Macfadden methods of health building can be secured.

The Physical Culture Hotel, Dansville, New York, is open the year round, with accommodations at attractive prices, for health building and recreation.

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Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 9)

settings for the best pictures are all in Hollywood . . . but there is no two ways about it . . . Hollywood does need freshness in its point of view . . . the thing to be thankful for is that at last it is getting it . . .

For example . . . William Pine, who is Cecil B. DeMille's very capable and most intelligent associate producer, took charge of the company that went out on the "Union Pacific" trek . . . Bill said he felt as though "they had been out shaking hands with America" . . .

This, for instance, happened to them. . . The "Union Pacific" train was headed toward Springfield, Mass. . . the mayor of Springfield wired and said that he'd like to entertain all the "Union Pacific" crowd for breakfast . . . they agreed . . . it wasn't until later that they discovered the breakfast was set for seven A.M. . . seven A.M. to a bunch of people who frequently considered that a good hour to end a night! . . .

THAT same enthusiasm was lavished upon the stars of the "Dodge City" premiere . . . Errol Flynn confessed that while he had never been flattered by autograph seekers, figuring that most of them were just crazy kids, it did give him a new respect for his profession and a new wish to provide great entertainment when he came into Dodge City and saw a hundred thousand men and women there to welcome him. . .

On the same trip, pretty little Jane Wyman, noticing a girl in the crowd, wearing a dress exactly like one Jane had worn months before in one of her pictures, questioned the girl and found out the dress had cost eight dollars and ninety-five cents . . . Jane's dress had cost ninety-five dollars . . . it wasn't the difference in cost that bothered Janie . . . what worried her was her feeling that it wasn't a very smart dress . . . she considered it too fussy a dress for a girl to wear every day . . . so now young Miss Wyman is being very conscientious about her film frocks . . . seeing to it that they will be styles just right for girls in the small towns. . .

The movie makers themselves got a jolt on this trip, when Jean Parker, whom they considered all washed up and whom they more or less had just taken along for the ride . . . got the biggest reception from the crowds of any of the stars on the "Dodge City" caravan . . . the result of these receptions means a new career for pretty Jean . . . and a doubtless disturbing realization to the movie makers that they aren't positively the last word on the public's love of stars. . .

The idea isn't that Hollywood's meeting the ticket buyers should act as any-

thing but a stimulus to better pictures . . . the idea is not that the magical city with its waving palms and its yellow-flowered mimosa trees should be deserted . . . Hollywood with its sunshine, its beautiful homes, its marvelous studios can never be lost . . . but all that beauty . . . the very fact that it is a small town with a single industry, does mean that its point of view narrows . . . and that is what it must lose . . . because it is a village of luxury with everyone talking the same language . . . its people do need to get out and travel about whenever they can . . . get out and mingle with people who aren't actors, or writers, or very rich producers . . . but just us, the people who love them and support them . . . if Hollywood gets to understand us better through this personal contact, we likewise will understand Hollywood better and both sides will benefit. . .

As, for example, Nelson Eddy on this spring's tour . . . Nelson came into a little town in Michigan . . . as is the custom with song recitals, he opened his program with an operatic number in Italian . . . then he sang several classical numbers . . . that was all as it has always been with song recitals . . . Nelson was singing divinely . . . but the audience seemed a little restless . . . finally Mr. Eddy announced that he would sing two American numbers, the first of which was "Home on the Range" . . .

From the back row a voice piped up, "Attaboy, Nelson . . . that's the kind of singing we want . . . we can understand that one" . . .

"That was funny," Nelson said, "but at the same time it made me realize that Americans are becoming more conscious that their own native music is unsurpassed anywhere in the world. It's as a result of discovering this that I'll arrange my program for next year and it will be a different one from any I've given in the past" . . .

In other words, Nelson, who is one of the most sincere artists appearing today, will, instead of doing the customary, even artistic program, think more about singing things we all can understand . . . the public that loved Jean Parker, despite poor productions that weren't at all her fault, will have her restored to it . . . and the Hollywood stars and producers, getting to see us, may relearn that a very little art goes a very long way with us, but that we never get too much laughter . . . it all ought to add up to more money for Hollywood and more pleasure for us . . . if, by rediscovering, this is the happy result . . . won't it be wonderful . . . gosh . . . or, as Bing Crosby always says . . . double-goody. . .

FOR MOVIE-MINDED BOOK LOVERS

CRITICS love to say that the real story of Hollywood has never been written—however, we like to feel that Katherine Albert has done it in "Remember Valerie March," published by Simon and Schuster. Here is Hollywood without the sugar coating, in a story that stands on its own merits. The background happens to be Hollywood, because that's the sort of heroine it has. Yet, if Valerie's burning ambition had led her into other fields, it would still be a whale of a good characterization. You may recognize Valerie—you'll probably identify her with half a dozen stars—but she still emerges as a woman with a personality all her own.

Conrad Powers, who tells the story, is the only other character who really counts. As Valerie's director, he's an ideal choice, not only in presenting the biography of one he knows so well, but also because, in his viewpoint, you'll find the very spirit of motion pictures.

There are many dramatic moments, some far from pretty, but you'll probably remember longest Conrad's visit to Valerie's birthplace—now a ghost city, but once a boom town, from which Valerie drew the overwhelming vitality which was at once her greatest glory and her most vicious handicap. You won't easily forget his poignant comparison of the haggard wife of Valerie's first sweetheart with the glitter-girl he knows, who, despite her twisted moral code, had the drive to pull herself out of her sordid beginnings. In fact, if the book affects you as it did us, you'll find that you will "Remember Valerie March"!

More women use Mum than any other deodorant



MORE WIVES—because Mum is always so easy to use.



MORE SCREEN STARS—for they must always have charm.



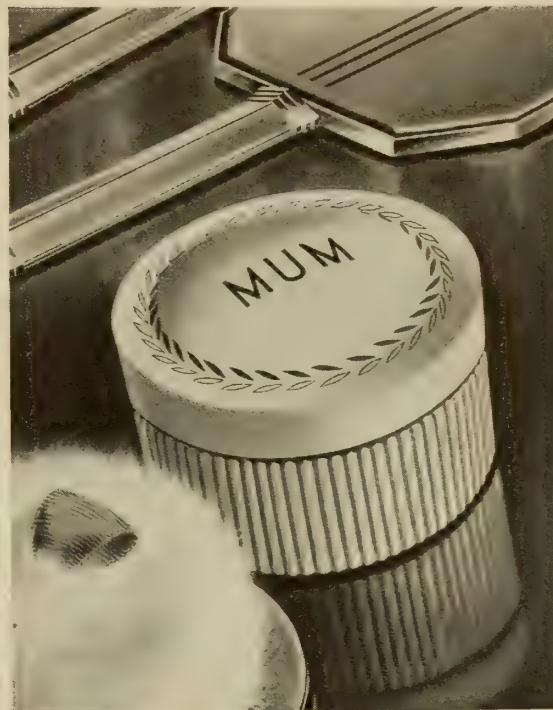
MORE BUSINESS GIRLS—they know Mum doesn't harm fabrics.



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MORE SCHOOL GIRLS—to prevent odor quickly, safely.



Be attractive! Be popular!
Make sure of your charm, with MUM

WHETHER you're a girl with millions of dollars to spend, or a girl on a tiny budget—always remember this: No girl can be attractive to others unless she's always fresh and sweet—nice to be near!

And yet, even otherwise fastidious girls take chances with this charm—unknowingly, of course. It's so easy to think your bath can make you safe. But no bath—however perfect—can *prevent* underarm odor. A bath removes only perspiration that is *past*. Mum prevents underarm odor—works in *advance* to keep you sweet. Hours after your bath has faded Mum keeps you fresh.

You'll like Mum! For Mum has the things a woman wants in a deodorant. Mum is speedy, safe, utterly dependable—sure to guard your charm!

MUM SAVES TIME! 30 seconds to smooth in Mum under this arm—under that—and you're through!

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! The seals of the American Institute of Laundering and of Good Housekeeping Bureau tell you Mum is harmless to fabrics. You can use Mum before or *after* dressing. And even after underarm shaving Mum doesn't irritate your skin.

MUM SAVES CHARM! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops the objectionable odor. Get Mum at any drugstore today and give underarms the necessary, *daily* care they need to keep them always fresh. Millions of lovely women have found Mum a "must" for popularity and charm.

SANITARY NAPKINS NEED MUM! Avoid embarrassing odors from this source, too. Mum is gentle, safe . . . fastidious women everywhere make a habit of Mum this second way.

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• If you want lips of siren softness... lips as smooth as satin... choose your lipstick wisely.

Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick does double duty. It gives your lips warm, ardent, exciting color. But—it also helps to protect lips from lipstick parching. It helps lips to look moist and lustrous.

This Coty benefit is partly due to "Theobroma." Eight drops of this softening ingredient go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. In seven fashion-setting shades; 50¢ or \$1.00.

For an "Air-Spun" Make-up... use Coty Lipstick with "Air-Spun" Rouge and "Air-Spun" Face Powder. Textures blend magically. The colors of your skin, cheeks and lips harmonize, as Nature intended!

COTY

SUB-DEB LIPSTICK



Eight drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.

Hoping You Are the Same

(Continued from page 60)

A little later, sister Rosemary joined Pat in New York.

New York City

DEAR Roberta:

Well, maybe I can't get into the movies, but Rosemary and I are now a part of Fred Waring's "Pennsylvanians," I'd have you know! It happened very suddenly. Rosemary and I were in a music producer's office, one day, going over some songs and Mr. Waring happened in and heard us. And he signed us just like that! Imagine! I am so thrilled I don't know what to do and I don't think Rosemary does, either.

Yours,
Pat

P.S. Rosemary says I haven't made it clear what we're going to do in the band. We're going to sing.

ROBERTA, my love!

I know I haven't been a very good correspondent, and incidentally, I do want you to know how much Rosemary and I have enjoyed and appreciated your letters and cards. But I couldn't wait to write you about our newest good luck! Mr. Waring and the band and Rosemary and even your humble servant are on our way to Hollywood to make a movie! The name is to be "Varsity Show." Rosemary and I are to have featured parts.

Yes, we all took screen tests and even though my other one turned out to be such a flop, I got my courage up and did the best I could in the one that Warner Brothers (that is the studio which will make the picture) made of me. It was a very different kind of a test. I sang a song or two and danced and in just a few days back came an okay on me as well as Rosemary and Mr. Waring and the band.

Bye, now. I'll be writing you from Hollywood!

The new Greta Garbo

And then, shortly after,

Hollywood, California.

DEAREST Roberta:

Here at last! And in such a dither. Of course, at the studio (my, doesn't that sound important?) Rosemary and I try to appear very calm and collected, but just the same I have to pinch myself to know I'm not dreaming it all!

The very first day we arrived and met the big shots like Mr. Hal Wallis and Mr. Keighley, who is to direct "Varsity Show," and some honest-to-goodness movie stars, too. Dick Powell, for instance, who was just as nice as pie, and Joan Blondell who is a lot prettier off the screen than she is on and Errol Flynn and George Brent! Oh boy!

So, so long, now, my dear! I'll be seeing you in pictures—or vice versa!

Pat

P. S. 2nd. I met Wayne Morris today. Don't know why I didn't mention him first on account of he's cute!

P.

After "Varsity Show" was "in the box," she and Rosemary were on the road again with the "Pennsylvanians." But the Hollywood "bug" had bitten hard. Warner Brothers offered them a contract. "Love, Honor and Behave" was Pat's next picture—the leading feminine rôle—opposite Wayne Morris.

Hollywood, California.

DEAREST Roberta:

I should be studying lines, but thought I'd take you at your word when you say you like to hear about my Hollywood doings, and drop you a note. I'm having to work much harder in this new picture than I did in "Varsity Show" because, of course, my part is bigger. Wayne helps, though. He has had a lot more experience than I have, but he is never condescending or patronizing. Well—as a matter of fact, I have been having some dates with him and, as I said at first, I think he's cute. Of course, at first the publicity department started it, saying we should be seen together since we were playing in the same picture, but it hasn't been very hard to take. You've seen Wayne in pictures, of course. Well, in real life he's a good deal like that—kind of boyish and likable—lots of fun, too.

But maybe I rave on too much. I know I'm very young. I hope to have a career and I am sure I should concentrate on that and not romance.

Yours,
Pat

Hollywood, California.
Saturday

DEAREST Roberta:

I was pretty cheerful in my last letter, but I don't feel that way today. I've just seen the preview of "Love, Honor and Behave." Well, I remember how I felt after "Varsity Show." I wanted to crawl away somewhere and hide for a while. Well, this time, I'd like to disappear permanently! I never thought I was a raving beauty, but I did think I looked human until I saw "Love, Honor and Behave!" Take my advice and don't go to see it!

Desolately,
Pat

After "Love, Honor and Behave" came a couple more hits, "Men Are Such Fools" and "Cowboy from Brooklyn."

Van Nuys,
Sunday

DEAR Roberta:

Rosemary and I are going to take a swim pretty soon, but I will dash off a line. No, wedding presents are not in order, my dear—but definitely!

As a matter of fact, I am not seeing very much of Wayne, these days. And I guess it is just as well. I did like him. I do like him. But I'm very young and so is he, for that matter, and it seems better all around to let romance alone. It's difficult to put things on paper. Not that there's much to tell even though the columns have gone on at length about us. You know, Roberta, that has been a hard thing for me to "take" here in Hollywood—the fact that a movie actor or actress seems to be sort of "public property" and that you have about as much privacy as a goldfish. Everything you do—every little thing—is considered news and is written up. You go somewhere for dinner and read about it at breakfast the next morning. And it is all disconcerting. But, although I remember it was very thrilling to spot our names in the Camp Fire Girls write-ups in Indianola, it kind of gets my goat, now. I'm me—just as I always was.

Yours, ditherishly,
Pat

Following "Cowboy from Brooklyn," Pat got her biggest part to date, that of

"Ann" in "Four Daughters," followed by a starring rôle in "Brother Rat."

DEAREST Roberta:

I've been intending to write you for a long time, but have been so busy.

Anyway—the only news I have is that Wayne and I are to play in a new picture together, "Brother Rat." That's irony, isn't it, although when you come right down to cases, I don't suppose it really makes any difference. He's got a new girl, I hear, and it's supposed to be quite serious. As for me—well, I manage to get along.

Hoping you are the same—love,
Pat

"Brother Rat" was finished and Wayne got married. Pat went to work in "Yes, My Darling Daughter" and began going round with Oren Haglund, the attractive assistant director. Then Roberta asked Pat if she did nothing but work.

North Hollywood

DEAR Roberta:

You say that my recent letters have been "all work." Well, for a while it seemed that work was all I had to think about, but recently there has been some fun, too. To illustrate, just the other night Rosemary and I and our respective boy friends went on a regular bust! Yes, sir! We went to Venice and "did" the town! Venice is a beach resort and we didn't miss a concession—rode the rolly-coaster; careened around in the fun house; whirled on the merry-go-round. The whole thing was my idea of an elegant time!

Yes, I suppose you've read about Oren and me in the columns, but don't believe everything you read!

Yours, heart whole and fancy free
Pat

Del Monte, California.

DEAREST Roberta:

We're up here on location for "Daughters Courageous," and ordinarily I would be enjoying it. But for the first time since I have been in the movies, I got temperamental today and I'm still upset. The thing was, we'd been working terribly hard and then, today, the director wanted us to work through until eight o'clock without any dinner. Well, I hadn't had time for much lunch and I was hungry and tired and all of a sudden I wanted to rave and rant. I tell you, I had to clench my fists hard, to keep from yelling like a Comanche. And I just up and told the director I wouldn't do it!

Well, it was kind of funny. I had never disobeyed or even questioned a director in my life before, and his jaw dropped a mile. In fact, he looked so astonished, I suddenly wanted to laugh and, incidentally, felt a lot better.

But I stood my ground and after a minute he said, "Well, all right," and dismissed the whole company.

I've just been talking to Lola about it. She said she didn't blame me, but for Pete's sake, not to take advantage of this one instance in which I was probably in the right. She says a temperamental actor or actress is as passé, these days, as button shoes. There are too many others docile and just as talented, waiting to snap up her chances.

So now, although I feel better for having got all this off my chest, I do feel kind of sheepish. And I shall be a very, very good girl tomorrow!

Yours,
Pat

(Continued from page 59)

should have, her eyebrows are right for her face, and she has learned how best to wear her hair.

I think perhaps the most vital change in Gail is the self-confidence and awareness that has come to her. The self-consciousness that once kept her from really expressing herself is gone, and poise has taken its place. For no one can be truly attractive and at ease unless she has confidence in herself and in the knowledge that she looks her best. Her grooming is always perfect, so she always feels sure of herself, and she's found the best way to care for her skin and her hair, although her make-up routine is very simple.

She's one of those very fortunate girls who has very white skin and she protects it by staying out of the sun and avoiding a tan. It's so clear that she never needs or uses rouge. She keeps her skin soft and smooth by cleansing it with cream first, then removing all traces of the cream with soap and water, and pats on an astringent afterwards. She has a cute make-up trick of using white talcum powder over her powder base, and then over the talcum patting on her own powder which exactly matches the shade of her skin.

Gail has learned never to use eye shadow since her eyes are naturally deep set, so she merely accents her lashes with mascara. Her various lipsticks are chosen to tone in with the shades of her clothes, and her nail polish always matches the lipstick.

One of Gail's ambitions in life is to have a white streak in her black hair. At present, she possesses six white hairs that grow right above the middle part in her hair. She combs them very carefully so they'll show and proudly displays them at every opportunity. She is forever experimenting with new coiffures. She says that a new hairdress is as bolstering to the morale as a new hat.

Today, Gail dresses to suit her type, and one of the most striking things about her is her lovely carriage. She's a tall girl, you know, but her carriage is graceful because she never tries to look shorter and because her posture is right. If you're tall, do follow Gail's example. Acquire the habit of standing up straight and carrying yourself gracefully. Wear high heels if you like them and if they're appropriate to your ensemble.

The change in Gail wasn't easy to accomplish. It took an enormous amount of time and effort, of experiment and constant striving for perfection, but the result of all this was certainly worth it. This happened in Hollywood, but it can happen to every girl in every town in the country. Gail had the benefit of expert advice, but you can experiment with yourselves until you find your true type. You can develop your own personality and experiment with various make-ups until you find just the right one to express yourself.

FOUNDATION CREAMS—Perc Westmore, director of make-up at Warner Brothers studio, was telling me the other day, with much surprise and horror, that he's discovered that a great number of girls and women don't use foundation cream, but simply pat powder on their bare faces and expect their powder to do all the work of covering blemishes and protecting the skin.

He emphasizes the fact that foundation cream is really the master control board of make-up. With it, you may spotlight your good points, and fade the

bad ones far into the background; you can create contour and erase facial blemishes. By the adroit use of foundation cream, you can disguise a sallowness, freckles and large pores. The cream itself helps to protect your skin from wind and sunburn and keeps normally dry skin soft and delicate.

"When you rely on powder alone for color and skin tone," advises Mr. Westmore, "you'll notice a caked appearance and deepening of color around the nostrils and between your eyebrows and on the chin. This is because the oily secretions of the skin mix with the powder and intensify its color. That's why foundation creams are so important—they accept these secretions and prevent discoloration.

"That's just one advantage of foundation cream. Another is its use in corrective make-up. The corrective aids of foundation cream are almost numberless, and they are a vitally important part of a screen star's knowledge before the cameras and in private life as well. You can do wonders with it."

Mr. Westmore whipped out several shades of foundation cream and demonstrated its uses in make-up to conceal your bad points. You can make yourself over if you use it correctly. Here are some of the things he showed me that you can do yourself.

If you have shadows beneath the eyes and want to look young and carefree for a gay evening, use a bit of dark foundation on the puffy lower lid. Then you apply light foundation to the darkened area just below this. This makes the puffiness disappear and disguises the darkened skin.

If you have a large nose, Mr. Westmore says to use a lighter foundation in the cheek area close to the nose. This creates an illusion of fullness in the cheeks and minimizes your nose. He cautions you, however, never to use a dark foundation on the nose itself.

If your nose is short and rather flat, then you use a lighter foundation cream than your regular shade that just matches the color of your skin, right down the center of your nose, stopping at the tip. This makes your nose look narrower and not so flat.

Mr. Westmore says, "If your face is small and your neck appears to be short and thick, use a darker foundation on the neck. Conversely, if your neck is long and thin, use a lighter foundation than you apply on your face."

If you have a double chin, use a darker foundation there to minimize it; and a lighter foundation cream on a receding chin seems to bring it into better proportion.

With very prominent cheekbones, use a darker foundation over the cheekbones to reduce their prominence, and use a lighter foundation in the hollows of the cheeks to bring them out and in the recession at the temples.

This combining of foundation shades is one of the most effective make-up tricks that you can possibly use. Be sure, however, to pat the two tones together evenly as you blend them so there will be no line of demarcation between them, because the important part of this process is to do it subtly so people won't notice the technique used, but merely the final result.

Here's a last tip from Mr. Westmore: If your foundation cream does not spread easily, dip the fingertips into water, scatter a few drops over your face, and pat it lightly to insure even distribution. This way the cream will blend smoothly and evenly into your skin.

MEN FALL IN LOVE WITH HER AT FIRST SIGHT — and out of love after the first dance



For sure protection YOU NEED A LONG-LASTING DEODORANT

"You need a true perspiration check that is still effective after a bath, shopping or dancing"

Dorothy Dix

Adviser to millions of women on affairs of the heart and daintiness



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Don't make the mistake of thinking it's enough to start out sweet . . . that you won't perspire enough to matter. Everyone does! Especially when you're gay and excited—just when you're thinking least about it, and when it's most important to be appealing.

You can be sure!

It's easy enough to tell if you're offending. When you take off your dress tonight, smell the fabric at the armhole. It may explain why men lose interest after the first dance!

It will tell you more vividly than

any words why women of refinement use Liquid Odorono. With complete underarm dryness, perspiration can't collect on your dress and shatter that illusion of loveliness. A doctor's prescription, Liquid Odorono is a true perspiration check that scientifically controls dampness, odor and staining. Liquid Odorono keeps your underarm and your dress completely dry from 1 to 3 days!

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Liquid Odorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. Also in Ice form. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. The large size is more economical. Buy a large-size bottle or jar today! The Odorono Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

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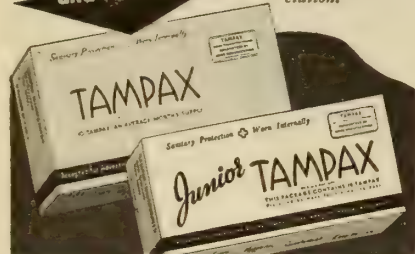
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Miracle Men at Work—To Make You Lovelier

(Continued from page 15)

liant and press in the grooves of the waves with a lukewarm marcel iron. It may be necessary to resort to this treatment for more than one wave but, in an unbelievably short time, your hair, trained to behave dutifully, will respond naturally to a water wave. (Emily Moore.)

HAIR OF ANOTHER COLOR

1. If, as a result of using hair coloring, you have a hard look, tone the color of your hair down a few shades. And be prepared to look more like a Christmas tree angel than Sadie Thompson. (Emily Moore.)

2. The reputable hair dyes and tints that are on the market today are absolutely harmless, easy to apply, and they last from four to six weeks. They rejuvenate drab, faded hair—and make you look as if you'd found the Fountain of Youth. (Emily Moore.)

3. The only danger you face when you color your hair is loss of perspective. For, as you become accustomed to your new hair, you're likely to keep intensifying its color. And this ruins your chic. (Guilaroff.)

4. Don't try to recapture the color your hair used to be. Allow for the change that has come into your skin tone when you touch up your hair. (Guilaroff.)

PUT DOWN THOSE SHEARS...

that curling iron, that waving comb... until you decide which of the seven basic facial types you are (if you have already decided to which facial type you belong from reading last month's article on make-up, just look for your type)... and what basic lines your hair should follow.

PERC WESTMORE HAS THE FLOOR

The Oval Face: Artists call this the ideal face. And if, like Kay Francis, you're fortunate enough to have such a face, a face that is a lovely oval in contour, make the most of it—use your hair to frame it entrancingly....

1. Wear your hair ever so simply.
2. Keep your hair oval in outline.
3. Don't have your hair come down over your brow—draw it back from your forehead.

4. Follow oval contour of face in your hair style. This keeps the facial outline young and soft.

The Round Face: If your face is full in outline, even at the jawline and forehead, as Sonja Henie's is, you must temper the general roundness by your coiffure. So....

1. Keep your hairline soft. A severe, sleek hairline is too silly with a round face.
2. Curl your hair in soft, broad, loose waves; never in stiff, set waves.
3. Have your hair full at your jawline and below it. This will make your face appear longer.

The Square Face: This face has a broad jaw, a square chin line, and a square line across the forehead and at the temples. If you're fair and square, like Ann Sheridan, or if you're just square....

1. Slant the part in your hair.
2. Bangs are likely to be becoming. Especially if they're thin and softly waved, and curved in a heart-shaped line.
3. Do everything you can to create

an illusion of softness and roundness in your coiffure. Keep it fluffy rather than square, severe or tailored.

The Oblong Face: This face is thin and long and the forehead is only a trifle wider than the chin. Loretta Young is the perfect example of this face. It requires....

1. That you dress your hair to lend your face width.

2. That you fluff your hair at the sides of your face or wear it full behind your ears.

3. That you have your hair of a length that is on a line with your chin.

4. That you keep the hair on top of your head sleek and flat, to foreshorten your face, making it seem less long and thin.

The Triangle Face: In this face the jaws are broad and wide while the forehead tapers and is narrow. Alice Faye has a triangle face. If you have, too....

1. Get your hair up and back from your temples, so you create an illusion of greater width in your forehead and greater length to your face.

2. Use your natural hairline and keep your forehead entirely exposed.

3. Your hairline should be soft behind your ears.

4. Don't have your hair full at your jawline.

The Inverted Triangle Face: This virtually is the opposite of a triangle face. Here the forehead is broad and the face tapers from the cheekbones leaving the jaw and chin narrow—with the chin pointed, too, likely enough. It's a face like Priscilla Lane's. And it requires exactly the opposite hair arrangement from a triangle face....

1. Your top hair should be arranged easily with a soft little dip coming down on your forehead to cut its height.

2. The fullness of your hair should begin above and behind your ears.

3. Your hair should be dressed fullest on a line with your mouth.

The Diamond Face: If, like Claudette Colbert, you're the diamond type with extreme width through your cheek-

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 66 with these correct ones:

1. Laurence Olivier
2. Dennis O'Keefe, Clark Gable
3. Grace Moore
4. Stan Laurel, Illeana
5. Binnie Barnes
6. George Brent
7. Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs
8. Ona Munson
9. Norma Shearer
10. Lewis Stone
11. Anne Shirley
12. Fred Astaire
13. Harold Lloyd
14. Nelson Eddy
15. Jack Holt, Noah Beery
16. Franchot Tone
17. Madeleine Carroll
18. Norman Foster, Leslie Fenton
19. Gary Cooper, Myrna Loy
20. Loretta Young

bones, a forehead that's narrow and a chin that's pointed....

1. Keep your hair off your forehead.

2. Have your hair soft and close to your head on top and at the upper sides of your face.

3. Wear your hair in a full line below your cheeks.

IF IT'S NEITHER A CROWN NOR A GLORY*

* At the risk of offending the immortal poets we admit hair isn't always these things... but we also insist it almost always can be.

1. The first thing to do isn't spectacular at all. Simply buy a good hairbrush. And wear it out as quickly as possible. In our grandmothers' day, women didn't shampoo their hair as often as they do today and they didn't have nearly as many beauty aids. But they did have brushes. And they used them. And they did have beautiful hair. (Guilaroff.)

2. Make certain, by consulting that honest friend, your mirror, that you haven't let your hair get too long. For anything but the very simplest coiffures, hair should be kept short. (Guilaroff.)

3. See to it that you retain nice, clean lines to your hair and head. If your head is large, be especially careful on this score. Don't make the fatal mistake of trying to disguise your head size with curls and frizzes. (Guilaroff.)

4. Try new effects occasionally. And don't fold up if a certain change requires some radical measure—if it's at all reasonable to suppose, from all you have read here, that such a change will benefit you. The smart woman is the woman who has the courage to try new things. (Guilaroff.)

5. If your hair is dry and crimp because of an unfortunate permanent, don't brood over it while you go about looking like a scarecrow. Use your brooding time to administer hot oil shampoos. Have two a week in the beginning. Then, when marked improvement shows, have one a week until your hair has luster and looks alive again. (Emily Moore.)

6. Very often, hair is thin simply because of poor circulation. A good brush will remedy poor circulation in jig time. Brush your hair. Massage your scalp. Then brush your hair all over again. (Emily Moore.)

7. Nothing looks worse than hair that is being trained to go a way it doesn't want to go. If this is your difficulty, brush your hair every night in the new direction it is to take. Use a damp brush. And when you have finished—bind up your hair so it will be held in place until morning. Three weeks of this treatment usually is enough. (Emily Moore.)

8. There isn't any better general tonic for your hair than to brush it dry following shampoos—even if you have to moisten it again to set your wave. (Hazel Rogers.)

"You made me what I am today..." That old number is the theme song the stars sing to the studio miracle men, the dress designers, particularly. For clothes can change your appearance from a liability into an asset—without changing your budget from an asset into a liability. Whether you're a duckling who yearns to be a beautiful swan or a beautiful swan who still isn't satisfied, you'll be thrilled and inspired next month when the dress designers stand up and recite their little pieces. Wait... just wait—SEPTEMBER PHOTOPLAY.

Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 55)

THE KID FROM KOKOMO—Warners

WARNERS have simply taken the lid off on this one. It's boisterous, burlesqued comedy of the unfettered, never-mind-making-any-sense school. Wayne Morris and Pat O'Brien carry the burden of the piece, with May Robson helping out every chance she gets. Morris plays the country yokel who can fight like a whiz, and who has a simple sentimental yen to find his long-lost mother. O'Brien, a fight manager, persuades the kid to become a professional boxer, arguing that only in this way—with the publicity and all—will he ever turn mama out of her hiding. In a crisis, Pat bails drunken May Robson out of jail and tells the kid this is his Ma. Everything gets very complicated, but Joan Blondell assists Pat, her fiancé, and Wayne falls in love with Jane Wyman, and Maxie Rosenbloom gets knocked cold. You'll find a lot of laughs in this thing, even if you can't make head or tail out of the plot.

THE GORILLA—20th Century-Fox

THIS is the picture, you will remember, which the Ritz Brothers didn't want to make. They quit and the studio had one heck of a time getting them back. The result of all this is a somewhat funny opus in which light is made of horror and you are caused to laugh at what made you shudder in the former version. Aside from the mild impression that the Ritz bag of tricks is getting a bit worn, there is nothing to remember after the last scene. After all, it all depends on whether or not you are Ritz fans. Bela Lugosi, Anita Louise and others are victims of it all.

★ THE GIRL FROM MEXICO—RKO-Radio

LUPE VELEZ comes roaring back onto celluloid again, after a long absence, and it's a good picture. Furthermore, Lupe's swell in it. Her forte, of course, is wild comedy and the laughs all come about when Donald Woods, a radio agent, is sent down to Mexico to get a program singer. He finds Lupe, signs her, and then his troubles start. Back in New York again the Velez discovers Don's plans are to marry Linda Hayes (screen comer). But Lupe's decided she wants Don herself—and she sets out to fix things up proper. Don can't escape her because he's promised everybody in the village, including Lupe's parents and the local judge, that he'll look after her. As if she needed anyone to look after her!

There's plenty of slapstick in this and of course you have the fiery little Mexican's personality to watch, which would be almost sufficient without the good story, the galloping pace, the able direction.

SOME LIKE IT HOT—Paramount

YOU would have thought, with Gene Krupa's drums to work with, and a supporting cast of Bob Hope and Shirley Ross and Una Merkel, that Paramount could have turned out a particularly fine piece of entertainment here. The film is disappointing. There's not much story, but what there is concerns a mid-way barker (Hope) who, with his company, tries to outrun the proverbial doorstep wolf. There are a couple of good songs thrown in, and Hope tries very hard throughout. Some like it hot, certainly—but this is peas porridge cold.

EXILE EXPRESS—United Players-G. N.

IN this out-and-out melodrama, in which producer Eugene Frenke brings his wife, Anna Sten, back to the screen, another helping of Americanism is passed around. Stirring our patriotic emotions, this time, is the tale of a girl whose hope of citizenship is dashed just as she is about to swear allegiance to our country. Implication in the murder of her chemist boss, who has completed a deadly acid, makes her an undesirable alien and she is shipped across country on the Exile Express for deportation. The spies responsible for the chemist's death, attempt to kidnap her for she, alone, knows the secret of the acid's formula. This leads to a crazy-quilt series of events climaxing in a fade-out of Anna, starry-eyed, taking her citizenship oath, flanked by hero reporter, Alan Marshal. He, by the way, is the guy who unmasks master spy, Jerome Cowan, establishes Anna Sten's innocence and wins the fair lady.

BOY FRIEND—20th Century-Fox

HUSKY little Jane Withers is still chasing down the gangsters and helping out the police in this latest of her pictures. Her brother is a rookie cop, has been assigned as an undercover man, and Jane snoops, too, for the benefit of eventual justice. Arleen Whelan, once Twentieth Century's white hope, is lost somewhere in this run-of-the-mill piece; her minor romantic interest is played by Richard Bond.

6000 ENEMIES—M-G-M

WALTER PIDGEON, suave and with that sophisticated tired look around his eyes, here plays a prosecutor who is very ambitious politically and convicts all sorts of people on evidence that often is faked. Finally he is railroaded to the pen himself, and whom should he find there but all his 6000 enemies. Of course, he takes a beating. The fault in the story is that you, the audience, can't seem to care. Rita Johnson is in the jailhouse too, and she shows Walter where he made his mistake in life. Nat Pendleton garners a few laughs.

FOR LOVE OR MONEY—Universal

THIS is the sort of routine program picture the big producers insist will soon be in limbo. The material is not really susceptible to criticism; one can only relate that a horse-race bet gets into the wrong hands, those of a servant girl, who rushes around spending the money. Robert Kent plays a bookie who doesn't seem to know what it's all about. There are a few wisecracks.

FIXER DUGAN—RKO-Radio

MELODRAMA in a circus is always fairly acceptable stuff, because you can expect to see some lions and a tight-rope artist or two anyway, even if there isn't much story. Lee Tracy plays Dugan, and Peggy Shannon is a lion tamer. Along comes Virginia Weidler, orphaned when her mother falls from a tightrope. Tracy's job is to keep La Shannon's lions from being attached and to keep Virginia out of an orphanage. He does.

WOLF CALL—Monogram

JACK LONDON wrote a pretty good movie when he set "Wolf Call" on pa-



Reflection of You

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per. Of course, the production isn't very hot and you can't expect too much from these players but if you half shut your eyes you may find enough entertainment to make the hour worth while. John Carroll is a playboy who goes up to a radium mine; he wants to get perspective on life and love, and does. Movita, playing an Indian girl, provides romance.

THE JONES FAMILY IN HOLLYWOOD— 20th Century-Fox

RIGHT back where they started, the Jones bunch lands in Hollywood for this installment. When Papa Jed Prouty is nominated to represent his hometown American Legion post at the California convention, his entire brood, including Mother Spring Byington, elects to come

with a muddy smack and just sits there looking as if she would like very much to cry.

"I could make a remark," says George, meaningly.

"So could I," says Ty.

"If," replies Myrna, coolly, from her sitting position, "you mean Loy is slipping—you're both all wet—as anybody can see. The fact is—Loy has slipped!"

On the set of "Elsa Maxwell's Hotel for Women," Linda Darnell, Katharine Aldridge, Amanda Duff and a host of very trim bit cuties make the big hotel lobby set a parade of pulchritude (sounds like a burlesque ad!).

Linda is a Cinderella girl; so is Kitty Aldridge. Linda had one crack at Hollywood, was sent home. She entered a drama school in Dallas, came back and stepped right into stardom. Aldridge is that girl you've been seeing everywhere in ads and on magazine covers. The most photographed model in New York, was she. She took a trip to Honolulu but couldn't get past Hollywood. Zanuck signed her and plunked her right in a big part.

The plot of "Elsa Maxwell's Hotel for Women" (these titles get longer every month) is formula boy-and-girl-misunderstandings in New York with Jimmy Ellison the boy, Linda Darnell the girl. The novelty is in the setting—one of those hotels where only the fair sex can register. Elsa Maxwell tosses one of her famous parties right on the screen.

We watch the effervescent, slightly screwy Gregory Ratoff direct a scene.

"Wance more!" he cries. "And geeving eet to me holding dot kees, Leenda. Hokay, hection!" Linda kisses Jimmy Ellison until he staggers. "Te-e-e-er-rific!" shouts Ratoff, instead of "Cut." "Eet's a mild sansation!" He kisses everybody and dances around the set. Well—if that makes better pictures—we're for it. Only we'd rather not be kissed by Ratoff. We run over to M-G-M and Hedy Lamarr where, if there's any kissing to be done, we'll get a better break.

"**L**ADY of the Tropics" was bound to come when M-G-M decided to glamorize Hedy Lamarr or bust. The tropics are swell stuff for languorous eyes and sinuous bodies. And what is more convincing proof of Hedy's seductive powers than for Robert Taylor to fall for her?

We must admit Hedy doesn't look too, too glamorous the day we see her—the first day, by the way, of her picture. She's bundled up in a gingham apron and a long dress that doesn't even hand

along; and while he sweats in parades they poke around the studios. The gags are as funny as in any previous Jones opus and the simple, down-to-earth quality is not lost.

TELL NO TALES—M-G-M

THIS is essentially the story of a hundred dollar bill, part of a kidnaper's loot, and the travels of that bill. The excuse for the plot is given in the person of Melvyn Douglas, who is an editor and whose paper is about to go on the rocks. Melvyn finds out about the bill, traces it, and uses the exclusive news-beat he gets in the process to salvage the newspaper. Louise Platt helps him and there is a little love interest between the couple; Gene Lockhart, Douglas Dumbrille and Florence George

are in the cast. The film has good suspense and a modicum of excitement. Melvyn's performance is that suave performance Melvyn Douglas always gives.

SOS—TIDAL WAVE—Republic

REMEMBER Orson Welles' Mars invasion—and what it did to the radio audience of America? Well, Republic has taken that gag and put it together with current interest in television, and out of the whole has made a film with novelty and entertainment in it. There is a tie-up with politics, so that you have some vision of what may happen if the immense propaganda power of television falls into the wrong hands. Ralph Byrd, Kay Sutton (romance) and George Barbier are the principals.

We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 58)

out an ankle-peep and she's bending over a hot cookstove. Bob Taylor stands on the side lines and regards her quizzically.

The plot of this very important Lamarr picture—and M-G-M is giving it the financial works—makes Hedy a half-caste of Saigon, Indo-China. Wandering Bob Taylor falls for her, marries her, then millionaire Joseph Schildkraut goes on the make. There's a lot of shooting in the end, but we hate to give away the sock finale—except to advise it's tragic.

Hedy seems to have everything under control this time. Her voice is low and controlled; she's as cool as a pickle. Director Jack Conway seems to be getting just what he wants from her. After the first scene, Hedy goes over to her dressing room and picks up a doll—a little six-inch doll of Hedy herself, dressed in a colorful Austrian peasant outfit. "My mother made it for me," Hedy informs us. "I bring it on the set for good luck."

It looks to us as if the charm is working. We hope so, anyway. That's what Hedy needs most of at this point—luck.

AROUND the M-G-M lot there are plenty of other titles for the studio's all-feminine carnival, "The Women." "Ninety Day Harem" is the most popular, as a sly dig at George Cukor. Outside of the crew, everything's on the distaff side. Even the horses and dogs that appear in the satiric Clare Booth play are females! One hundred and thirty-five women wander in and out of the cinema version. But nary one set of whiskers.

"The Women" hops from Manhattan to Reno and back again to tell its story of the women's angle on life, love, men and marriage. It teams with good acting parts—which may account for the temerity M-G-M had in casting Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Rosalind Russell—three of their top stars—in the same picture. But even good parts aren't enough to keep rumors of rivalries from brewing.

It's a bridge luncheon at the country home of Mary (Norma Shearer) when we venture into this stronghold of femininity. Rosalind Russell (picked by the experts to steal the picture as Sylvia, the gossip) arrives and peels off her jacket to reveal the most startling get-up we've ever seen. It's metal cloth decorated with big glass eyes!

"Now, girls," says Cukor, dipping his hand into a big tray and popping things into his mouth, "let's get the scene." Shearer, Russell and a score of women take their places at bridge tables and

start to chatter away like sparrows.

"Where are the hors d'oeuvres? Get the hors d'oeuvres!" orders Cukor. "Well, where are they?"

A cautious property man speaks up. "You ate most of 'em, Mr. Cukor," he says.

Cukor looks a little ill and the whole set relaxes. They have to whip up some more before they can shoot.

"**T**HE Kind Men Marry" with Carole Lombard, Cary Grant, Kay Francis and Helen Vinson holds the set spotlight at RKO-Radio. This is sophisticated stuff, with Carole a mother for a change and Kay a home wrecker. As for Cary, he's caught between the devil and the deep blue eyes of la Lombard.

Carole has a day off getting the honeymoon house in shape for old man Gable when we look in. The rest are hanging around waiting for sets to be nailed together and the only excitement is a backgammon marathon between Kay and Cary. Kay's vigorously rolling the bones when we move on to Universal where, so we've been told, Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer are settling down to "Modern Cinderella."

But we've been misinformed. No sets are going yet, so we skip across the Los Angeles river to Warner Brothers.

"Dust Be My Destiny" seems a very appropriate last-tag to our studio rounds. It's the new John Garfield picture from the novel by Jerry Odium, the "Each Dawn I Die" author. You might guess, Garfield has a peck of trouble with the law. In fact, the story has the same general fugitive idea as "They Made Me a Criminal."

Again John is on the "lam," blamed for a killing he didn't commit. Again he's tough, anti-social. Again, a girl loves him truly in spite of it all.

John is tousel-haired, dressed in a rumpled blue serge suit and a cheap shirt, on whose collar the yellow stains of grease paint show. His shoes, particularly, are a sight. They're old and cracked, unshined apparently for years, half-soled and about to fall apart. John catches us eyeing them and grins.

"Those are my lucky dogs," he tells us. "I've worn 'em in every picture I've ever made. Believe me, I'm not going to take 'em off until they fall off!"

"That won't be very long," we observe. But John just grins and squeaks off to his picture place happily. He is smaller in real life than he seems on the screen. He chews gum incessantly, and kids with the two Dead End kids who work in this picture, Billy Halop and Bobby Jordan. You can tell they think he's tops.

We watch John and Charlie Grape-win pull off a fast-talking courtroom scene, perfect on the first take. The whole set claps and whistles when that's announced. Why? Because, like all true artists, they bow to good performances? Well—sounds nice but we're quickly disillusioned. The reason the set cheers at the one-take scene is simply this:

It means work's over for the day and everybody can go home!

As for us, we head for Hollywood's Radio City for a check up on the stars-on-the-air situation.

TELEVISION in Hollywood is the talk of the town. Radio always thinks ahead, and though this is summer, fall is the question mark. Will the stars have another career-test to face, then—visible broadcasting?

Well—all the tops of the tall buildings in Hollywood are already optioned for stations. Don Lee, a Hollywood radio pioneer, is busy putting up a television transmitter on the top of a Hollywood mountain. NBC has Max Gordon out from New York, working on television production plans. Even Max Factor, the Hollywood make-up firm, has

launched, this very month, a special cosmetic to make dream girls out of television stars. The make-up: deep scarlet lips with a bluish overtone; light tan foundation, light blue powder for cheeks, red for the neckline. It's down to cases at last.

On the other hand, William Paley, the CBS head man, states television in Hollywood will follow Manhattan's lead only. Experimental work will go on fast and furiously, but as far as CBS is concerned, there'll be no air-pictures shown in the fall. So far Betty Jane Rhodes is still the premier Hollywood television queen.

Meanwhile, other rumblings along radio row besides television keep our ears employed. One is that Nelson Eddy is through with Chase and Sanborn for keeps. Nelson's absence during his concert tour made no difference in Chase and Sanborn's listener rating. He costs a lot of dollars and Donald Dickson, his pinch hitter, is good enough to stay.

George Murphy is taking a vacation from the Screen Guild Gulf Show, which may be permanent, too. The new deal calls for different star emcees each week, and Fannie Brice may have her own program before long.

How to Be Friends with Your Ex-Husbands

(Continued from page 13)

That's bad enough, but actors' lives are multiple. With Franchot and me, both acting, an unendurable strain came between us when he wanted to go East to the stage, and he felt that waiting for me to be able to clear up my movie contracts so that I could join him wasn't good enough. He wanted to be free so that he could go at once. Last fall he did so.

Now, what good would it have done me to hate him forever for that? If I could have convinced myself that Franchot would have been happy with Joan Crawford, housewife, I believe I would have given up my career and followed him. Second thought persuaded me, however, that since he had fallen in love with Joan Crawford, movie star, and married Joan Crawford, movie star, the quality in my personality that comes from my being "a career woman" was what he loved, or at least had loved. I truly felt that becoming simply "the little woman" to Franchot would not be enough to guarantee our happiness. Even now, I can see that "glamour girls" still work their spell on him, judging by the gay times he has in New York's night clubs. You don't find girls with their minds exclusively on cakes and pies in night clubs!

After months of trying to match the demands of our temperaments, of trying to patch up the difficulties between us, Franchot and I agreed to disagree, but, when he went to New York, he continued to wire me on holidays and birthdays and the like, and I continued to wire him. For I know of no individual I admire more than I admire Franchot, and that will continue to be true. Surely, if men and women can agree to disagree on some things, we can also agree not to disagree on others.

IWENT East for a short vacation in March and, on the night I arrived in New York, Franchot and I had a date together, just as either of us would have had with any other old friend. We dined together, because we like eating together, and we danced together, because we enjoy that enormously. No one was more amazed than I at the storm of criticism that we got for doing so, however. I don't mean to be naïve about it, but it still seems to me that

ours was a civilized attitude. We had many things to talk about; his play, my pictures, our futures. If that kind of adult, cordial interest is not better than a bitter, life-lasting feud, then war is better than peace and a battle-scarred ground is more beautiful than a country flower garden.

I'll admit that in this "civilized attitude" which I feel Doug, Franchot and I show, we are, to some extent, adapting ourselves to the needs of our profession. We three are all actors. We work in one business and the chances are strong that some time of each year we may all be in the same small town, perhaps in the same studio, perhaps in the same picture. We might even be in each other's arms—always with the director and the crew looking on.

Even as actors, however, I consider we aren't so different from separated couples who live in small towns. It seems to me it's like going back to the Stone Age to expect one partner in a broken-up marriage to leave town, the town in which, perhaps, he or she has lived always and has every interest, in order to avoid social conflicts with the other. I repeat: Why can't we divorced people be friends?

I know in keeping hate from my heart, in making Douglas and Franchot into friends, I've found an enduring sweetness that will last me all my life. I am sure that if ever I am in deep trouble, I can go to either of them for help and get it. I believe if they are ever in trouble, they will come to me.

This is 1939. Human beings should have learned something through centuries of living. Certainly, if men and women can be platonic friends, they ought also to be capable of being, after divorce, platonic husbands and wives, let's say, people who are not in love but who have a basic companionship between them. It's really a pretty simple matter of adding and subtracting. The wife, the ex-wife, that is, takes out the hates and the grievances from the situation and adds tolerance and understanding big enough for two.

In this way, I believe, you can become friends with your ex-husbands. Of course, somebody may point out to me how wrong I am. But even at that, I don't believe it.



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By: Geo. W. Trendle
President

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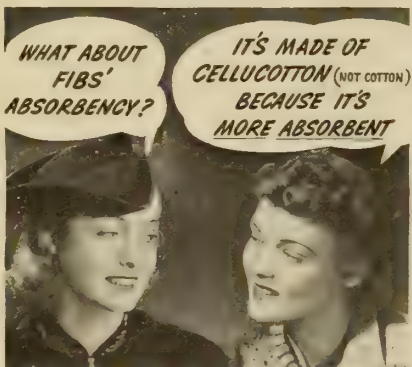
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Dollars to Donat

(Continued from page 61)

teacher. From the very beginning the old professional saw something in this lad that was different from all his other pupils. He begged the boy's mother to let him try to make an actor of him. As a matter of fact, Mother Donat had never intended him to go into an office.

So Robert, leaving school at fourteen, was allowed to pay for his elocution lessons by becoming his teacher's secretary. In the evenings, the two of them would go out together, giving recitals at church schools and local halls. And, gradually, the boy's keen mind soaked up all that the older man could teach. He was quite sure by now that he wanted to be an actor.

At sixteen, Donat made his first public stage appearance in a Shakespearean touring company in Birmingham, playing Lucius in "Julius Caesar." Two years later, he took to the stage in earnest. During one of his visits to Manchester, Sir Frank Benson, the great Shakespearean actor, saw the boy and liked him. He took him on as assistant stage manager on tour, playing small parts, at a salary of ten dollars a week. Robert's career had begun.

WHEN he was twenty-four, Robert married a girl with amazing corn-gold hair and straight grey eyes, called Ella Voysey. She played the piano and the violin, and came from a long family of musicians. I often think that marrying her was the best thing that Robert did in his life. She is very quiet, with a soft, pleasant voice and gentle ways. She looks like a Botticelli Spring, but she'll fight relentlessly for anything she believes in. She believes in Robert, and she has stood behind him and fought for him every inch of the way.

The Donats left the north soon after their marriage. After a year at the Cambridge Festival Theater, they decided to try their luck in London. They took a three room flat in Seven Dials, right amongst the street markets. It was grimy and noisy and "the bugs were awful," but they were happy. They had a wonderful view of a public house and of the floodlit Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square. Both their elder children, Joanna and John, were born there.

Meanwhile, Robert's luck in the theater was up and down, never too good, never quite hopeless. His best break came with a run of Mary Webb's "Precious Bane." That was the time when he almost became a film star. Irving Thalberg, visiting London with his wife, saw the play and liked the look of the young English actor. The next thing was an offer from M-G-M for Robert to go to Hollywood to play in a film opposite Norma Shearer. Robert refused it, thinking he had a stage success on his hands. The next week "Precious Bane" folded. The film part was the one that later became Freddie March's in "Smilin' Through."

"MEN of Tomorrow," directed by Alexander Korda, was Donat's first picture. It was made partly at Elstree and partly at Oxford during the Long Vacation. Merle Oberon and Joan Gardner, demure in cap and gown, and making only their second appearance on any screen, played the parts of college girls. Donat played a young scientist, and I remember thinking that he was quite the most unlikely scientist I had ever seen.

Korda, however, must have seen some hint of the future *Dr. Manson* in the young scientist, for he persevered with Donat. He gave him leading parts in

two more films in the same year, "Cash" and "That Night in London." I don't imagine that "Cash," which was a poor film, influenced Donat's career in any direction. "That Night in London" was a poor film, too, but it emphatically did influence his career.

The director of "That Night in London" was an American, Rowland Lee. He liked Donat. A year later, when Lee was back in Hollywood, Eddie Small, of Reliance Pictures, asked him to see a picture run through in order to judge the performance of a certain unknown juvenile as a possibility for the part of the Count in "The Count of Monte Cristo." The picture was "The Private Life of Henry VIII"; the juvenile, Thomas Culpeper.

"I know that guy," said Lee, recognizing Donat.

"Is he good?" asked Small.

"Sure," said Lee.

SO Robert and Ella Donat sold their flat in Seven Dials, took the children north to Ella's people, and set sail for Hollywood and "The Count of Monte Cristo," the picture that was really to be the making of Donat as a screen star.

From that time onward M-G-M were assiduous in their attempts to sign up Robert Donat, but it was four years and three more pictures—"The 39 Steps," "The Ghost Goes West" and "Knight Without Armor"—before they got him.

The summer after "Knight Without Armor," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer came over to produce in England. They hired space in Korda's studios at Denham.

Robert signed a six-picture contract, beginning with "The Citadel." M-G-M wanted him to play *Dr. Manson*. Cronin wanted him to play *Dr. Manson*. And when Robert had read the book, he also wanted, quite vehemently, to play *Dr. Manson*. It was the sort of part he had always dreamed of.

Meanwhile the Donats have bought an old, rambling house high up in the Chilterns, with pinewoods, and pastures, and a pony for the children.

It isn't listed in any phone book, and Robert has to leave home at six o'clock in the morning, if he is to reach the studios in time for his make-up call.

"The Citadel" hadn't yet reached the theater when Donat started work on "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," which currently is packing theaters from coast to coast.

From the first, the part of the James Hilton schoolmaster enchanted him. It was like nothing he had ever done before, and Robert found its challenge irresistible.

"Nearly all my screen parts," he says, "have been romantic—the 'Ghost,' 'The 39 Steps,' 'Monte Cristo'—and in 'Cristo,' too, the interest was more or less ready-made in the story. *Dr. Manson* in 'The Citadel' was a grand part, and something new—a chance to play entirely for character and not merely for sympathy—but still a romantic story.

"Chips," though, is quite different. *Chips* is a commonplace sort of person, never quite successful, and not in the least romantic. You have to build him up from scratch, and that's a real job."

"Goodbye, Mr. Chips" was in its last weeks of shooting, and Donat had reached the octogenarian fishskin and wrinkles stage of his make-up when the news came through that "The Citadel" had been voted the best film of the year by the New York critics.

It was suggested that when the awards were given in the Rainbow Room at Radio City, Donat, representing M-G-M, should receive the award

by air, and broadcast his big speech from "The Citadel" to America.

The NBC and the British Broadcasting Corporation, getting together, arranged a trans-Atlantic hookup for the night of the prize giving. Alfred Hitchcock, who had won the director's award for "The Lady Vanishes," was going to Broadcasting House in London to say his piece, and it was hoped that Donat would join him. They had reached a stage in "Mr. Chips," though, when Robert's schedule made it impossible to get up to London and back at midnight—which was the time of the broadcast. So, at the last moment, they arranged to do what is done in England only for the rarest of celebrities—to fix up Robert's study for the broadcast and let him speak to the world from his own home.

IT was a wild January evening when I went out to the house in the Chilterns for the Big Broadcast.

Ella Donat was in the music room, sitting by the log fire. She was in a long white house robe, her amazing hair piled high in Edwardian style, looking more like a Botticelli Spring than ever.

It was good to see her again after all these years. We started exactly where we left off. We talked about our gardens and our children.

Ella said that she can never make her children look like a film star's children. I said, no, praise be, and told her what happened when Joanna came to our children's party, some years ago.

All the grownups were admiring this decorative child of the great Robert Donat, with her mass of red-gold hair tied up with a pale green ribbon. Somebody mentioned the ribbon to Joanna, and she pulled at it gravely.

"Yes," she said, "Mummy bought it for me at the dime store yesterday."

Presently, Robert came in with the engineers from the broadcasting companies. He was as excited as a boy at the thought of speaking to America.

We had coffee and fried sausages on sticks, but Robert wouldn't eat anything. He was back and forward between the music room and the study where he was to broadcast, removing "vibrators." Out came a pewter plate, a couple of jugs, a dish piled high with fruit. They tied up the case of the grandfather clock with string, and left it, reproachfully ticking.

Then, as the deadline of midnight drew near, Robert spread the sofa cushions over the desk top, laid out sheets of handwritten manuscript across them. His intimate speech of thanks for the award to be said, sitting, at a table mike. His big speech from "The Citadel" to be acted at a standing mike. He knew every word of it by heart, but the script was there, in case of emergency.

Just before midnight, we switched on the radio. Perhaps we weren't too clever about it. Perhaps the eighty-five-mile-an-hour gale in the Atlantic was too much for us. Anyway, all we heard on the short waves were howls, and rumbles, crackles of static, and an unmistakably English voice singing "A Tisket, a Tasket."

At 12:15, giving it up as a bad job, we tiptoed into the hall outside the study. There, through the closed door, we heard Robert's voice speaking to America. Awkwardly poised between John's tricycle and Brian's Teddy bear, we stood and listened, as the boy, who used to lie awake and recite poetry to keep the Things in the Dark from getting him, broadcast his message three thousand miles across the sea.

Night Life of the Hollywood Gods

(Continued from page 19)

"Let's go somewhere else" is the battle cry of Hollywood. I often suspect that even the innumerable service stations in the Greater Los Angeles owe their existence not to the law of supply and demand—no city on earth could possibly require that many service stations—but to that overwhelming urge to go somewhere else. I can almost hear Joan Crawford saying to her chauffeur—"Never mind that old place . . . let's buy gas in that new place across the street."

I said that there are at this moment three really popular night clubs in Hollywood. One of them must have been built by the same fellow who designed the Grand Central Station in New York. It's just as big and has still more levels. Earl Carroll runs it—at least he hopes he does. No one can actually run a place of that size. Some people say its seating capacity is over two thousand, others claim that it is roomy enough to accommodate all the writers who worked on the final script of "Gone with the Wind." It is not overpopular with the motion-picture colony because its customers are so intent on eating every bit of their four-dollar dinner that few, if any, stars would be able to compete with the appeal exercised by Mr. Carroll's sirloin steaks. Even the Academy Award Winners would run the risk of not being noticed and not being asked for an autograph.

ALL interviews, articles and dark glasses to the contrary notwithstanding, there is only one thing that no star can stomach. That is the business of *not* being noticed and *not* being asked for an autograph. That is why Marcel's on Sunset Boulevard is at this moment the night place as far as we stars are concerned. I say "we stars" because, although I have yet to finish my first picture, my kind boss Mr. Zanuck has already included my name in the announcement of his Big Stars of 1939. I am big enough, to be sure. About the biggest woman there is in Hollywood.

But to return to Marcel's—the place is not large. It is only a shade larger than one of Mr. Carroll's telephone booths. The show is good, but it consists of a few numbers only and it does not detract the guests' attention from appraising one another's dresses and diamond bracelets. The orchestra is excellent but not too noisy to interfere with one's eavesdropping on the conversation at the next table. Every night of the week Marcel's is packed with stars, would-be-stars, former stars and all other men and women who make \$100,000 per year for at least two weeks each year. Chaplin goes there. So does Bette Davis. So does Miriam Hopkins. So does David Niven. And so does . . . but why waste space? Everybody with the exception of Shirley Temple, Carole Lombard and Clark Gable goes there. Shirley does not go there for an obvious reason, Carole and Clark because they can enjoy each other's company without the benefit of a swing band.

I suppose George Lamaze's combination of a restaurant and a night club is the third most popular night place in Hollywood. But then, the Trocadero has just reopened and, by the time you read this article, it may be "in the money." Let me assure you, racing is almost a science when compared with the uncertainties of the night-club business in Hollywood. Why? Because in the first place, as I said before, "that's the motion-picture business for you,"

and in the second place, the really good parties are being given at home, not in night clubs.

Who are good party-givers in Hollywood? I must confess that it would be easier and more fun to mention those who are not, but . . . I have made enough enemies for myself in my first fifty-six years in this world, and besides I do not believe the editors of this magazine would approve of my giving a list of bad party-givers in Hollywood. So let's stick to the good ones.

There are plenty of them, I assure you. Constance and Joan Bennett know all there is to be known about the art of party-giving. So does Kay Francis. So do the Gary Coopers. And so does Frances Goldwyn, who prefers to let her husband Sam take all the glory but who can, without any assistance from him, give any kind of party from a formal ball to a picnic. The Arthur Hornblows (Mr. Hornblow and Miss Myrna Loy to you) are, of course, famous for their Sunday afternoons and are holders of the copyright on the best chicken sandwiches and cakes this side of heaven. The Basil Rathbones think nothing of giving a dance for eight hundred people and, what is more important still, actually enjoy it. Louella Parsons is the greatest barbecue-thrower in California.

Charles Chaplin specializes in what I call "educational evenings." Quality interests him more than quantity and while you won't meet more than eight or ten people in his house, you stand a chance of sitting next to Albert Einstein or Thomas Mann. The Douglas Fairbankses, Sr., the recognized leaders of Hollywood society, go for a Continental touch. The Darryl Zanucks give the most elaborate dinners west of the Hudson River. The Jack Warners utilize to the fullest extent the magnificence and splendor of their house, a house that would make many a Fifth Avenue mansion look like a log cabin. Naturally enough, when it comes to spectacular parties it would be rather difficult for anyone to outdo the Jack Warners. Constance Collier, on the other hand, manages to make you forget that hers is a modest bungalow. All you notice and remember is the charm and the true greatness of your hostess, one of the best actresses that ever appeared on any stage.

UNLIKE the Fifth Avenue hosts and hostesses, the stars and the producers are willing to spend money. And the willingness to spend, to entertain beyond one's means, is a veritable "must" when it comes to party-giving.

When I go out in New York, nine times out of ten I have to listen to a grade-C orchestra, drink a nonvintage champagne and eat the most unappetizing food. But when I got out in Hollywood, I feel certain that my host is going to do the very best by his guests. Not because the Hollywood party-givers have more money. Far from it. The members of the Social Register are not nearly as poor as they are supposed to be and they know much more about the loopholes in the income tax law than the Hollywood people do. But it is smart to be miserly in New York, while it is smart to be hospitable in Hollywood.

That is why the mortality among the night clubs in Hollywood is so appallingly high. The night clubs prosper and become landmarks only in the cities whose inhabitants are both too bored

and too stingy to entertain at home. Paris has acquired its reputation not because the French are so gay or their night clubs so marvelous, but because, being a very thrifty nation, the French have long since discovered that it costs less, at least three times less, to entertain "out" than "in."

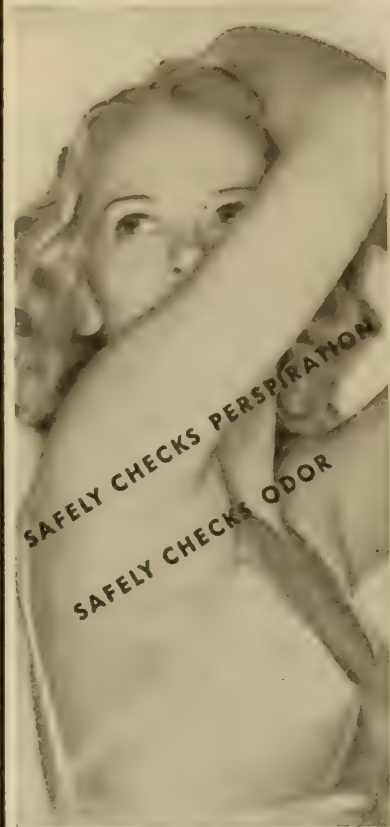
Aside from the excellent quality of music, food and liquor, what strikes me most about the Hollywood parties is the dearth of extra men. One would have thought of all places on earth the movie capital would be the one to be jammed with eligible escorts, but exactly the opposite is true. Not only is it extremely difficult to scare up enough unattached men in Hollywood but the majority—at least seventy-five per cent—of those available have nothing whatsoever to do with the movie industry.

Why is that? Will Hays may possess the solution of this mystery. I do not. I suspect that the fact of so many local people being married so many times does make it rather difficult for a hostess to decide whom to invite and whom not to invite, whose decree has become final and whose is still in its interlocutory stage, who parted in a rage and who remained "good friends."

I SUSPECT, too, that in a community as constantly spied upon as Hollywood the party-givers are bound to suffer from a scandal-complex, a malady which has long since been conquered and exterminated in New York. When a polo player socks another polo player in a Fifth Avenue house, nobody, not even Winchell, evidences the slightest interest. But when an actor socks a polo player in Beverly Hills, even the austere Associated Press clears all wires and gives the right of way to a round-by-round description of that encounter.

When a debutante, a young matron or a dowager shows up cockeyed at a Park Avenue dance, the hostess merely giggles and makes sure that all her guests have noticed that the poor wench had to be carried out by a couple of footmen. But when a motion-picture star looks as if any moment now she might decide to park herself on the dance floor, or begin reciting the latest dirty limerick, our Hollywood hostess goes pale and wrings her hands. She must do something at once she cries, or both she and her drunken girl-friend will hear from the respective bosses and Mr. Hays not later than the following morning . . . Unfortunately for her, there is very little that she can do. Some experts claim that a strong dose of sleeping powder should be served at once to the souse-in-question, but I have it on very good authority that that honorable device turns out to be a boomerang on a great many occasions.

They tell a story about a Hollywood hostess who, having failed in her attempts to persuade her drunken guest to "drink just a bit of water," left the glass on the table and went to call up a doctor. When she returned she discovered two prostrate bodies on the floor. That of her girl-friend who would not be cajoled into drinking "water," and that of a late arrival, a well-known actor, who felt thirsty and grabbed the first glass he saw. The former had to be carried out, the latter slept soundly until the following morning. Both were peeved no end and promised to get even with their hostess. Sad? No doubt. But "that's the motion-picture business for you."



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Lackadaisical Lothario

(Continued from page 64)

During his last two summer vacations from Mercersburg, Jim alternated between shows with Bill Neff and the rougher job of laying concrete with a road gang on the highway, and in the summer following his graduation, trundled bricks on the building of the new First National Bank.

One hot August afternoon, when Jim felt that another hodful of bricks would break his back, his father came down the street, waving a long, white envelope. It was from the Dean of Freshmen at Princeton and contained the exciting announcement that Jim had been accepted for admission in the fall.

That night Jim telephoned Steve Brown, a classmate at Mercersburg with whom he planned to room at Princeton. Steve, who lived in near-by Brookville, had also just received word of his acceptance.

JIM loved Princeton from that first fall day he and Steve carried their suitcases up University Place, past the groups of bareheaded, flannel-trousered upperclassmen milling on the campus.

He was prepared for all the rich tradition of Princeton from the stories his father, a graduate of the gay nineties, had told him, and took a secret pride in his "dink," the little black cap that is the badge of a freshman, for it marked him as a Princeton man.

Freshman year slipped by in a kaleidoscopic reel of colorful crowds at the big football games, long winter nights of "bull sessions," with newly-formed friendships cemented over beacon buns at the Baltimore Dairy Lunch, and frequent trips to the movies.

The movies at Princeton are an institution in themselves. In Jim's time there were two, the Garden and the Arcade, both unpretentious houses that depended upon undergraduate gaiety as much as the film for entertainment.

Princeton audiences were never content to merely observe the amorous activities of screen lovers. They entered into the scenes as directors with exaggerated moans of, "Kiss her, you great big handsome thing!" or "No, no, not that way. More passion!" And should a particular scene capture the fancy of this critical group, the unhappy projectionist would be ordered to stop the film, rewind and run the scene through again, or even hold the picture as a still on the screen.

Jim's favorites among the film stars he viewed as an impressionable undergraduate were two of the group of glamour girls he would be squiring to Hollywood parties not many years later, Norma Shearer and Ginger Rogers.

Too frail for college football, Jim confined his athletic assays to track, and made the freshman squad. He also made the glee club and accompanied the combined musical clubs on a spring trip through the South.

BUT it was the Triangle Club toward which Jim was pointing his chief aspirations. The Princeton Triangle Club is the oldest undergraduate dramatic organization in the country, with half a century of tradition behind it. Membership in the Triangle Club is one of the most sought-after honors on the campus, for the annual trip during Christmas vacation to a dozen or more cities through the South and Middle West is the most festive jaunt undertaken by any college aggregation.

Though it is nominally a dramatic society, the Triangle Club for years has presented a musical comedy as its an-

nual offering, with the book and score written by undergraduates, and hairy-legged football and crew heroes joining their more Terpsichorean-talented colleagues as chorus girls.

Jim was determined to make Triangle and hoped that his accordion would prove an acceptable card of entry at the fall competitions in his sophomore year.

His sister "Doddie" reports that, throughout the summer of his freshman year, Jim practiced over and over one song, "So Beats My Heart For You," as the tune he would offer at the tryout.

Dr. Donald Clive Stuart, the tall, amiable director of the Triangle Club for many years, gives the next chapter in the story of that all-important competition.

"I don't think Jim ever knew how near he came to not making the Triangle Club," related Dr. Stuart. "For several years there had been an accordion specialty in almost every show and I had made up my mind that the 1929-30 production, 'The Golden Dog,' would be one show in which the accordion would be conspicuous by its absence.

"But at the tryout Jim performed so brilliantly that even my antipathy to using another accordion number was weakened.

"At the final rehearsals, I watched Jim do his specialty with some misgivings. He bent over his accordion with intense seriousness, his lower lip hanging out like a balcony. It was too grotesque!

"Finally, it was decided that Jim should wear a mask and throughout the whole trip, Jim did his number wearing a devil mask as part of his costume."

"The next year," continued Dr. Stuart, "at the tryouts for cast rôles, Jim astonished us with his singing voice. He hadn't sung the year before, hadn't even mentioned he could sing. He had easily the best voice of anyone in the tryout. Moreover, he showed a marvelous sense of comedy."

The tryout resulted in Jim being given the lead in "The Tiger Smiles," a satirical fantasy on Princeton life, with one act laid in 1890 and the second in 1930.

The Christmas trip of the Triangle Club is like a traveling Mardi Gras. The one-night stands are a signal for a round of parties in the social set of each of the large cities touched on the tour. Teas, cocktail parties, luncheons, dinners and supper dances merge with the hectic performances into an exaggerated nightmare of grease paint and flowers and dinner clothes.

To Jim, the bolted meals, the irregular and interrupted sleep, were bad enough, but what he missed most was the relaxation and refreshment of a bath, a long, lazy loll in a warm tub.

And then, at St. Louis, came the answer to his unspoken prayer. Immediately upon arrival, the college troupers had been swept off to luncheon as guests of the alumni association and then, in the late afternoon, divided into half-a-dozen groups and detailed off to as many different cocktail parties, given for the current batch of debutantes.

Jim and about twenty others arrived at four o'clock at the palatial home of a Missouri matron who was giving the largest of that afternoon's parties. An upstairs bedroom had been turned into a cloakroom for the boys and, as Jim divested himself of his coat, he saw through the doorway the sort of bathroom that plumbing manufacturers exhibit on the Atlantic City Boardwalk, all done in gleaming black marble with

a tub as big as a bed and as inviting.

Jim could hardly turn his eyes away from that tub as one of the other Triangle thespians, the last to leave the cloakroom and start downstairs to join the party, tugged at his elbow.

Exactly two cocktails, four sandwiches and three dances later, Jim made a hasty excuse to his partner and quietly made his way upstairs.

There were differences of opinion at the end of that trip as to which city had greeted the Triangle Club most effusively; the seven encores in Louisville; the thirty-piece orchestra that had played for the after-the-show dance in Chicago; the dinner dance in Baltimore; the New Year's Eve party in Cincinnati.

But to Bruce Pelham, alias James Maitland Stewart, the ingratiating hero of "The Tiger Smiles," St. Louis was indelibly etched in his memory as having given him the warmest and most welcome reception!

JIM'S accordion which had won him entry into the Triangle Club and which was fast making him the most popular member of the Charter (one of the undergraduate eating clubs which take the place of fraternities at Princeton), led him into the unexpected rôle of peace-maker at a near-riot in his junior year. George Brown, no relative of Steve's, who was one of Jim's roommates his last two years and is now a broker in Philadelphia, tells of the incident.

"In our junior year we roomed in Foulke Hall, one of the newer dormitories at one end of the campus," recounted Brown. "Our room formed part of a little court which soon became a veritable battleground of music as there was a saxophone player and a virtuoso of the bagpipes in addition to Jim and his accordion, all pouring melody into the concrete wall of the buildings.

"One spring night, when most of the occupants of the rooms on the court were diligently cramming for examinations, the owner of the bagpipes let loose with the most mournful lament I have ever heard. Immediately there was a chorus of shouts from the other rooms, ordering the plaintive piper to desist. The bagpipes only wailed the louder.

"Down into the courtyard streamed a dozen or more students, all yelling at the sorrowful soloist. Men from other dormitories, attracted by the noise, joined the throng, and soon there was a great crowd gathered in front of Foulke.

"For no reason at all, someone started a bonfire in the court, and then another, and soon the mob had taken on the spirit of a riot. Proctors were powerless, and it looked as if there would soon be a surge toward Nassau Street and the usual wreckage that accompanies a student riot.

"Jim and I had remained in our room all through the disturbance, and now Jim grabbed up his accordion and moved to the window. Scrambling over the ledge, Jim let his feet drape out the window and sat there and started to play. Pretty soon the mob began to quiet down and listen.

"Jim passed lightly from one jazz tune to another, squeezing syncopation out of that music box that would have halted anyone. In a little while, the crowd had completely lost its rebellious tone and the only noise was the rhythmic tap of feet or a tenor suddenly cutting out in harmony with Jim's accordion. Then Jim began to sing and, from a mob bent on disturbance, that riot was turned into a songfest that lasted late into the night.

"Jim didn't get his studying done that night, but he saved a lot of windows in the shops along Nassau Street and probably a few of the mob leaders from discipline from the Dean's office."

IT was in the spring of their junior year that Jim and Steve Brown joined the group of their classmates trying out for the six posts as cheerleaders for the coming year. All through the baseball season, Jim's lanky arms beat the air like a windmill in an energetic entreaty to the apathetic bleachers to give "just one more locomotive for the team."

At the end of the competition, Jim and Steve were both selected and Jim was named head cheerleader. Their duties would begin in the fall with the football season, and Jim's Scotch senses were tickled as he realized that this meant he would be admitted to all athletic contests without admission and have his expenses paid to out-of-town games.

It was in the spring of junior year, too, that Jim and Steve found a great mutual interest in flying. Every spare dollar was saved for trips at a gypsy airport near Princeton. The boys discussed the possibility of entering the naval flying school at Pensacola, Florida, after graduation from Princeton. Incidentally, Steve Brown's interest in aviation remained active and he is today an executive with one of the airlines in New York.

George Brown attributes to Jim's passion for flying, his seldom-played rôle as host to girls while he was in college. Jim was on a modest allowance and, between being up in the air in a plane or up in the air over a prom trotter, Jim's money was on the machine every time. He was fed up, too, with the fluffy-headed prom trotter whose only thought was how many invitations she could wangle from a man. What he admired in a girl was her having some interest, art classes or music or even the stage.

Jim was soon to meet just the sort of girl he had been envisioning and one who was to be the model by which all the girls he met in the future were measured.

Joshua Logan, Triangle president, who had been one of the founders of the University Players, a group of young collegians playing summer stock at Falmouth, Massachusetts, invited one of the girls in the company, Margaret Sullivan, to be the guest star of a production of the "Theatre Intime," Princeton's Little Theater organization.

It was, of course, before Margaret Sullivan had touched fame in "Dinner at Eight," and then gone on to film triumphs in Hollywood. But, already there was about her the aura of glamour of

a Broadway actress. Jim, when he was introduced to her, was enchanted. Here was a girl who was really doing something, vital, alert. She was his guest at Charter on two successive evenings, and a warm friendship was begun which was to be a pleasant bond a few years later in Hollywood when they played opposite each other in "Next Time We Love" and "The Shopworn Angel."

Senior year Jim again had the lead in the Triangle show, "Spanish Blades," an imaginative potpourri of plot and music in which *Don Juan*, *Don Quixote* and *Carmen* comprised an unconventional cast.

Another gay holiday tour, and then all too quickly the seniors were beginning to wear their white beer suits and gather on the steps of Nassau Hall for the spring custom of senior singing, in which Princetonians give voice to a sort of mob nostalgia over the passing of four happy years.

"Where, oh where are the gay young freshmen?"

Where, oh where are the gay young freshmen?"

Six hundred voices caress the melody of time-treasured songs, taunt the faculty with personal jibes in rhyme, toast ties about to be severed.

"Where, oh where are the grave old seniors?"

Where, oh where are the grave old seniors?"

They've gone out in the cold, cold world!"

It was a cold, cold world college graduates faced in 1932, with the depression at its lowest ebb. Jim, like the rest, had his problem. Where now?

BY the end of his sophomore year, Jim had begun to look beyond the pleasant boundaries of the campus and think about what he wanted to do when he was graduated. His father, he knew, rather hoped he would return to Indiana and take his place in the hardware store which had been handed down through three generations of Stewarts. But Jim's eyes were on farther vistas.

His natural talent for drawing, his success in a course in draftsmanship and the vivid memories of his intense interest in the various stages of the building of a beautiful new chapel at Mercersburg while he was a student there, led Jim to elect architecture as his major course for his last two years at Princeton. By the end of his last year, Jim had so impressed his instructors that he was offered the D'Amato scholarship in architecture if he would return to the Graduate College and work for his master's degree. But, though the scholarship would pay his tuition,

Jim felt he could not fairly continue as a financial drain on his father, hard hit by the depression and a disastrous fire which had wiped out the hardware store in 1930. "Doddie" and "Ginny," his sisters, were coming along to the college age now and it was their turn to enjoy what funds the family could afford for education.

Jim was still pondering over his immediate future, the last week before graduation, when a wire came from Josh Logan, who had returned to Cape Cod for another summer of stock with the University Players. Would Jim consider coming to Falmouth and playing his accordion in the little night club run in connection with the theater, and perhaps take a minor rôle or two in the summer productions?

Jim came to his decision the last night before graduation as the white-suited seniors took over the front campus for a final beer party. Gay Japanese lanterns gleamed in the darkness. Cigarettes flickered like fireflies and the old songs rose on the quiet June evening air as the class of 1932 held its last senior sing.

Steve and Jim, sitting a little apart from the rest, said their good-bys to Nassau Hall together. "It's been a great four years, Jim," said Steve, his voice choked with sentiment.

"Yes, we've got something they can never take away from us," answered Jim. "I wish I could come back to grad college. But I guess that's out. Anyway, I'm going to have some fun this summer before I start selling nails."

"Then you're going to Falmouth?"

"Yes. Come on, I'll go over and send a wire to Josh now."

Late the next afternoon, after six hundred black-gowned boys had filed up to the orange and black draped platform and grasped a sheepskin, after the fuss and flurry of family congratulations were over, Steve drove Jim to Princeton Junction to catch a train for the north.

In one hand, Jim carried his suitcase. Under the other arm was his accordion, talisman of so many of his triumphs. Jim patted its case as he waved good-by to Steve from the steps of the train.

"It's been good to me so far, maybe the box will bring me luck this summer."

"So long, actor," called Steve prophetically. "See you on Broadway!"

How Jim's decision to spend one last carefree summer before butting the business world led him into a totally unexpected career in the theater is told in the concluding chapter of "Lackadaisical Lothario," in PHOTOPLAY Next Month.

Portrait of a Man Who Goes Places

(Continued from page 39)

Errol Flynn is easily deceived by women and not so easily by men. He never wears jewelry and likes Turkish baths. He calls his wife Damita.

He thinks Malay Street, Singapore, the most interesting street in the world.

His wit is quick and incisive, and he enjoys food with the zest of a growing boy. He is not interested in the architectural aspects of a house so long as it is low and warmly informal.

He is tolerant of human failings.

He is a strong believer in matrimonial vacations.

He has a bad memory for names.

He thinks the most exciting places he has ever been to were Shanghai and Abyssinia before they were taken over by the invaders.

He dislikes entertaining large groups of people, and he never uses a cigarette holder.

He does not like to wear evening clothes, and his spelling is sadly lacking.

He sees no reason why two professionals should not achieve happiness in marriage. His eyes are hazel, and he is very fond of caviar.

He has slept on park benches, washed dishes in cheap restaurants.

His father was a professor of biology, and he abhors wearing neckties. He has gone to school in Australia, England, France and Ireland.

He breaks into print periodically because his quick temper leads him into some fistic encounter.

He was born in 1909, and he is very

forgetful.

He owns six dogs.

He is very impulsive, and he prefers symphonic music on the radio.

He has a fervent hope that eventually some form of socialistic democracy will prevail throughout the world. He does not dance the tango or rumba.

He has a keen sense of the ridiculous, and he admires Walt Whitman above all other American authors.

He enjoys being alone.

He is not punctual.

He is happy anywhere.

ERROL FLYNN, at nineteen, was skipper of a two-masted schooner engaged in fishing, pearl diving and freighting. He never reads the comic sheets.

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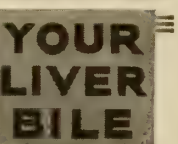
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He is not superstitious.

He studies dialogue with ease, and thinks that in the long run American culture will profit from our wholesale college system.

He likes California's perpetual sunshine, quiet evenings at home, and he travels by air whenever he can.

He speaks French and two New Guinea dialects. He thinks women, generally speaking, are not as happy today as they were before their so-called suffrage.

He is definitely of the opinion that the important people of Hollywood are not happy.

He has never worn glasses.

He is bored by gambling in any form.

He is not allergic to any kind of food or beverage.

He has a surprising lack of self-confidence hidden beneath his devil-may-care attitude.

The star of "Dodge City" never goes to any of his own previews, and he never plays indoor games.

He had stage fright on every opening night when he was on the stage. He has never had a clipping service.

He wishes the tempo of life in Hollywood were slower.

He likes puttering around machinery though he knows nothing about it. He thinks early environment has the greatest influence on one's good taste.

Errol Flynn is a good conversationalist, and he does not take advice easily.

He wishes his wife wouldn't keep him waiting in foyers.

He believes emphatically that motion

pictures should essay more so-called controversial and significant subjects.

He admires Franklin D. Roosevelt more than any other contemporary figure. He never wears a wrist watch, and he never drinks cocktails.

His 60-foot yacht, the *Sirocco*, is his one passion and luxury. He was a member of the British boxing team at the 1928 Olympic Games.

His favorite wine is Château Lafite-Rothschild. He has read James Joyce's "Ulysses" and confesses he does not understand it.

Errol Flynn is a very bad cook, but this did not deter him, at the age of eighteen, from shipping as a second cook on a dirty, three-masted schooner.

He likes his work because of the long periods of leisure between pictures.

Casts of Current Pictures

"BOY FRIEND"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Joseph Hoffman and Barry Trivers. Original story by Lester Ziffren and Louis Moore. Directed by James Tinling. Cast: Sally Murphy, Jane Withers; Sue Duffy, Arleen Whelan; Jimmy Murphy, Richard Bond; Ed Boyd, Douglas Fowley; Greenberg, Warren Hymer; Billy Bradley, George Ernest; Tommy Bradley, Robert Kellard; Captain Duffy, Minor Watson; Cracker, Robert Shaw; Calahan, Ted Pearson; Arizona, William H. Connelman, Jr.; Mrs. Murphy, Myra Marsh; "Matchie" Riggs, Harold Goodwin.

"CAREER"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Dalton Trumbo and Bert Granet. Based on a play by Phil Stong and Chester Erskine. From a novel of the same name by Phil Stong. Directed by Leigh Jason. Cast: Stephen Cruikshank, Edward Ellis; Sylvia Bartholomew, Anne Shirley; Ray Cruikshank, John Archer; Clem Bartholomew, Samuel S. Hinds; Merla Krauss, Alice Eden; Mel Bartholomew, Maurice Murphy; Amy Cruikshank, Janet Beecher; Ben Burnell, Harrison Greene; Mudcat Krauss, Leon Errol; Deacon Biggins, Raymond Hatton; Rex Cheney, Charles Drake; Jeff Trotter, John Qualen; Henry, Tommy Bond; Cap, Frank Darien; Policeman, Lew Kelly.

"CHARLIE CHAN IN RENO"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Frances Hyland, Albert Ray and Robert E. Kent. Based on the original story "Death Makes a Decree" by Philip Wylie. Directed by Norman Foster. Cast: Charlie Chan, Sidney Toler; Dr. Ainsley, Ricardo Cortez; Vivian Wells, Phyllis Brooks; Sheriff Fletcher, Slim Summerville; Curtis Whitman, Kane Richmond; James Chan, Sen Yung; Mary Whitman, Pauline Moore; Cab Driver, Eddie Collins; Mrs. Russell, Kay Linaker; Jeanne Bentley, Louise Henry; Wally Burke, Robert Lowery; Chief of Police King, Charles D. Brown; Choy Wong, Iris Wong; George Bentley, Morgan Conway; Night Clerk, Hamilton MacFadden.

"DAUGHTERS COURAGEOUS"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Julius Epstein and Phillip Epstein. From the play, "Fly Away Home," by Dorothy Bennett and Irving White. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Cast: Gabriel Lopez, John Garfield; Buff Masters, Priscilla Lane; Nan Masters, Fay Bainter; Jim Masters, Claude Rains; Cora Masters, Gale Page; Tinka Masters, Rosemary Lane; Linda Masters, Lola Lane; Johnny Heming, Jeffrey Lynn; Eddie Moore, Dick Fagan; George, Frank McHugh; Penny, Mary Robson; Manuel Lopez, George Humbert; Sam Sloane, Donald Crisp; Judge Hornsby, Berton Churchill.

"EXILE EXPRESS"—UNITED PLAYERS-GRAND NATIONAL.—Screen play by Edwin Justus Mayer and Ethel La Blanche. Directed by Otis Garrett. Cast: Nadine Nicholas, Anna Sten; Steve Reynolds, Alan Marshal; Paul Brandt, Jerome Cowan; Hanley, Jed Prouty; Gus, Walter Catlett; Tony Kassan, Stanley Fields; David, Leonid Kinsky; Victor, Irving Pichel; Dr. Hite, Harry Davenport; Purnell, Addison Richards; Kaishewsky, Feodor Chaliapin; Justice, Spencer Charters; Serge, Byron Foulger; Caretaker, Etienne Girardot; Mullins, Don Brodie; Constable, Henry Roquemore; Mrs. Smith, Maude Eburne; Deputy, Vince Barnett; Judge, Charles Richman.

"FIXER DUGAN"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Paul Yawitz and Bert Granet. Directed by Lew Landers. The Cast: Charlie Dugan, Lee Tracy; Adgie Modeno, Peggy Shannon; Terry O'Connell, Virginia Weidler; Patsy O'Connell, Rita La Roy; Smiley, William Edmunds; A. J. Barvin, Bradley Page; Darlow, Jack Arnold; Jake, Ed Gargan; Mrs. Fletcher, Edythe Elliott; Jane, Irene Franklin; Steve, John Dillson; Pinky, Murray Alper; Mike, Harry Tyler; Barnholts, Harry Holman; Sheriff Anderson, Bob Burns; Thaddeus Brown, Gus Glassmire; Justice Carroll, Edmund Elton; 1st Sheriff, Lew Kelly; Hula Dancer, Princess Wyneham; Hammer Barker, Lee Phelps; Hula Barker, Milton Kibbee; Miracle Barker, Earle Hodgins; Meek Man, Neal Burns; Irritated Customer, Frank Hammond.

"FOR LOVE OR MONEY"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Charles Grayson and Arthur Horman. From an original story by Julian Blaustein, Daniel Taradash and Bernard Fein. Directed by Al Rogell. Cast: Ted Frazier, Robert Kent; Susan Bannister, June Lang; Sleeper, Edward Brophy; J. C. Poindexter, Etienne Girardot; Foster, Richard Lane; Bubbles, Edward Gargan; Dead Eyes, Horace MacMahon.

"GIRL FROM MEXICO, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Lionel Houser and Joseph A. Fields. Story by Lionel Houser. Directed by Leslie Goodwins. Cast: Carmelita, Lupe Velez; Dennis, Donald Woods; Uncle Matt, Leon Errol; Elizabeth, Linda Hayes; Renner, Donald MacBride; Romano, Edward Raquello; Aunt Della, Elizabeth Risdon; Mexican Pete, Ward Bond.

"GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS"—M-G-M.—Screen play by R. C. Sherriff, Claudine West and Eric Maschwitz. From the book by James Hilton. Directed by Sam Wood. Cast: Mr. Chips, Robert Donat; Katherine, Greer Garson; John Colley, Peter Colley I, II, and III, Terry Kilburn; Peter Colley (as a young man), John Mills; Staeff, Paul Von Herrried; Flora, Judith Furse; Wetherby, Lyn Harding; Chatteris, Milton Rosmer; Marsham, Frederick Lister; Mrs. Wickell, Louise Hampton; Ralsion, Austin Trevor; Jackson, David Tree; Colonel Morgan, Edmond Breon; Helen Colley, Jill Furse; Sir John Colley, Scott Sunderland.

"GORILLA, THE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Rian James and Sid Silvers. Based on the play by Ralph Spence. Directed by Allan Dwan. Cast: Gorilla, Jimmy Ritz; Harrigan, Harry Ritz; Mulligan, Al Ritz; Norma Denby, Anita Louise; Kitty, Patsy Kelly; Walter Stevens, Lionel Atwill; Peters, Bela Lugosi; Stranger, Joseph Calleia; Jack Marsden, Edward Norris; Seaman, Wally Vernon; Conway, Paul Harvey; The Gorilla, Art Miles.

"JONES FAMILY IN HOLLYWOOD, THE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Harold Tarsis. From the original story by Joseph Hoffman and Buster Keaton. Directed by Malcolm St. Clair. Cast: John Jones, Jed Prouty; Mrs. John Jones, Spring Byington; Jack Jones, Ken Howell; Roger Jones, George Ernest; Lucy Jones, June Carlson; Granny Jones, Florence Roberts; Bobby Jones, Billy Mahan; Danny Reagan, William Tracy; Alice Morley, June Gale; Tommy McGuire, Marvin Stephens; Director Townsend, Hamilton MacFadden; Charlie, Matt McHugh.

"KID FROM KOKOMO, THE"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Jerry Wald and Richard Macaulay. From an original story by Dalton Trumbo. Directed by Lewis Seiler. Cast: Billy Murphy, Pat O'Brien; Homer Baston, Wayne Morris; Doris Harvey, Joan Blondell; Maggie Martin, May Robson; Marian Bronson, Jane Wyman; Muscles, Stanley Fields; Curley Bender, Maxie Rosenbloom; Judge Bronson, Sidney Toler; Eddie Black, Ed Brophy; Mrs. Bronson, Winifred Harris; Louie, Morgan Conway; Sam, John Ridgely; Klewicks, Ward Bond; First Old Man, Paul Hurst.

"MAISIE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Mary C. McCall, Jr. From a book by Wilson Collison. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. Cast: "Slim" Martin, Robert Young; Maisie Ravier, Ann Sothern; Sybil Ames, Ruth Hussey; Clifford Ames, Ian Hunter; "Shorty," Cliff Edwards; Richard Raymond, Anthony Allan; "Red," Art Mix; Rico, George Tobias; Roger Bannerman, Richard Carle; Prosecuting Attorney, Minor Watson; Deputy Sheriff, Harlan Briggs; Judge, Paul Everton; Wilcox, Joseph Crehan; Ernie, Frank Puglia; Lee, Wilcox Fung.

"6000 ENEMIES"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Bertram Millhauser. Based upon a story by Wilmon Menard and Leo L. Stanley. Directed by George B. Seitz. Cast: Steve Donegan, Walter Pidgeon; Anne Barry, Rita Johnson; Dr. Malcolm Scott, Paul Kelly; "Socks" Martin, Nat Pendleton; Joe Silenus, Harold Huber; Warden Parkhurst, Grant Mitchell; Phil Donegan, John Arledge; Dan Barrett, J. M. Kerrigan; "Bull" Snyder, Adrian Morris; Maxie, Guinn Williams; Dawson, Arthur Aylesworth; "Wibbie" Fern, Raymond Hatton; "Dutch" Myers, Lionel Royce; Ransom, Tom Neal; Wang, Willie Fung; "Peachie," Helena Phillips Evans; Mairon, Esther Dale.

"SOME LIKE IT HOT"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Lewis R. Foster and Wilkie C. Mahoney. From a play by Ben Hecht and Gene Fowler. Directed by George Archibald. Cast: Nicky Nelson, Bob Hope; Lily Racquet, Shirley Ross; Gene Krupa, Gene Krupa and Orchestra; Flo Saunders, Una Merkel; Stoney, Rufe Davis; Piano Player, Harry Barker; Stephen Hanraity, Bernard Nedell.

"SOS"—TIDAL WAVE"—REPUBLIC.—Screen play by Maxwell Shane and Gordon Kahn. Original story by James Webb. Directed by John H. Auer.

Cast: Jeff Shannon, Ralph Byrd; Uncle Dan, George Barbier; Laurel Shannon, Kay Sutton; Peaches Jackson, Frank Jenks; Sulter, Marc Lawrence; Mable, Dorothy Lee; Mike Halloran, Oscar O'Shea; Buddy Shannon, Mickey Kuhn; Farrow, Ferris Taylor; Curley, Donald Barry; Roy Nixon, Raymond Bailey.

"STRONGER THAN DESIRE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by David Hertz and William Ludwig. Based on a novel by W. F. Woodward. Directed by Leslie Fenton. Cast: Tyler Flagg, Walter Pidgeon; Elizabeth Flagg, Virginia Bruce; Michael McLain, Lee Bowman; Eve McLain, Ann Dvorak; Jo Brennan, Ilka Chase; Barbara Winter, Rita Johnson; Jerry Brody, Richard Lane; Susan Flagg, Ann Todd; District Attorney Galway, Paul Stanton; Mrs. D'Amoro, Ferike Boros.

"SUN NEVER SETS, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by W. P. Lipscomb. Original story by Jerry Horwin and Arthur Fitz-Richards. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. Cast: John Randolph, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Clive Randolph, Basil Rathbone; Phyllis Ransome, Virginia Field; Hugo Zuroff, Lionel Atwill; Helen Randolph, Barbara O'Neil; Sir John Randolph, C. Aubrey Smith; Cossey, Melville Cooper; Mrs. Randolph, Mary Forbes; Gerald Randolph, Arthur Mulliner; Simon Randolph, John Burton; Colonial Official, Sidney Bracy.

"TARZAN FINDS A SON!"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Cyril Hume. Based upon the characters created by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Cast: Tarzan, Johnny Weissmuller; Jane, Maureen O'Sullivan; Boy, John Sheffield; Mr. Lancing, Ian Hunter; Sir Thomas Lancing, Henry Stephenson; Mrs. Lancing, Frieda Inescourt; Mr. Sande, Henry Wilcoxon; Mrs. Richard Lancing, Laraine Day; Mr. Richard Lancing, Morton Lowry.

"TELL NO TALES"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Lionel Houser. Based on a story by Pauline London and Alfred Taylor. Directed by Leslie Fenton. Cast: Michael Cassidy, Melvyn Douglas; Ellen Frazer, Louise Platt; Arno, Gene Lockhart; Matt Cooper, Douglas Dumbrille; Lorna Travers, Florence George; Doctor Lovelace, Halliwell Hobbes; Miss Mary, Zeffie Tilbury; Davie Bryant, Harlan Briggs; Miss Brendan, Sara Haden; Charlie Daggett, Hobart Cavanagh; Sam O'Neil, Oscar O'Shea; Ruby, Theresa Harris; Mrs. Lovelace, Jean Fenwick; Mrs. Haskins, Esther Dale; Chalmers, Joseph Crehan; Phil Arno, Tom Collins.

"WINTER CARNIVAL"—WALTER WANGER-U. A.—Screen play by Budd Schulberg, Maurice Rapf and Lester Cole. Original story by Budd Schulberg. Directed by Charles F. Riesner. Cast: Jill Baxter, Ann Sheridan; Prof. John Weldon, Richard Carlson; Ann Baxter, Helen Parrish; Tiger Reynolds, Robert Armstrong; Mickey Allen, James Corner; Don Reynolds, Alan Baldwin; Betsy, Joan Brodel; Marge Stafford, Virginia Gilmore; Rocky Morgan, Robert Allen; Lucy Morgan, Marsha Hunt; Their Baby, The McCash Twins, Susan and Milly; Count Von Lundborg, Morton Lowry; Larry Grey, Jimmy Butler.

"WOLF CALL"—MONOGRAM.—Screen play by Joseph West. From an original story by Jack London. Directed by George Wagner. Cast: Mike, John Carroll; Towanah, Movita; Father Devlin, Peter George Lynn; Carson, Wheeler Oakman; Dr. MacTavish, George Cleveland; Michael Vance, Guy Usher; Natalie, Polly Ann Young; Grogan, John Sheehan; Bull, John Kelly; Sergeant, Pat O'Malley; Smokey, Grey Shadow.

"YOUNG MR. LINCOLN"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original screen play by Lamar Trotti. Directed by John Ford. Cast: Abraham Lincoln, Henry Fonda; Abigail Clay, Alice Brady; Mary Todd, Marjorie Weaver; Hannah Clay, Arleen Whelan; Efe, Eddie Collins; Ann Rutledge, Pauline Moore; Matt Clay, Richard Cromwell; John Feller, Donald Meek; Carrie Sue, Judith Dickens; Adam Clay, Eddie Quillan; Judge Herbert A. Bell, Spencer Charters; Palmer Cass, Ward Bond; Stephen A. Douglas, Milburn Stone; Sheriff Billings, Cliff Clark; Juror, Steven Randall; Ninian Edwards, Charles Tannen; Frank Ford, Francis Ford; "Scrub" White, Fred Kohler, Jr.; Mrs. Edwards, Kay Linaker; Woolridge, Russell Simpson; Dr. Mason, Clarence Hummel Wilson; John T. Stuart, Edwin Maxwell; Hawthorne, Charles Halton; Mr. Clay, Robert Homans; Matt Clay (as a boy), Jack Kelly; Adam Clay (as a boy), Dickie Jones; Barber, Harry Tyler.

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

★ IT'S A WONDERFUL WORLD—M-G-M

Claudette Colbert's at her best, which is very good and very funny, in this gay comedy in which Jimmy Stewart, as a private cop assigned to watch out for millionaire playboy Ernest Truax, gets mixed up as an accomplice in a murder. Jimmy e-apses on his way to jail and kidnaps Claudette, a poetess on the loose. The action is fast, the story has plenty of new twists. You'll have fun. (July)

I WAS A CONVICT—Republic

Really, the publicity that convicts have been getting from Hollywood lately! This particular bit will put you in a stupor. Barton MacLane, Beverly Roberts, Clarence Kolb and Horace MacMahon are the main ones in the cast and they're so bored with what they have to do. (May)

★ JUAREZ—Warners

Warners have drawn a close parallel here between the present political world struggle and the original story of Mexico's big revolution. This epic tells two stories—that of the Indian, Juarez, who believed in democracy; and that of Maximilian and Carlotta, dupes of Louis Napoleon's dreams of conquest. Bette Davis' performance is restrained and Muni's fine. (July)

KID FROM TEXAS, THE—M-G-M

A trite story keeps this from A rating, although its cast and performances are excellent. It's about a cowhand who wants to play polo, gets his chance, but ends up in a rodeo. Dennis O'Keefe, the cowhand who falls in love with Florence Rice, deserves a better assignment. Buddy Ebsen gets the laughs. (June)

KING OF CHINATOWN—Paramount

There's plenty of action and a lot of mystery in this chilling mellerdrammer, wherein Akim Tamiroff is the King of Chinatown and Anna May Wong, a doctor trying to get money for Chinese war refugees. Akim takes a beating throughout. (June)

LADY AND THE MOB, THE—Columbia

Academy Winner Fay Bainter brings a light but dignified touch to this semihumorous story of a rich eccentric who runs a mob of racketeers out of town by hiring her own plug uglies and practically manning their machine guns herself. Lee Bowman, as Miss Bainter's son, and Ida Lupino furnish a light romance. (May)

LADY VANISHES, THE—Gaumont-British

Alfred Hitchcock, the great English director, here gives you his best, a stirring story of spies, bloodshed and, of course, loo-v-e! All action takes place on a transcontinental express, and the cast, Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave and others are splendid. Will suit the most cynical of "guess-who" fans.

★ LADY'S FROM KENTUCKY, THE—Paramount

"Kentucky" was responsible for this cycle of prop bluegrass, Southern accents and blooded stock. George Raft is the dam' Yankee who makes short work of a little Kentucky gal's prejudices. Ellen Drew is the attractive Southern belle. Hugh Herbert and ZaSu Pitts carry the comedy. This has some swell races and plenty of action. (June)

LET US LIVE—Columbia

Based on a case in the daily papers some years ago, this is an indictment of some phases of our legal setup, the implication being that justice wins over injustice by the grace of Providence and nothing else. Henry Fonda is the innocent bystander, identified by hysterical witnesses as a murderer and sent to the death house. Maureen O'Sullivan is the girl who sees him through all the trouble. Very interesting. (May)

★ LITTLE PRINCESS, THE—20th Century-Fox

Shirley Temple's boss has said this was the best picture he ever made. The charming story is that of a soldier's daughter in a swank school, treated well until news comes of his death, when she is relegated to the scullery. Shirley is perfect, the technicolor throughout superb and the cast, Richard Greene, Anita Louise, Ian Hunter, Mary Nash, Sybil Jason, Arthur Treacher, Cesar Romero and others, are in top form. (May)

★ LOVE AFFAIR—RKO-Radio

A delicately wrought love story, with several fragrant episodes, plenty of comedy and much pathos. It begins aboard ship when playboy Charles Boyer falls in love with ex-cafe singer, Irene Dunne; crystallizes in Madiera when they visit Boyer's aged grandmother, Maria Ouspenskaya; has a temporary set-back when Irene is crippled by an automobile accident and Boyer thinks he's jilted. A picture you won't forget. (June)

LUCKY NIGHT—M-G-M

We thought the mad-mad-fun stories were out—but, no. Here's a galloping case of whimsy with Myrna Loy and Robert Taylor. She's a rich girl who goes out on her own to try for a job, isn't successful, meets Taylor on a park bench, gets married. Myrna develops the Little Woman complex, they both get bored. No more mad fun—but don't relax, it starts all over again. (July)

★ MAN OF CONQUEST—Republic

Richard Dix, memorable for "Cimarron," is at his best in such a rôle as this of Sam Houston, that grand old American who fought for freedom. You'll have a fine time watching the great drama unfold, with the Alamo and the battle of San Jacinto as high lights. Romance is taken care of by Gail Patrick. (July)

★ MIDNIGHT—Paramount

Claudette Colbert trips along as cute as a new

bunny, playing an American chorine stranded in Paris. Cab driver Don Ameche sees her plight, tries to help her, but doesn't succeed until she has let herself in for undue publicity as the foil in a divorce scandal between John Barrymore, Mary Astor (his wife) and Francis Lederer (Mary's lover). Gay and good. (May)

MY WIFE'S RELATIVES—Republic

In this hilarious episode of the Higgins family, Pa (James Gleason), Ma (Lucile Gleason) and Son (Russell Gleason) get into one homey little scrape after another but succeed in preventing a designing widow from marrying Grandpa (Harry Davenport). Unsophisticated fun. (May)

★ NEVER SAY DIE—Paramount

Screwie Bob Hope is very funny in this gag story wherein he is told he only has a month to live because he has hyperacidity and is digesting himself. It's all a mistake but Bob doesn't think so, nor does Martha Raye, the Texas heiress who marries him to escape being sold to a prince. Nutty but nice. (May)

NIGHT RIDER, THE—Republic

The best of the excellent *Three Mesquiteers* series, in which John Wayne, Ray Corrigan and Max Terhune continue their Robin Hoodish career in fighting the land grab in the early '80's. (July)

OKLAHOMA KID—Warners

The redoubtable James Cagney dons boots and saddles to play a sort of Robin Hood of the sagebrush during the land fights on the Cherokee Strip in 1893. Lots of Indians, stage coaches, assorted low-life desperadoes, shooting, shouting, and suspense. Rosemary Lane, Humphrey Bogart, Donald Crisp and others make up the good cast.

★ ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS—Columbia

Cary Grant and Jean Arthur are as ingratiating as ever in this thrilling aviation film, but the laurels go to Richard Barthelmess for his magnificent performance as an embittered pilot who gets one last chance to prove himself. With exciting photography, suspenseful story and great work from every player, what more could you ask? (July)

RETURN OF THE CISCO KID, THE—20th Century-Fox

Warner Baxter, again in the rôle of the Mexican Robin Hood, is believable and charming in this fast-shooting, hard-riding mood-pitcher. Cesar Romero is wonderfully mean as the Kid's lieutenant. Henry Hull and Lynn Bari have minor rôles. (July)

★ ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE—20th Century-Fox

Tyrone Power turns villain in this story of the prohibition era, when the theater great rubbed elbows with gangsters. Everything might have been all right for Vaudevillians Alice Faye and Al Jolson in their climb to success, if Ty hadn't come along. Jolson sings memory-strumming music and Alice gives a touching performance as the ambitious star. Joyce Compton garners the laughs. (July)

SERGEANT MADDEN—M-G-M

It's pretty tough being a good policeman and a good father, too, but Wallace Beery manages nicely. His son Alan Curtis jams things up, first as a rotten fighter, later as a disgruntled rookie cop. His door-step daughter, Laraine Day, finally marries Curtis, but not before a good deal of shooting and sentiment on the part of Beery. (May)

SOCIETY LAWYER—M-G-M

This was called "Penthouse" in 1933 and starred Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy. Now, Walter Pidgeon makes love to Virginia Bruce. Pidgeon, a lawyer, is first in love with Frances Mercer, but this cools when he disgraces himself by saving gangster Leo Carrillo. Miss Bruce looks beautiful and Pidgeon is suave. (June)

SORORITY HOUSE—RKO-Radio

This offers a social message to those high-school girls who intend to go to college. It's the business of being rushed, or standing miserably by while other gals get the bid. Anne Shirley shows you how to take whatever comes. Oh, yes, she makes a big sorority—and number-one-campus-man, Jimmy Ellison. (July)

SPIRIT OF CULVER—Universal

Jackie Cooper plays the son of a dead war hero, who is picked up from a bread line by the American Legion, sent to Culver Military Academy where he goes for the bread and butter but holds no brief for the patriotic theme "there are some things worth dying for." Roommate Freddie Bartholomew brings the dissenter to his senses. (May)

★ STOLEN LIFE—Paramount

This might have been "just another picture," but it has Elisabeth Bergner to lift it into the triumph class. It's the story of twin sisters who love the same man—Michael Redgrave. He marries the ruthless one. When she is drowned, the generous one takes her place as his wife, only to find that she must assume her sister's personality. Miss Bergner's performance is flawless. (July)

★ STORY OF ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL, THE—20th Century-Fox

It's no easy job to make fast-moving, emotional entertainment of a technician's life, but Mr. Zanuck tried it with edifying success. Don Ameche plays Bell, whose love for his lovely wife (Loretta Young) and his interest in deaf-mutes leads to his invention of the telephone. It's a superlative production, with perfect support by such troupers as Henry Fonda, Elizabeth Patterson and Charles Coburn. (June)

★ STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE, THE—RKO-Radio

This is a sweet picture that will have enormous appeal. It's the true story of those glamorous dancers of the pre-war days—Vernon and Irene Castle—their life and love together until Vernon's plane crash during the war. It has the inimitable Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire playing the Castles, recreating their dances—and it sparkles like polished crystal. (June)

STREETS OF NEW YORK—Monogram

Even Jackie Cooper can't lift this out of the routine class of an underprivileged kid's regeneration. The moral is: live a clean life, help your neighbor. Jackie does, even if brother Dick Purcell doesn't. Marjorie Reynolds lends a feminine touch. (July)

SUDDEN MONEY—Paramount

Don't go out of your way to catch this little number. It deals with a family who wins a sweepstakes and goes berserk. Charles Ruggles, Marjorie Rambeau, Broderick Crawford, Billy Lee and Evelyn Keyes do their part. (June)

THEY MADE HER A SPY—RKO-Radio

Hollywood is hepped up over the spy scares—result: Sally Eiler's brother invents a new shell and is killed; she becomes a member of a spy ring; so does reporter Allan Lane. If you think real hard you may guess the ending. (June)

★ THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP—Universal

A little more grown-up, with her voice in perfect condition, Deanna Durbin pulls this sequel to her first success onto the gray train. Nan Grey and Helen Parrish are her sisters whose love affairs Deanna tries to straighten out—but with what results! Surprise of the picture is Robert Cummings. Charles Winninger does a splendid bit as the father. (June)

THREE WALTZES—Vedis Films

As effervescent as champagne, this French picture provides a field day for Yvonne Printemps, who sings to the dreamy Strauss music which high lights three romances, ranging from the court of Louis Napoleon to a modern film studio. Pierre Fresney's dramatic abilities don't get much chance. (July)

TWELVE CROWDED HOURS—RKO-Radio

The Richard Dix of the great "Cimarron" is lost here as a news reporter who helps a pal when murder will out. The story is well-knit, but you may be sick of the newspaper-versus-rackets idea. Lucille Ball is Dix's sweetie and Allan Lane also runs. (May)

★ UNION PACIFIC—Paramount

It's altogether breath-taking and wonderful—this 1939 version of "The Iron Horse." You'll die a thousand deaths and grunt with each swing of the hammer before the spikes finally unite the Union Pacific with the Central Pacific. It's lusty and romantic—with Trouble-shooter Joel McCrea and Gambler Robert Preston both falling in love with the Irish postmistress, Barbara Stanwyck. Lynne Overman and Akim Tamiroff are swell. (July)

★ WIFE, HUSBAND AND FRIEND—20th Century-Fox

Warner Baxter needed a good picture and he has it in this blend of comedy, burlesque and music, the plot based around a contractor whose wife (Loretta Young) has a yen to be a singer. Binnie Barnes is the opera star who finally brings matters to a dramatic climax. (May)

WINNER TAKE ALL—20th Century-Fox

Tony Martin is a singer—not yet too good an actor, but he's fine in this as the fighter whose name has been built up in fixed fights. He carries the fortunes of Henry Armetta in his gloves, as Armetta is treasurer of the "Sons of Garibaldi" and bets everything on Tony. Gloria Stuart adds a dash of sex. (May)

WITHIN THE LAW—M-G-M

It's a story of vengeance, with a good new twist in it. Ruth Hussey gets sent to prison for a crime she didn't commit. When released she sets about revenging herself by marrying Tom Neal, son of the man who sent her up. Things go awry when she falls in love with the boy. (June)

★ WUTHERING HEIGHTS—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists

No humor has been added to this famous Bronte classic. It introduces Laurence Olivier as the out-cast loved by Merle Oberon. But when Merle's desire for jewels leads to her marriage to rich David Niven, hate rules the moors. The fine acting of Miss Oberon and Olivier, the restraint of Niven and the performances of Geraldine Fitzgerald and Flora Robson make this picture a must. (June)

YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN—Universal

The new W. C. Fields-Edgar Bergen-Charlie McCarthy feature is pretty funny. There seems to be no end to the gags this trio can evolve from the circumstance of Fields playing the rôle of boss of a small-time circus. Constance Moore, Princess Baba, Arthur Hohl, Mary Forbes and an elephant named Annie are in the cast. (May)

ZENOBI—Hal Roach-United Artists

In this Harry Langdon replaces Oliver Hardy's old sidekick—Stan Laurel. The main laugh gag is an ailing elephant who is cured by Doctor Hardy's pink pills. Jean Parker, James Ellison, Alice Brady and June Lang add to the merriment—or is it confusion? (June)

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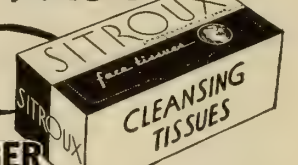
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Fantasy in Fashion

(Continued from page 23)

starched collar—the chain that runs from pocket to pocket is easily adaptable as an amusing ornament for coat, frock or suit. The hat of generous proportions has a high, forward peaked crown with startling side wings instead of a regulation brim—exotic and wild, of course, but definitely a change for the better from the bird's nests, pancake and saucerpan models of the past season.

2. In the little land of the *Munchkins* "The First Townsman" is a personage of distinction and likewise his attire is commanding. Of particular note are the shining buckles that glorify the side fastening of his coat. His stovepipe hat has a narrow, elongated brim. Notice the brushes that are used as gayly colored trim. Look for his shining buckles; these fall on shoes, bags, coats, frocks, hats, belts and gloves.

3. This robust and jovial character is by name "The Second Townsman." The dramatic collar of his coat, his high hat with ribbon running through the crown, his huge timepiece hung on a heavy chain (which is surely a far cry from our popular miniature lapel watches) are fantastic points of interest that will

be modified and exploited into trends.

4. The *Munchkin* peasant costumes stress the close-fitting, odd-shaped hat, with a tiny frilled edge that is repeated in a stand-up collar. Flower and tassel motifs are notes of particular interest and Adrian feels flowers—jeweled, embroidered and appliquéd—should find a definite vogue from head to toe. The docile *Munchkin* peasants also wear heavy, wide necklaces of wooden beads, with little flowerpot hats, around the crown of which wooden beads matching those of the necklaces are used—in the crowns themselves nestle little clusters of flowers. For modern adaptation of this headgear Adrian suggests hats of velvet and flowers of feathers in rich contrast to wooden beads. The laced bodices, the aprons and the insert bandings of their costumes are likewise inspiration for design.

5. On "One of the Five Fiddlers," those makers of merriment, Adrian adds an amusing conception of a hat in a skull cap with contrasting silk tassels held upright on a stalk. Here he emphasizes the use of tassels as decoration. Tassels are a favored medium with

Adrian for detail trim and he also uses them in place of buttons. Again Adrian stresses collar interest.

6. Fantasy reigns supreme in the costume of the austere "Commander of the Navy." The abbreviated double bolero jacket is of felt. Notice the huge polka dots. You will see them frequently on various characters throughout the picture. Utterly charming is Adrian's conception of the use of flowers on shoulders and on gloves, an idea that should have wide popularity, and the flower on the hat is due to be adapted in modified form.

7. "The Minister" stands sedate and profound to let you view his magnificent, appliquéd, three-tiered cape with a semioriental flavor. The curved, stand-up collar is fastened with a cord and huge buttons. The long gauntlet gloves have a panel of embroidery; the hammered silver bracelet holds a shaded brush in place of a jewel. Stiff embroidered bands that are shaped in the same mold as the bracelet and rise to extreme height enhance the inverted bowl hat. The silhouette of the cape and the detail of the bracelet, gloves

and hat will create high style interest.

8. "The Man Who Leads the Triumphant Procession" with military precision also wears Adrian's unusual coif hat—a trend that will be so flattering to women's faces. This is an instance where a costume should definitely be built around the hat. Easily adaptable is the note of Oriental-looking appliquéd on the gloves and shoes. Notice particularly the panel on the back of the coat.

9. "The Trumpeter" wears a stiff white coat of felt, with amusing sleeves of silk crêpe, felt appliquéd flowers, and garland of daisies around the neck. The hat with a coif treatment is new and exciting, and likewise is the placement of a flower cluster in the back.

And so, on and on, fashion inspiration continues to flow from Adrian, whose recognition by Lord and Taylor, famous New York department store, with a \$1,000.00 prize, as the American designer who has wielded the most influence on the world of fashion, is in keeping with the wealth of ideas and versatility he has displayed and continues to display in his designing capacity with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The Wizardry of Oz

(Continued from page 22)

When the picture was finished and the four said good-by it was a sad moment for all of them.

During the entire ten months of shooting, they seemed to fascinate Terry completely, a state of mind which I could well appreciate. Certainly on all Hollywood's fantastic acres I have never come upon so startling an eyeful.

My first sight of them was one day during luncheon, which was always served in their dressing room. Because of make-up complications, they did not attempt to eat in the commissary. Leaving a pair of straw legs, a lion's skin and a framework of tin joints behind them, yet retaining from the neck up the result of a two-hour morning session in make-up, the three, at noon, would reappear to their dressing room to sit around the luncheon table in well-worn bathrobes.

I was bound to know it was still Mr. Bolger, Mr. Lahr and Mr. Haley, as upon the day of my call they turned three pair of eyes toward the door to acknowledge my arrival, but never have I been so carried beyond the realm of anything I could believe. There they were, a scarecrow's gunny-sack countenance, framed with wisps of weathered straw which plainly could only have escaped from inside his head, a lion looking through a tawny mane, and a third face contrived of rivets and tin, a funnel for a nose soldered snugly to an unmistakable aluminum head.

"I know what you're thinking," grinned Mr. Bolger, after an interim in which I could but silently stare. "When I saw the rushes yesterday where they took off my legs and threw them away I just about believed, myself, that I'm straw. When I go home at night I feel as if I'm still just flapping in the wind!"

"The whole business seems real," put in the *Lion*. "When we barged down a stone hall in the scene where we were to try and escape from the castle and the iron door swung shut just before we got through it, and those six-foot green-eyed *Winkies* ganged up on us, and the witch cackled in at the window,

I'm right here to tell you it was something to shiver about!"

"In doing characters like these," said Mr. Bolger again, "every little thing is so important. In an ordinary part, if you slip up on a gesture or a word, you can get away with it. But, in a thing like this, you aren't allowed a moment in which to be yourself."

"And when you're playing for kids," added Mr. Haley, "you're playing for the toughest audience in the world. The grown people look at it just to be entertained, but the kids look at it . . . to believe it!"

A voice called from downstairs to say they were wanted on the set. Three chairs scraped away from the table, three undefined creatures knotted the cords of their bathrobes and paraded out.

Following them to the set, I discovered later that Judy Garland as *Dorothy*, and small Terry as *Toto*, were the only members of the entire company unworried by trick make-up of one kind or another. But Judy had another plaint. The grownups could finish a scene and knock off, whereas for her, in that trim ever-present trailer which is labeled "Judy Garland, School," the thrill of adventure in "Oz" was forever anticlimaxed by plain old-fashioned geometry.

Judy, however, was not the only scholar. There was also Mr. Wizard-of-Oz Frank Morgan, for whom weeks of serious coaching were necessary for a smooth delivery of the magic his title rôle required. He can now make a bird cage disappear up his sleeve with the best of the Houdinis, but it took four months of concentration and practice to accomplish it.

As for me, it seemed that all the magic in the world might be accomplished by just one wave of the wand of Miss Burke as the *Good Fairy*, her elfin Irish smile in the most perfect setting I have ever seen created for it; a cloud of shell-pink tulle, pale silver butterflies poised upon its delicate mesh.

"It makes me wish," she said gently, "that I were sixteen again . . . that my feet didn't have to touch the ground!"

But Billie Burke, as the *Good Fairy* of "Oz," is sixteen again, and you are perfectly certain her feet never have touched the ground.

"It's a divine part," she said. "There's child enough in all of us to be thrilled with the settings and the feeling of this picture. It has terrified me a little," she confided, "to think of living up to the children's idea of what a Good Fairy must be, but I can only hope with all my heart that I won't disappoint them."

Alone on the great sound stage just then, she was waiting for her last scene, which was to be a montage of her face and her smile as it would drift across the picture to finish *Dorothy's* dream.

The famous Burke red-gold hair rippling loosely about her shoulders shimmered with diamond dust and infinitesimal stars. Above, on the catwalk, the electricians waited with the necessary arcs and suns. She laughed and touched me with her wand.

"What would you like?" she asked. And indeed there was nothing for me to believe but that she could grant it, for if ever good fairies lived, this one was the epitome of them all; a sentiment subscribed to one moment later by Miss Victoria Fleming, five years old, as she approached with her father who had come to superintend this last shot.

"Daddy," she whispered, looking up at Miss Burke who waited in the single circle of light breaking through the darkness of the great empty sound stage. "Daddy, do you think I could touch the Good Fairy?"

Later, I watched preparation for a scene on the stage next door; a stage almost the size of a New York block, a stage transformed now into the Emerald City, a panorama of green glass domes, castle gates, tall towers, a floor of highly polished baked enamel, a windmill's green glass arms slowly revolving against an iridescent sky.

The extras sat about in idle groups; men with green beards and purple feather hair, women wearing jewels which glowed like cats' eyes in the dark. Alongside the eight-foot cabo-

chon emeralds which marked the palace gates, the scarecrow's stand-in stretched full-length asleep. Silently, methodically, unemotionally half a dozen workmen pushed mops about the floor, making it ready for the coming shot when not a footmark would be allowed to mar its polished perfection.

Along the side lines parked a row of lighted trailers, the dressing rooms of the principal players, their exclusive little doors bearing the names "Mr. Bolger," "Mr. Haley," "Margaret Hamilton," (Miss Hamilton playing your gorgeously wicked and relentless witch).

Outside Mr. Lahr's door hung, limply, his lion suit. Presently it would take three dressers to get him into it. On a wig block reposed his tawny topknot. Mr. Lahr himself, sitting just within his open door, bent his saffron rubber face over a typewriter upon which he was pegging out a letter. And not at all surprising in this setting of complete fantasy, a sky-blue horse stood hitched to a barouche in which Judy, the *Scarecrow*, the *Lion*, and the *Tin Woodman* were to ride through the city gates.

A sky-blue horse? Yes, and complacently munching teatime oats, a scarlet horse, a lavender horse, a pink one and one of canary color. For the carriage proceeding through the city was to illustrate that timeworn phrase "a horse of a different color," the blue horse changing before your very eyes to pink, to yellow, to lavender! And which perhaps pigeonholes, as well as anything can, the picture itself, a production which is indeed, a horse of a different color, the new musical score, the half a hundred Technicolor scenes, laced together with elements which seem to promise something singularly delightful for us all; honesty, beauty, satire and philosophy for the grownups, with adventure and suspense for the children.

And every man to his own particular taste in whimsies, of course, but as for me, "Munchkinland" provides the one I am waiting for . . . flowers growing out of the holes in the toes of the midget *Munchkins'* shoes!

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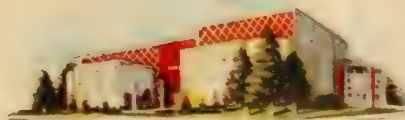


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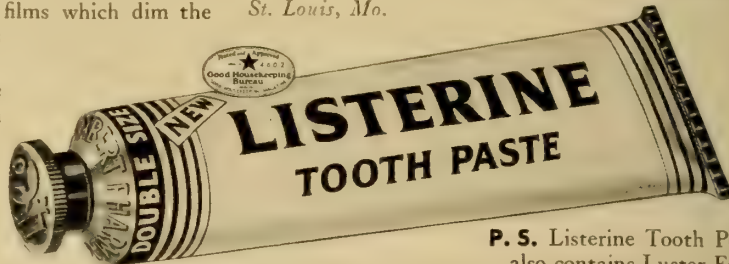
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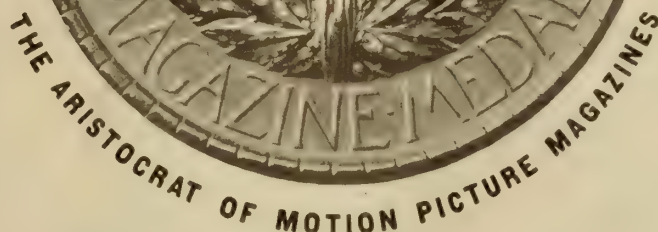
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On the Cover—Shirley Temple, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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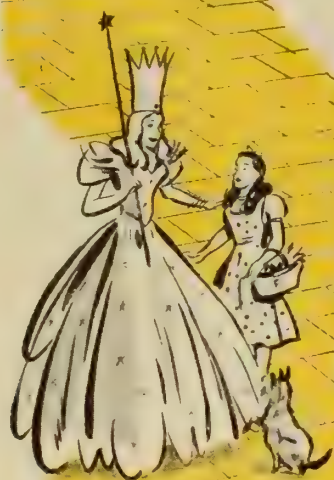
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Gaiety... Glory...

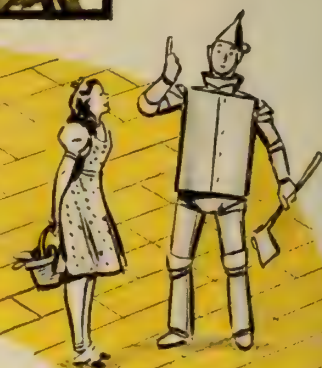
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 "If I Were King of the Forest"



Coax along the Cowardly Lion—so utterly lacking in courage your adventures will fairly set his tail on end—

Don't let the Winged Monkeys or the Winkies head you off—keep going—marvel at the Emerald City—hail the Wizard of Oz himself.

DARING WHAT NEVER HAS BEEN DARED BEFORE!

M-G-M has brought to life the story book that has long defied filming! Spun adult motion picture fare out of pure fantasy! Made a lion out of a man—given wings to monkeys—trained trees to dance—made a tin man walk—a scarecrow live—created a jitterbug—photographed the inside of a tornado! Utilized the brain and brawn of 165 arts and crafts—built 65 separate sets—gathered together hundreds of midgets—built a city of 22,000 separate glass objects—built a haunted forest—made 40,000 poppies bloom where none were before—used 35 make-up experts, headed by the dean of plastic make-up—created 212,180 separate sound effects—introduced a symphony of 120 musicians, a chorus of 300! Employed a total of 9,200 actors—rehearsed for months—solved engineering and photographing problems never before encountered—took two years to bring you one hundred minutes of scintillating, fascinating screen entertainment!



Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

BACK DOOR TO HEAVEN—Paramount

Pessimistic in tone, this social message proves that a misdeed in childhood can lead to degradation, with Wallace Ford the victim of the thesis. Patricia Ellis, Aline McMahon and Stuart Erwin help when he is brought to trial for murder. (July)

BIG TOWN CZAR—Universal

More gangsters, more tenement kids, more proof that crime doesn't pay. Guttersnipe Barton MacLane gets ambitious and tries to reach the top of the gangster business. Tom Brown plays his younger brother and Eve Arden furnishes the romance. (July)

BLIND ALLEY—Columbia

A cop-and-robber drama, with murder as its motivating theme and the psychological exposé of a criminal's mind as its climactic aim. Chester Morris' work, as an escaped convict who takes refuge in the home of Psychologist Ralph Bellamy, is excellent. Ann Dvorak, Joan Perry and Melville Cooper complete the cast. (July)

BOY FRIEND—20th Century-Fox

Husky Jane Withers is still chasing down gangsters and helping out the police. Her brother, a rookie cop, is assigned as an undercover man, and Jane snoops, too. Arleen Whelan is lost in this run-of-the-mill piece. (August)

★ **BRIDAL SUITE—M-G-M**

Robert Young gives another delightful characterization in this madcap comedy of a playboy who is allergic to marriage—that is until he meets up with Annabella. Billie Burke, as his flighty mother, Virginia Field, the jilted fiancée, and Psychiatrist Walter Connolly add to the fun. (July)

★ **BROADWAY SERENADE—M-G-M**

Here again Jeanette MacDonald has a hit, largely due to her own beauty and voice. She is cast as the wife of pianist Lew Ayres, but when his success doesn't match hers, there's a divorce. Ian Hunter moves in at this point, but the script writers see to it that Lew scores Jeanette's new show. Ayres continues to prove that his recent comeback was a good idea. (June)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S SECRET POLICE—Paramount

Here's mellerdrammer beyond belief—with horror chambers and even a treasure. John Howard is still playing *Drummond*, but

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even he can't make such a yarn acceptable. Heather Angel, H. B. Warner and Reginald Denny struggle valiantly, too. (July)

CALLING DR. KILDARE—M-G-M

Lew Ayres, doing well in this popular series as young *Dr. Kildare*, must choose between operating on a man wanted for murder, or letting the fellow die because of a principle. He falls in love with the patient's sister, Lana Turner, but Lionel Barrymore, as the testy old surgeon, steps in when things look black. (July)

★ **CAPTAIN FURY—Hal Roach-U. A.**

A rip-roaring melodrama, with escaped convicts Brian Aherne and Victor McLaglen playing Robin Hood in rescuing settlers from an unscrupulous land baron, George Zucco. It all adds up to a grand thriller, with June Lang adding the romantic touch and Virginia Field pairing with McLaglen. (July)

CAREER—RKO-Radio

Edward "A Man to Remember" Ellis plays a country store-keeper around whom the lives of the townspeople revolve. He meddles with them all, despite the fact his own affairs are in a mess. Anne Shirley makes an attractive ingenue; newcomer John Archer, a clean-cut young doctor. See it, if you enjoy the homey type of film. (August)

In "The Old Maid," Bette Davis never weds George Brent—thanks to Miriam Hopkins' screen interference. In real life, the story may end more happily!

CHARLIE CHAN IN RENO—20th Century-Fox

Hollywood may go to pot, but *Charlie Chan* will just go on solving celluloid mysteries. This time Sidney Toler meets new adventure when a murder mystery pops up in Reno. The murder theme is tied up with a rich woman, a jilted lover and a wronged wife. (August)

★ **CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI SPY—Warners**

This is propaganda—with apologies to none. It's a bold step and its purpose is to prove that Nazism is not confined to Europe, but is spreading throughout the world. G-man Eddie Robinson is billed as the star, but it's Paul Lukas, leader of the Nazi forces in this country, who's the real star. Francis Lederer, as the egocentric spy, gives a memorable performance. (July)

CRIME IN THE MAGINOT LINE—Tower

In this French-made film, mystery, murder, espionage stalk the underground passages of France's famous fort, the Maginot Line. Victor Francen, as a French army officer, relentlessly tracks down the enemy cause of it all. Vera Koren, as Francen's wife, adds light but not too much sweetness to her rôle. There is suspense to the plot and a compelling quality to the many authentic shots of the grim fortification along the German border.

CRISIS—Mayer-Burstyn

An arresting picture of "the rape of Czechoslovakia," from the time of the Austrian Anschluss to the so-called Peace of Munich. Herbert Kline and his camera were right on the spot when things began to happen, so the film provides a valuable contribution to the screen's history of our times. It's propaganda, yes, but definitely worthwhile.

★ **DAUGHTERS COURAGEOUS—Warners**

A follow-up on "Four Daughters"—with the Lane sisters, Priscilla, Rosemary and Lola, and Gale Page being courageous when their long-lost father, Claude Rains, turns up and upsets their lives. John Garfield has the romantic rôle this time, when Pat jilts Jeffrey Lynn for him. Fay Bainter plays the mother and May Robson is in fine fettle as the housekeeper. (August)

★ **DODGE CITY—Warners**

As a Western to end all boss operas, this rousing Technicolor film is a prize piece of production. Errol Flynn is the hero who has little time for love (even Olivia de Havilland's) until the last killer has bitten Kansas dust. Bruce Cabot is a dyed-in-the-wool villain and Ann Sheridan gets past the Hays' office as a cabaret girl. Entire cast deserves high praise. (June)

★ **EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN—Universal**

A cute little moppet steals this from Bing Crosby and Joan Blondell. Bing, who sings messages for a telegraph company, and Joan, who is a switchboard operator, are always on the verge of marriage. Something usually stops them and this time it's young Sandy Henville. But Bing sings his way out of trouble. Mischa Auer's melancholy Russian act is good for its usual laughs. (June)

((continued on page 94))

CAGNEY



MEETS A
RAFT
OF TROUBLE!

For the first time—Jimmy and George crashing head-on—outblasting each other with a brand of dynamite no screen has offered before! Thrills beyond measure! Excitement beyond all precedent! . . . *It's the picture that tops 'Angels with Dirty Faces' and it's made by* WARNER BROS.

EACH DAWN I DIE

Screen Play by Norman Reilly
and Warren Duff

with **JANE BRYAN • GEORGE BANCROFT**

MAXIE ROSENBLOOM • Directed by WM. KEIGHLEY

From the Novel by Jerome Odum
A First National Picture

PHOTOPLAY'S own Beauty Shop

CAROLYN VAN WYCK
PROP.

Bette Davis (left, in a scene from "Dark Victory," with Geraldine Fitzgerald) passes on a few tips that will improve your voice

BEAUTY IS AS BEAUTY SOUNDS—Surely, no girl today, with the horrible example of what happened to some of the greatest glamour girls when sound came into motion pictures, needs to be reminded of the importance of her speech and voice. Many of the greatest silent-era stars were forced out of the movies, when audiences learned that their voices in no way matched their loveliness of face, or their charm of personality. That one fault in their entire make-up ruined them. Don't let that happen to you.

The advertisements in every paper and magazine warn us of the loss of popularity that follows a crude make-up, or a bad figure, or the lack of personal cleanliness and daintiness. These are things we know about and can control. But, since we can't hear ourselves as others hear us, we don't know what we sound like. All of us can cite examples of people we know whose voices ruin their charm, and get on our nerves. Many a person has been unable to secure a position for which she was ideally suited, for the sole reason that her voice irritated her prospective employer.

Your voice is perhaps the most important thing about you. No one will take great interest in what you have to say, if your diction is bad, or your voice too shrill or loud. A warm, interested voice, with flexibility of tone, is your greatest asset in attracting others.

Frequently, this arresting quality in a performer's voice is as important as his facial expression in putting a dramatic or comedy scene across. If you saw Claudette Colbert in "Midnight," for instance, you will realize how much the hilarious telephone scene owed to her voice.

WHEN the advent of sound threw the studios into a panic, the first thing they did was to establish dramatic coaches to train the voices of their contract people. Malvina Dunn is the dramatic coach at Warner Brothers studio, and she gave me lots of good advice to pass on to you, to make your voice lovelier.

"Bette Davis has one of the loveliest speaking voices on the screen," says Miss Dunn. "Her voice expresses her every mood and thought. Her diction and pronunciation are superb, and her voice has the warmth and color and flexibility that makes a great actress."

Bette, currently appearing in "The Old Maid," believes that a good speaking voice, like a good carriage, is based on proper breathing. Her favorite exercise is to take a very deep breath,

then exhale the air completely so that even the lowest part of her lungs is emptied. While expelling the air, she moves her head slowly from side to side, but never cuts off the air stream.

Bette says that a halting manner of speech often can be overcome by increasing the vocabulary and concentrating on what you're saying. Much reading will expand your vocabulary, as well as looking up the pronunciation of new words and using them immediately.

To hear yourself as others hear you, and to find out what your voice faults are, the best thing to do is to go down to some record store in your city and have a record made of your voice. The results will surprise you. You may

(Continued on page 81)

The arresting quality of Claudette Colbert's voice, in this scene from "Midnight," was as important as her facial expression

A drawl might have handicapped Maggie Sullavan's career, but she's a shining case of speech at its best



The young set has discovered Alaska Sealskin—its velvety sleekness, its suppleness, its allure, its modest cost. The girls who "got around", West Coast or East, on planes or cruises, in college or city, are making this quality fur their very own. Choose the flattering sunde-indented full-length coat, or the runabout Swing-Swagger... in Safari Brown, favored color for next Winter, or ever-classic Black. • Wherever better furs are sold. • FOUKE Fur Company, St. Louis, Mo. Agents of the U.S. Gov't for the Preparation and Sale of Alaska Sealskins



"Youthfully Yours"

ALASKA SEALSKIN



This mark guarantees genuineness and the highest achievement in processing Alaska Sealskin

Ed—with another girl and he used to be mine!



Smart girls keep romance! They prevent underarm odor with MUM!

ETHEL got a shock when they passed her... Ed glancing at her almost like a stranger... Jane with that proud, satisfied smile. Ethel knew Jane wasn't as pretty—wasn't as clever... wondered why Ed picked her!

It isn't always the pretty girls who win! For even a pretty girl can spoil her chances, if she's careless about underarm odor... if she trusts her bath alone to keep her fresh and sweet... neglects to use Mum!

For a bath removes only *past* perspiration... Mum prevents odor *to come*. That's why more women use Mum than

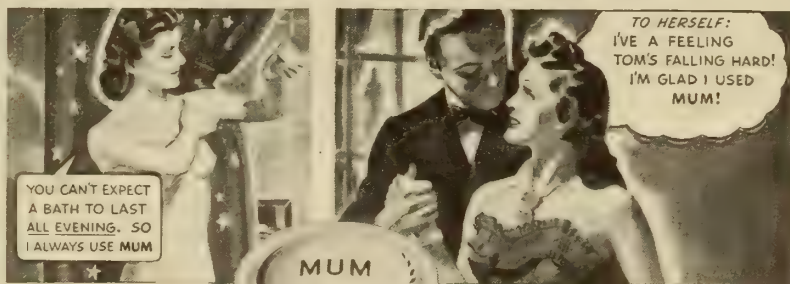
any other deodorant—more screen stars, more nurses—more girls like *you*.

MUM IS QUICK! Only thirty seconds for Mum, and underarms are protected for a whole day or evening.

MUM IS SAFE! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. You can apply Mum even *after* you're dressed. Mum won't irritate skin.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor. When freshness is so important in winning romance, why take chances? Get Mum at your druggist's today. Be a girl others *like*. Use Mum!

AFTER YOUR BATH—MUM MAKES YOU SAFE



YOU CAN'T EXPECT A BATH TO LAST ALL EVENING. SO I ALWAYS USE MUM

For Sanitary Napkins
Thousands of women choose Mum for sanitary napkins because they know Mum is gentle and safe. Let Mum guard your charm this way, too!

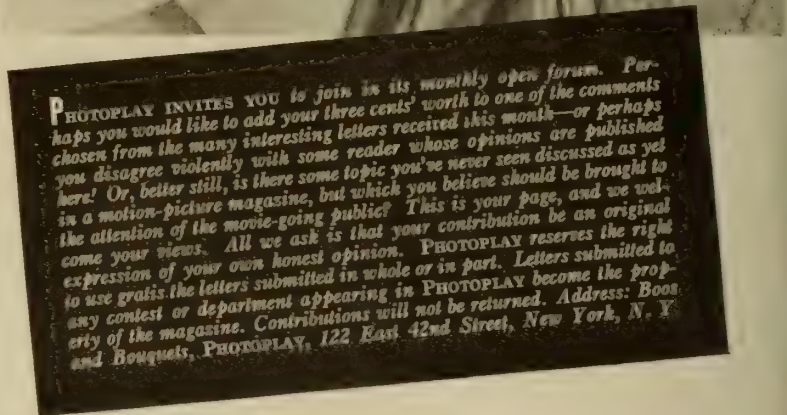


MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

BOOS

Jackie Cooper introduces a brand-new leading lady in "What A Life"
—Betty Field of the original Broadway cast



SHE ASKED FOR IT!

TO the Power Fan from San Francisco:

Were you with Tyrone Power all the time he was at the Treasure Island premiere of "Alexander Graham Bell"? Why, I don't believe you were with him every moment of that day. Maybe he gave a couple of smiles to his fans while you weren't looking. And, what's even more logical, he may not have wanted to steal the show from his best friend, Don Ameche. After all, it was the premiere of Don's picture.

And, besides, Tyrone has sense. He knew that if he had smiled too often, he would really have won the day—and won Don Ameche's fans over also!

MARGUERITE B. BARROLL,
Philadelphia, Pa.

SO you're a Power fan in San Francisco, and you're not wholly satisfied with the way he acted? Perhaps you are not well-acquainted with the duties and qualifications of a Power fan. In that case, let me enlighten you with a definition to serve for now and all time! A Power fan:

1. Is preferably a girl, but may be a man.
2. Never knocks, but always boosts Mr. Power, unless he has committed some major tragedy in the way of a crime.
3. Is faithful to the end!

4. Sees every Power picture at least three times, being careful to memorize momentous bits of dialogue, so that she may say to her friends, "Wasn't he wonderful when he said to Norma Shearer...?"

5. Is constantly on the watch for people who pronounce Tye-rone instead of Ti-RONE, and reprimands those people with a gentle correction, saying sweetly, "Ty prefers it that way."

6. Is one who can remember going without eating on the day his marriage took place.

7. Is one whose room is completely lined with Power pictures, even though Daddy says it's going to ruin the wallpaper.

8. Never says a cruel thing about Annabella, and envies her at first, then admires her for winning out.

9. Never ridicules a Gable—or a Flynn—or a what-have-you fan—simply pities her for not knowing enough to be a Power fan.

10. Is always ready to jump to his defense, even at the risk of losing a boy friend who just can't understand what she sees in him.

11. Knows that it is her mission in life to convince all her friends that he is the man of the hour.

12. Above all, believes in everything he says and tries to make her friends believe it, too.

13. Lives with the hope that some day she will shake his hand and be able

AND

Bouquets

to say in a reasonably calm tone of voice, "How do you do, Mr. Power? I've heard so much about you!"

That, my San Francisco friend, is a real Power fan. Let's hope you won't worry about him any more and will start realizing how lucky you were to see him at all.

NANCY J. GROBERG,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

HE'LL MAKE THE GRADE YET!

I HAVE read a great deal about all the talent campaigns carried on so intensively, from which they give us many new personalities. Yet it seems to me the old stars are the best.

A while back, I happened to see a revival of the old "Dancing Lady," co-starring Gable and Crawford. In it were two unknowns with bit parts. One was Fred Astaire; the other was Nelson Eddy. Today, Fred Astaire and Nelson Eddy are on top.

And Clark Gable? Oh, he's still around. Still around—in the most sought-after rôle of the season *Rhett Butler* in "Gone with the Wind!"

PEGGY CATES,
Walla Walla, Wash.

MONOCLE MADNESS

AMERICANS must think the monocle a piece of English male attire as common as braces. Every titled character in films is equipped with one, as are most of the English commoners, and in one film it was even sported in the fo'c'sle!

The film was "Slave Ship," the monocled seaman was George Sanders, and never have I seen such a travesty as was Sanders the Sailor, with his mooching walk, his la-di-da voice and his eyeglass. I prefer *Popeye*.

Both British and American films would be improved by the outlawing of this unreal and overworked prop. There should be a rule to forbid the wearing of monocles by anyone except: (a) Mr. George Arliss; (b) an actor portraying some historical personage who really did wear a single eyeglass.

BARBARA FLETCHER,
Blackpool, England.

A LOUD BOO FOR PHOTOPLAY

THE criticism of "Juarez" in PHOTOPLAY is about as useless a piece of balderdash as I have ever wasted time over. If I didn't know that time in history, I would have been led to believe that: 1. Warner Brothers went down into Mexico and started a revolution to free the peons. 2. After winning, they put Brian Aherne in as dictator. 3. Paul Muni was around somewhere, but had so little to do that it was only worth six words at the bottom of the page. 4. John Garfield, as somebody's favorite, got a big piece of patronage but didn't do much with it. 5. Bette Davis went mad so that the movie would have a big punch scene. And that is a criticism of "Juarez," one of the finer pictures of the year!

PATRICIA SLOAN,
Chicago, Ill.

MORE OF THE REAL MUNI

WHEN I heard Paul Muni was once again playing in a picture, I was thrilled. But I was sadly disappointed in "Juarez," as far as Paul Muni was con-

cerned. One can't get enough of his dynamic acting. Yet, aside from one little dramatic scene where he walks into the bayonets and denounces the traitor, his great talents were wasted.

Brian Aherne walked away with the male acting honors. You didn't have to waste the acting of another great actor to create a name for the picture.

Wake up, producers, lest you once more ruin the career of one of our finest actors by miscasting. Give us once more the Paul Muni of "Emile Zola," "Louis Pasteur," or "Black Fury."

MRS. I. FRIEDENRICH,
Paterson, N. J.

"FROM MISSOURI"

YES, it has to be admitted that Hollywood is being pretty swell to the young, struggling actors and actresses—a few of them, at least. But there are others who are being left out in the cold, whether they deserve it or not. Some just haven't got what it takes—but look at those who *have* and aren't getting any breaks. That is what is happening to Dennis O'Keefe. He is destined to be a real actor, but it is a crime that he isn't given half a chance. He is given weak little stories on which he is allowed to waste his ability—great ability—to give brilliant performances in lean plots. Here's hoping for some Class A Dennis O'Keefe pictures for a change!

LILLIAN ACREE,
Aurora, Mo.

"DOWN UNDER" SPEAKS UP

I HAVE always been very interested in history, and I would like to know why film producers are allowed to continue making, à la Hollywood, historical dramas which are about five per cent history and ninety-five per cent fiction. No doubt their excuse would be that historical films, which adhered to the facts, would be boring. Well, if they do not want to keep to facts, why make these films?

They not only refuse to follow history, but alter the characters, too. We might have learned at school that a certain person was a scoundrel, or a weakling, yet in a film he will be glamorized and probably represented as having a very noble nature. I suppose the reason for doing this is so that the popular leading man will not lose some of his following, if he plays the rôle too convincingly.

Anyway, I reckon there ought to be a law against it! Who agrees?

KATHLEEN KIRKWOOD,
Sydney, Australia.

THE "NEIGHBORHOOD" THEATER

I WAS frying bacon and onions in the pan at the open fire in the Australian bush, when I heard the clank of horses' hoofs making their way up the track through the dense tropical jungle. My partner, Bill, jumped from the leading horse with a sigh of relief.

After exchanging greetings about his journey, he proceeded to unstrap the stores from the pack horse.

"Did you go to the movies while you were in town?" I asked.

"I did not have the time, Larry," he replied, "and I missed a good picture which is starting tomorrow night."

"What is the name of it?" I inquired. "Clark Gable in 'San Francisco,'" he returned. (Continued on page 85)

MUMS, MUST I MEND
THIS RUN? I'LL LOOK
GOSH-AWFUL



MOTHER:

"NOW, LISTEN, JEANIE—
THOSE CONSTANT RUNS
ARE YOUR OWN FAULT"

JEANIE:

"HONEST, MUMS, I DON'T
KNOW WHY I ALWAYS GET
THEM"

MOTHER:

"WELL, I DO! YOU RUB YOUR
STOCKINGS WITH CAKE SOAP—
YOU SHOULD USE **LUX**!"

Mother's right! Lux saves elasticity

- 1 HOW TO WASH—Turn inside out—squeeze in lukewarm Lux suds. Rinse. Lux saves the elasticity that makes stockings *fit* and *wear*.
- 2 HOW TO DRY—Shape, dry on towel rack—never near heat. Stuff with tissue paper for quicker drying.
- 3 AVOID cake-soap rubbing—soaps containing harmful alkali. These weaken elasticity—runs pop sooner.

-cuts down RUNS
a little goes so far—it's thrifty

"Africa holds a hundred nameless dangers! Fever ... heat ... cannibals ... jungle ...!"

"Darling, I beg you ... make Stanley turn back ... before it's too late!"

"Death shall not seal the secrets Livingstone knows! We go on until we find him!"

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" The famous words of Stanley ... an unforgettable thrill!

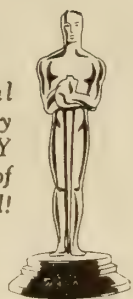
Twentieth Century-Fox
presents
Darryl F. Zanuck's Production
of

STANLEY and LIVINGSTONE

with the finest acting cast
ever assembled!



Another masterful performance by SPENCER TRACY ... twice winner of the Academy Award!



starring

SPENCER TRACY • NANCY KELLY • RICHARD GREENE

Walter Brennan • Charles Coburn • Sir Cedric Hardwicke • Henry Hull • Henry Travers

Directed by Henry King

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by Philip Dunne and Julien Josephson • Historical Research and Story Outline by Hal Long and Sam Hellman

THE GREATEST ADVENTURE KNOWN TO MAN!



GOING, GOING---

DRAWING BY VINCENTINI

Tyrone LEARNS FROM Clark

A story of hero worship in Hollywood—of Gable, "the greatest guy in movies," and Power, who found a way to happiness

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

THIS, as Mr. Kipling would have said, is a plain tale. I don't know exactly why I tell it at all. Except that it gives me a lump in my throat, and a warm feeling way down inside me whenever I think of it. Maybe that's reason enough for telling any story, even if not very much happens.

You hear a lot of mean things about Hollywood sometimes. How jealousy and envy are rampant, and every star has a tomahawk out for every other star. Not so much about the fine things that you can hold as a shield around the candle of your own hero worship, when some figure from the silver sheet stirs your dreams or your desires, or seems to befriend you in your loneliness.

So it gave me a terrific kick to find out about Tyrone Power and Clark Gable.

Sitting here in my workroom, with the big Pacific just outside my window, I say to myself—Tyrone Power's got a hero, too. Somebody he'd give anything to be like, somebody who sort of personifies all he'd like to be himself. Funny, how much alike we all are way down underneath. Me, thinking how I'd like to write the way Edna Ferber does, and be as gracious and big as Eleanor Roosevelt, and look like Alice Faye. You, wanting to shoot like Cagney, or dress like Myrna Loy, or skate like Sonja Henie. And all the time, an idol like Tyrone Power wanting to be, in person, just like Clark Gable.

Tyrone Power and I met for the first time with considerable doubt and a lot of embarrassment.

It had been my ill-luck to comment harshly in print upon Mr. Power's radio career, which I thought was slovenly and careless. I have a phobia about careless work, because it seems to me you can, at least, always do your best. Since this passing critique brought down upon me the wrath of all the feminine members of my family—my daughter trumped my ace the very next night, in spite of being my partner,

and my daughter-in-law didn't bring my grandson to call for two days—I heartily wished I had, for once, skipped doing my duty as I seen it. I wished it even more when Mr. Power magnanimously asked me to lunch. (I thought it was magnanimity, but you'll see pretty soon that it wasn't.)

You cannot imagine how hot and pink around the ears you feel when you first meet, face to face, a pleasant young gent whom you have roasted roundly, in the blissful conviction that you'll never see the guy in this world.

JUST what I had expected Mr. Power to be like, if he was like anything, I don't know. On the screen he seemed to me to be an able young actor, good-looking in a fine masculine way, and with a sure instinct for drama. Also, he had an aura of sincerity. So far, that description, like a police circular, would fit most of the young leading men of the cinema.

No sooner had we managed our nervous greetings, and sat us down to scrambled eggs and coffee, than I saw why Mr. Power had so far outstripped his field.

Here, said my weather eye and my reporter's instinct, here is a favorite of the gods. Once in a while it happens. What a big time Fate has had spilling most of the treasures of the world at his feet. How gaily Fortune has picked him for her own. Fame, wealth, friends, work he adores, the affection of all those who surround him—tor from the gatekeeper's little white house, up to Darryl Zanuck's office, everyone on the 20th Century-Fox lot says, "He's our boy. Tyrone Power's our boy."

I think I had the impression that such a golden youth might be a little irritating, somewhat self-satisfied, and, even though kindly, a little condescending to the rest of us poor mortals.

He wasn't. My first cup of coffee wasn't drunk before I had yielded to what I can only call his niceness. Or before I had discovered that Mr. Power, that favorite of the gods, was very young, very unsure of himself and pretty much confused about it all.

And that was because he had ideals, he had a supersensitive imagination and a lot more

brains than his Prince Charming exterior suggested. After all this time, I should have learned the fallacy of trying to match people's insides and outsides, but somehow you never do.

Plainly, this boy was a bit dizzy walking under the spotlight of movie fame, and he wondered What Was Going To Come of It All. You could see, almost at once, why he had bought an island off the coast of Mexico. It was, he told me, rather like playing the game of what I'd do if somebody left me a million dollars—and then having it actually happen. Lots of fun, but a sock in the solar plexus just the same.

"When," said Mr. Power, "everybody knows everything you do, and you're just an ordinary guy like everybody else, and want the same kind of things, and then there's the press and radio and people you meet and the parts—whether you should play them or not—like Jesse James—"

He stopped and looked at me to see if I knew what he meant. As it happened, I did. I've seen a good many cases of it in Hollywood. You might call it Star Fever. It lingers in the swamps between the pinnacles of fame—the possibility of being misunderstood, the magnifying of simple, normal actions, the fear of mistakes which all the world will see, the fear of being thought high-hat on one side, or of exposing yourself to a lot of bother and trials on the other.

"How," Mr. Power wanted to know, "can you be sure what's the right thing to do? How can

(Continued on page 78)

An embarrassing meeting, this between Adela Rogers St. Johns and Tyrone Power, but the author soon discovered why this youth has so far outstripped his field





Miss St. Johns (above left, with Clark Gable) knows Hollywood actors as few writers do. She has seen "Star Fever" work havoc with many of them, but Clark is one star who has escaped. And the quality which gives him the title of "The Greatest Guy in Hollywood" proves a worthy incentive for the lad Gable labels "a good guy in a pinch"

THE TRAGIC RÔLE
LORETTA YOUNG
PLAYED IN THE
BUCKNER CASE

BY ROBERTA ORMISTON



Few women ever find the courage

LORETTA YOUNG seems always to love under the influence of a dark star. There have been times in her life when it simply wasn't in her power to escape the unhappiness her love brought her, when no woman whose love reached in the same direction would have been able to save herself despair and defeat.

But during the last few months many a woman in Loretta's place would have managed to spare herself the humiliation which was Loretta's lot and to have protected a career better than Loretta did.

For Loretta is incapable of being true to a man in her heart only. She must be true to anyone she loves before the whole world. She will not compromise with romance.

Of course, there is a reason for this. And it brings us to one of the bravest and most touching stories ever minted in Hollywood. This story, which is a drama within itself, reached its poignant climax with the Federal trial which so recently was publicized in screaming headlines everywhere in this country—the trial of William P. Buckner, for fraud.

Through all the court proceedings in this trial, and through all the flamboyant newspaper publicity which attended those proceedings, there was the constant linking of the man on trial and Loretta, for these two had months before met and apparently fallen in love.

He was charged with mail fraud and conspiracy in the manipulation of a \$8,500,000 Philippine Railway Company bond issue. And she, by intimation, was charged with loving a man who had sought her because she was a rich young woman who might be persuaded to invest money in his scheme.

Loretta Young Prize in Race. U.S. vs. Cupid

Loretta's Love Notes To Buckner Released

Permit Buckner To Fly to Coast

Loretta's Love Notes Arm Buckner Prober

Buckner, Movie Stars' Friend, Goes on Trial

Buckner Goes To Church With Loretta Young

Loretta Young Denies Knowing Bond Facts

Prober Off to Loretta on



Loretta needed when she stood beside the man the world accused of fraud

Whatever Buckner's original purpose in Loretta's direction, there can be no doubt regarding the emotion he came to feel for her. When he testified in the United States District Court, facing thirty-seven years in prison, he had to refer to the influence she had exerted in his life.

"After I had been in Hollywood a while," he said, "I wasn't interested in Philippine bonds any more."

"And why not?" asked his attorney.

"Well . . ." And his face grew red as he avoided bringing Loretta's name into his testimony. ". . . just because something else had taken away my interest, and I was definitely not interested in bonds."

So the trial proceeded and Loretta played her tragic rôle of innocent bystander.

They met under the most proper and auspicious circumstances, these two. A mutual friend brought him to her home. And if Loretta soon thought, "Where have you been all my life, William P. Buckner?" it wasn't surprising.

For he was charming and stimulating. He had gone to prep school in New York and later to Georgetown and Fordham Universities. Out of college, he had entered the law department of the New York Life Insurance Company of which his uncle, Thomas S. Buckner, is board chairman. He long had enjoyed those advantages which family money and position afford. He long had associated with those people whose funds and leisure permit them to live graciously and concern themselves with artistic and intellectual and sporting pursuits. He was a man at home in the capitols of the world.

Eligible men in Hollywood are rare. Eligible men like William P. Buckner might almost be

said not to exist at all. And Loretta, through associations she has made during her holidays in New York, London, Paris, and Rome—where she frequently is seen with people like Jock Whitney and Mrs. Harrison Williams—no longer can be expected to be especially attracted by nice enough but average young men, or by actors whose entire horizon is apt to be bounded by shop talk and the rôle they are playing.

It also was understandable that Buckner should go completely overboard about Loretta. She is, and we say this in the line of straight reporting, enough to make any man's heart quicken. This is especially true in the evening when she wears a simple white chiffon gown, when her hair is brushed until it gleams, and when her only ornament, likely enough, is a simple and exquisite pearl cross.

She looks like the Age of Innocence. But when she talks the great growth she has experienced in the last few years becomes apparent, makes her complex and completely fascinating.

Between June and September Loretta and Buckner were together. And it was about the first of December that he was arrested. He was in New York at the time and he telephoned Loretta immediately. She wasn't at home. But she called him back. She didn't find it convenient to leave his call unanswered. And she was told "not to worry."

Some weeks later, as the holidays approached, Buckner, awaiting trial, posted a five thousand dollar bond to secure the court's permission to visit California. On Christmas Eve he flew west. And on Christmas Day he and Loretta went together to High Mass at the Paulist Fa-

thers' Church in Westwood. As they entered the church they were photographed. Loretta must have known they would be. And she could have seen him secretly. She could have met him at some friend's house or in her own home. Only that doesn't happen to be her way.

It was some weeks later that Loretta found herself actively involved in the case. With twelve other film stars Buckner was believed to have solicited as investors, she was subpoenaed by agents of the Securities and Exchange Commission. And at the Los Angeles Federal Building she testified that she knew nothing of Buckner's financial dealings. Which, undoubtedly, was the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. For no evidence to the contrary ever was produced.

Reporters were waiting for her when she had finished giving her evidence that day, of course. And it would have been easy enough, at this time, for her to have dismissed the notion that any romance existed between her and Buckner. But she didn't do this. She didn't make even one feeble attempt in this discreet direction.

Calmly and gravely, she told the reporters: "Mr. Buckner and I are good friends. Our friendship has not been affected by the charges against him."

She didn't wear her heart on her sleeve. But she showed she had heart, plenty of it. She refused to deny or to minimize her relationship with a man who was in serious trouble.

It is not our purpose to pass judgment on William Buckner one way or another. He has been found guilty of the charges preferred against him and he now is waiting to appeal his case.

(Continued on page 96)

ROVER BOY WITH

BY SARA HAMILTON

Just once in a blue moon, it happens—Hollywood finds a new young man whose exploits, amours and good looks turn the whole town's attention to him. That, then, is Niven of Scotland, Malta and—now—Hollywood!

THERE was the darndest rumor going the rounds of Hollywood for a time. People claimed producer Sam Goldwyn had read so many fictional tales of romance with devil-may-care heroes that he began to believe a lad named David Niven actually existed.

And then people began coming forward, one by one, with tales of the Scotchman who could raise more commotion without a bagpipe than any ten men with them. Gradually the town awakened to the fact that in its midst there actually existed this Hop-Scotchman of charm, this Rover Boy with sex appeal, this little Lulu without the corkscrew curls.

Yes, even the skeptics began believing in David, after the day he tore through the streets of Hollywood, the last half of a monstrous fish hanging from the back of his car, its tail waving nonchalantly at the dumfounded natives who stood open-mouthed on the sidewalks. It developed that for the first time David had outsmarted his friend, Merle Oberon, at fishing and couldn't wait to prove his prowess. He must rush forthwith to the studio, through the studio gates and onto the set, lugging the sea monster in his arms. But Merle wasn't there. So, back in the car, he sped up La Brea Avenue to the home of Merle's masseuse and insisted that Merle, wrapped in sheets, be brought forth to behold his fish.

THERE are several versions of Davey's entrance into the film colony. One group claims Davey was dropped from a British battleship while at sea, onto the good ship used for "Mutiny on the Bounty," scaring Charles Laughton into such a frenzy he refused to re-enter the United States for four whole years. Another group claims he was found stone-dead on Merle Oberon's living-room floor.

And fantastic as it seems, both factions are almost correct.

As Merle tells it, she walked into her Santa Monica home one afternoon and there, stretched out on the floor, apparently deader than three extinct gophers, lay a complete and utter stranger. On either side of the stranger lay the two other gophers, Fred Astaire and Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, both equally dead.

Of course, the middle one was Davey, who had merely wanted to meet Merle, and this was his and his friends' method of introduction. It intrigued Merle no end, and today, several years later, they are still warm and sincere friends.

David himself felt called upon to confide in Mr. Sam Goldwyn, whom he had met at a dinner party (he moved in the best social circles while starv-

He wanted the truth, so help him!
But with dire results, Davey tracked
down a rumor that his history prof
had been shot, while in retreat



PORTRAIT OF THE MAN WHO CAME BACK

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

The man Hollywood almost forgot
... sings in the shower, never whistles
... likes hot music, hates night clubs

**A vivid pen profile of Lew Ayres
—a Hollywood paradox who quotes
Epictetus, likes tweeds, studies
philosophy and hates neckties**

HE has brooding eyes, and the look of a man who has done a great deal of struggling with himself.

His mother's nationality is Russian; his father's, Irish.

He votes only at national elections and, when a boy, his ambition was to be a hobo.

His hobby is meteorology, which resulted in a complete weather bureau equipment at home.

He never eats garlic.

He was baptized Frederick Lewis Ayer.

He has no desire to amass a lot of money, and he is very fond of Hamburgers made with cheese. He was born in a frame house on a hill

and today lives in a frame house on a hill. He has never had corns.

He has never been interested in the World's Series, and, at school, he was most absorbed in history. He is not a radio fan.

He was unforgettable in "All Quiet on the Western Front," and he rates "Scandal Street" his worst picture. He feels quite sure that, had he life to live over again, he would do nothing differently.

He is not given to snap judgments, and, at the age of ten, his idol was Valentino. He would like to have children.

He likes foreign restaurants, particularly Hungarian, because of the music. He invariably sings in his shower.

He is not affected by high altitudes, and he thinks the average American has not the art of gracious living.

HE has never eaten in the dining room of his home, preferring the living room. He is not a ready wit, and rarely reads the daily papers.

He had barely passing grades in mathematics at school.

His eyes are so blue they give the impression of brownness.

He hates wearing neckties, prefers sport clothes, and thinks Edinburgh, Scotland, the most beautiful city he has ever seen.

He never gambles.

He has never had a clipping service, and has an unshakeable confidence in himself. He has often suffered severe stage fright.

He eats a very light breakfast, and by that sincerity is a common virtue among them. He dislikes writing letters. He is not given to hunches or premonitions.

He still wears an old tan sweater which he bought eight years ago on Los Angeles' Street. He never goes to any mineral springs. His forehead is high and broad and it wrinkles deeply during discussion.

He never goes out between the acts of a stage performance for a cigarette. He is right-handed, and his ears ache at long telephonic conversations.

Lew Ayres adopted his surname because his friends insisted on mispronouncing his true name. He believes in adhering to accepted custom, and has no ambition to be a gentleman farmer.

He is a good listener, makes an earnest effort

(Continued on page 77)

MIRACLE

If you can't be pretty, be smart! Don't be self-conscious about your bad points! Pick up your clothes and walk with them! From Hollywood's wizards of the scissors come these words of wisdom that are guaranteed to make you stagger the stag line

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

"FINE feathers make fine birds!"

An adage which has survived as long as that one has probably shouldn't be questioned. We would like to supplement it a little, though, so it would read, instead, "The *right* fine feathers make fine birds!" For that's the truth of it, as anyone who has seen women decked in the wrong fine feathers will testify. And who hasn't?

The Hollywood dress designers—and miracle workers is the name for them—know precisely which fine feathers you should wear to emerge a fine bird. This month we present their heretofore unpublished findings. They offer simple rules for color and line which, applied to your little numbers, will transform you into a beauty or, quite as good, the most interestingly chic lady in town—dynamite to the stag line in either event.

First, a word about these experts we present so proudly:

"Gowns by Adrian." How often have you seen that title on the screen, then begun to make notes on the gown or negligee that Myrna Loy, Jeanette MacDonald or some other Metro star wore . . . not only because of its umph, but because of what it did for the star?

Vera West once had the fashionable "400" sitting in line on little damask chairs in a Fifth Avenue salon, willing to order well in advance, stand like lambs for fittings, and pay and pay and pay. Now the stars at Universal City have reason to hold her in the same esteem.

"Greer and Banton" read dashing script letters on the window of a Sunset Boulevard atelier. At a recent fashion show there, Barbara Stanwyck and Joan Crawford had to wait in the hall until attendants could fetch more chairs. And Claudette Colbert and Sylvia Ashley Fairbanks, arriving later, had to sit on the steps of the stage. To the stars, Greer and Banton are, respectively and fondly, Howard and Travis.

Edith Head served her apprenticeship as designer at the Paramount studios under the just mentioned Greer, and, then, Banton. And the autographed portraits on her office wall bear silent testimony to the things she has done on her own since these gentlemen, in turn, went off to their fine shop. Among

Yes, you can be dynamite to the stag line

Let Fussy Flora be a foil for you—don't wear too many bangles, too many ruffles, and too many curls

You may catch the masculine eye with your bright colors and extreme clothes, but—



Dangling straps throw men into panics

MEN AT WORK

to make you Lovelier

others, Marlene Dietrich, Carole Lombard and Joan Bennett say to Miss Head, in effect, "Thank you so much!"

Royce of Twentieth Century-Fox studied in France and England and Italy. Then, for hard experience, he worked with New York's foremost shops and dress manufacturers. Upon his arrival in Hollywood, he knew whereof he spoke. Today, he's a wizard about line. Ask Loretta Young or Sonja Henie or Alice Faye.

Edward Stevenson, the high priest of the RKO-Radio designing department, used to demonstrate his accurate knowledge in creating for Norma Talmadge, Colleen Moore, and Corinne Griffith. Today Ginger Rogers, Joan Fontaine, and Anne Shirley sing his praises.

Irene is a designer the stars swear by. Again and again, they say, "It's a beautiful gown, By Irene!" She had a shop of her own—and very grand, too—until Bullock's-Wilshire signed her to a star-like contract, gave her a salon in their store, and entered hundreds of thousands of dollars in motion-picture business on their books. It was Irene whom the astute Walter Wanger sought to dress Hedy Lamarr for "Algiers."

Orry-Kelly, in other days, was responsible for the regal beauty of Ethel Barrymore's gowns. Now, in charge at Warner Brothers, he designs screen clothes for Bette Davis and Olivia de Havilland. And he so enchants these girls that they plead with him to design their personal wardrobes, too.

Walter Plunkett, at the moment, like everyone else at the Selznick Studios, is absorbed with the details of "Gone with the Wind." But, working with hoop skirts, bonnets, and shawls, he insists that once you learn the rules of chic you can look after yourself nobly, irrespective of any somersaults the mode may turn.

TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR CHIC

1. If you aren't pretty, make no attempt to be pretty. Be ever so smart, instead. France remains the fashion center of the world because her women, unable to depend upon their looks, use their brains to do interesting things with their appearance. (Adrian)
2. Above everything else concentrate on those clothes for which you loathe to shop. For they are the clothes you aren't sure about. They are the clothes about which you haven't resolved yourself regarding line and color. (Adrian)
3. Don't think of yourself as forty years old and twenty pounds overweight, and go on from there to dress in the same old things until you look as if you wore a uniform. Don't say, "I can't wear a circular skirt!" Employ a little time and energy, and see if there isn't a circular skirt, a little differently cut, which you can wear. And very well, too. Wake up! Realize that the personality you dress is as important a factor in your selection of clothes as your figure. (Head)
4. If your figure is bad and your face is good, keep

(Continued on page 82)

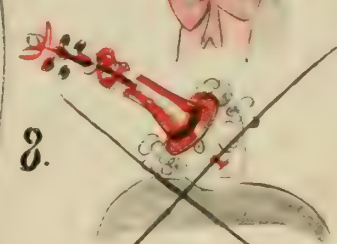


Don't go around looking as though you were "about to pop"



8 Rules

1. A good foundation starts you off right
2. Remember mother's advice—a clean neck(line)
3. Soft colors—to aid that schoolgirl complexion
4. Schoolgirl collars, yes. White, double yes
5. Lighten black—there's nothing young about it
6. No frills, if you're straining for youth
7. Be your age—dress it
8. Nothing extreme, if you're beyond first youth



8.



Don't try to look like a little girl Don't imitate Orphan Annie. It's forlorn

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SHERMUND

HOW'S YOUR SENSE OF

DIRECTION?



Set Party: Irene Dunne and Producer Pan Berman hosted by Garnett, director of "The Joy of Living"

BY TAY GARNETT

WE are frequently asked: "How does it feel to be a Movie Director?"

I can best answer that with a brief anecdote:

A number of years ago, in the early days of the "Our Gang" comedies, I was working at the Hal Roach Studios in Culver City.

It was a set rule that each noon the "Our Gang" kids should have two hours off—one for lunch, and one for recreation. On this particular day, they were on the lawn just inside the front office building, playing at making movies. Freckle-faced Mickey Daniels was the leading man, little Mary Kornman was the leading lady, fat Joe Cobb was the cameraman, and dusky Sunshine Sammy was the director. Joe had a real camera (without films), and Sammy had a real director's chair, and a mega-

"Directed by—" is the only credit you see on the screen. But, how did he get to be a director? What are his problems? Tay Garnett gives you a revealing picture of the trials he has faced—and perhaps will face again in "Eternally Yours," which he is now directing for Walter Wanger





The stars of a little Drama in Direction—Kay Francis and Bill Powell in "One Way Passage," one of Tay's memorable films



Seasickness: yes, it happens even in studio tank scenes, as it did in "Slave Ship" and Mickey Rooney (above with Warner Baxter) didn't help much



Vanishing actor: Offender Leslie Howard, star of "Stand-In" (in a scene with Marla Shelton)

Have you the patience of Job? The tact of a diplomat? The nerves of a lion tamer? You'll need all these qualifications and more, this famous director proves, for Hollywood's toughest work

The moral of this story, if you are willing to concede a moral to a story about Archie Mayo, is that you've got to be at the right place at the right time.

phone that was as long as he was. This was before pictures learned to talk.

I paused, on my way out to lunch, to watch them. I tousled Sammy's kinky head. "Going to be a director when you grow up, Sammy?"

He rolled his big eyes up at me. "Gee, no, Mr. Garnett, it's tough enough being colored."

ANOTHER question that's often asked: "How do you go about getting to be a director?"

There is no set rule—no blue-plate special. The choice ranges from ham to custard pie.

A large group of fine directors of today is composed of men who started out as actors. C. B. DeMille, Frank Lloyd, Irving Cummings, Robert Leonard and Henry King have come through the haze of hickory smoke that surrounds all well-cured hams.

Many of us are graduates of the old two-reel silent comedy schools—Mack Sennett's and Hal Roach's. Frank Capra, Norman McLeod, Leo McCarey, Richard Wallace and many others received their diplomas after majoring in Keystone Kops and flying pies.

Unfortunately, there is no prescribed course of preliminary preparation for directing, and no direct approach to the picture business.

If you happen to be a flyer at the U. S. Naval Air Station at San Diego, as I was in 1920; if a director like the late Alan Holubar comes to

make some stunt flying shots; if you are chosen to do the flying; and if, while doing it, you suggest a couple of ideas the director likes—then, maybe, you'll get a job as a gag man when you get out of the service.

Years ago there was a garage mechanic in Los Angeles. He bought a taxicab. He carried some of the early day movie tycoons in his cab and made friends among them. He got a job in a studio. This man was Victor ("Gone with the Wind") Fleming.

Sam ("Goodbye, Mr. Chips") Wood was a real-estate operator in Denver. He followed the boom to California. He prospered, and invested money in pictures. Then, to protect his investment, he went to work with the company. He lost the money, but learned the job.

John ("Young Mr. Lincoln") Ford had a brother who was a serial picture star. John started as a property man and assistant director for his brother.

Archie ("They Shall Have Music") Mayo was a shirt salesman in 1922. He sold made-to-measure shirts to the inmates at the various studios. While lurking about trying to ambush a shirt order at the old First National studio, he suggested several gags—bits of comedy business. The gags were good and an average shirt salesman became an excellent gag man and later a top-flight director.

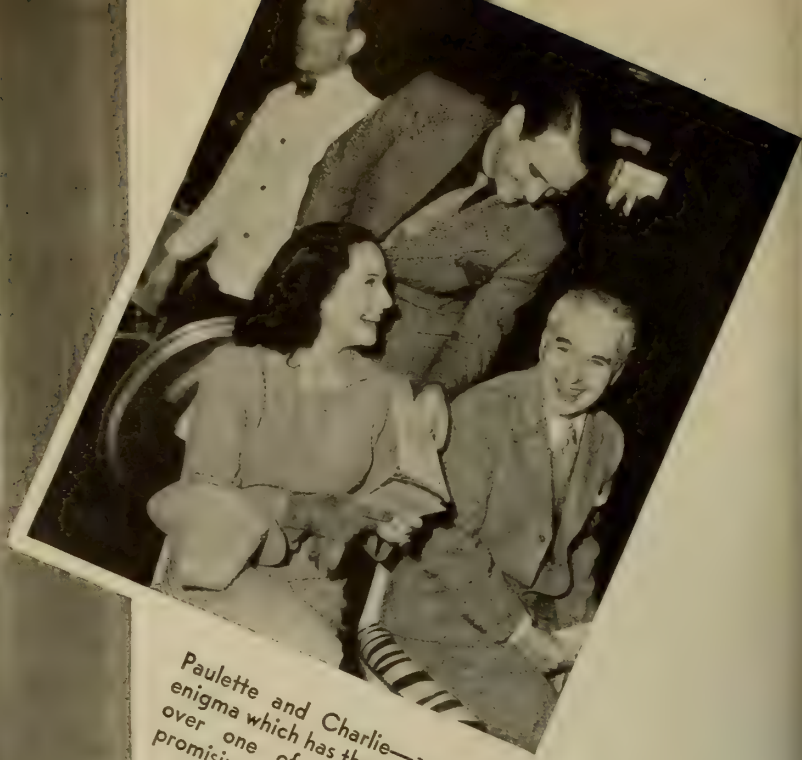
LET'S take a look at the director's problems.

The director is responsible for the cost of a picture, and the shooting time affects cost directly. A picture is budgeted at a fixed figure, based on a definite number of actual photographing days. During shooting, the daily overhead is enormous. If a picture goes over, even a day beyond schedule, the director is in trouble. And sometimes things happen.

In my picture, "Stand-In," Leslie Howard was the star. Leslie is a vanishing actor. You finish a rehearsal. There is a moment of delay while the cameraman makes a last adjustment of the lights. Then, you are ready to shoot. You look around for Leslie. He isn't there. It doesn't seem possible, because you remember distinctly having him in that very spot only a minute ago. But Leslie has vanished completely—and without the use of mirrors. Usually when you corner him a half hour later, he is high in the upper catwalks of the huge sound stage. Armed with a candid camera, he is getting candid of the various members of the posse who are trying to round him up.

Director William K. Howard was once doing a picture with a dog in it. He selected a trained dog—one that could do anything. He was well into the picture before he learned that the trained dog had died and he was working with an untrained substitute. There came a day

(Continued on page 89)



Paulette and Charlie—an eternal enigma which has thrown its shadow over one of Hollywood's most promising careers—with Doug, Jr.

THE PERILS OF

Paulette

Miss Goddard—or is it Mrs. Chaplin?—faces them gallantly, for a reason incredible but inspiring

BY MARY CAMPBELL

THE shadow of a new personality is falling across stardom's horizon, the shadow of the most courageous woman I know in Hollywood.

For her, stardom, surely; and now, perhaps, happiness, too, though it was more than anyone could expect, knowing her story. She didn't tell me this as I am writing it. She couldn't, if she had wanted to. But I was told by a friend whom I believe. I think you will believe it. If it is true, certainly it is the story

of a woman whose courage in facing the world transcends in drama the most vivid of those wonderful old cinema thrillers, "The Perils of Pauline," the story of a woman who included in her marriage vows an oath no other husband ever asked his bride.

She is Paulette Goddard, whom many call Mrs. Chaplin, whom some call inordinately ambitious, a few call scandalous, and all call beautiful. She has just scaled the third rung on the ladder to stardom and, again, she finds herself facing the insistent and cutting tongue of rumor. As I know her story, she will always have these rumors to face and she will never be able to answer them.

She is news again, because she has the lead in Paramount's "The Cat and the Canary," and because the studio is so excited over her talents as an actress and her potentialities at the box office that everyone, from publicity department to Producer Arthur Hornblow, has taken infinite pains that the public will receive her with open arms.

Actually, Paulette has been news since the summer of 1932 when she got herself a job as

(Continued on page 80)



There's no doubt what the two Chaplin boys (pictured with Shirley Temple) think of her—but what about the public?



The Camera

SPEAKS

ON THIS AND THE
FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY
BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT
ITS PICTORIAL BEST

Russian rhapsody in smoke! Mischa Auer philosophically considers "Unexpected Father"—in which his one-year-old co-star, Sandy Henville, plays his uncle!



Walling

The two lovely ladies at left have lots more in common than classic white features against a shadowy background. Both British, but born in exotic, faraway places—Wendy Barrie (top) in Hong Kong, Merle Oberon in Tasmania. Both discovered at luncheon in London—separately—by Alexander Korda, making their first big hits as rival wives in his "Private Life of Henry VIII." There the similarity ends, for Wendy's now doing "The Saint's Vacation" in Hollywood, while Merle's honeymooning in the south of France, having married the aforesaid Mr. Korda! Susan Paley, the seductive newcomer at right, is one of the many unknowns in the cast of "Dr. Cyclops," the mysterious film Paramount's whipping up on closed sets, without—believe it or not—any publicity!

Walling



LIGHT AND SHADE

CAROLE, CARY AND.

Matrimonial-minded Carole Lombard and Cary Grant should be perfectly cast in "The Kind Men Marry" (formerly "Memory of Love"), with the new Mrs. Clark Gable looking forward to her belated honeymoon—and Cary now definitely contemplating wedlock with Phyllis Brooks

Backtrack



ANN



Alas, Queen Ann! No sooner was Miss Sheridan of Texas made Oomph Queen than they put her on ice—but only to give her her first starring rôle in "Winter Carnival"!

Keyes



MOVIES

35 YEARS AGO

Ah, to be a girl again, back in the days of washbowls and long flannel nighties!

Ship ahoy! Four contemporary belles trip

Yet another Photoplay scoop—ultra-candid stills from flickers so long forgotten no one knows the players!

"A kiss without a moustache is like an egg without salt" (Will didn't say it, but the Spaniards did)

"All his successors gone before him have done 't—all his ancestors that come after him may." A bit muddled, Bard, but we get it





light fantastic on the bounding blue main

"Those friends thou hast, grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel"
—Big Sis trusts the proffered ring, but Rollo's read his Shakespeare!

Shakespeare never saw anything like these classics from those "salad days" when films were "green in judgment." Perhaps some of you can remember them?

Is nothing sacred in these lawless days? Will not even those prophetic stripes dismay the brutal jailbirds? Fie—and on a bank holiday, too!

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM
CULVER SERVICE

"The glass of fashion and the mould of form"—with no Will Hays to guide her



Little girls, you've had a busy life! Mere kids—yet Priscilla and Rosemary Lane of "Daughters Courageous" have enviable records of two brilliant careers

Crab



not FORGOTTEN



"The Forgotten Woman" is Sigrid Gurie's first venture since "Algiers," when she was more or less lost in the general excitement over Hedy Lamarr. Still, it hardly seems a fitting title for a young lady who's even now getting a five-year starring contract with Universal—and a marriage license with Dr. Laurence Spangard!



Historic moments caught by Hyman Fink's camera: Joan gets a hair-fashion hunch from a young visitor—and follows it through (opposite page)

Lana Turner wears a longish cherub bob, but clinches it with a real baby bonnet, while Janet Gaynor's version is the briefest of them all





Birth of a Baby Bob: Haircut—Joan waits breathlessly as the first locks are snipped



Shampoo—YOU know that blessed ease, when your tired scalp relaxes, and you'd purr like a cat if you could!



Set—NOT such blessed ease, as each curl's manicured into place and anchored with pins

that's my Baby BOB

Good old Hollywood! You can always rely on its girls—and their hairdressers—to furnish you with new tricks in landscape gardening for well-turned-out topknots! Here are glimpses of the stars who have taken their hair in their hands and are cutting it short to make it snappy—with Joan Crawford showing you how it's done



Joan's Baby Bob—as youthful as puppy love!

Fast to type for the new coiffure: Marie Wilson's naïve air and Sonja Henie's youthful vivacity





A week's vacation in New York, after "Disputed Passage," gives Dotty time for a whirlwind trip to the Fair for those exhibits on every Fair-goer's "must" list. In white dress and turquoise turban, she stops first (top, right) at the beautiful Charm Center, number one attraction for feminine visitors—where she has to shush a reporter asking about romance. Another thrill was the 250-foot parachute jump that had Photoplay grounded while Dorothy dared all

DOROTHY

IN WONDERLAND

Photo-diary of a star's day off: Dot Lamour takes in the World's Fair—and vice versa—while Photoplay goes along for the ride (and a hot dog)!



More fun for out-of-towners—the telephone exhibit, where a lucky number wins you a free call to any part of America. Dot roars with laughter as she listens in and hears a young man describe her to his mother as a "handsome colored girl"—that jungle tan! When her chance came, she called Charlie McCarthy in Hollywood—and the dummy wouldn't answer! Far left, below—in a moving chair, at the Futurama, she sees the awe-inspiring World of Tomorrow unfold before her eyes. Left—"World's Fair feet," Dotty? She pauses to eat one hot dog—and rest two tired ones. Below, taking her place for the parachute jump, with Commander Strong, U.S.N., along for protection



Yea, Team!

Presenting another Photoplay game to test your movie I. Q.! The problem: to pair the stars below with those at the right to form some famous screen teams who've proved that two heads are better than one





When you've finished pairing off the stars, check your "team work" with answers on page 83

- | | |
|--|---|
| No. 10 . . . <u>Wallace Beery</u> . . . teamed with No. 13 . . . <u>Marie Dressler</u> . . . | No. 5 teamed with No. |
| No. 1 <u>Harold Lloyd</u> . . . teamed with No. . . . <u>Johanna Kaslon</u> | No. 6 teamed with No. |
| No. 2 . . . <u>Charles Rogers</u> teamed with No. . . . <u>Mary Holland</u> | No. 7 teamed with No. |
| No. 3 teamed with No. | No. 8 teamed with No. |
| No. 4 . . . <u>Robert Hall</u> . . . teamed with No. | No. 9 teamed with No. |

TRACKING DOWN

Shirley



Finding a vacation spot where our Miss Temple can really relax and have fun is no easy task, but Hawaii—land of peace and pineapples—fills the bill! These exclusive shots tell a graphic story of Shirley's happy holiday at Lanikai in Eastern Oahu, after finishing "Susannah of the Mounties." Below, Shirley serves up a dish of poi for Tilly Wong, after a spirited ball game

PHOTOPLAY

Fashions

BY GWENN WALTERS



News About Suits

"Suits will have a dressmaker appearance this fall and will feature short, peplum jackets with the bustle influence, high and novel revers, and squared shoulders—the skirts will be short and flaring," says Adrian, M-G-M designer, who created all the clothes for M-G-M's fashionable farce, "The Women," in which Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Rosalind Russell play the leading rôles. Adrian chooses bright blue woolen for Norma Shearer's suit. It has a short, cutaway jacket that is collarless with small rolled revers—the youthful collar of the white piqué waistcoat blouse finishes the neckline. The bias skirt has four flared gores. Miss Shearer's hat is of matching felt with jewel inset in the high crown. A snail lapel clip is added as an amusing accessory note.

ABOUT
Embroidery

"Embroidery will continue to be the style luxury during the coming season. It will be noted on every type of garment from dawn through dusk, and will be worked in every medium—yarn, beads, metallic thread, silk thread and braid," Adrian forecasts. The heavy white silk embroidery on the red felt bolero of Joan Crawford's white silk jersey dinner gown carries out this prediction. A silk jersey cummerbund, also in brilliant red, girdles the waistline of the gown which has a flattering high neckline, short sleeves and a long, full, gathered skirt.



ABOUT *Color*

"Color will predominate in fall clothes," presages Adrian. Every color in the artist's palette is reproduced in the clothes for "The Women." Adrian combines fuchsia, purple and lavender in Rosalind Russell's costume. The jacket, with pleated front edging and silver filigree button trim, is of lavender woolen; the skirt of the frock beneath is of purple woolen, the girdle of lavender crepe, and the blouse of fuchsia crepe. Gay winter flowers top the fuchsia fabric braid hat. Adrian's studio designed clothes shown on these pages are not available in the shops

Fur FINDS



No fur coat style can edge from its place as a favorite this straight-line mink coat worn by Anita Louise, leading lady of Universal's "Hero for a Day." It is man-tailored with squared shoulders, notched collar and wide revers. Beneath it Anita wears a sheer brown wool frock individualized by a drawstring shoulder yoke and waistline which release and hold the fullness of the gathered blouse. Vera West designed the coat. Silver fox glamorizes this grey beige Rodier woolen dress coat, designed by Miss West for Anita to wear in "Hero for a Day." The front fullness of the princess coat is obtained by unpressed pleats that are stitched in, to neatly define the waistline. The large silver fox muff and the rippling revers are dramatic accent. The grey beige crepe frock, also of Miss West's design, features long sleeves, and a draped, knotted neckline that releases fluid fullness to the hemline—the belt is self-fabric. Matching silk net fashion the draped pillbox with back wimple



Photography-Jones



Alaska Sealskin



Large mink revers are rich contrast to the beige basketweave wool of Anita's street coat (above), which she also wears in "Hero for a Day." Miss West designed the coat with princess lines, broad shoulders and a two-button, single-breasted closing, and as companion to it, styled a two-piece contrast frock—the four gore skirt is of beige sheer wool, the peplum blouse of brown crepe. A novel yoke releases the fullness of the blouse. All the elegance of Safari brown Alaska sealskin is thrown into sharp relief by the cut and design of Anita's beautiful fur and dark green woolen coat (right), also from her Universal picture wardrobe. The fur bodice stops just short of the waistline to give a bolero effect—the skirt has been set on to the fabric waistline inset in a scallop motif. For wear beneath it, Miss West created a one-piece frock of sheer wool in dark green to match the coat fabric. The shoulder yoke continues into front panels that are finished with wee pockets—tiny studs close the front of the blouse. Anita is filming "These Glamour Girls" for M-G-M. Her studio-designed coats and frocks shown on these pages are not available in the shops

Silver Fox



FOR NIGHT

Ilona Massey, co-starred with Nelson Eddy in M-G-M's "Balalaika," selects a three-quarter length coat of silver fox for her first formal fall wrap. The silvery skins are exquisitely matched and beautifully styled with straight lines and broad shoulder accent. Miss Massey's dinner gown is of blue chiffon. The shirred bodice with tiny cap sleeves is trimmed with inset bands and high lighted by a closing of jeweled buttons. The silver fox coat was created by Bernhardt, Los Angeles. The gown was selected from I. Magnin, Los Angeles

Willingor



A silver fox stole for wear with fall frocks is Hollywood news. Bernard Newman of Beverly Hills designed Ann Sothern's luxurious fur piece that is casually tied on one shoulder with a flatteringly large black velvet bow—the end of the stole beneath the bow loops under to form an arm muff. Newman also designed the black crepe frock. The snug-fitting bodice buttons up to a band collar—the draped skirt has a separate front cascade. Miss Sothern, whose next screen appearance will be in the 20th Century-Fox picture, "Elsa Maxwell's Hotel for Women," has just signed a long-term contract with M-G-M. If you wish information about Miss Sothern's silver fox stole or black frock, please write direct to Bernard Newman, Beverly Hills, California

Kornman

AND DAY

BAA, BAA

Glenda Farrell, last seen in Warner's "Torchy Runs for Mayor," selected four wool Jeanne Barrie frocks for her fall wardrobe. Her forest green woolen frock (far left) features rhythmic fullness in the skirt, blouse and sleeves—a golden cleff and little grace note shoulder trim, mounted on a staff fashioned of cartridge pleats to contrast the bar inset of the belt. There's a bit of Dutch Boy in the flaring pockets, and in the high-crowned hat. Frock also available in Purple Dawn, Military Blue and Burgundy. Glenda's black woolen (left) features a corselet waist and back fullness—a row of golden buttons from neck to hem. She adds a derby, wreathed in felt flowers and wrapped in a veil. Her bag—black antelope-suede pouch with a golden clasp. Frock also available in Forest Green, Purple Dawn, Military Blue and Burgundy. Miss Farrell's cyclamen and grey plaid woolen ensemble (below) has an all-grey sheer wool top and flaring plaid skirt. Over that goes a plaid mess jacket that buttons high to grey revers. With it, she wears a tweed-felt hat. Her crocodile pouch swings from a soft, wide bracelet-handle. Frock also available in blue and grey, and green and grey. Checks for the country (below left)—the colors are blue and muted grey, and the dress has the new back fullness. It buttons from neck to hem and is piped in Queen's blue velvet. Glenda's hat is a grey felt beret with a blue braided grosgrain snood for a crown! Her blue crocodile pouch has a zipper bracelet-handle. Frock also available in coral and grey, and wine and blue

Photography—Lacarnick



This tag identifies an original PHOTOPLAY Hollywood fashion. Look for it

Dresses—Jeanne Barrie

Hats—Alfreda, Inc.

Bags—David Jacobson

WHERE TO BUY THEM

If you would like to know the name of the shop in your community that carries these PHOTOPLAY fashions write to Jean Davidson, Fashion Secretary, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City. Be sure to enclose clipping or description of the merchandise desired.

BLACK SHEEP

HAVE YOU ANY WOOL?

Anne Shirley, star of RKO's "Career," also goes on the woolen standard for fall and chooses a youthful bolero-jacketed suit of black wool. A white crepe, lace-edged blouse tucks into the wide basque belt of the flared bias skirt. Anne combines her suit with black suede oxfords, a black felt Buster Brown hat that ties under the chin, and a suede bag tufted with black velvet polka dots. The popular priced Patricia Perkins suit is available at the May Company, Los Angeles, Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago, Macy's, New York. Miss Shirley's shoes are available at Namm's, Brooklyn, Hub Clothing Company, Chicago, Vanity Slipper Shop, Hollywood



Carole Lombard poses in a three-piece woolen contrast suit designed by Irene for her to wear in RKO's "The Kind Men Marry." The flaring topcoat of golden beige is cut on the bias, also the burnt caramel brown skirt. The single-breasted jacket, matching the topcoat, is cut on the straight. Bias figure eights are appliquéd on the coat and jacket to accent the slit pockets. A caramel and beige polka dot crepe vestee, a caramel felt hat, and brown alligator shoes and bag complete Carole's grand utility sport suit. If you wish further information about the ensemble, write direct to Irene, Bullock's-Wilshire, Los Angeles

Cal Yorkie

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

Lousy Lovers?

REMEMBER when the article came out about Latins being "lousy lovers," and all the furor it caused? Well, of course, we wouldn't really cast aspersions on Ty Power, Clark Gable and Bob Taylor, for instance. But, it has occurred to us—how come the great preponderance of British screen lovers in American films, today? Are Americans "lousy lovers," compared to the smooth-voiced gentlemen from across the water?

Well, we wouldn't know exactly. Certainly *our* favorite screen Romeo is Clark Gable. But, just the same, the situation makes you stop and think. Here, for instance, is a list of dashing Britons who are making love on the American screen today, that we've just thought up, offhand (probably there are more): Errol Flynn, George Brent, Brian Aherne, David Niven, George Sanders, Leslie Howard, Cary Grant, Laurence Olivier, Ray Milland, Dick Greene, Ronald Colman, Basil Rathbone—to say nothing of Doug Fairbanks, Jr., who appears more British than American.

We don't believe you can match that list with one comprised of equally outstanding American screen lovers. Which must be significant of something or other, although we don't know just what.

What the well-dressed glamorous girl wears when she goes bowling. Recognize her? Well, it's Betty "Million Dollar Legs" Grable, sans shoes, trying her skill at opening of the Sunset Bowling Alleys

PHOTOGRAPHS
BY HYMAN FINK



"Romanoff" does things
his party, Bob Bench-
int & all the guests
their own refreshments

preparing for his rôle in
n," read just about every-
on Honest Abe, who had an
h as a wit in his day.
Fonda delights in repeating
of the Black Hawk Indian
was captain of a company.
itary tactics, the young law-
unders. One day when he
npany across a field, march-
of more than twenty men,
fence with a gate leading to

the life of me remember the
mand for getting my com-
coln was quoted as saying.
me near, I shouted: "This
ed for two minutes, when it
the other side of the gate."

D favors the story about the
explaining to her class the dif-
pose and poetry. Poetry has
harm pointed out, prose has

said the teacher, "take this

an old lady
on a hill,
n't died,
living there still.

Still' rhymes with 'hill.' To
change one word and say,
lady who lived on a hill. If
e'd be living there yet.' No

they did, so the teacher
give an example. Johnny

man, who fell in the well.
ed him out, he'd have gone
, what do you want: prose

our

the beautiful starlet at
in "Thunder Afloat," has a
inception of glamour—or at
ive it from the Hollywood
e says glamour is made up of
oming (those little things like
your hair, good manicure,



Billie Burke leaves the church with Dr.
Maurice Kahn after the wedding—not her
own, but daughter Patricia Ziegfeld's!

clean-cut eyebrows, hairless legs and arms), and preparedness for all emergencies. By the last, she means keeping posted on current events, for instance, so you can talk intelligently; reading the latest best seller, for the same reason; keeping your wardrobe up-to-date, so you always have the proper clothes for the proper occasion. She says glamour doesn't "just happen"—that it is a studied thing. She says, moreover, she
(Continued on page 74)



★ **THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC**—Goldwyn-United Artists

THE singing violin of Jascha Heifetz carries this extravagantly produced picture through its dull stages. Good Lord, such music! Walter Brennan's creditors threaten to close his music school for underprivileged but talented children. Young Gene Reynolds, through a fluke, hears a Jascha Heifetz concert. Reasoning that if Heifetz were interested in the school, it would be on its feet again, Gene turns the trick. The story, though well-written and well-portrayed, is not extraordinary. Reynolds is swell. He's assisted by Terry Kilburn, Chuck Stubbs and Tommy Kelly. Porter Hall is the money-minded creditor. The romance between Andrea Leeds and Joel McCrea is lost in the shuffle. The many familiar classics will delight your ears.



BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S BRIDE—Paramount

WELL (sigh), they've finally married *Drummond* off. Oh yes, there's a mystery in this one. It's not too terribly mysterious because the thief hides the stuff in *Drummond's* radio. He's not a very bright crook; he keeps walking right into *Bulldog's* hands, and only through the quick closing of the sleuth's eyes, is the picture allowed to last long enough to give you your money's worth. Heather Angel is the long-awaited, and awaiting, bride, and you will see Reginald Denny, H. B. Warner, Elizabeth Patterson and quite a few others traipsing about. Of course, John Howard still plays *Drummond*. It is in a little French village that climax comes and the film goes slapstick. There are some laughs, and a good chase at the end.

The Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE
NEW PICTURES

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURE



★ **ON BORROWED TIME**—M-G-M

THE strange and gentle tale of an old man in a little American town, who got Death up a tree and kept him there, is brought to the screen with masterly finesse and understanding. It's really a very old story—in this version, however, it is a grandfather's love for a little boy which carries the story; and the idea of death is not made horrific, except to those with an excess of vitality. Lionel Barrymore is the old man, *Gramps*, who keeps a bottle of gin in his pocket and swears a lot; *Pud*, the child, is played by an amazing boy named Bobs Watson. *Pud's* parents are killed in an auto accident and *Gramps*, with *Granny* on the side lines, decides to raise the boy. But a scheming aunt, Eily Malyon, wants to adopt *Pud* because he has been left a small fortune by his parents. Meanwhile Death, in the form of a personable man known as Mr. Brink, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, comes for *Granny*; and then he approaches *Gramps*. The oldster, determined not to allow that Aunt to get his beloved *Pud*, tricks Mr. Brink into an enchanted apple tree, and makes him stay there. Everyone tries to prove *Gramps* is crazy, but, of course, they fail, since while Death is up a tree no one can die. There's a moral about keeping people alive when dying would release them from pain, a thought brought forcibly home to *Gramps* when Mr. Brink lures *Pud* into an accident which cripples him. It's a preposterous story, of course, and somehow very depressing. But all the performances are superlative, including that of Beulah Bondi as *Granny*.



SECOND FIDDLE—20th Century-Fox

IT is astonishing to this department that a studio should take its two greatest star properties and put them into a picture of second rate quality, such as this. The film's assets: Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power; adequate music; two or three laughs. On the debit side: a story about Hollywood so localized that most of the double entendres will make no sense whatever; phony dialogue and situations; not a trace of suspense. The idea is a burlesque on the famous "Gone with the Wind" build-up. The book is called "Girl of the North," and it is Press Agent Ty Power's job to keep the public interested in the search for a suitable "Girl," and then, when she is found in the person of Schoolteacher Sonja Henie, to keep the public interested in her. This he does by cooking up a romance between her and Rudy Vallee, a star who needs publicizing. Vallee's personal yen is for a show girl, but Sonja doesn't know that. She falls in love with him. But guess what—Ty has decided to be in love with the woman himself. When Miss Henie discovers the deception, the little schoolmarm rushes furiously back to her classroom. Not, of course, until her picture has been finished and is a magnificent success. Now Sonja has a hick boyfriend, Lyle Talbot, and she is eloping with him when Tyrone tracks her down. You figure out who wins. Edna May Oliver plays Sonja's sharp-voiced aunt without missing a trick. Mary Healy is the show girl. Sonja is allowed only a couple of skating numbers, but they are enchanting.



★ **THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK**—Small-United Artists

FOR some reason—and this does not hold true of other writers necessarily—you cannot hurt Alexander Dumas when you make a picture out of one of his books. "The Man in the Iron Mask," like his other stories, was edited so that only color, romance, and suspenseful adventure were left. Edward Small has produced this with particular grandeur, and you will, undoubtedly, have a good time watching it. Yet, there is something old-fashioned about the entire film. The direction is ragged and the characterization throughout is of the posturing, gesticulating, light-operatic school. Louis Hayward is cast in the dual rôle of the twin Dauphins of France, and although he occasionally forgets and mingles the two personalities, he does, on the whole, a pretty superior job. You probably remember the plot: one of the twins is given into the care of the *Three Musketeers*, while the other becomes Louis XIV, a neurotic weakling. Circumstances bring Philippe, the brother, into contact with the king, who devises a plan to keep his dangerous twin a prisoner in the Bastille. Further, an iron mask is put over the wretch's head so his beard will strangle him. There are moments of absolute horror at this point. Of course, *D'Artagnan*, played by Warren William, comes to the rescue and there is much chasing about and sword play, with Joan Bennett (as Maria Theresa) helping the right side. Joseph Schildkraut, Alan Hale, Miles Mander, Montagu Love and some thousand or so others complete the cast.



ISLAND OF LOST MEN—Paramount

IN any island of lost men there must be at least one lost woman; but gosh, what a pity it had to be the exquisite China Lily, Anna May Wong! For no apparent reason, J. Carrol Naish establishes himself as king of an island, which lies up the river from Singapore, and cracks the whip over a few escaped criminals, who in turn bulldoze the natives. Anna May arrives as Naish's house guest. She improves the appearance of the island, but doesn't warm up much, because her brand of allure is on the reserved side. The law comes to the aid of those who are innocent, and the natives revert to type in time to make a feast out of those who are guilty. Naish outdoes himself in the menace rôle and Eric Blore is amusing. It's all a little dank and steamy.



THEY ALL COME OUT—M-G-M

THE history of "They All Come Out" may help you to understand its unlikely structure. It started as a four-reel short in the "Crime Does Not Pay" series, and turned out to be good. So the studio began padding. Fortunately for them, the documentary material about Federal Prisons which comprised the original short was stuff so good, so dramatic, that formation of the feature could not hurt it. It's simply the story of two kids, Rita Johnson and Tom Neal, who belong to a gang, are captured early by the police, and given corrective management in institutions, until, finally, they accept the regenerative influence. You will be amazed; you'll walk out of the theater with a lift over the way this government is handling the problem of youthful crime.



THE MAGNIFICENT FRAUD—Paramount

AND you may well feel it is a fraud, this picture—because not even a well-told story is greater than its theme. The performances of Akim Tamiroff, Lloyd Nolan, Patricia Morison and others are effective, but the characters they portray are not. This film is about a mythical Latin-American empire; the emperor is murdered and Tamiroff, an actor who is an escaped murderer, impersonates him, so that Lloyd Nolan can promote a \$10,000,000 loan from the visiting Americans. Lovely Patricia Morison must make romantic choice between devoted Ralph Forbes and the exciting, but guilty, Mr. Nolan. It's good entertainment, at least, because of the sustained suspense and the good cast, which also includes Mary Boland and Steffi Duna.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Man About Town
On Borrowed Time
The Man in the Iron Mask
Bachelor Mother
Four Feathers
Land of Liberty
Clouds Over Europe
They Shall Have Music
Good Girls Go to Paris

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Jack Benny in "Man About Town"
Bobs Watson in "On Borrowed Time"
Lionel Barrymore in "On Borrowed Time"
Ginger Rogers in "Bachelor Mother"
David Niven in "Bachelor Mother"
Akim Tamiroff in "The Magnificent Fraud"
Ralph Richardson in "Clouds Over Europe"
Joan Blondell in "Good Girls Go To Paris"
Melvyn Douglas in "Good Girls Go To Paris"
Shirley Temple in "Susannah of the Mounties"
Jascha Heifetz in "They Shall Have Music"
Gene Reynolds in "They Shall Have Music"



★ **BACHELOR MOTHER—RKO-Radio**

Everybody loves a baby, that's why I'm in love with you—pretty baby! "What a surprise I've got for you!" Ginger Rogers whispers in David Niven's unsuspecting ear, and the public responds with a hearty, "And how!" Because Garson Kanin, Hollywood's youngest director, has turned out a gem here—the kind that really sparkles. "Bachelor Mother" is smart, subtle, sophisticated. There's a laugh a line, and a line a second. The idea's new, too. Ginger probably is the first shopgirl in picture history to have an unwanted baby thrust upon her by the boss' son, with Junior Member David Niven insisting that she keep the infant and do right by it. Ginger isn't exactly crazy about the idea but, after all, a girl gets just as hungry after the holiday rush as ever before; and with her, it's a case of no baby, no job. Besides, Niven is interesting and helpful in more ways than one. He even arouses the interest of an ambitious clerk, who thinks Niven's papa might also be interested. He is. In fact, he's so interested that he shouts "Parentage be hanged. I'm the grandpa." No one wants to disillusion the grand old man, so Ginger and David do the next best thing. They fall in love. Niven romps right through this part like a colt in a green pasture, and Ginger has to step lively to keep up with his racy pace. Often she passes him on the run. Charles Coburn is the old fellow who wants to be granddad and Frank Albertson's ambitious floorwalker characterization is an admirable one. Dialogue is clever and fast, not risqué, and never forced.



★ **FOUR FEATHERS—Korda-United Artists**

FOR sheer spectacle, this British picture is unmatched—hundreds of Kipling's famous Fuzzy-Wuzzies on camel back charging the equally famous British "square," the wild beauty of desert and Nile (actually filmed in Egypt)—all in magnificent Technicolor. On the other hand, it's also unmatched for sheer brutality and an impressive somberness no brilliance of color can dispel.

As in the American silent version a decade ago, Harry (John Clements), resigns from the army on the eve of sailing for Kitchener's great campaign in the Sudan. Three brother officers each send him the white feather of cowardice, his disillusioned fiancée (June Duprez) adds a fourth. Shame turns to strong resolve. Harry sets out for Egypt alone, determined to perform such deeds of heroism that he can return the four feathers. How he does it, masquerading as an outcast Sangali mute—how he rescues not only the sun-blind, deserted Durrance (Ralph Richardson) in the wastelands, but the others from the bloodiest native prison—not to mention helping Kitchener himself—makes an unforgettable drama of courage and endurance. (P.S. The British Army is allowed to help, too, in several extremely effective battle sequences.)

Every member of the cast turns in fine performances, but each is overshadowed by the tremendous sweep of the theme itself. Hardly gay entertainment, but a "must" for every filmgoer who can both take his pictures seriously and enjoy them.

(Continued on page 86)

WE COVER THE STUDIOS



"Ninotchka," Garbo's first picture in two years, gives her a change of rôle—and keeps her busy studying her typing!

Summer or no, Hollywood's busy cooking up a savory cinema dish for every taste—a full-course film feast from history to hysteria!
BY JACK WADE



Bette Davis and Errol Flynn, as "The Lady and the Knight," were almost stymied by love-in-the-ruff!

NEW ITEM: Her Britannic Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, is making a great hit on her visit to Hollywood.

We admit the above may sound a little behind the times and just a spot fantastic, seeing as how good Queen Elizabeth and King George are safely back in England, after giving Hollywood the go-by on their recent American tour.

But that's the nice part about Hollywood. If it wants a little pomp and circumstance, it just ups and dips into the pages of history, as Warners have done for "The Lady and the Knight." The Queen Elizabeth we meet, the day we pay court, is Good Queen Bess, Elizabeth the Virgin Queen. And her boy friend's name isn't George, it's Essex, alias Errol Flynn.

As you know, the real Queen Bess was no Goldwyn Girl. In fact, she was definitely on the plain side, and since Bette is not at all distressing to the eyes, she has had to bang up her natural beauty in order to play the rôle of her dreams. The result:

All her eyebrows are gone, plucked out by Bette's own brave hand. (Elizabeth had no eyebrows.)

Her natural hairline is shaved back two full inches and she wears a red wig. (Elizabeth had a cropped cranium and a carrotty hairpiece.)

Her complexion is covered by chalky-white make-up.

Errol Flynn, on the other hand, escapes all such movie mayhem, remaining his same sweet self, with the exception of a wisp of chin spinach and a slight wave in his golden locks, which only make him all the more romantic.

"The Lady and the Knight" is from Maxwell Anderson's "Elizabeth the Queen." It's really



No pains too great to take for British Anna Neagle's thirteenth film—and first Hollywood venture—"Nurse Edith Cavell." At left, a pause for make-up repairs, as she discusses the next scene with ZaSu Pitts and Herbert Wilcox, director

Mickey Rooney got a charm tip from a Pekingese on the "Babes in Arms" set—which should make June Preisser and Judy Garland grateful

just a modern and tragic love story set against the pageantry of the Elizabethan era. Technicolor is taking care of the color, from Bette's heavy, glittering jewels to the slashed satin sleeves of the courtiers, the proud banners, and the scarlet tapestries. But it's no saga of Empire, though Raleigh (Vincent Price), Bacon (Donald Crisp), Lady Penelope Gray (Olivia de Havilland) and other historic figures move in and out of Elizabeth's personal problems.

When we arrive, Bette and Errol are pitching a little Elizabethan woo, and we would say that Errol is earning his check with Bette in that bizarre make-up. They have a tough time embracing. In the first place, Bette sports a ruff as big as a buggy wheel, and Errol's idea of the collar ad man is only slightly less in diameter. Bette's horse collar is so wide she's using a cigarette holder a foot and a half long, so she won't burn it up. You can imagine what chance romance has in that rig!

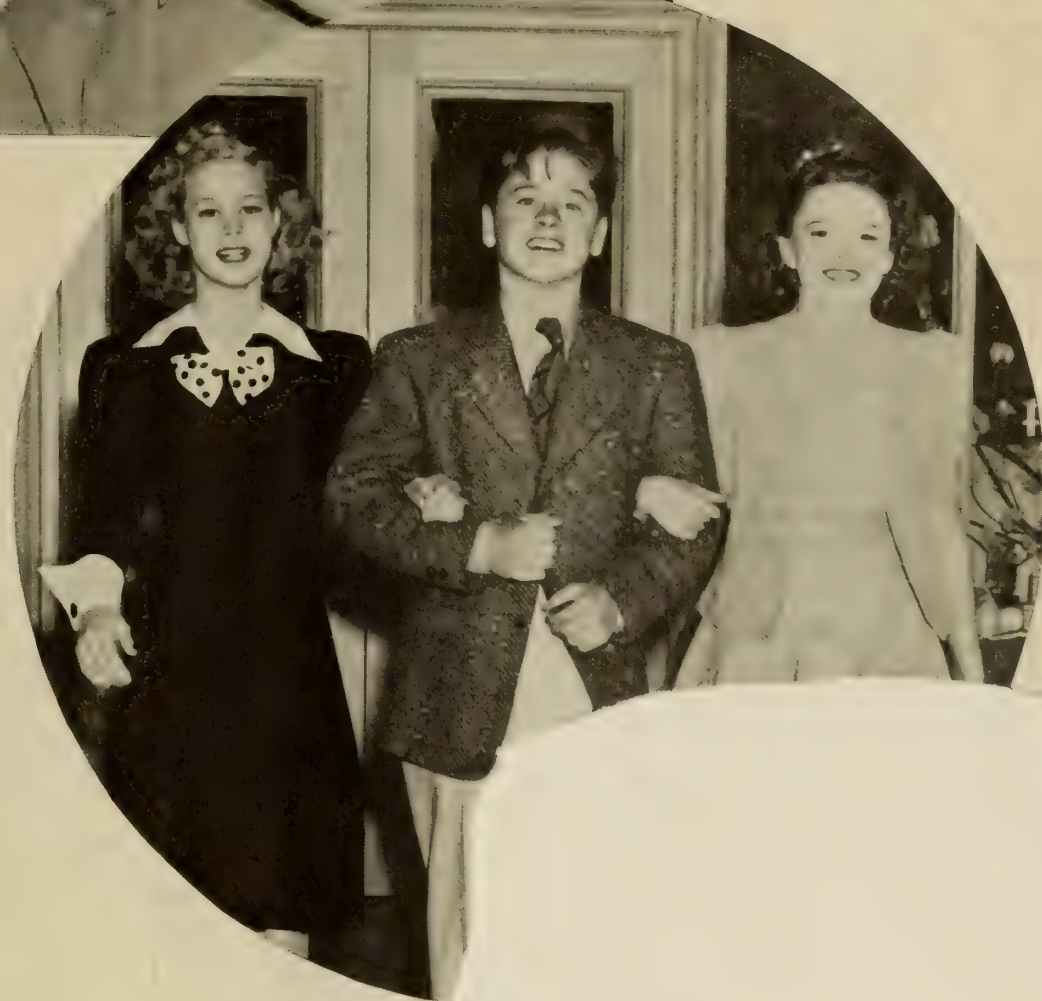
This is even more disconcerting to Director Mike Curtiz, who would like to give Elizabethan drama the modern touch. He thinks Bette and Errol are being too stately about their snuggling.

After a take or two, he steps in. "Look," says Curtiz, "forget the clothes, forget the setting. Love is love. And Sixteenth Century love is just Twentieth Century love without highballs, rah-rah, floy-floy and swing!"

"Just a hey-nonny-nonny and a hot-cha-cha," chants Good Queen Bess. "I get it. Come on Essex, get hot!" She trucks across the set into Errol's arms, while we do the Shakespearean shuffle to M-G-M where another queen is holding court again—Her Majesty Greta Garbo, Queen of the Screen.

"NINOTCHKA" puts the divine Swede back to work after two years of artful dodging in various countries, including the Scandinavian. It's a sophisticated comedy, with Garbo playing a sort of feminine trouble shooter for the Russian Soviet and trying to attend to business in spite of Melvyn Douglas' manly attractions.

The plot hops between Moscow, Paris and Constantinople, Greta blossoming, meanwhile, from a drab Soviet sleuth into a glamour girl



with Adrian creations. Meanwhile, j thieves, philandering Russian commissars: French counts liven the proceedings.

Garbo hasn't changed much, except th smiles a lot and kids with Director Ern bitsch. Melvyn, too. Today, she's dres a blue tailored dress and a small felt ha still wears that long bob. Later in the gets fancier for the Adrian creations. Sh down at a desk and starts banging awa

(Continued on p

Don Ameche and Alice F star in "Hollywood Cav. —in which Photoplay t



PATRICIA MORISON



RICHARD GREENE



GREER GARSON

THEY'RE TALKING

Brunette with a blonde personality

THEY call her "the brunette with the blonde personality" . . . They call her "Paramount's white hope for 1939" . . . They call her "a cameraman's dream." In fact, on the Paramount lot everybody is lyrical over a luscious-looking newcomer by the name of Patricia Morison, who made a hit in "Persons in Hiding" and promises to top this success in "The Magnificent Fraud."

Patricia came to Hollywood from Broadway's "The Two Bouquets." Her father is William R. Morison, British writer and artist; her mother, Selena Carson, who was in the British intelligence service during the World War. Pat was born in New York, however.

school that she
owed

Modest young man with a line

WHEN Richard Greene was a struggling young actor, possessing a certain amount of prestige but no regular income, he got a part in Gracie Field's picture, "Sing As You Go." His lines were—or, rather, his line was—"Not yet."

To say that he rehearsed his line thoroughly is an understatement. He rehearsed it with every inflection in the book of acting. When the picture was released, Dick had been cut out of it entirely.

But instead of admitting he had failed as a movie star, he told himself, merely, that he had not yet succeeded, and resolved to try again!

Dick was born at Plymouth, Devonshire, England, the son of the late Richard Greene, Sr., well-known British actor, and Kathleen Gerard, still a favorite character actress in London. Graduated from the Cardinal Vaughn School at Kensington, London, he determined upon a stage career, but since he would not allow his influential mother to help him, there were long, discouraging waits between minor rôles.

He kept at it, though, and finally won the applause of London theatergoers in "Journey's End"; ultimately, he played Kit Neilan in the smash hit, "French Without Tears."

Whereupon, Hollywood talent scouts spotted him and battled over him. Twentieth Century signed him; rushed him across an ocean and landed him in nothing flat and plopped him into "Men and a Prayer."

It was an immediate hit, and has since gone on to a successful rôle to another. Up to all this, Dick still has no illusions about himself. He admits he is making seven times as much money as his top salary before the war. He admits he has a car for the first time in his life. . . That he owns seven suits, a pair of \$35 custom-made riding boots and a large bank account, also for the first time. At the future looks "top hole."

When asked if he is satisfied with his accomplishments, he says, merely, "Not yet." The chosen inflection is becomingly mod-

Red-haired beauty with a rosy dream

THE histrionic career of Greer Garson—she of the flame red hair and green eyes, she of the overnight success in "Mr. Chips"—didn't just happen. She planned it from the age of four.

Born in the north of Ireland, of a family of Presbyterian parsons, she displayed a marked gift for "elocution." But a career on the stage? Her family raised its hands in horror and carefully directed her education along very different lines. She was to be a schoolteacher.

But all the while, Greer brooded over her thwarted dream of the stage until, finally, her mother withdrew her objections.

Armed with an introduction to the manager of Sir Barrie Jackson's Birmingham Repertory Theater, Greer talked herself into the rôle of Shirley Kaplan in "Street Scene." Subsequently, she made a name for herself touring in George Bernard Shaw's "Too True to Be Good." But, stricken with a bad case of tonsillitis, she had to leave the show, and her luck changed. Finally, however, Sylvia Thompson gave her the lead in "The Golden Arrow." Followed a series of other rôles, some television work, and ultimately her big rôle in "Old Music," which prompted Louis B. Mayer to give her a Metro contract.

Even then, Lady Luck wasn't too benign. Greer was in Hollywood a year, part of the time seriously ill with a spinal affliction, before the chance turned up to be in "Mr. Chips."

She's a vivid, vital, unusual person, this Greer Garson. She speaks in a lovely, throaty voice, quickly and frankly. She admits she once looked down her nose at movies, but is crazy about them now. She has never been married. She doesn't think she will be any time soon. She's too busy. Fully recovered from her long illness, she is to go to work immediately in Metro's "Susan and God."

The night of the "Mr. Chips" première she wore a scarlet ensemble, no redder, though, than her flaming hair. Well, that's like her—to defy the convention which says no red-haired woman should wear red.



NOAH BEERY, JR.



EDDIE ANDERSON



ROBERT PRESTON

ABOUT—

BY MARIAN RHEA

He follows a famous tradition

NOAH BEERY, JR. is better-looking than his famous father, and his still more famous Uncle Wally, and perhaps a little softer spoken, but, otherwise, he is a true Beery—a robust guy, possessed of a deep bass voice and an overwhelming love of the virile sports. Nor does he seem less a Beery in the promise he has lately given as an up-and-coming screen actor.

Noah, Jr., was born in New York something more than twenty years ago, the Noah Beerys' only offspring. Brought to Hollywood when pictures lured his father, he attended the San Fernando Valley High, where he made the All-Valley teams in football and swimming.

Out of school, and determined to be a movie actor, he warmed casting office benches until, at last, he obtained a part with Florence Oakley in "Kindling," at the Hollywood Theater Mart. This play served as a springboard into the movies. He was signed to do some serials, and from those went gaily into such pictures as "Forbidden Valley," "Trouble at Midnight," "The Road Back," "Girls' School," "Not for Glory," and ultimately into the rôle which made him a star—the aviator who gets killed in "Only Angels Have Wings," but not before he makes himself an outstanding hit.

I first met Noah, Jr., three summers ago. He was with a certain young actress with whom he was obviously head over heels in love. But others could do more for her—and pretty soon you didn't see the two of them together any more. I've often wondered just how badly Noah got hurt. It seemed to me that he was the sincere, one-woman kind of a chap who would take things like that pretty hard.

He's all right, now, though. I saw him a few days after the "Angels" preview and he was walking on air.

Still unmarried, he lives with his mother on a ranch in the Valley, very much the head of the household, and also of the ranch "hands," Mexicans whom he bosses in fluent Spanish.

Well, *Salud, mi amigo, el Señor Beery, Jr.* I wish you luck in every language!

Rochester—man about town

WHEN you rave about the big hit that Eddie Anderson made in Jack Benny's new picture, "Man About Town," people usually look blank. "Eddie Anderson? We don't remember him," they say, "but wasn't Rochester wonderful?"

The truth is, however, you are lauding one and the same individual—because Eddie Anderson IS Rochester!

Furthermore, the engaging negro comic had made a name for himself even before he tied up with the Benny radio show. He was well-known in vaudeville, and turned in outstanding performances as Noah in "The Green Pastures," and Donald in "You Can't Take It with You." Incidentally, you'll also be seeing him, in what is rumored to be a great performance, as *Uncle Peter* in "Gone with the Wind."

Eddie—or I guess I might as well call him Rochester—was born in Oakland, California, and attended school in San Francisco. He had, even then, that inimitable gift for comedy which made everything he said or did seem funny. And in school entertainments he was always the leading comic and the hit of the show.

Today, those who know him best say that off the screen and away from the mike, he is exactly the same Rochester he is when doing his stuff according to the script. Continually the butt for jokes, no one has ever seen him get mad.

Rochester is married. He was married secretly about three months ago, although no one could get it out of him why he thought it necessary to keep the nuptials a secret. On the Benny excursion to Waukegan, for the première of "Man About Town," he took along his bride, which made the trip a honeymoon.

At home, the Andersons live in fashion commensurate with his status as one of radio and film's outstanding figures, possessing two cars, chauffeured on occasion, wardrobes fit for a king and queen, fine jewelry and all the other trappings of fame and fortune. Rochester even owns a string of race horses which he runs at several California tracks. . .

Which is SOMETHING.

Shakespearean veteran—who hasn't voted yet

ONE of the most interesting things about Robert Preston is that, though he looks and acts considerably older, he is barely twenty-one.

A friendly, forthright, energetic chap, Bob is the first to tell you he is still in a daze about all this sudden limelight. "Heck," he says, "it wasn't so long ago that I was hamming all over the stage at Lincoln High."

Bob was born in Newton Highlands, Mass., the son of Frank Meserve, a clothier, and his wife. When he was only two, however, the family moved to Los Angeles, and it wasn't until a few months ago that Bob ever traveled farther east than Arizona.

At Lincoln High School, in Los Angeles, the dramatic teacher, Edward J. Wenig, frequently staged Shakespearean dramas, so Bob, with his noticeable talent for histrionics, got plenty of training.

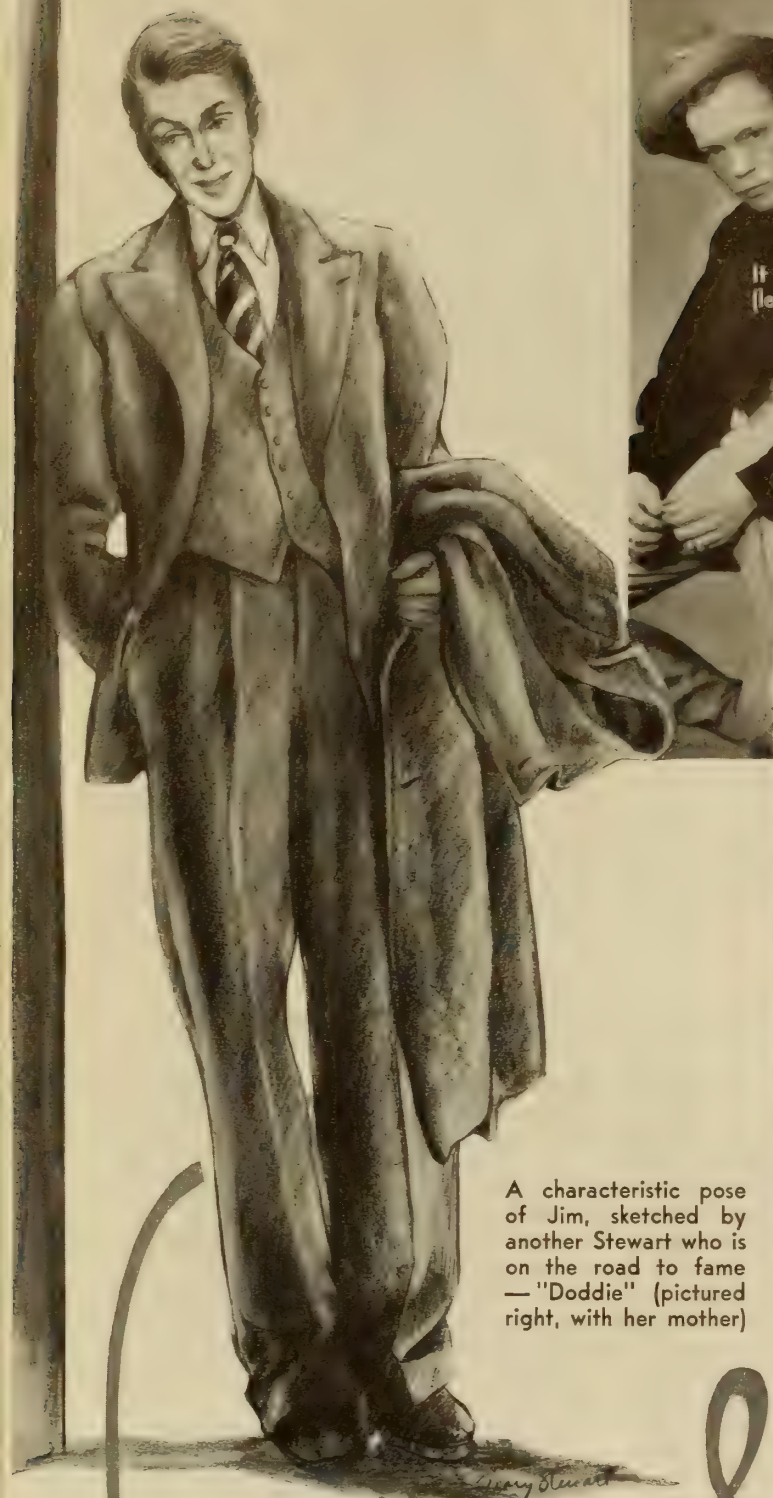
After graduation he joined the Shakespearean repertory company managed by Mrs. Patia Power, Tyrone's mother, and for six months toured California towns, playing everything from *Macbeth* to *Shylock*. Then Gilmore Brown, director of the Pasadena Playhouse, gave him a fellowship in his training school.

More Shakespeare followed, and after it Gilbert and Sullivan. Two years later, in "Idiot's Delight," a Paramount lawyer saw him and persuaded his studio to give him a test. Two or three "B" pictures "broke him in" on the screen, then his big break in "Union Pacific" came along, followed shortly by an important rôle in "Beau Geste."

He's good-looking. He has a good smile. But it really is his voice, I think, that puts him over. He is not married, but lives at home with his father and mother and younger brother.

When you congratulate him on his success, he blushes and thanks you and then tries to change the subject. And when fans ask for his autograph, he seems still more embarrassed.

"Why should anyone care about my signature?" he demands. "I flunked out in penmanship in school."



A characteristic pose of Jim, sketched by another Stewart who is on the road to fame — "Doddie" (pictured right, with her mother)



It took Jim's father to tell a Broadway producer what was wrong with "Yellow Jack," in which (left to right) Myron McCormick, Jim, Sam Levine and Eddie Acuff served as "guinea pigs"



Lackadaisical CLOTHARIO

THE LIFE AND GOOD TIMES OF

JAMES STEWART

BY WILBUR MORSE, JR.

"MRS. BELLE IRVING is going to be sore as hell!"

The tall, gangling, awkward young man in the chauffeur's uniform turned, and with a flippant smile, walked out the door.

Two hundred summer residents of Cape Cod roared, and a Broadway producer, sitting in the audience of the University Players Theater at Falmouth, noted the name of the bit actor on his program of "Goodbye Again."

In exactly ten words, Jim Stewart, who had left Princeton a month before with a diploma, an accordion, and an ambition to be an architect, had talked himself into a career. A career he had never dreamed of as a bespectacled little boy in the country town of Indiana, Pa., where his big, rangy, soft-spoken father ran the hardware store and brought home tools to the house on Vinegar Hill for his son to use in his hobby of building model airplanes.

At twelve, Jim Stewart's ambition was to be an aviator, or at least a radio operator. At eighteen, James Maitland Stewart, captain of

the third football team at swank Mercersburg Academy, would have admitted he thought actors were sort of "sissies." Building bridges, or maybe selling bonds to build them with, that was a man's work.

Even at Princeton, membership in the Triangle Club, undergraduate musical-comedy troupe, which each Christmas time parades its talent and social eligibility through the debutante sectors, had only slightly modified Jim's views of the stage. The theater was something for a vacation junket, not a permanent job.

Now architecture, there was a real profession! But, with the depression at its lowest ebb in 1932, there were no opportunities for fledgling college draftsmen, and Jim had accepted an invitation from Joshua Logan, former Triangle Club president, to come to Falmouth and play his accordion in the tearoom run in connection with the University Players Theater, and help out the acting company with an occasional bit.

And then Arthur Beckhard, the Broadway producer, came to the Cape and proposed to the company of collegiate Thespians that they try out one of the plays he planned to present the next season, "Goodbye Again."

Jim's rôle—as a chauffeur with only about three lines in the third act—was such a vivid characterization of a fresh, impudent, droll sort of fellow, that Beckhard offered him the part in the Broadway production.

Jim debated the offer. Down in the city, right now, half a hundred of his classmates, with whom he had been graduated from Princeton in June, were probably still pounding hot pavements searching for an opening, any sort of job. Here was a chance for a pleasant interlude, an opportunity to live in New York and keep an eye out for the first door that swung open to an architect's office.

That night Jim wrote his family, announcing his decision to "have a try at being an actor."

Now that he was thinking of the stage in more personal terms, Jim gave closer attention to his walk-on bits at Falmouth.

Julie Dorr, the personable young lady who used to act as business manager of the University Players, remembers the first sign of Jim's new interest.

"We were doing a play called 'Whistling in the Dark,' in which Jim and three other boys in the company had minor rôles as gangsters. Jim learned that the others planned to build up their own parts at his expense. One was to develop a racking cough, another would read his lines as if he had a speech defect. The third acquired an arresting limp.

"Jim said nothing, and in rehearsal they all played their rôles straight. But opening night it was only Jim you noticed. Even the leading characters received little attention, for Jim had affected an eye twitch that just about drove you nuts. You'd try to look away, and then you'd find yourself watching him again, fascinated by that grotesque contortion.

"If he was going to be an actor in earnest, Jim wasn't going to miss a trick!"

WHEN the University Players closed their season, Jim returned to New York and went to live with John Morris, who had been stage manager at Falmouth, and Myron McCormick, another Falmouth player, with whom he was to be cast in several subsequent shows. Their apartment, a rather shabby, dismal little retreat on West Sixty-third Street, was designed for three, but usually there were anywhere from four to six boys bunking there; one of the Falmouth company temporarily out of work, or a friend in from Boston or Philadelphia.

"The Falmouth crowd stuck together very closely in New York," recalls Morris, now a deputy police commissioner in Manhattan. "There was Hank Fonda and Margaret Sullivan, who had been at the Cape the summer before Jim was there, and were married now and living in Greenwich Village; Ross Alexander



It's hard to picture Jim as the lonely bachelor of Brentwood—the theme of his laments to his family—after spying him lunching with lovely Loretta Young



Margaret Sullivan's insistence on Jim as her lead in "Next Time We Love" lifted him from the ranks of character actors. It's said Jim would have liked a permanent pairing



Jim and Jean Arthur, the lovers of "You Can't Take It with You," form a quorum for romance in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," next on the Stewart hit parade

and his wife, Aleta Freel; Barbara O'Neil, Josh Logan, Bretna Windust, Mildred Natwick, Kent Smith, Myron McCormick, Julie Dorr and Jose Ferrer, all of whom were just beginning to make their way in the theater.

"Every Thursday night the gang would get together after the theater for a beefsteak dinner, which we cooked ourselves in the basement of a little bar on West Fortieth Street, where there was a rickety old piano.

"Jim and his accordion, and Hank with his monologues, were the chief entertainment, though Benny Goodman used to drop in quite often with some of his musician friends, and hold forth in what have come to be known as

jam sessions. Funny thing, though, the crowd liked Jim's accordion music better than that of the professional musicians!"

It was at these Thursday night beer parties that the close friendship between Jim and Hank Fonda was cemented, and when Fonda and Margaret Sullivan separated, Hank joined Jim and John Morris in their apartment.

"They were a lot alike, those two," says John Morris. "Neither of them was the typical Broadway actor, rather the reserved young college boy making a business of the theater. Off-stage, their interests were similar, too. I remember how Jim got Hank enthused over

(Continued on page 92)

FASHION LETTER

BY GWENN WALTERS

What you will wear this fall... Adrian-designed costumes from "The Women," described and illustrated here and in Photoplay's Fashion Section

WITH three such fashion-conscious stars as Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Rosalind Russell all at work in one picture, "The Women," and with Adrian designing their production wardrobes, as well as forty other costumes for an eye-filling show of "Fashions of the Future," I decided that nowhere better than at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer could I glean the coming trends for fall.

Adrian promptly fulfilled expectations.

"For evening," he said, "look forward to great, enormous, full skirts. Watch for a continuation of the bustle. Short daytime suits will have bustles, too. Other suits will have very expensive embroideries. Hats will have height, but with a forward movement. Both the slim and flared silhouette will be popular in daytime suit and frock skirts. The detail and use of pockets will be an important note in trims. Capes like those worn by Arabs will glamorize evening costumes. The pretty feminine frilly touches of the summer season will give way to simple, sophisticated accents, frocks will rely on rich fabrics and ingenious cuts, and will become classic backgrounds for jewels and furs.

"Stripes will be extremely popular for evening, particularly in metallics; taffeta of the stiffest kind will be a featured fabric. Moiré will be in again for street wear. Wool and silk jerseys will be continued favorites.

"Colors will be very bright—much more gay for winter than ever before! Evening colors, especially, will be very bold. Beige will be a high-style color, particularly for wear under mink, sable and Alaska sealskin furs."

SO saying, Adrian waved my attention to a model, and I was startled by three great, violet eyes staring at me and from, guess where—a fuchsia bodice atop a purple skirt of a dress to be worn by Rosalind Russell in the picture—Miss Russell poses in this colorful frock on page 51. I commented on these flirtatious eyes, and asked about their fashion significance, but Adrian side-stepped significance, and punned he was "trying only to keep an eye on fashion," as he brought out another costume—an evening ensemble—likewise accented by his "Fashion Eye" motif. This time jealous, green eyes flashed at me—one eye, embroidered in sequins, peered from the shoulder of the pencil-slim white crepe gown, two others peeked out from the lining of the matching full-length cape.

For Norma Shearer, Adrian showed me a cloth-of-gold evening coat, which falls from the shoulders, like a great 15th Century cloak, and forms a slight train at the back. It has a short look at the front, and is held in at the waist with a belt which binds sides and front only.

Stunning was a suit of black galyak, designed for Joan Crawford. The flaring, box jacket of galyak is fingertip-length, and has full sleeves. The galyak skirt is slightly flared, and has a wide belt of the same material, into which tucks a high-necked blouse of black silk crepe. A toque of black velvet that is almost completely hidden by Bird of Paradise feathers completes the costume.

Then, swiftly before my eyes paraded all of the "Fashions of the Future" models, appearing for a final okay on the costumes Adrian designed for the great fashion show that is a high light of "The Women" production.

Louis XV trousers peeked startlingly from under a great romantic coat for evening wear, that will return fashion to the brilliant aura of the court of that French king.

(Continued on page 79)

Adrian designs a black Lyons velvet suit with short flaring jacket and starched mousseline frou-frou blouse (top) for Joan Crawford to wear in M-G-M's "The Women." The high hat is of black velours

For Norma Shearer, he creates a white jersey dinner gown (center) girdled and draped with Roman striped jersey

Sketches by

Adrian

And for Rosalind Russell, a breath-taking suit of red wool with flaring skirt and brief peplum jacket that closes in a twinkle with star buttons

"Dainty Girls Win Out"

say these Famous Screen Stars—

IF A GIRL ISN'T DAINTY
NO OTHER CHARM COUNTS.
A **LUX TOILET SOAP**
BEAUTY BATH IS THE
BEST WAY I KNOW TO
PROTECT DAINTINESS

**IRENE
DUNNE**

LOVELY Hollywood screen stars use their complexion soap, gentle Lux Toilet Soap, as a daily *bath* soap, too. This fine white soap has **ACTIVE** lather that leaves skin really fresh—with a delicate, clinging fragrance—makes you *sure* of daintiness. A luxurious soap, but inexpensive enough for any girl to use!

WITH FRAGRANT
LUX TOILET SOAP IT'S
SO EASY TO BE **SURE!**
IT LEAVES SKIN REALLY
FRESH AND SWEET

**LORETTA
YOUNG**

MEN LIKE GIRLS WHOSE
SKIN IS SWEET. YOU'LL
LOVE THE DELICATE
CLINGING FRAGRANCE
LUX TOILET SOAP
LEAVES ON YOUR SKIN

SCREEN STARS USE
LUX TOILET SOAP
BECAUSE IT HAS **ACTIVE**
LATHER. IT MAKES A
LUXURIOUS BATH SOAP

**ANDREA
LEEDS**

SAMUEL GOLDWYN STAR

**BARBARA
STANWYCK**

RKO-RADIO STAR

TRY THIS **BEAUTY BATH.**
IT'S A LUXURY ANY
GIRL CAN AFFORD.
YOU'LL LOVE IT!

**JOAN
BLONDELL**

COLUMBIA
PICTURE STAR

The Complexion Soap 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use



WE EXPOSE DIETRICH'S GREAT WEAKNESS

IT'S HATS...HATS...HATS *says* FRANCES HUGHES • NEW YORK FASHION EDITOR
ASSISTING GWENN WALTERS • FASHION EDITOR

Leave it to the glamorous Dietrich to do something different—though sailing for Paris, that mecca of all fashion-conscious women, she shopped for hats at home



WHAT was Marlene Dietrich's last act before she set foot aboard the liner on which she sailed for France to make a motion picture? She flew to her favorite New York milliner's to buy a hat! Very characteristic. Characteristic, too, was what happened at the Lilly Daché salon when she got there. "I want three hats," she said, "no more!" But she left with thirty hats! Each of these hats presents a new and important trend, and though all were designed especially for the lovely Marlene, she consented to let Daché reproduce them for the rest of the waiting world. This is the way the smartest heads will look this coming season. Will *yours* be among them?

1. Teatime—and breast feathers rim the crown and coque feathers grace the brim of a coquettish little hat of raspberry velvet. This stems from the elegant '80's.
2. The rippling, off-the-face silhouette, proving

again that headsize-hats can be smart without being deep and clumsy. Dietrich chose hers in red and black striped angora tweed.

3. A Little Dutch Boy's visor topped by a blousy, beret-crown. Marlene chose hers in beige suède. The milliners call it a "visor-beret."
4. Sleek-as-a-seal black ciré turban. The Oriental influence—with a devil's peak in back.
5. Turbans are so important, we'll have them in fur, too. Dietrich chose black fox, with a sentimental cluster of roses smack in front, and grosgrain ribbons to anchor the back.
6. Dietrich sailed away in this one! Black and white striped angora tweed postilion with pointed bandeau-back and copper anchor.
7. Another postilion (coachman to you)—in beige felt with green leather band. Marlene chose it for suits.

BARBARA STANWYCK

in Columbia's

"GOLDEN BOY"

This Powder Really Makes My Skin Look Lovely



YOUR skin will look lovelier, too, the very first time you make up with face powder created by Max Factor, Hollywood. *First*, you'll note how your color harmony shade enlivens the beauty of your skin. *Second*, how the super-fine texture creates a satin-smooth make-up. *Third*, how well it clings and really stays on longer.

Blonde or brunette, brownette or redhead, there is a color harmony shade of Max Factor's Face Powder for you that will really accent the appeal of your type...\$1



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The new, sensational creation by Max Factor, Hollywood. Note these four amazing features... (1)...*lifelike red of your lips* (2)...*non-drying, but indelible* (3)...*safe for sensitive lips* (4)...*eliminates lipstick line*. Color harmony shades for every type. \$1



ROUGE...The delicate, lifelike color harmony shades of Max Factor's Rouge add a touch of glamour to your complexion. Creamy-smooth, it's easy to blend... 50¢

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Send Purse Size Box of Powder, Rouge Sampler and miniature Tru-Color Lipstick in my color-harmony shade. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Smart Make-Up". FREE 1-9-33

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue... ☐	BLONDE ☐
Fair ☐	Gray... ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green... ☐	BROWNETTE ☐
Vesum ☐	Hazel... ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown... ☐	BRUNETTE ☐
Sallow ☐	Black... ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	Light ☐	REDHEAD ☐
Olive ☐	Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Skin ☐ Dry ☐ Normal ☐	AGE ☐	Wavy ☐ Gray ☐ Black ☐

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 61)



Gary Cooper's a familiar sight about the studios—not so Judge and Mrs. Cooper, visiting the "Real Glory" set

thinks any girl can contrive at least a measure of glamour, if she wants it; that, with attention to the points she has mentioned, the rest of glamour is just a state of mind.

Happy Though Married

A VISIT to Jeanette MacDonald's and Gene Raymond's hilltop home reveals an answer to all those in-pouring questions of "Why Can't Hollywood People Stay Happily Married?"

Jeanette and Gene both feel a successful marriage requires as much thought and planning as a career. Even more. Accordingly, they have arranged their lives together to insure success. Gene heads the household. It is where he wants to go and what he wants to do that gets the final vote. Bonds are built like bridges. Because Jeanette speaks French fluently, Gene is studying daily to learn the language. The musical talent they hold in common, Gene as a composer, and Jeanette as a singer, is strengthened in their musical work together. Because he likes homemade ice cream, Jeanette daily sees to the mixing and freezing. Because she sincerely believes marriage needs time for both husband and wife to live as a husband and wife, she is asking for less time at the studio.

Gene, off the screen for a year in his determination to capture more suitable rôles, finds Jeanette standing by his side loyally in the battle.

So here's to them. A Cal salute to Jeanette and Gene. Long may they be happy—together.

Young Fry—Young Love Department

JACKIE COOPER at Ruby Foo's, smiling at Pat Stewart, over a dish of chow mein. "Sure I have to be in by twelve o'clock," Jackie tells one and all. "And mom's right, too. Nothing will tag a kid as a smarty more than being seen around too late at night" . . . Billy Halop smiling at "Sugar" Kane over a soda doesn't even know what time it is. Billy has it bad . . . Frankie Thomas has Phyllis Howell in the front seat of his car more than any other girl these

days. They make a "cutie twosome," all right . . . Marcia Mae Jones is showing off the very first beau she's allowed to have. His name is Don Barry. The local soda fountains work overtime for Marcia Mae and Don . . . Judy Garland wears the broadest grin of all Young Fryers. "I'm sixteen now," Judy says, "and I can go dancing with any boy mother approves of" . . .

Carole's Little Girl

PART of the job of any studio's casting director is to find children who resemble various stars, to play either the star, himself, in childhood, or to play the children of stars.

Such a situation arose in "The Kind Men Marry," RKO's new picture starring Carole Lombard, Kay Francis and Cary Grant. The plot called for a little girl of six, to be Carole's daughter. Well, you'd think it would be easy to find a yellow-haired tot with round, blue eyes and a heart-shaped face. But casting directors are particular, and they actually tested three hundred children before they found Miss Peggy Ann Garner of Washington, D. C.

Strangely enough, Peggy, who was visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Shields Craig of Hollywood, was seen by Douglas Corrigan, one day, when she was visiting "The Flying Irishman" set (Corrigan's picture, you will remember). Corrigan was struck by her remarkable resemblance to his own sister, and she was tested for the part. However, they considered her hair too light and nothing came of the test, until—the day before she was to return home to Washington, someone on the RKO lot remembered it and she was signed to play Carole's daughter.

Well, it was a happy choice. It gave us a start to see her and Carole together. You'd think they were mother and daughter for fair! However, their tastes in men are different, as witness this conversation we overheard between small Peggy and her grandmother.

"Is Mr. Grant really married to Miss Francis?" Peggy inquired. (They're supposed to be married in the picture.)

"No, that's just in the picture," Mrs. Craig told her.

"Well, is he in love with Miss Lombard, like he told her just now?"

"No, that, too, is just in the picture. Miss Lombard just recently married Mr. Gable. Why?"

"Well," confided the precocious Peggy, "to tell the truth, Mr. Grant is just the sorta man I could fall for!"

Telling on Raft

IT'S been printed that George Raft has a grown son, who recently moved to Hollywood. But there's still more to the story. George's grown son also has a young son—which makes George the youngest and the most sexy grandfather on and off the screen. George has never denied his grandparentage. No one happened to ask him, and he's never taken the trouble to volunteer the information.

Dearest Friend and Severest Critic

LUPE VELEZ did a splendid piece of work in "The Girl from Mexico." A well-known critic stopped her in the Brown Derby for the sole purpose of telling her just how splendid she was in the rôle. Lupe listened politely until the critic had used up all his adjectives, then she said, "Yes, I think so, too, but I liked best the part where I sing and I stink."

T for Two

WHEN the cameras quit grinding on "The Rains Came," director Clarence Brown invited the entire cast to a weekend party at his Valley Ranch, some forty miles from Hollywood.

Most of the guests had arrived, and were having a gay time when a plane droned overhead. Clarence is a pilot, and something told him that the pilot in the droning plane was in trouble. He hurried out into the yard, then called back to his guests:

"It's Ty Power, and he's looking for a place to land. Down everybody, down full-length on the ground."

Guests and directors lay prone upon the ground in the form of a letter T to guide Tyrone Power to a landing spot

in a wheat field near by. When the plane landed, the "markers" leaped to their feet and ran forth to greet an amused and grateful Ty and Annabella.

Traveler's Aid?

LEW AYRES, wandering around Warsaw during his recent trip to Europe and wishing he could get hold of a Baedeker, tried to put over what he wanted in a Polish travel bureau. By sign language, he managed to designate that it was a book, and by his appearance, he says he guesses the clerk figured out that he was an American and, therefore, desired a book in English. But the book the man proffered him, finally, with a pleased smile at his understanding of Lew's requirements, was not a Baedeker. It was a copy of "Robinson Crusoe."

Yes, Lew says he bought it because he didn't want to hurt the clerk's feelings.

Occupation

BARBARA STANWYCK has a new name for herself. Since working with Robert Preston, who is twenty, and William Holden, who is twenty-one, advising them, and sharing her knowledge of acting before the camera—Barbara calls herself "The Children's friend." Director Rouben Mamoulian wasn't any too considerate of Holden on the "Golden Boy" set. So Barbara was constantly soothing his ruffled feelings. One day Holden came to Barbara, and said he had decided that nothing was worth so much heartache. He was going back to selling baloney.

"Well, what do you think you are doing now," Barbara cracked. So Holden decided to stick.

Feet First

THIS is what makes 'em great. When Madame Maria Ouspenskaya arrived back in Hollywood to play the Maharanee in "The Rains Came," the studio had slippers made to go with her costume. Madame went to bat and said a real Maharanee always walked in her bare jeweled feet. The studio argued they were afraid she might step on a nail and hold up production. But they forgot they were arguing with a Rus-



Tops in a comedy trio: Leo Carrillo entertains Fred Stone and author Irvin S. Cobb at lunch in RKO-Radio studio café

sian who takes her art seriously. Very quietly Madame said she would patter around in bare feet, or she wouldn't patter at all. P. S. She got the part.

Room for a Groom

IT can happen here—in Hollywood! When Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor announced their engagement, they planned to have a brand new Beverly Hills home all bought and furnished, before the wedding bells rang out. But you know how love is! Once the engagement was confirmed, they leaped into marriage on their first free week end. So what happened? So there wasn't any place for Bob to sleep! Movie stars always have separate bedrooms, you know. Barbara's room was too feminine, and there wasn't enough closet space for Bob. Young Dion Stanwyck and the servants occupy the other available bedrooms. There are no bridal suites in Bob's tiny ranch house. So all of Bob's things are still home and a temporary bedroom has been set up in Barbara's library.

Garbo Through a Rear-Vision Mirror

WE have been talking to one of the studio drivers at Metro, who has been chauffeuring Greta Garbo hither and yon since "Ninotchka" went into production. He says she always wears a hat so big she can hardly get it through the car door—for the purposes of concealment—and that, usually, all he can see through his rear-vision mirror is that hat, blocking the back window.

They go along, and if he gets up to even a little bit over forty miles an hour, there is a tap on his shoulder. "Not so fast, please," says that famous, throaty voice—that is, unless traffic is pretty heavy. If it is heavy, after the tap comes a "Please drive faster," which means she may not like speed, but she likes still less the possibility that nearby motorists may look in and see who's there!

Two or three times, he says, he has glanced back to see her practically lying down on the seat, with the hat pulled over her face, to hide her from prying eyes. And once, having gotten stuck in a traffic jam, he thought she had vanished entirely, only to discover her scrooched down on the floor of the tonneau, with a car robe over her.

No, sir! Moviedom's Mystery Woman isn't going to lose that mystery, if she can help it!

Who's a Rat!

SOMEWHERE in San Fernando Valley there is a "trade rat" that should have been a critic. This happened on Bob Young's new "Sleepy Hollow Ranch," and you have Bob's word for it that it is a true story. As you may or may not know, a trade rat is a special kind of rodent. It steals anything it can cart away, but it never takes anything without bringing something back in return. One day, Bob missed the script of a new picture he had left on a bench in the garden. Several hours later he returned to the same spot. There on the bench sat a small sack of fertilizer. Bob rushed to the studio and asked to be excused from playing the part.

"They Should Take Up Music"

THEY waited, breathlessly, outside the studio projection room, where Jascha Heifetz was viewing his first movie, "They Shall Have Music."

"We should have given him more footage in the first reel," an assistant producer moaned. "He won't like that first scene, I know. No actor would. Why didn't we use our heads?"

The moaning went on until presently Heifetz emerged.

"You know I think in that first sequence," he began while an undercurrent of groans filled the air, "I think you gave me too much footage. Wouldn't it have been better to cut into the actual drama a lot sooner?"

For one long minute there was a strange silence. Blank faces stared into blank faces.

Suddenly Goldwyn shouted, "Go out and get me a lot more musicians. From now on we make pictures with fiddle players. Or no, wait, make every actor on this lot take up the mouth organ or something and maybe at last we get some sense into people's heads around here."

Eddy-Cation

MARRIED life has made a new man of Nelson Eddy. It's no secret that the singing star used to get pretty irritable at times, especially when defective sound recording would necessitate another "take." Now Nelson does as many as twelve takes—which is a lot of singing. But he couldn't be pleasanter about it. What's more, he's taken up tap dancing for reducing purposes. Whenever he isn't needed in front of the camera, he can be found in a deserted corner doing an Eleanor Powell.

Flynn-Formation, Please!

"If that handsome face is marred, I'm killing myself."

This message, and a score of others equally as frantic, from Flynn fans everywhere, reached Warner Brothers Studio the day after Errol Flynn's automobile accident in which he and his wife, Lili Damita were both cut and bruised.

On their fourth wedding anniversary, the pair ran into a wall to avoid several jaywalkers. So, with stitches over his brow and lip, the handsome Irish lad greeted his father, a Professor in a Dublin University, and his mother and sister who had come to visit him.

And by the way, Errol's lovely sister is the object of much interest in Hollywood these days, not only because she's Errol's sister, but because she isn't remotely interested in becoming a movie actress.

"My small sister," as Errol calls the eighteen-year-old Miss Flynn, "is studying medicine, if you please."

Ultimatum

WHEN Edna Best, estranged wife of Herbert Marshall, arrived in Hollywood to make "Intermezzo," the old question arose of whether Miss Best would or would not divorce her husband. Several years ago, Miss Best left Hollywood, a brokenhearted woman, when her husband told her his heart belonged elsewhere.

But time, of course, heals all, and now she's back again.

"There will be no divorce," is her ultimatum.

Odd that the wife of Leslie Howard, who plays opposite Miss Best in "Intermezzo," should give the same vehement denial when asked the same question.

"There will be no divorce," states Mrs. Howard.

So it appears Mr. Marshall and Mr. Howard remain benedicts for the present, at least.

Putting It Mildly

IF you've ever visited a studio set, you probably will remember, among the rest of the confusion, those stentorian tones in which the director, or his assistant

Ginger Rogers — Hollywood's sparkling star. See her in RKO's new motion picture "Bachelor Mother"



It's healthful... pleasure-giving...

DOUBLEMINT GUM



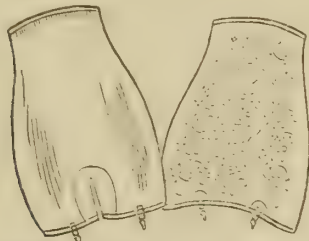
Be popular with your family and friends by treating them to delicious Doublemint Chewing Gum. Its wonderful-tasting and long-lasting flavor of mint leaves helps sweeten your breath. The chewing aids your digestion and helps keep your teeth clean, bright, attractive—bringing your smile more compliments.

And speaking of smiles, none is lovelier than that of GINGER ROGERS, as you can see by this picture. Note also her hair and blouse. Both are just right because they truly express her own natural self... Chewing is a natural pleasure. Especially chewing refreshing Doublemint Gum which is very popular in Hollywood as it is everywhere else. You'll like it. Get some today.

T-1220

An easy way to get "A" in Posture

Any one of these selected junior-figure Carter's gives conviction to the new American credo—"stand tall, walk tall, sit tall." They're great posture aids . . . Carter Foundations . . . and you'll be hearing a lot of "tall" talk about them. Bantam weights though they are, they'll gently master the tummies, derrieres and diaphragms that have been straying all over the place this summer. They're made with "Lastex" and other fine yarn—and tub without a fuss. At better stores everywhere. Other Carter's \$2—\$12.50.



P192 MOULDETTE PANTIE. Smooth, light "Lastex" jersey. Run-resist rayon crotch. Detachable garters. Even sizes 24-30. Peach. \$2.50.

G115 BLOSSOM LACE GIRDLE. Light and airy yet controlling. A very smart lace style. Even sizes 24-30. Peach. \$3.50.



P207 SWEETHEART PANTIE. Controlling fine, light web fabric. Gleaming heart front panel. Vertical stretch back panel. Sleek "Lastex" and rayon satin crotch. Detachable garters. Inch sizes 24-30. Nude. \$4.00.

Carter's FOUNDATIONS

The William Carter Company
Home Executive Offices: Needham Heights, Massachusetts

bawls out "QUIET!" when they're ready to shoot a scene. You can hear it in every nook and cranny of any sound stage.

But over on the "Nurse Edith Cavell" set the other day, those present witnessed a different method of achieving silence. The scene was one of the most important of Anna Neagle's (she is playing the title rôle), and her director, Herbert Wilcox, British (but definitely), had worked himself and everybody up to a fine tension. This would make movie history!

Then, with everything set, Wilcox turned and addressed the confusion about him.

"Shhhh!" he admonished . . . and was subsequently a little piqued because everyone thought his shushing was a gag and laughed heartily. Seems it wasn't a gag. Seems a mild "shhhh!" does the trick in "Merrie England." Oh, for the quiet English countryside!

Papa Mayer

If you were looking for one adjective with which to describe the personality of Louis B. Mayer (yes, THE Louis B. Mayer, vice-president in charge of production of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios), we think *energetic* would be the one.

We visited him in his office recently; sat in one of his soft, tan leather chairs while he faced us across his huge, circular desk. In that deep, arresting voice of his he answered most politely the questions we put to him. He has a direct way of looking at one from behind his gold-rimmed eyeglasses. He is not one to vouchsafe information, but still, we learned quite a few things about him that day, and it's a true American success story well worth repeating.

He was born in St. John's, New Brunswick, July 4, 1885. At the age of twelve, he persuaded his father that he was old enough to be a Business Man, and so joined the elder Mayer in pursuit of the latter's small merchandising establishment.

When he was seventeen, he visited Boston, which proved a most important event, because he met there Miss Margaret Shenberg, whom he married a year later, and also because he liked Boston and decided to go into business there, sometime. He did a few years later and, from owner of a very humble theater called the "Gem" (more familiarly known in the neighborhood as "the germ"), he became proprietor of a chain of profitable entertainment houses and, during succeeding years, one of the best-known theater men in New England.

Realizing, as time went on, the need for good pictures to fulfill the demand of the increasingly cinema-minded American public, he decided to go into the film producing business and promptly sold his theaters and moved, bag and baggage, to Hollywood, bringing with him Anita Stewart under contract.

Once arrived in this neck of the woods, he got together with the boy genius, Irving Thalberg, and together they thought up a good many screen innovations, ninety-nine per cent of them successful, including the Hollywood "star system."

From then on, the career of Louis B. Mayer soared to fabulous heights. According to the published income tax returns for 1937, he made \$1,161,753 in salary alone, which as the saying goes, "ain't hay . . ." While Irving Thalberg's death was a great blow, he still ranks as Hollywood's top producer, and Metro still makes more pictures than any studio in Hollywood.

As for the man, himself . . . Well, we could see why some of the 4500 em-

ployees on the Metro lot may refer to him as "Papa" behind his back, but face to face call him "Mr. Mayer," even up to his most important producers. You have the feeling there is no monkey business about him, and that he knows the merit not only in being top man, but in being treated as such.

In appearance he is a man of medium height, with powerful shoulders and plenty of weight all over him—about 180 pounds. His hair is brown and so are his eyes. His nails are well-manicured; his clothes expensive, but quiet. He speaks abruptly, almost impatiently, with diction some of his stars could well emulate. His movements are quick, particularly his walk. He said he has no "pet peeves," unless it is stupidity. "I can forgive a mistake," he told us, "but not the same one twice." He said, too, he is crazy about children, particularly his grandchildren, the offspring of his two daughters, Mrs. David O. Selznick and Mrs. William Goetz. He likes to play golf and he likes to see movies, even other studios'. He smokes a couple of cigars a day, good ones, but that is all. He knows half his employees by names, he boasts, and is given to hiking about the lot, popping in on this and that old pal.

Besides his cinematic innovations, since he became Metro's guiding spirit, he is responsible for the establishment of one other Metro institution—the elegant chicken soup available in the commissary any time of day or night. He's always been crazy about chicken soup, he said, but always deplored its lack of sufficient chicken flavoring. However, under his special orders, Metro's chicken soup is chicken soup what is!

You ought to try some, one day. It's worth a special trip to Hollywood!

Music Hath Charms

ANNIE SHERIDAN and Joan Crawford have something in common. Each "emotes" better to the strains of soft music. Like Joan, Annie owns a portable phonograph and keeps it going on the set whenever it won't disturb the sound track. She even uses it to help her turn on charm when she's posing for stills, especially romantic ones. Among her records are dozens of rhumbas—the ultra-rhythmic kind—but, like Joan, she is also crazy about Bing Crosby's tunes. Her favorite number is, however, not exactly one you'd expect to be first choice of a rip-snortin' oomph-girl from Texas like Annie. It's "Moonlight and Roses."



Charles Laughton and Maureen O'Hara, co-stars of "Jamaica Inn," arrive from England—perhaps to co-star again in "Hunchback of Notre Dame"

Second Chance

STEWART REBURN, Sonja Henie's handsome skating partner of her road show, and also in her new picture, "Second Fiddle," called us up just before he left Hollywood for his home in Toronto, Canada.

No, contrary to a good many reports, 20th Century-Fox has not signed him for further screen rôles, despite the fact that they made test after test of him while he was here.

He said he guessed these just hadn't "jelled," and that he was going back into the advertising business, in which we happen to know he was doing very well when Sonja, remembering his performance as Canadian Olympic pairs skating champion, invited him to be in her show.

Well, they did make a wonderful pair on the ice, and rumor had it they had "clicked" romantically, too. But Stewart, being a reticent young man, had nothing to say about that, and with Sonja herself in Norway, the true status of affairs remains a mystery.

Still, we heard something the other day which will perhaps be good news to Stewart—that his tests at 20th Century were exceptionally good, and that Darryl Zanuck is just waiting for a proper rôle to turn up, before asking him to return to Hollywood.

And, according to reports, the "proper rôle" doesn't necessarily have to be a skating rôle, either.

Well, after all, he should know how to act. He's been identified with Toronto's Little Theater for a long time.

Not-So-Infant Industry!

STARTLING, that Hollywood has finally reached a point in maturity when it can expect to be a granddaddy any day. And it seemed only yesterday Mabel Normand was heaving pies and Sennett cops were making movies on the Boulevard.

And now comes the marriage announcement of Gloria Swanson's daughter, to Robert William Anderson, and Mary Pickford's niece Gwynne, to Bud Ernst.

Yes, time marches on and the old order dieth away.

Here's to yesterday. In Hollywood.

Trivia

WENDY BARRIE'S dog, a dachshund, is named, inexplicably, "Hymie O'Toole" . . . The famous Marion Davies bungalow has left the Warner lot, but a huge photo of Marion still hangs above those of current Warner stars in the Green Room . . . We hear that Olivia de Havilland, as *Melanie*, steals the show from Vivien Leigh in "Gone with the Wind"; Livvie says, though, that Leigh is *wonderful* . . . The RKO publicity department has had its share of "difficult" stars, notably Hepburn, Astaire, John Beal and Burgess Meredith; now Cary Grant is getting difficult, too, they do say . . . Penny Singleton thinks she made some kind of a record; she recently made twenty-seven personal appearances at twenty-seven different theaters in New York and Chicago, in *exactly five days* . . . Jack Benny's prime recipe for a happy marriage is buy your wife a new dress every week of her life, but let her know who's boss (he says *he is!*) . . . Pat O'Brien says Olympe Bradna will be the greatest actress in Hollywood in two years; two years ago, Oscar Selrin, the Paramount talent scout who discovered her, told us: "In four years, Olympe Bradna will be the greatest actress in Hollywood" . . . We'll bet our bottom dollar that Dorothy Lamour is still in love with Herbie Kay. . . .

Portrait of the Man Who Came Back

(Continued from page 27)

to take advice, and has never been the guest of honor at a large function. He is an omnivorous reader of philosophy and history.

His outlook is marked with optimism, and he believes that pain and beauty have an equal place in art.

He is not very punctual.

He was eight years old when his parents were divorced, and the only nickname he ever had was "Fats," when he was a moon-faced boy.

He always keeps quiet when given a ticket for a traffic violation, and his favorite singer is Kirsten Flagstad. He likes meeting strange people, prefers a shower to the tub, and seldom attends an outdoor athletic event.

He manages his own business affairs.

He is not a good conversationalist.

He dislikes arguments, enjoys discussion, and does not like wearing tails and a topper.

He has an excellent knowledge of classic and modern painters. He has a poor memory for names and faces.

He has never worn glasses. He displays exceptional ability at the organ and piano, on the banjo and guitar, and also plays the saxophone under duress.

He is very reticent about himself.

He was fifteen when he made his first public appearance on an amateur night. He and his partner won second prize, the first going to a four-year-old girl.

THE young *Doctor Kildare* is burdened with a tremendous knowledge-hunger.

He found his way into pictures via an orchestra, while playing in a night club near the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. He does not like six-day bicycle races, believes that success and happiness are not synonymous.

He inclines towards suburban life, eats no candy, and is not easily deceived by people. His father was a cellist, is currently a court reporter.

Lew Ayres believes strongly that American pictures should delve more into topical world subjects. "Hollywood fiddles while the world burns."

He made his first screen test on a day when he was flat. His trunk was in the back of his car, and he didn't even have a dollar to make a deposit on a room. He borrowed five dollars on the strength of the test.

He enjoys winter sports and prefers blues and browns in his clothes.

His attitude towards life is one of puzzlement and questioning, ever keeping an open mind for new intellectual discoveries.

He was selected by Garbo for the romantic lead in "The Kiss." He skyrocketed, then plummeted and almost became Hollywood's forgotten man.

His first wife was Lola Lane. He is not divorced from Ginger Rogers, his second, although they have been separated for three years.

He never carries a watch.

He goes to the movies about twice a month.

He dabbles in astronomy, painting and sculpture.

He is impatient with small talk and he does not like playing cards, especially with women.

He smokes a pipe only occasionally, does not like night clubs, and has a habit of rubbing his eyes, though he has no eye trouble. He can quote Epicurus, discuss Cézanne and Picasso, talk music.

He is very self-conscious when entering a restaurant.

He seldom goes to the opera, and has no aversion to women wearing slacks on

city streets. He does not believe in any form of fortune telling, has no dogs and is very forgetful. He feels that pictures have contributed little to the cultural advancement of the nation.

His spelling is only fair.

LEW AYRES' frankness and viewpoint is characterized by a strong desire to see both sides. He requires an average of eight or nine hours sleep, and thinks snobbery is not inherent in human nature.

He does not know where Sarajevo is, and remembers "the Historic Mile,"—from Holyrood Castle to Edinburgh Castle—as the most interesting street he has ever seen.

He is not easily depressed.

He wears stiff collars only when he has to, and enjoys staying up late at night.

He likes swing music, and never gets seasick.

He does not own a boat, a horse, an airplane or a cat.

He never whistles; cannot cook.

He is not impulsive.

He belongs to no clubs.

He was particularly impressed by El Greco's "Toledo," at the Metropolitan Museum. He never uses a cigarette holder.

He likes surf bathing, and thinks it possible for two professionals to be happily married. He likes to rise at nine-thirty when not working.

He never has headaches, enjoys playing checkers and chess, and believes that each man pretty much controls his own destiny. He has no superstitions, and readily admits his own mistakes.

He does not like breakfasting in bed.

He has no illusions about being a celebrity.

He buys very few hats, and cannot pilot a plane. He has a crooked smile, and a passionate love of honesty.

He enjoys sun-bathing, does his best work at night, and is not attracted to horse racing. He directed one picture.

HE was named after his father and grandfather, and he is not pessimistic about the eventual abolishment of war.

He prefers sunshine the year 'round, likes listening to the radio while driving, and he does not play golf or tennis.

His vagabond inclinations enable him to be happy anywhere. He sleeps soundly, and never thinks much about the life-hereafter theosophy.

He never eats a heavy luncheon, doesn't like beer, and believes that eventually there will emerge a world political philosophy that will embody the most desirable principles of democracy, fascism and communism.

He has never appeared in a dramatic rôle on the stage.

He likes tweeds, and calls his dressing room at the studio the Black Hole of Calcutta.

He has been to the Louvre and the National Gallery in London.

He never eats before retiring, and doesn't care for hunting. He has no architectural preference in homes, and is not bothered by claustrophobia.

He becomes very nervous at his own previews, is not particularly fond of the tango or rhumba. He is very careful with his personal effects, and doesn't like French pastry.

He has never studied dancing, and feels that he is a free person. He thinks women are happier today than they were before their suffrage.

Lew Ayres does not believe in matrimonial vacations.

Lady Esther says—

"The wrong shade of powder can turn the right man away!"



Why spoil your own charm? Find the shade of my powder that glorifies your skin—that is *Lucky For You*!

YOU KNOW how critical the eyes of men can be. So why guess—why gamble—when you choose your face powder? Actually some shades make you look years older. Others flatter you. Until you do the Lady Esther test, it is almost impossible to know.

For powders and powder shades can be very deceiving, and unless you compare many right on your own skin and with the help of your own mirror, you may never know the shade that flatters you most—that makes you most alluring—that brings you the greatest of luck!

Your Lucky Shade. Right at this moment you may innocently be using a shade that's all wrong for you—a shade that clouds your beauty—a shade that suited you four months ago but which is all wrong for you now.

Don't risk it, please. It's a shame to take such chances. For there is, among my ten thrilling new shades of face powder, one

that is *right* for you—one that will bring you luck—one that is just *made for you*.

So I urge you to try *all my shades* which I will send you free. Don't skip even one. For the shade you never thought you could wear may be the one that's really right for you.

And the minute you find it, your eyes will know—*your mirror will tell you*. Other women will tell you that you look younger and fresher... and men will murmur to themselves—"She's lovely."

A True Beauty Powder. When you receive my ten shades—and make your "Lucky Shade Test"—you will find two amazing qualities in this superfine powder. It's free from the slightest hint of coarseness. *And it clings four full hours!* If you use it after dinner, you will be free of powder worries until midnight.

So write me and find *your luckiest shade*. Let it flatter your beauty always—help you win more luck in life and love.



You can win—with your lucky shade of Lady Esther Face Powder!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

(46)

LADY ESTHER, 7118 West 65th Street,
Chicago, Illinois

FREE! Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of Face Powder, also a tube of your Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

Tyrone Learns from Clark

(Continued from page 18)

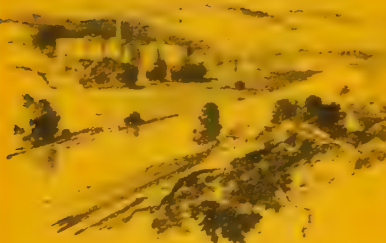


"YES! CLEANLINESS

IS JUST THE NOUN,

THAT BEST DESCRIBES

YOUR FLAVOR-TOWN"



"Spic and span," people say when they first visit Flavor-Town (Canajoharie, N. Y.). "What flavor and quality," you'll say when you try a package of Beech-Nut Gum. Six varieties. Refreshing and restful.

Beech-Nut



One of America's
GOOD habits

GOING TO THE N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR?
We invite you to visit the Beech-Nut Building there. If you're driving, we would be delighted to have you stop at Canajoharie, in the Mohawk Valley of New York, and see how Beech-Nut products are made.

you always hit the right thing to say, when you've just been an ordinary run-of-the-mill sort of guy all your life and not very—well, articulate? Say, I like life and people and doing things, but it's an awful funny feeling to find that every careless word you say swells up into something you didn't mean, and every little thing you do is apt to look phony—"

Star Fever. Some of them—a good many of them—haven't survived it.

"We have so much to lose," said Mr. Power. "You're sort of teetering way up there, all of a sudden. It was an awful surprise to me. You know, I thought maybe someday, if I worked hard enough, I might get somewhere—and then everybody was so kind—and you want to live up to it all, and have them think you're a right guy—I don't know. It's hard to tell. They can make an awful bum out of you in about twenty minutes, at that."

So I said what I actually believed. "Well, if I were a young man and had just been crowned King of Hollywood, or whatever it was, I wouldn't do anything except to study Mr. Clark Gable. That's all I'd do. I'd try to get to know him well, and learn how he conducts himself in difficult situations."

SO now we come, in this plain little tale of two men, to Mr. Gable. It isn't a personal appearance until later and not much of a one then, but Mr. Gable doesn't have to put in a personal appearance to make himself felt.

For it seems, as I found out that day, that Mr. Gable is a prophet with so much honor in his own country that the mere mention of his name is magic.

Years ago I was at an airport in Los Angeles when a group of boys, kind of Angels-with-Dirty-Faces boys, stood waiting for America's Lone Eagle, Charles Lindbergh, to come down out of the skies. The plane slipped down from the clouds and landed and the tall, blond young pilot climbed out and strode across the field. Right through the group of dirty-faced, tough little guys he walked, so close that one of them reached out a hand and touched him.

"I touched him," one of them croaked. "Say, you bums, I did—"

I NEVER forgot the look in the eyes of those kids as they looked at Lindy.

Now I saw it again, the very same look, come into Tyrone Power's fine brown eyes when I mentioned Clark.

"I guess there isn't anybody else like him," Ty said. "I don't mean I want to be like him on the screen, because we're so different. But I wish I knew how he manages to make every single soul he ever meets think he's the absolute tops. I wish I knew how he makes newspapermen, every single one of them, think everything he does is just right. Why, that guy can say no, and make people like it better than anyone else can when they say yes. Did you ever hear Spencer Tracy when he calls him Big Moose? They say friendship between men is one of the—the greatest things in the world. I guess Clark Gable has more men friends that feel about him the way Spencer Tracy sounds when he calls him the Big Moose, than any other man I ever heard of. I don't know him very well, but I think I'd rather get to be his friend than anything else—but I don't think it'd do any good to study him. It's just something he has himself that nobody else has ever had, that's ever been in Holly-

wood. What do you think it is—or can you tell?"

I thought I could but I wondered.

Three or four other men joined our lunch table as we talked. There was Sidney Lanfield, the famous director; Harry Brand, publicity director of 20th Century-Fox—trouble shooter and see-it-through gent, since the days when we were kid reporters together; a hard-boiled, young actors' agent, who looked like a North Beach gangster. There was Sonja Henie, before we finished, as bubbling and pretty and refreshing a small person as ever I saw.

There wasn't a dissenting voice on Ty Power's idol. Gable was the Greatest Guy who ever came to Hollywood.

Tyrone Power's face lighted up like a young father regarding his offspring showing off to advantage. Honestly, he took a personal pride in the sort of gay and gallant salutes that were being offered to the absent Mr. Gable.

I was achieving more and more of a maternal complex about Mr. Tyrone Power every minute. I thought: It's a good thing he's got a job and all, or I'd have another adopted son any minute, and I've really got enough as it is, what with two grandsons and another one expected before long. But I did want to do something about the way he felt about Gable.

So I said, "Well, look, this is it. I've met, in my business, a lot of the great men of our time. I've met several presidents of the United States, and Colonel Lindbergh, and Jack London, and Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, and I knew Valentino — and well, anyway, most of the famous ones. But I think Clark Gable is the only completely natural human being I have ever met in my life. And that's something to say about an actor. That's why he's always on balance, that's why he always does the right thing at the right time for the right people, because he's natural."

I was thinking over the years that I've known Clark and, as I thought, it became truer and truer.

"That's it," Tyrone Power said. "I wish I could be just like him. I wish I knew how he does it."

So I thought I'd ask him.

THE next day over at M-G-M, I went out on the set to watch Spencer Tracy working. When they called lunch, Spencer said, "Well, come on, let's go eat."

And I said, "Thanks a lot, but I'm going over to lunch with Clark."

He nodded. "That's the way it always is," he said. "They come out on my set and sit around, maybe, but they're always going to see the Big Moose. 'Sall right with me."

As I walked over to Clark's dressing room, I thought: What would I do if he ever changed? Almost everybody else changes. Almost everybody else gets worried or harassed or self-centered or something, nowadays, and specially here. He's been through a good deal lately and his life has changed. But I don't think it would be fair if Clark ever changed.

He hadn't.

But when we were talking, he said something I shall never forget. I asked him, in a sort of roundabout way, if sometimes he didn't get a little worried, or if he hadn't been through changes that were difficult—as we all have.

"Oh, sure," he said. "Sure. Right after 'Parnell,' I had a hell of a time. Then—then I sat down with myself one day and I said: Look here, Gable, you

had something people liked. You were a guy that was lucky enough to get along. You had a tough struggle, but you made it, you lucky stiff. Now, what did you have? You go back and find that guy you were, because even if you don't know what it was he had that finally got there, he did have it and if you just always go back and find the real guy you were, you'll always have it, too, see?"

I liked that. Back to the beginnings. Back to the natural.

"Sure," Clark Gable said, "you get confused. You get sort of bewildered. But I've found out most of it's pretty unimportant. A fellow named Emerson said once that we—let's see—that we miscreate most of our own evil. Maybe it's just being lazy, but doggone if folks don't make life mighty complicated. They think too much about little things, think things are important that aren't at all.

"Life's a kind of a funny circle. Look how people are now. Once our forefathers didn't have anything but fireplaces—they were the natural thing. Now, you have to earn a lot of money to be able to afford fireplaces. Then, we get the telephone, and it's a great invention, and then everybody tries to make enough dough to get somebody to answer the telephone for 'em. We used to all live in the country and far apart and have farms and such, and then we got bigger and bigger cities, and only the rich could live out in the country, and they had to move farther and farther to get there—and then they made faster and faster automobiles so they wouldn't be so far away—and it's like a circle. But you always go back, if you can, to the natural things. So you go back to the natural man in you, when you've battled around a while, and then you're all right."

And he grinned and said, "Have some more salad," and we talked about airplane travel in South America. But I did talk about Tyrone Power and how much I had liked him.

"Good kid," said Gable. "Hell of a good actor. Good boy in a pinch, or I'll miss my guess. I like men that are there in a pinch. I bet he would be."

"Yes," I said, "I think so. He's—he's got buck fever, a little. You know how it is. Suddenly finding yourself in the spotlight, suddenly feeling that great responsibility of being a star, scared to death about your future, and your parts and being misunderstood—you know."

"Yes," said Mr. Gable. "I know."

"I just thought I'd mention it in passing," I said.

Well, that's really all there is to the story.

Except that a couple of weeks later, I was in the Café Lamaze with my brother and his wife, listening to Matty Malneck's orchestra, and I looked across the room and there was Tyrone Power and his wife, Annabella. And who do you think was with them? All right. You win. Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable.

That's really all there is to the story, except that it still makes me feel sort of nice and warm inside to know that there's that kind of fine, boyish hero-worship in a young movie star like Tyrone Power, for another young movie star like the Greatest Guy in Hollywood—Clark Gable. That the Big Fellow had the kind of a liking for the boy some might consider his rival, the kind of liking that maybe made him sort of go out of his way to make friends with him, and sort of steer him a little bit.

I liked it a lot. I hope you do.

Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 13)

rôle . . . meaning that she has all the best lines . . . the toppers to all the gags . . . and Roz is wading right in on that "fat" . . . her eyes positively glitter as she bites out her acid cracks . . . she is as poisonous and fascinating as a snake . . . where Norma and Joan are made up to look softly beautiful, Roz is way beyond that . . . she is chic, instead of pretty, with a chic, sharp hair-do, a chic, sharp wardrobe . . . she and Joan have most of their scenes together . . . the caste system sees to it that Joan is always closer to the camera in such set-ups, but Roz has the advantage of being taller . . . between takes, Roz and Joan are truly friendly, but when the cameras start, you could light a good-sized museum with the electricity flashing between them. . . .

The fireworks are not all confined to them either . . . it was a positive Aurora Borealis when Paulette Goddard came on for a scene . . . moulded into a little number Adrian had whipped up during one of his more insinuating moments . . . well, the Goddard gown was exactly the color of her golden skin, and it fitted just as closely . . . when Joan Fontaine of the angelic beauty drew near, the two of them looked like a charade for "Body and Soul". . . .

The only director who could possibly keep such a complex covey of beauty going is doing so . . . he's George Cukor, and a slyly gay time he is having at it, too . . . when his purring

troupe gets into a snarl he softly murmurs, "Tempo, ladies, tempo," and presently all is well. . . .

When all the smoke of the battle clears however . . . and, in all justice, I must admit that the publicity department is almost accurate, when it says that the stars are getting along amicably . . . actually all their maneuvering is in interests of their art and their careers, and they wouldn't be human, if they didn't fight to protect those . . . when the picture is all finished, I'll wager that it will be Norma Shearer who will have won . . . yet, actually, she has the least interesting and the most difficult part of the three to play . . . she must play that essentially dull type of rôle, a devoted wife . . . her lines will not be brilliant . . . her lines will not be witty . . . but they will be something much more important . . . they will be heart-stirring. . . .

Norma of the exquisite profile and the intelligent mind told me, "I've got to make people like *Mary* . . . but I think they will . . . because *Mary* stands for the right . . . *Mary* stands for undying love, and fidelity, and faith . . . and I believe those qualities live forever, and are more important than all the brains, or wealth, or laughter in the world". . . .

That's why I think Norma will win out on all the other performances . . . because those things are true . . . and Norma, through her widowhood and motherhood, knows they are true. . . .

Fashion Letter

(Continued from page 70)

Delicately tinted, alluringly feminine taffeta and velvet party dresses swayed and rustled by, with bustles dipping in amusing salutation.

A very short street suit of stiff black velvet, with a flared skirt and embroidery of gold and purple, caught my eye.

Another street outfit sported a shaved lamb jacket and hat.

A beaver jacket had crocheted silk crêpe sleeves, and its running mate was a tiny skullcap of beaver.

A Napoleonic suit and hat combined gaiety with dignity.

A green bolero suit had a tiny, jeweled tambourine as a hat.

Blackbird wings were novel closing motif on a beige princess coat that featured black sleeves.

A regal white evening gown had bold stripes of gold embroidery spiraled around the skirt.

A dinner dress for resort wear was of white crepe with long full sleeves, caught into deep, tooled-leather cuffs.

Shoulder epaulets of tooled leather in saddle motif, and a bandana kerchief also marked equestrian influence.

There was a profusion of resort attire, the trends from which will unquestionably find their way into cruise clothes this coming season, and even into next summer's collection of playtime fancies.

A blue terry cloth beach robe had huge white terry cloth pockets and was lined with red linen. The skirt was dramatically full and flowing.

A coolie beach hat featured a sun-shade of white jersey which hung well forward to frame the face and continued around the neck as a drape to ward off the rays of the sun.

A blue terry cloth robe had a series

of small pockets on the sleeves to hold change and make-up.

A "violet ray" sun shade protruded from the hood of a flowing violet jersey beach cape.

Dressmaker details and color combinations were outstanding notes of the play dresses, shorts and slacks. Adrian uses a world of trick pockets on them all, and features beige as a basic color in contrast to, not only white and every hue in the spectrum, but also to grey.

With the exit of the last model, I turned my attention to an evening gown for Joan Crawford—a modernized version of the nautch girls' dancing dress. Brassière top and a very full circular skirt are done entirely in gold sequins, and a wide belt is emerald-jeweled and embroidered in gold.

Norma Shearer wears an evening gown of white crêpe, a marvel of draped simplicity—its only decoration a wide rhinestone-studded and silver-embroidered belt.

A navy blue and white striped street dress for Rosalind Russell is executed in very stiff taffeta, with a bustle.

Paulette Goddard wears an evening gown of knitted beige yarn, and several chic resort costumes.

Every woman in the cast wears short hair, and each a different style—so, while the short hair argument is slowly gaining momentum, the man who started it all, Sydney Guilaroff, M-G-M's hair stylist, clinches it with his hairdresses for "The Women."

Don't miss seeing this feminine farce which you'll find not only gay and amusing, but also fascinating and helpful, as it points out the endless variations in fashions and beauty.



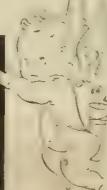
*Romance for Andrea Leeds and David Niven in the Samuel Goldwyn production "THE REAL GLORY." Her soft hands appeal! Read (below) how Jergens helps you.

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THE GRAND DUKE SAID I WAS GRAND



I didn't know he was a Grand Duke—I just knew he was looking wistfully at that fresh package of Beeman's in my hand. "Have some?" I offered. "With pleasure!" he answered—and bowed as if I were royalty!

"This refreshing Beeman's flavor," he confided, "—it has that delicious American pep! Never can I resist its tempting tang! A thousand thanks for this soluscious treat! You are—how shall I say it?—one grand friend!"



one of the Goldwyn girls in Eddie Cantor's "The Kid from Spain," and Charlie Chaplin fell in love with her and took a hand in her career. She has made only four pictures in seven years but the public has never forgotten her, because it couldn't forget the challenge of her manner of living.

Was she married to Charlie Chaplin or wasn't she?

Intrigued, curious, piqued, at first, rumor mongers had a glorious field day. But neither Charlie nor Paulette ever answered.

Now Paulette's appearance in the forthcoming "The Cat and the Canary" stirs up once more the old gossip, the speculation, the praise from those who admire courage which dares to defy convention, the blame from those who don't. If she is Mrs. Charlie Chaplin, why doesn't she say so?

She didn't tell me herself. But she did give me the first interview she has ever granted to anyone. And when I asked her, point-blank, "Are you married?" she said obliquely, "I have vowed never to discuss my private life. I intend to keep that vow."

She said that with the magnificent coolness and poise that are hers, with that smile in which there is so much iron. But she answered a great many other questions which help to explain the most unconventional, complex and vivid personality in Hollywood.

SHE was born in Whitestone, Long Island, I should say about twenty-five years ago. She smiled again that firm, aloof smile when I asked her how old she was. "I never tell my age," she said. "It doesn't do in a theatrical career. I always say that if a woman will tell her age, she will tell anything!"

Her parents were separated and her mother traveled about a great deal, usually taking Paulette with her. In fact, Paulette never went to one school more than seven months in her life. She remembers Cannes and Biarritz and Paris. She speaks French as well as she speaks English.

Her mother, although not of the stage herself, knew a great many theatrical people. Paulette remembers, particularly, Mrs. Goddard's friendship with Hedda Hopper, Ernest Truex and Florenz Ziegfeld. It was Ziegfeld, as a matter of fact, who gave Paulette her first chance on the stage, that of a "glorified girl" in "Rio Rita."

When she was sixteen, she eloped with Edgar James, the son of a wealthy lumberman. He was almost twenty years older than she and that marriage didn't last. But when it was over, and Paulette went to Reno, it was with a financial settlement which made her independent for life.

It was just after her divorce that she and her mother came to Hollywood.

CONTRARY to general supposition, she didn't meet Charlie Chaplin for the first time in Hollywood. She met him at the home of her uncle, Charles Goddard, several years before.

Almost immediately, upon this second meeting, Chaplin began to include Paulette in his plans for a new picture. "He asked to call on Mother and me, and began to take me out," Paulette said. "I was thrilled and delighted at his attentions, of course. And then, one night he said, 'I am writing a screen play for you.' And he was. It was 'Modern Times.'"

"Modern Times" was ultimately finished (although it was in the making

The Perils of Paulette

(Continued from page 32)

more than a year), previewed and released, and everyone was excited over Chaplin's new screen protégée and still more excited over their personal relationship. Were they engaged? Would they be married? Chaplin and Lita Grey had been divorced these several years. Paulette and his two young sons were good friends. She was free and apparently in love. Would they?

But they never answered, even when Paulette and her mother went to live in Charlie's mansion in Beverly Hills; even when the three of them embarked on a 'round-the-world voyage. The press had a time of it. Paulette had kissed Charlie good-bye at the airport when she flew to New York. That was as early as the fall of 1932. A Los Angeles newspaper predicted they would be married June 15, 1934, on Charlie's yacht, the *Panacea*. This date passed uneventfully. Other papers reported they had been married by the *Panacea's* captain, Dave Anderson, June 23, 1934, only to retract later.

During their 'round-the-world trip, the wire services hummed with rumors and reports. They would be married in Singapore (this was sometime in March, 1936). They had been married in Singapore, at least Paulette had worn a wedding ring in the Raffles Hotel. They would be married on the yacht *Sea Belle* which Charlie chartered in Malaya for an East Indies cruise.

The trio returned to Hollywood and Paulette and her mother were again ensconced in the Chaplin home, where Paulette made a charming hostess.

ROLLED around the early summer of 1938 and with it the now famous Pebble Beach trouble between Charlie and Paulette over the contract the latter signed with Selznick. . . All this while—for five, interesting, perhaps, but unfruitful years—she had never once appeared before the camera. Yet she was ambitious. She wanted to be an actress. She wanted to work.

And yet Charlie, although promising to star her in a picture, never made good his promise. Paulette told me something about that.

"He wrote four scripts—four complete scripts for me," she said, "and destroyed them every one! He wasn't satisfied with them, he said. And so," she smiled faintly, in remembrance, "I broke my contract with him and signed with Selznick for 'The Young in Heart.'"

She was a success in "The Young in Heart," and Metro signed her for "Dramatic School." She was good in that, too, and Selznick renewed her contract. Rumors flew thick and fast about "Gone with the Wind." She was to be *Scarlett*—sure! But she wasn't.

She was frank concerning her feelings on that score. "I was terribly disappointed at the time, but now I am glad I shan't be *Scarlett*," she confided. "You see, if I had succeeded, I should probably never have been able to duplicate my performance with a subsequent success. And if I had failed—well, I don't like to think about that, either! And so, honestly, cross-my-heart, I am glad it all turned out the way it did. Miss Leigh is an established actress, and no matter how her *Scarlett* turns out, she can go on. But it might have finished me!"

As it is, with the completion of "The Cat and the Canary," she is now at M-G-M for "The Women," and is also definitely scheduled to go into "The Dictator." Yes, Charlie has finished a screen play at last. It will not star Paulette. It will

star himself. She will be only his "leading lady." But she thinks the jinx is broken and that Charlie's promises that he will write an acceptable script for her, after "The Dictator" is finished, really will materialize. "I sort of feel it in my bones," she said.

Meanwhile, with the imminent release of "The Cat and the Canary," the old gossip, the speculation, the praise, the condemnation are, as I say, rife again. Is she married? Isn't she? Has she dared to flout convention as it has not been flouted by a public figure in, lo, these many years? Or somewhere, somehow, have she and Charlie Chaplin stood before a minister or a judge or perhaps a sea captain, promising to love and to honor "until death do us part?"

I can't tell you the answer to that. Few can. But I can tell you the story about them that I believe. It was told to me by one of Charlie's best friends. This man said he *knows*. It is a story that transcends the drama of many a motion picture. It is the story of a sensitive man who, disillusioned and humiliated by the failure of his two earlier marriages and the attendant publicity, vowed he would never marry again—vowed it with a bitter sincerity so deeply rooted it became a part of himself. . . And kept that vow until, one day on the Goldwyn lot, he encountered the beautiful child he had seen so long ago and had never quite forgotten . . . that beautiful child grown up.

He fell in love with her and she with him. But, torn as he was by this new love, he would not, he could not bring himself publicly to break his vow. He could not face the headlines, "Chaplin Tries It Again!" Still, because he couldn't help himself, he made a compromise—a hopeless compromise, he believed. He asked her to marry him and to keep it a secret not for a few weeks or months or years, but forever! He asked her to live in a shadow for the rest of her days. Selfish, this, you say? He didn't ask it selfishly. He asked it desperately. He thought that to ask it meant to give her up for always. It was just that if they were to be together at all, it had to be in this way. This determination was within him, tortured, distorted, if you will, but strong as love itself.

AND Paulette, the lovely Paulette, unexpectedly, thrillingly, consented. She agreed to jeopardize in the eyes of the world that most precious possession of a woman, her good name, that in secret integrity and propriety she might belong to the man she loved. So they were married as was rumored, by Captain Anderson on the *Panacea*; and to her marriage vows, the bride added one more. She vowed she would never, never tell. . .

So far, she hasn't. She has assumed a painfully difficult position and has seen it through with dignity and poise. She is "accepted" everywhere. Her friends are "nice" people in "best circles," here and abroad. They never think, any more, about whether or not she and Charlie are man and wife. They like and respect them and they accept the situation for what it is, in reality—exactly no one's business. And so may the world, some day. Instead of being critical, curious, resentful, so may the world come to say with kindness and generosity, "Well, if Paulette Goddard is Chaplin's wife, she is about the most unselfish woman there is. And even if she isn't his wife, you have to admire her courage!"

be convinced that you have a low, soothing voice and find out that it's really quite high and monotonous. Or, you may be a tiny girl with a voice that's more suited to a drum major. Find out what you sound like, and then go about correcting whatever's wrong.

Malvina Dunn says that the average voice is definitely flat. It lacks warmth and color. Warmth in tone is really the reflection of the sincerity of what you have to say.

Developing your diaphragm, plus learning to control your breath, will give color to your voice. The first thing to do, Miss Dunn advises, is to learn to stand properly. You must have confidence and poise, because that relaxes you, and your throat muscles don't tighten and keep you from expressing what you want to say with ease. Once your posture is correct, you can go on to the next step, which is learning to breathe properly. This will also cure nasal tones, which is the result of shallow breath and speaking from the back of your throat rather than from your diaphragm.

Miss Dunn gives her players this exercise to develop their diaphragms and to control their breathing. Pretend you have candles of every size, then, hold each imaginary candle up close to your lips and blow it out. Make your breath come direct from your diaphragm, not from your lips. Never mind the volume of your breath. This exercise will also help to lower your voice.

After you have done this several times, try saying words like *wonderful*, *bountiful*, *boundless*, *murmuring*; saying them from your diaphragm exactly as when you blew out the candles. Think the meaning of the words as you say them, to give color to your voice.

THE deadly monotone in which so many people speak may be a sure cure for insomnia in those who are listening to it, but that's about all it's good for. If you even faintly suspect that your voice is a monotone, Miss Dunn recommends this exercise to give your voice flexibility and expression.

Imagine that your voice is the upper half of a circle. Then say *Be, Ba, Bi, Bo, Boo*, the *Be* being the beginning of the arc and the *Boo* ending it, so that you've the *Bi* two tones higher than you've started with. Like this:

Bi

Ba

Bo

Be

Boo

Then repeat these vowels with all the consonants before them.

For variety of tone, try saying, *Good morning, how do you do, oh indeed*, around that imaginary half circle. After you have done this, imagine that you're working with the lower half of that same circle and say these phrases around that.

You may find this rather difficult at first. If so, it just shows how badly you need to improve your voice. The trouble may be that your palate is too hard and your throat needs broadening. Saying *Ge, Ke, Ye, You*, with each syllable lower than the others like this:

Ge

Ke

Ye

You

This will help broaden your throat and give you greater flexibility of tone.

The fault that makes our speech most difficult to understand, says Miss Dunn, is the way we slur the ends of our words. "Whacha gonna do aboutit?" is an example. It sounds even worse than

it looks. Try listening to yourself when you talk and notice how often you run your words together. If your voice is to carry at all, each word must be pronounced separately. In the beginning, to overcome this fault, you must exaggerate your pronunciation of the final consonants, but soon you'll hit a happy medium.

Malvina Dunn uses these sentences to help her students pronounce their words and final consonants correctly:

Give me some ice.

He stood at the inn welcoming him in.

Where will you wear it?

What are you doing?

And I went and told him.

What without asking hither hurried whence?

Tongue twisters will help you learn to pronounce your words separately. One of Miss Dunn's favorites is the following, which is also excellent if you're one of those people who have a tendency to whistle their s's:

Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieve of unsifted thistles, stuck three thousand thistles in the thick of his thumb.

DIFFERENT sections of America have their own peculiarities in the pronunciation of words. Any accent or foible in pronunciation limits a player too much to one type of rôle, so an All-American pronunciation is essential to a screen career. The Southern drawl is overcome by speeding up the speech tempo, and bearing down on the consonants.

Margaret Sullavan, a Southern girl, is a shining example of speech at its best—the low, softly-modulated tones we customarily associate with daughters of the South, but without any of the tricks of pronunciation which would type her for Southern rôles only.

It's difficult for many Southerners, as well as people from some other sections of the country, to pronounce the vowel "I." It turns into "ah" all the "tahn." Saying this sentence over and over again, emphasizing the "I" will help you eradicate this fault: "I might fight for dear life if my wife liked to fight."

It's an old joke that people from New York have a tendency to say "erl" for "oil," but it's very true that it's found even in well-educated people, as well as those with less schooling. If there's a trace of this in your pronunciation, repeating this phrase over and over will help you rid yourself of it. "Morton, that boy who worked in Detroit, gave his girl a pearl from an oyster."

If the letter R is unknown to you, you can learn what it sounds like by practicing this sentence: "Ferdinand's mother was in tears when she heard that his heart had been failing for years."

Even a lisp can be immeasurably helped by exercises such as the sentence: "Some think that Sally Smith, from the South Seas, is simple, stupid, and silly; but she studies at the Smithsonian Institute."

Malvina Dunn emphasizes the fact, however, that the most important factor in a lovely speaking voice is to be alive and interested in the things going on around you. If you're self-centered or bored, your voice reflects it. You must be really sincere and interested in what you're saying, to have warmth and color and sincerity in your voice. Improving your voice cannot be done overnight, but remember that you can practice at developing a lovely speaking voice every time you start to say something.

Prize-winning hands

WEAR Revlon NAIL ENAMEL

The hands of Miss Ruth Hawk, pictured here, won First Prize in a recent Hand Beauty Contest held at the fashionable Pani Restaurant in New York City and were termed "the most beautiful hands in the world" by such authorities as Peter Arno and Nicholas de Molas, celebrated artists, and John Powers, head of the famous photographic model agency. ➤ In their moment of triumph, the beauty of these First-Prize Hands was enhanced by Revlon Tringar-2 Cream Nail Enamel . . . one of Revlon's 21 flattering, fashion-right shades. And no matter where you go, "prize" hands . . . the loveliest to be seen . . . are wearing Revlon. For the world's smartest women call Revlon best of all . . . best for looks, best for wear, best for nails. ➤ There can be no greater evidence of Revlon's superiority than the fact that it is used in more quality beauty salons throughout the world than any other nail enamel. These beauty salons represent a critical testing-ground. And they prefer Revlon.

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Revlon CREAM nail enamel

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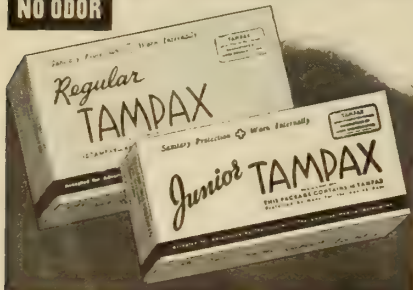
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Miracle Men at Work—To Make You Lovelier

(Continued from page 29)

far away from plaid skirts and their equivalents. Wear clothes that are subdued. And call attention to your face—by your hairline, your hatline, and the way you make up. (Plunkett)

5. Be careful—far more careful than most women are—that you do not favor effects because they used to be flattering to you. No one is the girl she used to be. Choose the lines and color of your clothes with full awareness of the changes that have come to your figure, the tone of your skin, the shade of your hair and the depth of your eyes. (Orry-Kelly)
6. Dress for the contemporary scene. Black satin and white fox, for glaring example, once were smart. Now these things, even if you have the figure for satin, which you most likely haven't, will give you a Mae-Westian aura. To wear satin you need Sally Rand's figure and Queen Mary's reserve. (Orry-Kelly)
7. Don't be too impressed with the photographs in the luxury magazines. They show models wearing extreme hats, big clips, rings and bracelets, and holding fancy gloves. In the photographs all these things combine effectively—because the models are carefully posed and photographed with just the right light and shadow. You won't look the same if you wear all those things. You'll look like a grab bag, because you'll have to sit in different lights and you'll have to move about. Be the woman who dresses with reserve, who is far more likely to take something off just before she leaves her mirror than to put something else on. Be the woman for whom the fussy Flora, with too many bangles and too many ruffles and too many curls, serves as a flattering foil. (Orry-Kelly)

8. Whenever you catch an unexpected glimpse of yourself in a shop window or a mirror, thank your lucky stars—however disquieting a glimpse it may be. For it's only at such times you really see what you look like. At such times you aren't turning your best angle or holding your tummy in. And remember that revealing glimpse of yourself when you shop for clothes. Buy things that will suit the person you are, not the person you would like to be. (Greer)
9. Don't be self-conscious about your bad points. Treat them as skillfully as possible and forget them. Otherwise you will call attention to your faults by an awkward manner, until they will obscure your good points completely. (Banton)

10. Pick up your clothes and walk with them. By your posture and your stride you make your appearance, or you apologize for it. (Irene)

Now we will . . . rather our miracle workers will . . . get down to specific rules that will change your appearance and possibly the very course of your life.

BOSOM FRIENDS

If You're a Big Girl:

1. Invest in a roll of adhesive tape. Use it to hold your bosoms off center and you will look much smaller. (Head)
2. Avoid materials with a raised surface and fabrics like satin and lamé that catch high lights. And run from knitted things, including bouclés, as

you would run from the devil. (Head)

3. The larger your bosom, the lower it will fall. So indicate a lower waistline. If, for instance, your dress has a jacket, have the jacket fall a trifle over the hips. (Royer)
4. When your blouse, of some necessity or choice, is light or bright have the back of your blouse dark. And get your seams well toward the front to cut down the bright or light surface and make you look half the size. Have your seams well toward the front, in any event. (Royer)
5. Have your clothes big enough, please! Avoid even a tight-fitting line across your figure or at your waist. (West)
6. Keep the interest of your blouse close to the neck, to lift the focus of observing eyes. (Stevenson)
7. Experiment with your neckline until you discover exactly how low you can wear it—gracefully. The lower the better. For the lower it is, the more it will cut down your bosom surface. (Stevenson)
8. Soft cowls, if the neckline comes low enough, are a perfect disguise. They eliminate the line of the bosom completely. And a good job's done. (Stevenson)

And it goes without saying: You'll avoid double-breasted effects. Keep your sleeves simple since draped or flowing sleeves will do you no good. You'll accentuate your shoulder width. Favor loose jackets, preferably with a tuxedo cut. Have your neckline triangle or V-shaped, never round or oval. Have nothing to do with wide belts, fancy belts or belts of a contrasting color. Choose clips and beads and pins in proportion to your size. Select furs that are flat.

If You're Flat-Chested:

1. Buy artificial bosoms, either those worn as brassières or those you sew into your dresses. It's far better to use artifice than to be unattractive. You employ many artifices, like rouge and permanent waves, without thinking about them. Don't stop there! (Head)
2. If you aren't as high and firm as you could wish to be, or as you used to be, adhesive tape will prove your good friend, too. Cut two strips of tape as long as necessary, and loop up your bosoms with them. (Head)
3. Affect high waistlines and broad girdles. (Royer)
4. Wear light, lustrous fabrics. (Royer)
5. Remember the boon a fichu will prove on tailored dresses or worn with a suit. (Royer)

And it goes without saying: Your furs should be full and soft—draped if they are flat. Your waistline should be snug, so that you seem, at least, to curve above the waist. You'll do well in blouses that have yokes with fullness shirred or gathered into them. You'll wear lighter and more lustrous fabrics in your blouses than you wear in your skirts. And you'll find double-breasted things very flattering.

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT

If You're Tall and Slim:

1. Give thanks to the Lord. And never, never, never try to minimize your

height. Don't stoop. Don't slump, in the middle. (Greer)

2. Make the most of the fact that you can carry any break in line which the mode may offer. You can wear tunics, snug waistlines and full skirts. You can wear plain skirts, and checked or plaid coats, or vice versa. You can dare to affect wide belts and sashes of contrasting colors. So strut your stuff! (Banton)
3. Stay away from tall hats. (Stevenson)
4. If you're not well covered, go in for large design. (Head)
5. Don't wear clinging fabrics, rather choose materials that have body. (Head)
6. Bolero suits or bolero dresses are definitely not for you. (Head)
7. Wimples and flowing veils and queenly trains were designed for the likes of you, even though many others cannot resist wearing them. (Royer)
8. Except for evening, keep your skirts on the short side. (Stevenson)

And it goes without saying: You won't go in for any vertical line, that you'll avoid vertical stripes, vertical bands, or vertical dressmaking detail. Also tuxedo coats, long fur scarfs (unless you wear the latter swirled around your neck and shoulders). And you won't wear heels that are too high.

If You're Short:

1. Above everything else you must not be a "Little Woman" mentally. Don't get a fixation on youth. Don't wear big hats and curls and ruffles. Don't choose clothes that are cute. (Greer)
2. Remember Gloria Swanson! She is an outstandingly chic woman because she never has tried to look like a little girl. She raises her waistline. She wears clothes that have quiet dignity. She pulls herself up a good four inches by her carriage, thus achieving a longer line through the middle of her torso, so that she avoids looking dumpty. Gloria remains petite. But she is smartly petite. Do likewise—and be likewise! (Irene)
3. Short girls are likely to be stocky. If you're this, however remotely, let no one get you into a fancy skirt, a tight skirt, a fully flared skirt, or a skirt with an uneven hemline. (Head)
4. Keep your shoes and stockings simple and not too much on the light side. (Head)
5. You need the longest possible line from hem to waist. So cheat a little. Lower your skirts a trifle, not enough to be an awkward length. And raise your waistline somewhat. (Stevenson)
6. Wear nothing that is horizontal in line or pattern. (Banton)
7. Coats and dresses that have a princess effect, however slight it may be, are for you. (West)
8. Favor high, built-up shoulders. (West)
9. Lighter sleeves against a dark dress are elongating and slenderizing. (Royer)

And it goes without saying: You'll run far away from anything that cuts your figure because of line or color. You won't wear large patterns or large accessories. You won't wear large hats. And when you buy a dress or a suit

that has a jacket, you'll see to it that said jacket is on the bolero type so it will not cut you off below the waist.

THE ANGULAR FIGURE

By Irene—Specialist on Angular Figures:

1. If you're angular, don't try to be softly curved. Be a clean, smart wedge. Ban curved lines. Have the lines of your clothes straight and your shoulders square and broad.
2. Most angular people walk with an ungainly stride. So pay particular attention to your skirts. However they are tailored, see to it that they move gracefully—so they will do nice things for you.
3. Wear no thin materials and nothing that is soft, clinging, or draped. Heavy crepes should be important in your wardrobe.
4. Take the Duchess of Windsor for your pattern. She is sleek and simple from coiffure to shoes. I saw her on the Riviera as she stepped from the car in which she and the Duke had motored down from Paris. She wore a navy-blue dress and turban. A plaid coat, not loud, was thrown over her shoulders. Most women, more is the pity, would have thought her clothes something to wear on a rainy day. She picked them up and impressed with them, because, among other things, they were tailored along wedge-shaped lines for her angular figure.

EIGHT RULES FOR THOSE WHO SEEK A FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

1. Be very careful about foundation clothes. They give you firm modeling. (Greer)
2. Insist upon good, clean necklines. They make you look fresh. (Head)
3. Favor clear blues, beiges and greys. They clear the skin. (Adrian)
4. Wear white collars, either of the schoolgirl variety, or of the shape that men wear. Those with a more sophisticated cut are good, too. (Adrian)
5. An all-black dress has a Little-Orphan-Annie look. It's forlorn, so there can be nothing young about it. Add to the all-black dress, if you would look younger and brighter, a detail of white or some becoming color. This detail need be nothing more important than buttons, a collar, a string of pearls, or earrings. (Adrian)
6. If you are mature, you'll get nowhere—as far as a youthful appear-

ance goes—by wearing bright colors and frilly clothes. They defeat their purpose, because they give you the effect of straining for youth. (West)

7. Whatever your age—dress for it! The woman who dresses with the dignity of her years achieves a youthful quality that is denied the woman who borrows styles and effects that were designed for those ten years younger than she. (West)
8. If you are beyond your first youth, attempt no extreme fashion—and nothing else likely to call undue attention to you. (West)

GENTLEMEN PREFER. . .

1. Ladies who look innocent. Ladies who do not look innocent. (Greer)
2. White neckwear, soft and fluffy. Lace. Lingerie effects. Soft furs, like wolf and fox, that absorb scent. (Greer)
3. Black taffeta. Fringe. Shiny, romantic things. (Banton)
4. Prints are downright dangerous. Because you never can be sure whom they will and whom they won't appeal to. They're much too highly individual in their appeal to be counted upon to please a gentleman's fancy—unless you know your gentleman's whims about color and design and you. (Banton)
5. Suits that have soft feminine qualities rather than the stiff collar and vest harshness of men's own apparel. (West)
6. Good taste. Women who wear bright colors and extreme fashion may catch the masculine eye, but steady-going men of refinement are uncomfortable with a woman who is conspicuously dressed. (West)
7. Simplicity. Fussy clothes with too many buttons and buckles and tricks slay men. (Head)
8. Daintiness and fastidiousness. A slip or shoulder strap showing, a hem out, the tiniest spot, throw men into a panic—irrespective of how untidy they may be themselves! (Head)

And we haven't reported the half of it. Next month these same experts tell you what to do if you're fair, fat, and forty—or just the second of those things. They are very definite regarding big hips and thick waistlines. They give fascinating suggestions for color in your clothes. And no one, with the possible exception of Barbara Hutton and Doris Duke Cromwell, can afford to miss the ideas they have for those who dress on a budget. PHOTOPLAY—OCTOBER.

YEA, TEAM!

Answers to the Photoplay guessing game on pages 46 and 47 are:

- No. 1 (Harold Lloyd) and No. 17 (Jobyna Ralston) teamed in romantic comedies of the 1920's
- No. 2 (Charlie Ruggles) and No. 20 (Mary Boland) teamed in marital comedies
- No. 3 (Ronald Colman) and No. 11 (Vilma Banky) teamed as screen lovers
- No. 4 (Arthur Lake) and No. 16 (Penny Singleton) teamed in the "Blondie" series
- No. 5 (Basil Rathbone) and No. 12 (Nigel Bruce) teamed as Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson
- No. 6 (Charles Farrell) and No. 14 (Janet Gaynor) teamed in "Seventh Heaven" and other romances
- No. 7 (Francis X. Bushman) and No. 15 (Beverly Bayne) teamed as early screen lovers
- No. 8 (Barton MacLane) and No. 19 (Glenda Farrell) teamed in the "Torchy Blane" series
- No. 9 (John Bunny) and No. 18 (Flora Finch) teamed in early screen comedies
- No. 10 (Wallace Beery) and No. 13 (Marie Dressler) teamed in "Min and Bill" and "Tugboat Annie"

A Flowering Beauty
Yet she's a Wallflower



Why doesn't she use a
Long-Lasting Deodorant

"YOU NEED A TRUE PERSPIRATION CHECK THAT NEITHER BATH NOR EXERCISE CAN RENDER INEFFECTIVE."

Dorothy Dix
Adviser to millions of women on affairs of the heart and daintiness



THE figure of a young goddess—a face perfect as a flower! Yet she's left alone after the first few dances. If she only realized that long-lasting charm is impossible without a long-lasting perspiration check!

Every girl needs a long-lasting deodorant for long-lasting daintiness. One that can't wash off in a bath...that keeps you sweet through hours of dancing, shopping, golf, walking.

If you're gay, nervous, hurried, you'll perspire. Everyone does! And the minute your underarm becomes damp, your charm and appeal are threatened.

No exceptions!

Make this simple test. Smell the armhole of the dress you are wearing when you take it off. It may tell you why you sit on the fringe, embarrassed, while men cut in on other girls.



You'll know why so many women consider Liquid Odorono so important to good grooming. With Liquid Odorono your underarm is not only sweet, but dry! Perspiration can't collect on your dress and hover around every time you wear it.

Liquid Odorono is a doctor's prescription—a true perspiration check that scientifically controls dampness, odor, staining. It keeps your underarm and your dress dry from 1 to 3 days!

Makes daintiness easier!

Liquid Odorono will simplify your problem of daily daintiness. The average woman needs to use Liquid Odorono only twice a week. You can put the thought of underarm odor and dampness from your mind for as much as three days.

Liquid Odorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. Also in Ice form. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. Get a large-size bottle or jar today!

The Odorono Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

Dress with
SOPHISTICATED
SMARTNESS!



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NOW you can wear the very latest Fifth Avenue fashions, yet pay only a fraction of the price of the original models! Our MAGAZINE OF FASHION offers a splendid selection of the finest styles for Fall—far more than you could find in any one shop. Send for it, and learn how our "Finish-at-Home" Plan will enable you to have custom-cut frocks that fit you perfectly.

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■ Many thousands of fashionable women have learned that only custom-cut clothes fit perfectly. And that's exactly what you get through our "Finish-at-Home" Plan, because we cut your frocks to your exact measurements. Then every bit of difficult sewing is completed by our expert men-tailors, and we furnish all trimmings and findings. You have only a few simple seams to finish—and it's so easy!

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■ To give you the final degree of chic, we also offer in our MAGAZINE OF FASHION a lovely array of completely-made wardrobe accessories, representing the finest styles of the Fall season, and priced far below their exclusive Paris and Fifth Avenue originals.

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Rover Boy with Sex Appeal

(Continued from page 23)

adventures, giving time and thought and serious contemplation to every movie rôle, and yet unable to suppress his passion for monkey business between scenes. His favorite device for devilment is a "whoopee bag" that causes unearthly noises when placed under the cushion of a chair that is then sat upon!

He always was one for queer noises, David was. When just a lad at prep school in England, he was sacked, believe it or not, for just such deviltry; his dismissal papers reading, "Overblowing and lack of wind."

It all happened because Davey's voice changed quite early in life, and the unearthly noises he made in the choir were beyond endurance. So they took him out of the singing position and put him to pumping the organ. If they thought the previous sounds were awful, they hadn't heard a thing. The noises produced by Davey from that wind instrument were downright terrifying. And right in the midst of the sermon at that!

"And so my friends," the parson would begin, when suddenly from the organ loft would come—pfft—whiff whiff—bizzzz. Davey decided one Sunday to give it the works. So he pumped so hard the thing exploded right there in his face, blowing the parson through the third window on the left of the chapel while he still clutched the book of Job in his hand. Incredible—but true!

SCOTLAND, of course, gave him birth. And, by the way, if there seems to be a slight brushing off of facts at this point, it's a favor we're doing Davey. He claims only recently after his homestead was revealed, people began swiping door-knobs, causing no end of embarrassment to the brother who lives there and the sister who visits from the Isle of Wight. Both of whom, it seems, are sticklers for doorknobs. Want them in place, you know. On doors. Above keyholes. So we'll merely say the county was Angus and forget the details.

He remembers back to the time when the soldiers under the British crown wore red. He's lived to see the day they are not wearing it so much as seeing it. Between those two momentous events, he has lived nearly thirty years and done considerable soldiering on his own. In fact, because he was once a Lieutenant in the Highland Light Infantry, stationed at Malta, he knew many Navy officers, several of whom were to rescue our hero when he needed rescuing very, very badly, indeed.

It happened once in San Francisco, whither Davey's travels had taken him in search of adventure that would pay for three meals a day at least.

With no money, no friends, no work, David was about to give up when he learned a British battleship was anchored at bay outside San Francisco. Like a flash, David made for the boat and his Navy friends, where the partying and the celebrating continued long after the ship had left port. The next morning, to the astonishment of Niven, there they were at sea, and no place for them to land.

Just when it looked as if they'd have to drown him, off on the horizon appeared the ship *Bounty*, and the gleeful crew of the British battleship deposited a disheveled Mr. Niven aboard the movie ship, while an astonished Mr.

Laughton and Mr. Gable looked on.

He remembers, too, an air raid during the War, when his frightened nurse snatched him up and carted him to the nearest safety cellar. Next to them stood a woman who, in the excitement of the moment, had carried with her a jar of strawberry preserves. Perhaps in the mistaken notion it was a siege and she'd be there all summer without nourishment. While the bombs rained down on the bewildered city, in a deafening series of explosions that riveted the attention of the jam owner and the others, Davey placidly ate the jam, down to the very last strawberry. Result—prolonged and sharp pains in the Niven interior. But with Davey's usual luck, instead of being punished for his escapade, he got carried home with sympathy and tender care. They'd thought his stomach ache had been caused by the bombardment.

FROM the time his family moved from Scotland to England after his father's death in the World War, David has been causing some of the highest-class bewilderment known to man. Especially among the professors of the prep school where he was enrolled at the age of seven.

There was his notorious brick game, for example—David's own invention. He'd sit there at his desk, you see, with two half bricks concealed in his desk. He'd watch for the professor's eye to wander elsewhere and then BANG—he'd crash one half brick through the window while he'd toss the other half along the floor.

"Professor, look sir," David would cry, pointing at the half brick rolling along, "someone threw that through the window."

Of course, classes were called off while the professor "oh, deared and oh, deared," and Davey chuckled to himself. He got away with it four times, and then on the fifth throw, the half brick, sailing through the window, landed on the school policeman's head, and David was never to heave another brick out the school window.

Fun, curiosity and a penchant for mischief-making were all encased in the mind of this manly little lad who missed the love and guidance of his late father, Captain William Graham Niven, and who was to know later the loss of his mother, who had been Lady Comyn-Platt. In fact, it was because of his mother that he found himself at school one day in about as fine a pickle as possible.

It seemed each boy was to work out his own garden design for which prizes were to be duly awarded. Davey rather liked the wild mustard weed effect of his own particular untended garden, until he learned his family was to be there for the award-giving. He stole out after supper, and by the moon's revealing light, looked again at his little horticultural stepchild. Suddenly a bright idea seized him.

From the school's kitchen he stole the largest cabbage in sight, and planted it squarely in the middle of his weed patch. And there, next day, it stood. One lone, stolen cabbage entirely surrounded by mustard.

About this time a rumor, going the rounds of the school, had it that a certain history professor had been shot during the World War in the posterior, and a considerable amount of excitement was stirred up among the school-boys. Where the excitement was thick-

est, there was Davey, who, after considerable thought on the subject, determined on a plan that would prove the truth of the report. Concealing a battery in his desk, he ran wires up the schoolroom aisle to an electric magnet placed on the professor's chair. Surely, he reasoned, the bullets would come flying out like mad once the magnet and the professor made contact! But alas, the professor managed to trip over the wires before he reached the chair. Again Davey was in the doghouse.

In school or out, this delightful bit of a Scotch heller, transplanted on English soil to England's sorrow, carried about his well-bred being a gaiety that kept him in constant hot water. He was in it right up to his eyebrows. Even on school walks, which were made by Davey, his classmates and teachers in full school regalia, he was in the thick of it. On one occasion he tore through barb-wire fences, ripped the seat of his trousers, and had to walk the length of the village with his small Scottish rear visible to the dumbfounded eyes of the natives!

Eventually, the dreaded sacking papers, with their message, "Dismissed for lack of wind—and overblowing," came his way, and David was faced with the decision of what to do next.

DAVID was thirteen, now, and vacation from school on the Isle of Wight had given him an intense love of the sea, so he decided to try for his midshipman's papers. With clean collar and dirty mind, as David puts it, he faced the stern-faced board of examiners. His blue eyes, usually full of imps of Hades, were sober as he took in the bearded, throat-clearing group of imposing admirals. He stood there next in line to Lord Redding's son and waited.

"Young man, gru-ump—ah—what was the number of the taxi you came in?" was the first question.

"89463," quick as a flash came David's lying reply.

The impression was enormously favorable. He could see it in their quick nods of approval and by a certain pleased pulling on beards.

"Any relatives in the Navy?" they asked, next. David thought hard, and although several illustrious ancestors of his had served their country faithfully, David dragged forth, from his confused mind, a cousin who had been dismissed from the Navy for some frightful escapade.

This, then, was the relative Davey chose. And it didn't go down at all. David could see it instantly. But there he was. He and his confounded cousin, standing before a row of disapproving admirals and no way to get out.

Nor did it help when Lord Redding's son was asked who, in his opinion were the three greatest English admirals, and the boy named Nelson and Wellington. Then leaning over the table he said, "And I didn't quite catch your name, sir."

But it was the written examination in geometry that proved Niven's undoing. The admirals might have spared themselves the effort, the paper and the time, if they had asked the dear old abused prep school about David's Math, for out of a possible grade of 300, David's mark was eight. Exactly eight.

"Not very good, is it?" Niven said humbly.

"No," they chorused acidly, "not very good. In fact, according to your figuring, you have pointed the guns at your

own crew in every crisis. Better forget the Navy."

So Davey tried the Army. In fact, he tried it and tried it, 'till its patience well-nigh snapped. But first, let's get him in his plaid uniform.

HE CRAMMED at Stowe, another exclusive boy's school, for entrance exams to Sandhurst, a college similar to our West Point. But, for all his cramming, he still found time for devilry. One special bit of it to this day stands out in his memory. It happened when he inveigled the class into a mass rebellion against a much disliked professor, said rebellion to take place promptly at 11:15 a. m. in class, everyone kicking over desks, throwing books, and yelling like wild men. Eleven fourteen arrived, then 11:14½, and finally 11:15 with David screaming, kicking, yelling, while the rest of the class looked silently on. They had double-crossed him. They had let down the fair young boy from the moors of Scotland, who, at that moment, was being led from the classroom enroute to the feeble-minded department. The outcome is typical of Niven's future and should be noted carefully. He merely explained he had been suddenly seized with a horrible headache that had rendered him temporarily maniacal, and the school head, in sympathy, suggested he remain outdoors in the air the rest of the day. So David, out of that entire class, was the only one who viewed the afternoon cricket matches. While they slaved. Just as he now reaps greater rewards than many actors who have climbed up the hard way. Undoubtedly, this Niven is the favorite offspring of a very conniving, sly old Dame Fortune, for the lad has a way of getting what he sets out to get. He got into the army, at least, and was dispatched with haste to Malta. It's typical of Niven, I think, that there should show up somewhere in his

life a man named Trubshawe. How Wodehouse would have loved that name, and how Wodehouse would have loved Trubshawe, the tall gangling Lieutenant in David's company. An officer who never achieved promotion, because he had too much fun right where he was to bother about it.

Good old Truby. He it was who thought up the idea of Niven and him attending an officer's masquerade as goats, and with two, old, smelly skins adorned with horns and blown-up rubber gloves for udders, they set forth in all their glory. What they hadn't figured on, of course, was that goats were sacred animals on the Isle of Malta, and the party broke up in mild confusion, with the natives chasing the two mama goats for dear life down the street.

"See that scar?" David asked me at lunch the other day, rolling up a trouser leg. "That's where one native got me."

"And what of Trubshawe?" we asked.

"Oh, Trubshawe's still my best friend," David said. "Doing fine, too. Raising mushrooms or something in England. Only last week he wrote me he used the wrong kind of fertilizer and thirty people in Norwich alone almost died. Yes, doing fine."

I saw him look back, way back to Lieutenant Trubshawe and Malta and the British Army with a look of a man who can later look back in retrospection to a crossroad in his life. And it was a crossroad for David. For an event occurred at this point that was to send him speeding dizzily into new adventures in a new world that was eventually to land him in Hollywood.

For just about this time, when soldiering was becoming a little disheartening as a future life's work, something happened that changed the whole course of David's life. He met a girl. And the girl's name was Barbara Hut-ton. Don't miss October—PHOTOPLAY.

Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 11)

"Well," I said, "good weather or bad, I am going in to see that picture."

"You'll have to walk, Larry," said Bill. "The horses are not fit to take another twenty miles each way."

"I don't care, buddy," I replied. "I've been prospecting in the scrub now for twelve months, our gold has averaged over an ounce to the ton, and I think I can afford to have a few days off."

Next morning at sunrise, I started on my twenty mile walk to see a movie. To people living near theaters, this may seem a fantastic thing to do, but to me movies are not mere shadows on the screen. They are something real and many a time when I have lost money, the movies always managed to help cheer me up.

My particular reason for seeing Gable in "San Francisco," is that I admire him so much as an actor and also—which probably counts more with me—because he has made such a success of his career. He has climbed the ladder without help from anyone and is still going up.

When I arrived at Oldburra, the town where the picture was showing, I discovered the picture was on view for two days. This was to give the farmers, miners and prospectors from the surrounding districts plenty of time to see it. The hall was packed for two days. Once did not satisfy me—I saw it the second time. Jeanette MacDonald's singing was glorious, Gable's acting perfect. I did not feel the long walk of twenty

miles back to the camp. I was living every part of the picture over again. I live and act in the pictures—that is why I enjoy them so much. This year, when we clean up on our claim, I am going to the capital city, Brisbane, for a holiday and I shall see every picture that will be shown in the city. The movies spell one big word in capital letters to me: ROMANCE. There is too little of it in real life.

LARRY WHITTY,
Queensland, Australia.

OPEN LETTER TO MARIA OUSPENSKAYA

I SAW you as the adorable little grandmother in "Love Affair," and you have lingered in my thoughts with such insistence that I must make an attempt to express something of the joy and satisfaction your superb portrayal gave me.

I loved your dear hands, your sweet smile. Everything that you said and did was so convincing.

And—at the last—the mute evidence of the exquisite white shawl left me with a sense of loss and loneliness that can only end with seeing you again—I hope very soon!

"Love Affair" was clean and fine. We need more pictures of its type.

I have been a regular moviegoer for many years. This is my first fan letter, and it's to you, lovely little grandmother!

MABEL TILLMAN,
Cordele, Ga.

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Arthur L. Race, Managing Director

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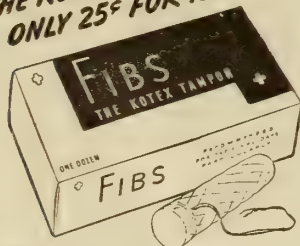
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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 63)

★ LAND OF LIBERTY—MPPDA

HERE is the story of America—its heroes and heroines, the great names in our history books and the multitudes of men and women whose courage and fortitude helped to build our country. No single director can receive credit for this excellent picture, for it is a composite of many old and recent films, with additional scenes from newsreels, all welded together into a magnificent historical cavalcade, edited by Cecil B. DeMille.

If you are a visitor at either of the Fairs this summer, put it on your "must" list. If you are a stay-at-home, you will have a chance to see the picture at a later date.

★ GOOD GIRLS GO TO PARIS—Columbia

THIS is a perfectly marvelous movie. It's a comedy, and as funny a comedy as you have witnessed for months. It teams Melvyn Douglas and Joan Blondell again—they're always amusing together—and, this time, the story material, as well as direction are worthy of the cast. Joan is a tearoom waitress, who has a terrific yen to go to Paris, but no money. She conceives the idea of getting it by mild blackmail. Of course, she's kicked out of town. She meets up with rich Walter Connolly's crazy family and gets marriage proposals from five men, among them Douglas. He's an exchange college professor from England. There are fresh twists to the story, and the dialogue is delightful. Just a trifle naughty, too.

★ CLOUDS OVER EUROPE—Columbia

THIS is sparkling mystery, introducing the versatile Ralph Richardson, in a new rôle—that of debonair sleuth. *Major Hammond* of Scotland Yard is set to work when a number of Britain's bombers disappear while in test flights. Laurence Olivier, test pilot of superior attractions, takes an interest in Richardson's investigations, and also in the *Major's* charming sister, Valerie Hobson. With these three doing their bit for Mother England, the foreign agents at the bottom of the plot don't stand a chance. A bang-bang climax may seem a shade fantastic, but the witty lines and delicious byplay offer full compensation.

SUSANNAH OF THE MOUNTIES—20th Century-Fox

OBVIOUSLY, this was intended to please Shirley Temple's little fans rather than their fathers and mothers. Such blood! Such gory detail! Such a massacre! Shirley Scott is the Mountie who takes over the job of bringing up Shirley, after her parents have been killed by raiding Blackfoot Indians. There are further raids, the Indians capture Randy, and very solemnly set out to burn him at the stake. It's up to Shirley, naturally, to do something about this situation. She does, frowning the while. Heaven knows, the girl does everything a finished and capable actress can, to make you believe what you see. You'll like Martin Good Rider, as the small Indian Brave who tries to act grown-up and treats Shirley like a squaw.

THE FORGOTTEN WOMAN—Universal

SIGRID GURIE returns in this rather good little movie. She and her husband want to go to Florida, put an advertisement in the paper asking if anyone wants to share expenses—and two gang-

sters answer. They stage a holdup in which the husband is killed, use the car for a getaway, and poor Sigrid is caught by the police. They convict her as an accomplice. You will be interested in her attempts, after her release from jail, to lead an uninvolved life with her child. Ray Walker and Eve Arden have some funny moments. Donnie Dunagan plays the child.

SAINT IN LONDON—RKO-Radio

THE SAINT is one of those characters nothing can spoil, and when you put George Sanders in the rôle, you've got something rather extra-special. This installment was from England. The Saint starts right out by stealing papers from a safe, blundering into a beautiful blonde and a dying man, and taking them along with him. There's a bunch of tony criminals, whose plans he has spiked, and they're after him; and Scotland Yard is suspicious, so they're after him; and after that, it's all one grand chase. Sally Gray is the blonde. She's swell.

FIVE CAME BACK—RKO-Radio

YOUR first reaction to this will be: There's that phony old story about the people being forced down in a plane, again. But keep your seats. Out of this contrived situation comes a tale of horror and strange psychological effects. You see, the pilots can fix up one motor of the plane, which will be strong enough to carry only five of the party to safety. A murderer, two people in love, a college professor and his wife, the pilots—these are some of the passengers. It is up to the little group to decide which five are worthy to return to civilization, and who must remain to die. The answer is not in the least what you think it will be. Production is good. Chester Morris, Lucille Ball, Allen Jenkins, Wendy Barrie, Kent Taylor, C. Aubrey Smith and others form the party. Most of the characterizations are believable, and you are forced to believe, at last, in the situation, too.

THE HOUSE OF FEAR—Universal

THE murder happens at once in this unimportant little film. An actor is the victim—he's Donald Douglas—and the police take two years to solve the crime, while the theater, where it all happens, is forced to close its doors. Detective William Gargan pretends he's a producer in order to open the house, on the theory the murderer will strike again. He does. Of course, the solution comes finally, but it seems to take a long while.

STUNT PILOT—Monogram

SERIES, series, series... Let's see, "Tailspin Tommy"—Oh, yes. The comic strip guy who flies an airplane. And, in this one, a film company takes over the airport where *Tommy* works, somebody puts real lead in the blank cartridges of a machine gun, and there's a murder. Everyone thinks *Tommy* did it, until it's discovered a young fellow accidentally photographed the real murderer in the act of exchanging the cartridges. John Trent—he was a real flier, too—plays *Tommy*. Marjorie Reynolds is his sweetheart.

SHE MARRIED A COP—Republic

HERE'S a farce with some pleasant songs, delivered by personable Phil

Regan, and a silly story twist. Regan's a cop who thinks he's going to get into the movies. Then he finds his voice has been dubbed as that of "Paddy Pig," a cartoon character. Jean Parker, the producer of the cartoon and the gal who tricks Phil, falls in love with him, and he with her, and they marry. Later the strip is previewed and the blow-off comes. It's pretty funny, anyway. The tunes are nice.

TIMBER STAMPEDE—RKO-Radio

IT'S formula for the Western pictures that a rancher (George O'Brien, this time) must fight against a giant combine of crooks who are trying to cheat honest men out of something or other. The idea, and a good one, is that a lumber king pretends he wants to build a railroad; fakes right-of-way papers and government grants and homesteads; and thus gets the wooded land he wants. George fixes him, all right. Lots of fighting and shooting. Marjorie Reynolds plays a newspaper reporter.

IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU—20th Century-Fox

THERE'S a morbid interest in trying to put yourself in the horrible position of an innocent person accused of murder. Stuart Erwin plays a husband, in this, who just isn't getting anywhere in business, but who is slowly reacting to his wife's suggestions and help—when he finds the dead body of a girl in the rear seat of his car. The district attorney's office almost succeeds in getting him the electric chair, when his inimitable wife, Gloria Stuart, starts out to save him. Douglas Fowley, Gale Page and Raymond Walburn form good background for the swell jobs Erwin and Gloria turn in. The suspense holds throughout.

★ MAN ABOUT TOWN—Paramount

PRODUCER JACK BENNY, eager to win the hand of his star, Dot Lamour, decides to make her jealous of him. The scene is England, and so Jack makes passes at the wives of a couple of lords. This basic story is surrounded by notable entertainment, lots of music, gags in the Benny tradition, delivered with Benny timing and casual artistry. It's awfully good cinemah, really. Edward Arnold is one of the angry husbands, Monty Woolley the other. Isabel Jeans and Binnie Barnes are the wives, just to make Jack's work a little easier. Phil Harris, with band, Betty Grable and E. E. Clive assist. Almost stealing the show is old-time character actor Eddie Anderson, who plays *Rochester*. Funny as he is on the radio, you'll get a bigger bang out of him in this picture.

HELL'S KITCHEN—Warners

THE title refers to Hudson Shelter, a lovely spot, indeed, where ex-reform school kids, including the Dead Enders, are beaten and starved while superintendent, Grant Mitchell, piles up a tidy sum out of "sucker" funds. One contributor, and racketeer on parole, Sidney Fields, steps in to help run the place, and uncovers the dirty work afoot with the help of Margaret Lindsay and Ronald Reagan. By the time Fields has ousted Grant Mitchell and made a "Boys Town" out of "Hell's Kitchen," he's reformed himself, besides. You'll enjoy the character portrayals, especially Sidney Fields', if you can stand the too-great emphasis on sadistic behavior.

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?



A dream walking—blonde and blithe Claire Trevor of "I Stole a Million"

GRADE yourself five points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOToplay. Check up on page 92.

1. The girls in the "The Lady and the Knight" cast voted that this actor had the best-looking legs on the set:

John Garfield Jeffrey Lynn
Claude Rains Donald Crisp

2. She started in pictures when she was only thirteen—in Eddie Cantor's "Whoopee"—but her recent rôles have been almost all leads in college pictures:

Betty Grable Anne Shirley
Mary Healy Nan Grey

3. He's a leading romantic actor now, but he was once a stilt walker:

Robert Young Ronald Colman
Tyrone Power Cary Grant

4. A standout bit rôle, as the landlady in "Love Affair," brought her a term contract at RKO:

Maria Ouspenskaya Ferike Boros
Joan Perry Mary Boland

5. This producer was known in his hey-day as the King of Slapstick:

Mack Sennett Carl Laemmle
D. W. Griffith Charles Chaplin

6. He is Dorothy Lamour's most constant current escort:

Edgar Bergen Lew Ayres
Randolph Scott Cesar Romero

7. His next starring picture will be the remake of "The Sea Hawk":

George Raft Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Errol Flynn Walter Pidgeon

8. She will soon be married to Sidney Kingsley, the playwright:

Claire Trevor Madge Evans
Binnie Barnes Loretta Young

9. Although not free to remarry, this star has been separated from her husband for several years:

Joan Bennett Ann Sheridan
Ginger Rogers Jean Parker

10. He was formerly a radio announcer:

James Stewart Joel McCrea
William Powell Ronald Reagan

11. He is *Scarlett O'Hara's* real-life romance:

Laurence Olivier Richard Greene
George Brent Robert Cummings

12. This star, who is now married to Perc Westmore, was discovered in a WPA theater:

Marjorie Weaver Gloria Dickson
Arlene Whelan Andrea Leeds

13. She was voted the No. 1 film favorite for 1938 by British fans:

Shirley Temple Sonja Henie
Margaret Sullavan Madeleine Carroll

14. This singing star has recently returned from a highly successful concert tour:

Grace Moore Deanna Durbin
Martha Raye Jeanette MacDonald

15. She is president of the Tail-waggers Association, an organization for the protection of dogs:

Irene Dunne Bette Davis
Barbara Stanwyck Virginia Bruce

16. He won immediate film success in his first rôle in "Lord Jeff":

Mickey Rooney Frankie Thomas
Terry Kilburn Larry Simms

17. Before he became a motion picture star, he was a big success in radio:

Warren William Don Ameche
Fred MacMurray Gary Cooper

18. Two of these stars are married to well-known writers:

Basil Rathbone Humphrey Bogart
Gloria Stuart Claudette Colbert

19. The home town of the *Hardys* in the *Judge Hardy* series is:

Kokomo Mayville
Medford Carvel

20. The fathers of two of these stars were famous stage actors:

Robert Taylor Constance Bennett
Joan Blondell Alan Curtis



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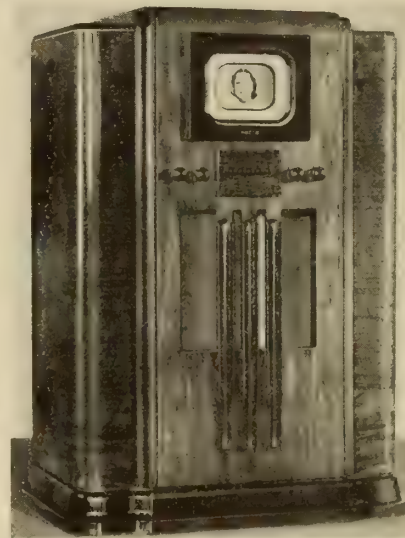
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Play Truth and Consequences with Olivia de Havilland

(Continued from page 26)

27. (Q) Are you susceptible to "uniforms" . . . to men with accents?
(A) I could be susceptible to men with uniforms, but I won't let myself be. No, to the second half of the question.
28. (Q) Do you wish that you looked like Hedy Lamarr?
(A) No. (No offense meant.)
29. (Q) If you were awarded special permission to be present at an execution in a prison death chamber, would you attend?
(A) If such an experience might help me to do some certain rôle better, I would. But, otherwise, I wouldn't be able to stand it. However, I have found that I can fortify myself for almost anything if I approach it with a clinical view. I recently saw two babies born—when I was preparing for the childbed scenes, as *Melanie*—and I managed to be quite calm and collected.
30. (Q) What is your worst failing, the thing about which your family criticizes you most?
(A) Talking too much at the top of my lungs. Mother or Joan will look at me sternly and say, "Olivia, your 'beau-voice' please!" because, with beaux, my voice is usually on its best behavior.
31. (Q) When have you ever wanted to slap someone?
(A) I have not only wanted to, but I have. When I first started "Captain Blood," Errol Flynn teased me so unmercifully that I could hardly keep my hands still. Finally I had my chance in a scene; the director said I should slap him. I slapped so hard I knocked his wig off.
32. (Q) Do you enjoy being the "cynosure of all eyes"?
(A) I must confess yes, if I'm looking especially well.
33. (Q) Do you like to talk about yourself?
(A) Not usually, although I must admit that I have learned to enjoy interviews.
34. (Q) In what picture and with what leading man did you find love scenes easiest to do?
(A) Miss de Havilland took the consequences. (Show us in a series of pictures the emotions as expressed in the melodramatic Gay Nineties period of the theater.)
35. (Q) On what occasion have you ever been a bad sport?
(A) I hope I never have. I have a horror of being one.
36. (Q) Are you very religious?
(A) By instinct, yes. By reason, no.
37. (Q) What actor do you think has the most sex appeal on the screen?
(A) I can name several who have seemed to me to have a great amount of appeal in certain scenes and moments. I liked Clark Gable in one scene in "Gone with the Wind," where he crushes Vivien Leigh in his arms. I'll also never forget Leslie Howard in a scene with Merle Oberon in "The Scarlet Pimpernel"; not a masterful appeal there, like Gable's, but he was making beautiful love to her with his eyes and his voice. I liked Brian Aherne very much in a scene with Merle, in "Beloved Enemy." He was telling her of the life they were going to lead together, and it was full of poetry and feeling and tenderness. I liked Charles Boyer in the last scene in "Love Affair." And, in viewing "Captain Blood," I thought Errol Flynn very heroic and dashing all the way through it.
38. (Q) Do you ever have an off-recurring dream or nightmare?
(A) I dream that I am standing on a high cliff, and down below me in the sand, near the ocean, I can see my sister. Then, suddenly, I see a tidal wave approaching, and I am the only one who can see it. I never know whether to save myself, or go to her, even though I know that if I do so, we will both be lost. It's a horrible fight with conscience, and almost always I wake up with the problem still unsolved.
39. (Q) What do you remember about your first kiss?
(A) Everything. I was sixteen. When I got home, I sat on the edge of my bed, and I kept saying to myself, "I've been kissed. I've been kissed." I thought it was some very special thing which had happened to me alone, and not to anyone else in the world.
40. (Q) Have you ever pretended to faint?
(A) Yes. It was while we were doing "Midsummer Night's Dream" in Chicago. A man in the cast had played so many practical jokes on us, that we wanted to play one on him. It happened that he prided himself on his knowledge of doctoring. We conceived the brilliant idea of my fainting for his benefit, so I fainted right behind the curtain, while the epilogue was still going on out front. True to our expectations, he rose to the occasion, began issuing orders authoritatively, and started to pick me up. Flushed with efficiency, the poor lad got his very long legs entangled in my drapery and nearly collapsed—with my prostrate form. It was too much for the conspirators, and, at the first suggestion of a giggle, my stilled voice suddenly revived in a hoot of amusement. In a screech, rather, heard right through to the last row.
41. (Q) Have you ever fallen in love at first sight?
(A) Yes, but I'm not addicted to it.
42. (Q) Do you have a desire to reform people?
(A) Yes, with disastrous results.
43. (Q) Do you like to be melodramatic?
(A) I don't like to be, but sometimes I am. Just recently, when I was entertaining a slightly tragic look in my eye, my sister caught me and I heard her murmuring, "Camillo—or bust!"
44. (Q) In love, are you a jealous type?
(A) Instinctively, I am (I think every woman is), but I try never to let it get the better of me, because I believe it is unintelligent and demeaning.
45. (Q) Do you ever fear that you might be an old maid?
(A) No.
46. (Q) In what ways are you snobbish?
(A) I'm a frightful snob by instinct, but that is another thing I have tried to overcome, because I have no sympathy with it.
47. (Q) In what "isms" have you ever been interested?
(A) Pacifism.
48. (Q) When have you ever walked out on a picture, and what was it?
(A) Miss de Havilland took the consequences. (Write a bedtime story.)
49. (Q) Do you wear glasses?
(A) No.
50. (Q) To whom have you ever written a fan letter?
(A) I once wrote to John S. Young, a radio announcer. It took me a month to write the letter. I walked three times to the post office with it, before I could summon courage to mail it. I waited on pins and needles for three months. I have never heard from him.
51. (Q) If you were showing an interviewer through your house, is there some photograph in your bedroom which you would first want to hide?
(A) No, because it's already hidden . . . in my bottom bureau drawer, face down.
52. (Q) Of whom is the photograph?
(A) Miss de Havilland took the consequences. (Permit us to print one of your poems.)
53. (Q) Do you worry a great deal about what others may think of you?
(A) It's definitely an obsession.
54. (Q) Would you say that you are calculating?
(A) No, I always leap before I look. Either that, or I look so long that I don't leap at all.
55. (Q) Do you think you are fickle?
(A) Not a bit. I am very constant, almost dangerously so. I am frightened stiff of inconsistency and fickleness in others.
56. (Q) Do you and your sister ever wear each others clothes?
(A) All the time. Not dresses, because Joan wears hers tighter than I do, but coats, hats, accessories, etc.
57. (Q) What points of grooming give you the most trouble?
(A) My hair and my stockings: neither stays up.
58. (Q) How do you feel about having been teamed so often with Errol Flynn on the screen?
(A) It has been excellent for me up until now, but I think it's about time we stopped. I need some really good acting parts, and with Errol, I'm usually just the love interest in an action picture, and that's difficult.
59. (Q) Do you expect to give up your career when you marry?
(A) No, not unless my husband really needs my full time.

How's Your Sense of Direction?

(Continued from page 31)

when a lot of action was required of the dog. Howard tried for hours, but it was no go. At last the prop man made a suggestion:

"I can wire him so he'll wag his tail, yawn, bow his head and shake hands, if you'll give me an hour."

Howard groaned, but agreed.

The prop man had the dog wired within an hour, but for every wire on the dog, lights had to be moved to keep the wires from showing and to obliterate the shadows they cast on the wall.

At last the job was finished and the dog was put through his stunts. Howard was pleased.

"Swell, boys. But what about his ears? Can you make them stand up?"

The prop man said, "Sure—just a couple more wires."

The cameraman groaned, "Jeeze! He looks like a zither now!"

But, zither or no, production was halted for two hours while wires were attached and lights moved.

On "Slave Ship," starring Warner Baxter and Wallace Beery, Wally was the salty deep-water bos'n of a sailing ship. A lot of the scenes were shot inside one of the large sound stages where we had built a duplicate of our ship's deck on a huge hydraulic rocker. The ship's movement was gentle, but our bos'n, who had the flu, couldn't take it. We were forced to shoot a scene, then wait; shoot another, and wait again. It seemed as though we spent our time just waiting.

During these waits, Mickey Rooney, the cabin boy, rehearsed his jazz band in a far corner of the stage. While I'm not one to start malicious Hollywood gossip, and maybe Mickey's band is all right anyway, it isn't much help to a salty old bos'n who's seasick, or to a director whose budget and blood pressure are soaring.

And for every single star, we have dozens of supporting players. They range from important character actors to one-line "bit" players. But each individual among them has his own carefully conceived device for ruining the director—the old fellow who plays the Judge has a boil so he can't sit in judgment or otherwise; or the Missionary has a hangover; or the Escape Artist gets locked in the gentlemen's washroom and can't get out until the janitor rescues him; or the Little Girl, whose mother has assured you she has a smile exactly like Shirley Temple's, loses an upper front tooth.

IT'S not only the human element that plots your undoing. There are the mechanical agencies. Of these, the sound recorder is the most fiendishly treacherous. Camera equipment can cause some delay, of course, but if you want a good solid holdup that can go on for hours, without any cause that anyone can ever explain either during or after, then place your faith in the sound recording system.

Let's open a script at random. They haven't any scripts at random so we open one anywhere. We'll close our eyes and put our delicately tapered index finger on a scene.

FADE IN:
INT. SHIP'S CORRIDOR
CLOSE JOAN AND DAN—
TRUCKING

(Author's note: In movie parlance, the word "trucking" indicates that the camera is mounted on a low-wheeled vehicle, which enables it to move.)

Camera moves with JOAN and

DAN as they walk arm in arm down the corridor. They are going ashore together, very gay.

DAN (softly)

I'll show you the stars of the Southern Cross. If you like them, I'll pull them down and lay them at your feet.

JOAN (laughing)

In Tiffany settings.

At this instant they come into the foyer opposite the Purser's Office. They turn toward the gangway as MACK, entering from foreground, bumps into DAN. Camera stops, holding three. As usual, MACK is slightly inebriated.

DAN

Hello, Mack.

MACK

I am not! Those Hawaiian punches are practically nothing but fruit juice!

And MACK stands glaring after the other two as, laughing, they exit through foreground.

AND there is the scene. Very simple, isn't it? Shouldn't run more than thirty seconds' playing time.

Now let's put this same scene into the hands of the director and see what can, and often does, happen.

In casting this scene we will exercise some license, but perhaps we'd better alibi first: Any resemblance in characters depicted herein to any persons living or dead is just too, too ridiculous!

It is nine o'clock in the morning. The set is ready when the principal actors arrive. I am prepared to begin the rehearsal. I beam a greeting at Kay Francis and William Powell.

Bill, who has been studying his script, looks up. "Good morning, Tay. You know, I've been worrying about this first line—"

Kay cuts in, "Good morning. I hope my hair isn't going to hold you up. But they insisted on washing it last night and now it's so darned wavy—"

I answer, "I'm sure it'll be okay. It looks grand now."

"I hope you're right."

I turn to Bill, "What was it about that line?" Then, before he can answer, I take them by the arm and gently urge them down toward the end of the corridor where the action starts. "Let's run it. You know it's a big moment—you're nuts about each other—and we've got to get umph into it. The way I see it—"

I am interrupted by a front office messenger who hands me a note.

The note reads:

"Dear Tay: What do you think of 'Sea Urchins' for a main title? Or do you prefer 'Typhoon'? Give it some thought. Regards.

Jake."

I turn to the messenger. "I'll see him tonight when I finish shooting." I turn back to the actors. "Now where were we? Oh, yes—that first speech—"

Meanwhile, Bill Powell has been scribbling in his script with a pencil. He speaks: "I don't believe that anyone as much in love as this chap is, is going to go in for anything as phony poetic as this first line. It isn't sincere. I think he'd say something simple and direct, like, 'It was wonderful of you to come, Joan.'"

I am half sold on his idea, but I answer, "Okay. Not bad, but what's her comeback?"

But Bill is ready for me. He says, "Why, Kay accepts his mood and an-

swers in the same sincere vein, 'It was wonderful of you to ask me.'"

Kay says, "It's ever so much better."

"Great, Bill," I say, enthusiastically. "Thanks. Now, let's run through it."

Kay and Bill link arms and I am about to call "Action!" when a hair-dresser darts out from the side lines and starts to work over Kay's hair. I remonstrate, "Can't you hold that until we finish rehearsals?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Garnett, but if you had any idea how wild this hair is—! It's starting to bust loose now and if it really gets away, it'll take an hour to get it set again."

Kay shrugs sympathetically. "Sorry, Tay, but she's right." So I step back and wait while the restive hair is quelled. We are about to start again when another front office messenger appears with another envelope. The pink note reads:

"Dear Tay: Don't forget to grab individual close-ups of Powell and Francis in the deck scene where they discover they are in love. Regards.

Jake."

"Tell him we finished that scene yesterday. No, wait—tell him I'll see him tonight."

I turn to Kay and Bill. "All set? Okay, we'll run it. Action!"

The action starts. Bill and Kay read the revised lines and all goes smoothly. I am walking backward ahead of them. We round the corner and Frank McHugh comes reeling into view from behind me. He bumps Bill. Bill grins. "Hello, Mack."

Then Frank turns to me. "It's a good gag but it's an awful mouthful—takes forever to say it. Wouldn't it be better if I said, 'I'm not! It's the altitude!'"

Before I can answer, another message is shoved at me.

"Dear Tay: How about lunch with me today so we can discuss the score with Newman? Regards.

Jake."

"Please explain that I have to see the rushes (the film shot the day before), look over Miss Francis' gown for the Captain's Dinner sequence, lay out the first scene with the cutter, and sit for portraits this noon. See him tonight."

I TURN to speak to McHugh, but the cameraman cuts in, "Could you ask Miss Francis not to turn quite so far when she speaks to Mr. Powell? Her nose makes a hell of a shadow across her pan, and there's nothing I can do about it."

Kay has heard. "Okay, Rudy. I'll watch it."

I turn back to McHugh. "Okay, Frank. We'll try it your way."

I look at my watch. It's a quarter past ten and we haven't turned a crank. "Places, please." The actors take their places and we are about to start. The cameraman steps up.

"How about trying it for camera movement at the same time?"

I agree and the dolly is moved into position in front of the actors. The portable mike boom moves up alongside the camera.

"All set? Action!"

The procession starts to move. Bill speaks:

"It was wonderful of you—"

He is interrupted by the cameraman. "Hold it!" Rudy leaps out in front of Kay with that blue glass held to his eye. "That's the spot, Miss Francis. You can't turn that far or it smears your

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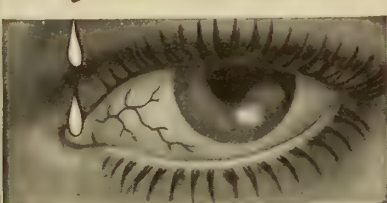
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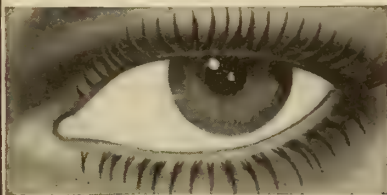
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nose all over the place. Yeah, that's it. Now hold that. Just a minute, please." He calls off set: "See that, Gillie? Take one more turn on forty-seven."

The second cameraman has been peering through his camera. He now shouts, "Mike's in."

The man on the mike boom says, "Gimme a line," as he raises and lowers the long mike arm.

I'm getting impatient. "All right. Are we set? One more complete rehearsal and we'll bang it. Places, please."

We return to the starting point, but, of course, there is a front office messenger waiting for me. Before I have had time to read the note, a second one arrives. I read the first:

"Dear Tay: Just got word that Hugh Herbert has a cold and won't be able to do the drunk, which I understand starts tomorrow. What do you suggest? Regards.

Jake."

I turn to the first messenger. I am a little groggy. "Tell him I put McHugh in the part and he's been working three days, and I suggest he have Herbert put on his woolen underwear."

I read the second note:

"Dear Tay: Understand you hadn't shot a foot of film by 11:00 this morning. Really, old boy, you must step on it. You're three days behind already. Can you come to my office tonight after you finish shooting? Regards.

Jake."

I groan, "Tell him I'll see him tonight."

I turn back to the set but the actors have gone to their dressing rooms for a rest. I call to my assistant: "First team, please."

"Places everybody," he yells. "Places for final rehearsal. Come on, everybody. Here we go, hats off and hair flyin'!"

The people are in their places, but there is some confusion. Again the assistant's voice blasts out, "Quiet!"

I mutter, "Action!" and we're off.

BILL gets as far as, "It was wonderful—" That's all. I'm losing ground—two words less than last time. It's the second cameraman again. He has interrupted with, "Mike shadow."

The first cameraman glares at the mike monkey (the boom operator). "What's the hell's the matter with you? He gave you the marks."

The mike monkey is incensed at the tone. "Where do you get off at yellin' at me like that? I gotta get this gadget somewhere where we can hear 'em, ain't I?"

By this time, it is past twelve and the crew is moaning for chow. So I say, "Let's skip the rehearsal. We'll shoot it. Let's knock on it and get this one in the bag; then we can break for lunch."

My assistant yells, "Places everybody! Quiet! Quiet! This is a picture!"

Everyone is in his place, and everything is set, so I call, "Roll 'em!"

The second cameraman says, "We're turning."

The assistant bellows, "Quiet! We're rolling!"

The mike monkey says, "Speed!"

I cross myself and whisper, "Action!"

Everything is going great until Bill says: "It was wonderful—"

At this point Kay's hair does nip-ups. A hairdresser dashes up and starts to maul her with short lefts and rights to the head.

The first cameraman comes up to me and looks relieved. "Just as well, anyway, boss. These walls are too damned white! We can have 'em sprayed down while they're fixin' her hair. They'll be dry in an hour or two."

My assistant is at my side. He whispers from the corner of his mouth. "Jiggers, boss! Here comes Jake and he's plenty torched!"

I call "Lunch!" on the instant and have almost made the side exit from the stage when Jake overtakes me. He is hurt.

"Listen, Tay, what's the idea? I give you every co-operation in the world—everything to make pictures with—and what happens? You let me down."

So if you ache in all your joints and you're subject to hot and cold flashes; if there are black dots before your eyes; if you're tempted to slink across the street to avoid being recognized by the man who saw your preview last night; and if you hear bells ringing—then you know how it feels to be a Movie Director.

We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 65)

typewriter, of all things. Nobody pays any attention to her—except us. Lubitsch, Melvyn Douglas and three heavily bearded gentlemen, Sig Rumann, Felix Bressart and Alex Granach, rehearse for a scene. (This trio, a sort of Russian Ritz Brothers, is expected to be the comedy hit of the picture.)

We watch them rehearsing but our weather eye is on Greta. She pounds away at her typewriter, unconcerned. We can't stand it any longer. We tip-toe up to Ernst Lubitsch and ask him when she comes into the scene.

"Oh," says Lubitsch, "Garbo's not working today. She just came down to practice on the typewriter. She has to use it in a scene tomorrow!"

FROM the sublime to the ridiculous is just a few steps in Hollywood, always. "A Day at the Circus," with the batty Brothers Marx, holds forth a few doors away. For this gag-packed insanity, built around the Big Top, M-G-M has rented a complete streamlined circus.

What meets our eye is Harpo and Chico in a baggage-car set, huddling over the prostrate form of Kenny Baker, knocked out on the floor. In a cage near by paces a fierce gorilla. He's not a real gorilla, of course, but Charlie Gomora, Hollywood's premier gorilla man, who makes his living aping apes.

They've been through some thirty takes of this scene in meticulous Marx fashion. Each time, as Chico and Harpo go through their monkeyshines, the gorilla bellows and shakes the bars of his cage murderously. Eddie Buzzell calls for another take. They go at it again. Only this time, the wooden cage bars, weakened by all the shaking, give way and Charlie, the gorilla man, tumbles right out of the cage on top of the terrified Marxes. They're actually scared, too, it's such a surprise. Even Harpo lets out a bloody yell.

Our last set stop at M-G-M is "Babes in Arms," a movie version of the Rodgers and Hart musical. This is a new movie idea, and one that ought to click—that is, making a tune-film starring the young talent with which Metro is blessed. We don't know any other lot that could do it.

Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Betty Jaynes, Doug MacPhail, and Johnny Sheffield (*Tarzan's Son*) are the principal youngsters featured in this story which really laments the passing of vaudeville. Charlie Winninger and Henry Hull hold down the adult acting spots. What goes on is mainly this: a bunch of old vaudeville has-beens get together and plan a big show, ever hopeful to get back on their feet. Their kids, all talented, know it will flop. So, to keep their folks' hearts from breaking, they organize a show of their own which, of course, is a wow.

We watch Director Busby Berkeley and a host of dog experts who are trying to get a very ornery Pekingese to lick Mickey Rooney's face. The Peke is a little particular, however, and does everything else but.

"Try honey," one expert says. They rub honey on Mickey's map. No go. The Peke nips his hand.

"Try peppermint," says another. The Peke merely sneezes.

After they've used everything from shoe polish to caviar, they're about to give up. Mickey has an idea. He washes his face and they try it au naturel. The Peke curls out a dainty tongue. All is well.

"Now I know why the dames won't kiss me," cries Mickey. "I'll have to start washing my face!"

A reunion is on at Hal Roach's—so that's our next call. Oliver Hardy and Stan Laurel have patched up their squabbles at last, and Stan has decided to settle down to a little work, now that

his tempestuous Russian, Illeana, is gone.

In "A Chump at Oxford," Laurel and Hardy are a couple of street cleaners sent to Oxford as a reward for breaking up a bank robbery. Done up in Eton jackets and collars, they're practicing a screaming comedy gag which Harry Langdon informs us is known as the old vaudeville "ghost in the pawnshop" routine. It consists of Stan sitting on a bench in front of a hedge and puffing a calabash pipe. Meanwhile, through the hedge an arm steals, and mixes him all up with a cigar, matches and what not. It takes a long time for Stan to realize he has three arms, but meanwhile everyone else is howling.

Next, dropping by Selznick-International, we find Leslie Howard's first solo production, "Intermezzo," before the lenses. Leslie is producing and starring, and Edna Best, John Halliday, little Ann Todd, and a gorgeous new blonde from Sweden, Ingrid Bergman, are helping out. Selznick saw her on a European trip. This is her first Hollywood film, although she's faced a camera before in Garbo's. Bergman speaks perfect English, has eyes blue as the sea, and a figure like a mermaid. According to the director, our old screwball friend, Gregory Ratoff, she's "teeeeeerific."

"Intermezzo" is the old dog-eared plot of the wayward artist, brought back to his family by a little kiddie. Leslie plays a concert violinist, Bergman's his accompanist, Edna's the suffering wife, Ann Todd's the little kiddie. Enough?

The scene is a piano lesson, Ingrid and little Ann Todd, the kiddie in "Zaza." A puppy dog rests on the floor. Leslie Howard, pipe in hand, lolls in a chair and inspects, as Ratoff rolls the scene. It looks perfect to us, but each time it's all wrong for Ratoff. Finally Leslie waxes a little impatient. They take it

once more. "Cut!" cries Ratoff—"No good!"

"What was wrong with it?" inquires Leslie.

"The dog," explains Ratoff. "He smiled!" Well—the Ratoffs either nutty or a genius. We won't dare guess which.

Paramount is knee-deep in conventions this month, and all it can offer us is the tag end of "Ruler of the Seas," the film saga of the development of steamship commerce; so, on to RKO, right next door, for "Nurse Edith Cavell," and Anna Neagle.

Ever since "Victoria the Great" our hat has been off to Anna Neagle. This, her first American picture, then, is an experience, not only for us, but for Hollywood and you, too, we hope. With her is her mild looking *Svengali*, producer-director Herbert Wilcox.

Actually, "Nurse Edith Cavell" (It's Ca-vell, and a short "a", but we won't cavil at pronunciation) is an exposé, an untold story of the infamous martyrdom of the English nurse, which horrified the world in the late War. All details of the plot are historic, right up to the tragic end.

Neagle, gowned in a nurse's decorous grey, and a white cap, greets us with a smile. She has upset all Hollywood tradition since arriving by receiving the press every day at four o'clock, tea-time. You can't knock Anna to Hollywood reporters, the cake-eaters.

Up the street, Columbia is finishing up "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" and "Golden Boy," but the new movie of our month there is "Blondie Takes a Vacation." A perennial sucker for series movies, the new "Blondies" tickle our fancy.

The old "Blondie" stand-bys, Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake and Larry Simms, the personality kid, are working out in a hotel lobby set. Naturally, from the title you can guess that vacation troubles are besetting the *Bumsteads*. In fact, the strong arm of the law is about to haul Arthur away and everyone is in tears. That is, all except *Baby Dumpling* Larry Simms. He sits in a chair, scans a magazine and occasionally burps.

Suddenly a mass wail arises and the set looks like a riot. We inquire into the matter, and Penny, almost in tears, sags on our shoulder.

"We've been doing this scene all day," she cries, "and I just found out I have

on the wrong dress! Now we've got to do it all over!" We leave the poor girl to her fate, a day in the dog house.

Because we gave an important picture a quick brush last month, we revisit the "Modern Cinderella" set at Universal where Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer re-teamed.

"Chuck" (that's what the extras call Boyer) is hardly the smooth lover the day we see him. In fact, offhand we'd say Charlie was all wet. Six giant wind machines are driving rain from sprinklers in his handsome face, and making a like mess of Irene. Director Stahl is stamping around in a sou'wester and rubber boots. It's a hurricane scene, patterned after the one that lashed New England last year. And it's during all the thunder and lightning that Chuck, a wealthy concert pianist, finds he really cares for Irene, the little waitress.

"THE Underpup" is a modest Universal number which draws our interest next, because we hear it's being produced solely to introduce Gloria Jean, Universal's next Deanna Durbin.

Gloria has never done anything dramatic, stage or movies, in her life. She's only eleven but blessed with a coloratura soprano voice, and the Hollywood vogue for adolescent songbirds continues fiercely. So Joe Pasternak, Deanna's guiding angel, has taken her under his wing, and decided to build her into another young star. A pretty nice prospect for an unknown eleven-year-old girl from Scranton, Pa.

Robert Cummings and Nan Grey are about the only grown-ups in "The Underpup," whose plot takes a little east-side New York girl (who can't write an essay about a tree because she's never seen one), and puts her in a summer camp with spoiled little rich girls.

The major effort of the month at Twentieth Century-Fox is "Hollywood Cavalcade." It's just what it says—a cavalcade of screen history in the most colorful town on earth, from 1913 up to the coming of sound.

America's number one box-office favorite, Alice Faye, together with Don Ameche, Stu Erwin, J. Edward Bromberg, Alan Curtis and Chick Chandler, play fictitious Hollywood old-timers. Buster Keaton, Mack Sennett and Al Jolson play themselves. Technicolor brightens it up.

On the story side, Alice is a Broadway show girl who takes a chance on California, and then despises movies. Don's an enthusiastic promotor, later director. Their story is played against the brilliant, fantastic panorama of the greatest show ever on earth—Hollywood. Everything is booked for a screen inning—Keystone Cops, Sennett bathing beauties, the Valentino rage—up to Jolson and "The Jazz Singer."

"We're not forgetting PHOTOPLAY's popularity contests, either," Director Irving Cummings tells us. "They're in, too. Everything that went to make the old Hollywood the great place it is today, is all in our picture."

We watch Don Ameche in an early scene, giving Alice a big build-up about California on a "New York Street" in TC-F's back lot.

The first take is spoiled by the reflection of a 1939 automobile in a 1913 store window. The camera runs out of film on the second. On the third Don Ameche is "extra" on his lines, a habit of his, ad libbing a lot of extra words of his own.

Through all these, Alice Faye is perfect. When the scene finally earns a print, she tells Irving Cummings about it. "I think," says Alice, "I deserve a reward."

"I've got one planned for you, honey," smiles Cummings, "tomorrow morning. You'll love it."

Alice's eyes dance. "Really?" she beams, "What is it?"

"A pie," says Cummings. "A great big custard pie—all for you."

Alice says that's swell, but she can't possibly eat a whole pie.

"You don't eat it, dear," explains Cummings. "It hits you in the face!"

LEAVING the movie lots, we find all very quiet indeed on the Hollywood Radio Front. These are the Dog Days of Hollywood star shows, what with the summer slump, vacations and natural radio demises leaving a resounding void in the Sunset-Vine setup. Fall show prospects this summer, too, are far from rosy, to add to the gloom. Usually, by this time, all the big airévues are set. But, so far, sponsors are keeping cagey about the future of Hollywood on the air, and stars are wondering if easy radio gold is a thing of the past.

Balkers at all-Hollywood radiopuses are claiming that: Screen stars want too much money. West Coast production costs are too high. The Hollywood show pattern is worn thin. Hollywood stars are poor air salesmen.

The only chance for another big Hollywood air season is for: Stars to cut their salaries drastically. Give more time to rehearsals. Evolve a new show pattern.

Dog Days data: Hollywood movie premières will be televised next winter. . . Trailers already are. . . When television visits the sets, we won't have to tell you about them. . .

Pat Friday, Bing Crosby's college coed lark, is set for big radio things when the Groaner gets back from his vacation. . . Bob Burns' new heir is christened just Robin; his first was Robert, so Bob calls his family the "Three R's". . . Fannie (Snooks) Brice wishes mothers wouldn't write and ask her about child training. . . Frank Morgan is living permanently on his boat, "The Dolphin," during hot California fall, and collecting fish stories. . . the Good News gang is holding its breath, hoping the M-G-M Maxwell House show resumes. They like it better than making movies. . . Alexander Woolcott may fill a spot on Texaco Star Theater this fall. If so, he'll have to move to Hollywood. . . The feminine autograph mob outside NBC has thinned since Charles Boyer left town. . .



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Lackadaisical Lothario

(Continued from page 69)

building model airplanes. They were working on a particularly pretentious job, when Hank was called to the Coast, and you'd have thought he was abandoning a life work when he had to leave that model uncompleted."

But before the beer parties had become an institution, Jim was launching his stage career. Reporting at Beckhard's office to inquire when rehearsals would begin for "Goodbye Again," Jim was told that the play was being held up, but that he could have a small part in "Carrie Nation," a dramatization of the life of the famous temperance crusader, and as a constable with an Old Bill walrus mustache, Jim made his Broadway debut in the fall of 1932.

"Carrie Nation" ran for only a few weeks, but by that time "Goodbye Again" was being cast. Jim repeated his hit portrayal of the chauffeur, and was rewarded with critical bouquets.

LATE in the spring, "Goodbye Again" moved to Boston for two weeks before closing. Shortly after he arrived there, Jim learned that Jane Cowl was organizing a company for a summer revival of "Camille" in the Massachusetts citadel of culture. He was signed for a small part and as stage manager.

"Camille" is famous for the lengthy death scene of its heroine.

One night as Miss Cowl was in the midst of her deliciously delayed demise, Jim heard a clatter outside in the alley back of the theater. The youthful stage manager dashed out to see what was wrong. He found an inebriated individual whom he persuaded to depart, then he hurried back to his post.

Onstage, there was an unaccustomed silence. Jim was panic-stricken. Miss Cowl must have been dying for some time now. In fact, she must be dead and waiting for the curtain to fall. Jim hastily rang it down.

Unfortunately, *Camille* had considerable more dying to do. The silence Jim had mistaken for the end of the scene had been only a long pause.

Miss Cowl rose from her deathbed, tears in her eyes, and stalked to Jim.

"Young man," she exploded, "do you know what you have done? You've ruined me... ruined my performance. I shall never play 'Camille' again!"

Jim felt pretty ruined himself. Luckily, the play was scheduled to close in a few days, and Jim was spared the disgrace of dismissal.

BACK in New York, Jim joined forces again with Hank Fonda and John Morris, and started the rounds of the managers' offices.

Finally, came Jim's first real break on Broadway, and the part that was to decide him on making the theater a permanent career. The play was "Yellow Jack," Guthrie McClintic's production of Sidney Howard's compelling piece about the four Spanish-American War soldiers who volunteered as human guinea pigs in the battle against yellow fever.

There was only one part left uncast when Jim applied at the McClintic office, the rôle of *Sergeant O'Hara*, whose accent must be as Irish as his name. With what he thought was a brogue as Gaelic as Galway, Jim read the part for McClintic and Howard. When he was through, the producer looked at the playwright. But it was no go.

"Afraid you won't do," McClintic told him. "You're just the type we're looking for, if you only had an Irish accent!"

Jim was not to be denied what he firmly felt was the finest rôle he had ever had a chance to play. He pestered every Irishman he knew to help him.

When he had captured the trick of intonation, the rich rolling of the r's, he went to the McClintic office. Impressed with Jim's earnestness, the producer gave him another tryout—and the job.

"For the next several weeks," recalls John Morris, "Jim lived and ate and slept the part of *Sergeant O'Hara*. He used to recite his lines as he walked through the streets. He'd practice on subways, at mealtime, anywhere and everywhere. By opening night he was *Sergeant O'Hara*."

Mrs. Stewart came on from Indiana for the opening night. It was a triumph for the play and for Jim. The critics singled him out for applause.

Jim Stewart had arrived on Broadway. To Jim himself, "Yellow Jack" was the signpost at the crossroads of his career. He wrote to his family:

"When I got my teeth into that swell part, I knew for the first time that I really wanted to remain an actor. Up until now, I've still gone about thinking it was a lot of fun and swell experience, but something in the nature of a vacation, a grand tour of Broadway."

"I didn't take the theater seriously. I didn't think it could satisfy me as a life work. It was a hyphen between college and a real career."

"And then I played in this play. I saw what it meant to the cast, and I saw what it meant to the audiences, what they got out of it, how they reacted. And for the first time I realized that giving people such emotions, such uplift, such relaxation, could be as worthy a life work as raising lofty skyscrapers, or doctoring, or any other profession."

BACK home in Indiana, Alec, who still nursed hopes that Jim would return to the hardware store, or at any rate leave the theater to make a start in his profession of architecture, read the letter and listened to Mrs. Stewart's glowing account of the boy's first real triumph.

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 87 with these correct ones:

1. Donald Crisp
2. Betty Grable
3. Cary Grant
4. Ferike Boros
5. Mack Sennett
6. Randolph Scott
7. Errol Flynn
8. Madge Evans
9. Ginger Rogers
10. Ronald Reagan
11. Laurence Olivier
12. Gloria Dickson
13. Margaret Sullavan (for her work in "Three Comrades")
14. Jeanette MacDonald
15. Bette Davis
16. Terry Kilburn
17. Don Ameche
18. Basil Rathbone to Ouida Bergere
Gloria Stuart to Arthur Sheekman
19. Carvel
20. Constance Bennett, Joan Blondell

And Alec finally realized that his son was in the theater for keeps.

Alec packed his bags to go to New York to see and share in the boy's success, congratulate him and assure him that he would ungrudgingly back him. He arrived in Manhattan and was joyfully carried off to the Twenty-second Street apartment Jim was sharing with John Morris.

That night Alec attended "Yellow Jack." After congratulating Jim on his performance, Mr. Stewart announced he wanted to meet the director.

Thinking his father wished to congratulate the director, Jim proudly presented him.

"Your soldiers are wearing their hats all wrong," drawled Alec, who had walked off from a Princeton classroom, back in the Gay Nineties, to enlist in the Spanish-American War. "We never wore our hats that way," and grabbing one of the campaign hats, Alec twisted it into the proper shape.

From that night on, "Yellow Jack" was as historically correct in its costuming as it was in its theme.

THE fall of 1934 brought Jim his first romantic lead on Broadway in "Divided by Three." Hancey Castle, who played opposite him, recalls an amusing preface to the opening night.

"Jim appeared at the door of my apartment to take me to dinner," recounted Hancey. "Instead of registering enthusiasm over the prospect of an important opening night, all Jim could think of was that the dress shoes he was supposed to wear with his dinner clothes in the second act, hurt him."

"On our way to the restaurant, Jim turned to me with that half-frowning expression he has, and grumbled, 'Got to get some new shoes. I can't walk properly in my old ones.'"

"The only stores open, of course, were the little hole-in-the-wall places on Broadway, and we traveled from one to another of them while Jim tried on shoe after shoe. None of them satisfied him. It was getting late and I was hungry. But those shoes were the most important things in Jim's life at the moment."

"By the time he'd found a pair that seemed to suit, we had only enough time left to get to the theater and dress. Jim's first-act costume was a sport suit, with which he wore brown and white shoes. When he joined me in the wings for our second-act entrance, he was still wearing those saddle shoes with his dinner clothes."

"I took one horror-stricken look at them and sent him dashing back to change, while I stood at the top of the steps leading to his dressing room, and kept calling down the lines that were being read on the stage so he would know how near we were to our cue. A shoelace broke and I could hear Jim cussing as he fixed it. At last he ran back upstairs and joined me, breathless, just in time for us to walk on and make our proper entrance. I was so worried I almost forgot my lines, but Jim was beaming. The new shoes were comfortable!"

"Divided by Three" lasted only a few weeks, but before it folded, Jim had attracted the attention of Al Altman. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer talent scout who arranged for Jim to take a screen test. Jim was not particularly elated at the bid. Once before, during the run of "Yellow Jack," he had received overtures from Hollywood and submitted to a test. The New York office had shown him the report that came back from the

Coast on this first test. "His neck is too long and his ears stick out too far," read one comment.

Nothing was heard from this second test, and Jim went into another brief-lived Broadway production, "Page Miss Glory," and then was engaged for the featured rôle of an Austrian count in a cup of weak tea, titled "Journey at Night." Jim had the experience of reading his first unfavorable notices.

THAT spring of 1935 was the low spot of Jim's career. Hank Fonda had gone to Hollywood the month before, to make his movie debut in "The Farmer Takes a Wife." John Morris was on the road, traveling. The Thursday night beer parties had disbanded, and the Fal-mouth crowd was scattered.

And then Al Altman called again. Hollywood had been impressed. Would Jim consider a long term contract? Would he! Two days later he was on his way to the Coast.

Hank met him in Los Angeles.

"Have you got it?" was his first query. All very well to play the welcoming committee and hammer Jim on the back and tell him how good it was to see him. The important thing was that model plane they had been working on before Hank came West.

Jim patted the huge box at his feet. "I've got it. Let's get somewhere where I can unpack it and give it some air, the darn thing has just about suffocated everyone on the train," and Jim explained that to protect the precious wings against any climatic change en route, he had lavishly doused it with a "dope." When the train passed through the hot desert stretches of New Mexico and Arizona, the preservative had begun to melt and give off an odor only slightly less penetrating than the skunk Jim had skinned in his Boy Scout days.

The day after he arrived in Hollywood, Jim was in make-up and working in "Murder Man," a Spencer Tracy vehicle which definitely was not a candidate for any Academy awards. The sequences in which he appeared were finished in a week, and Jim had time to turn around and get his impressions of Hollywood.

"It's a mad place," he wrote home, "but I think I'm going to like it. Would you like my autographed picture?"

That self-kidding attitude about the movies was to keep Jim fresh and unspoiled in the hectic months to come. Just as he and Hank had never worn the stamp of Broadway in New York, so their appeal in Hollywood was that they were completely "un-actorish." The roommates were joined soon by Joshua Logan and John Swope, the talented young candid camera artist whose pictures have brightened Photoplay.

The four rented an attractive, rambling farmhouse in Brentwood, and decided the housewarming must be a distinctive one. It was agreed, after some discussion, that the usual housewarming with packs of people would not serve. For their first dinner party, they must have as guests the four most beautiful women in Hollywood! Among themselves the boys voted that the quartette possessing the greatest loveliness in the film capital was comprised of Norma Shearer, Marlene Dietrich, Anita Louise and Virginia Bruce.

The fact that they did not know these famous and much sought-after ladies was no deterrent. In diplomatic notes they explained their proposed "Glamour Dinner." Their curiosity intrigued, all four stars accepted, and the social reputations of the newcomers were made!

After his one brief introduction to the cameras in "Murder Man," Jim waited for weeks for another call from the studio. The summer dragged along with no new assignment. Jim filled in his time by learning to fly at Mines Field.

Finally, there came a summons from the studio to make a short with Chic Sale. In "Important News," a slapstick comedy about a country newspaper, Jim donned a pair of tortoise-shell rimmed glasses, brushed his matted hair down over his eyes and gave a convulsing characterization of a country bumpkin with a streak of Mencken.

Jim worked just as hard over that bit in a comedy short as he would have in a romantic lead opposite Norma Shearer. As a matter of fact, it looked at first as if romantic leads were in the far, far distant future for Jim, if they were ever to be attained at all. His bit in "Murder Man" had been that of a heavy. His second rôle was the weakling brother of Jeanette MacDonald in "Rose-Marie."

Somehow Jim made the character likable, brought to an unsympathetic part a fleeting charm. But Jim Stewart might still be playing menaces and second leads, if it had not been for Margaret Sullavan.

Their friendship, begun on the Princeton campus when Margaret was a guest star in the *Theater Intime*, was renewed after Jim reached Hollywood. At Universal, where she was the top star on the lot, Margaret was preparing to start "Next Time We Love." There was trouble finding a leading man.

"Why not test Jimmy Stewart?"

"Who's he?"

"Don't tell me you haven't heard of Jimmy Stewart! He's a perfectly swell actor from the New York stage. He's had years of experience and Metro has just signed him. They're trying him out in small bits. Did you see 'Rose Marie'?" Margaret inferred that Jim's performance in his minor rôle was nothing less than a combination of Alfred Lunt, Leslie Howard and Gary Cooper.

The casting director was sufficiently impressed. A test was ordered. But Margaret's campaign for Jim did not end there. She arranged to make the test with Jim herself.

Tirelessly, she rehearsed lines, improvised bits of business that would point up the scene for Jim. When the test was shown, Universal put in a hurry call to Metro and begged permission to borrow J. Stewart.

With the release of "Next Time We Love," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer realized they had a valuable property in Jim. Fan letters began to pour in, all mentioning the fresh appeal of this utterly natural young actor, who definitely had something different. After two more supporting rôles in "Wife vs. Secretary," and "Small Town Girl," Jim was given his first lead on his home lot in "Speed," with Wendy Barrie.

The picture broke no box-office records but it added to Jim's fast-growing reputation, both with audiences and the top-siders among picture makers. Joan Crawford asked that Jim be cast with her in "The Gorgeous Hussy," and then came Jim's first real screen hit opposite Eleanor Powell in "Born to Dance."

JIM was hitting the headlines now in both the critics' and the gossips' columns. Critics called him the film find of the year, and reported that one company after another was trying to borrow him. The chatter writers painted him as a particularly eligible beau and linked his name successively with Rosalind Russell, Virginia Bruce and Eleanor Powell.

Mrs. Stewart and "Doddie," Jim's sister who is becoming well-known in New York as a brilliant illustrator, visited Jim in California the summer of 1937. They were amused at the contrast between the published pictures of Jim as a merry man-about-town and his actual domesticity. "He was," sister "Doddie" relates, "more concerned about his

menagerie of cats, than his social affairs."

As a matter of fact, Jim's whole life story to date is singularly lacking in any great love interest. If there are any tender valentines in the scrapbook of his memory, Jim has kept them well-hidden from family and friends alike.

Norma Shearer, and more recently Loretta Young, have been Jim's dancing partners at what Hollywood parties he attends, but those who know say Jim has still to meet the one girl—or else has met her and is single by chance rather than choice. One of his sisters not long ago quizzed him when Jim was in a mood for revelations.

"Jim, why didn't you ever marry Margaret Sullavan? You've talked about her for years!"

"I would have, if I could," was the laconic reply and whether Jim was being gallant or garrulous, they never knew.

Certainly, the warm friendship of Margaret and her agent-husband, Leland Hayward, has been the anchor of Jim's life in Hollywood since Hank Fonda married again and Josh Logan and John Swope wended their way out of the film colony and Jim's daily existence.

At the moment, Jim has just finished "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," and is hoping for a breathing spell before he starts his next film, "The Shop Around the Corner," in which he again will be teamed with Margaret Sullavan. If there is time between pictures, Jim wants to make a trip to the New York World's Fair and stop in Indiana for a visit with his family.

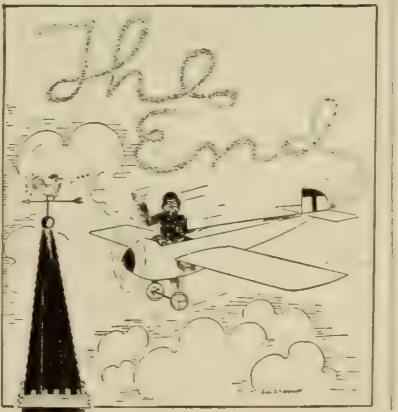
Those visits back to Indiana have become increasingly important to Jim. It is almost as if he renewed in the font of family affection, the simplicity from which has stemmed his success. They're a loyal and loving family, those Stewarts, with a clear eye to substantial values.

His last visit home was at Christmas, and to his family Jim admitted that despite the continued success of Hollywood, life was becoming lonely for him.

"A man shouldn't live alone," he told his father. "It isn't natural. I think I'd better get married. I'm drawing into myself too much!"

Alec Stewart has remembered vividly that sudden, soul-revealing picture of a man utterly alone, though surrounded by so much that was colorful and intriguing, which Jim disclosed that wintry day. And the philosopher uppermost in this truly great gentleman wonders if the shell Jim has been retreating into, has not been merely the instinctive defense of so natural a person in an atmosphere necessarily superficial.

"I hope Hollywood doesn't take our boy away from us," muses Alec. "He's a good boy, Jim," and in his mind's eye he sees again the eager, intense youngster who not many years ago was bent over a prep school drawing board sketching this:



REDUCE

The Hollywood Way

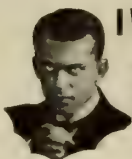
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Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

EXILE EXPRESS—United Players-G.N.

Another helping of Americanism, with Anna Sten playing the rôle of a girl whose hope for citizenship is dashed when she is implicated in a murder case. A crazy-quilt series of events climax in a fade-out of Anna taking her oath, flanked by hero reporter Alan Marshall. (August)

FOR LOVE OR MONEY—Universal

This sort of routine program picture is doomed. A horserace bet gets into the wrong hands, that of a servant girl who rushes around spending the money. Robert Kent, playing a bookie, seems dazed by it all. (August)

FIXER DUGAN—RKO-Radio

Melodrama in a circus—with Lee Tracy doing a good job of keeping Lion-tamer Peggy Shannon's props from being attached, and Virginia Weidler out of an orphanage. (August)

★ GIRL FROM MEXICO, THE—RKO-Radio

Lupe Velez comes roaring back in this wild comedy, when Radio Agent Donald Woods finds her in Mexico and brings her to New York. His troubles start when Lupe finds he plans to marry Linda Hayes (screen newcomer). There's plenty of slapstick, a good story and able direction. (August)

★ GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS—M-G-M

James Hilton's beautiful and moving novel has lost none of its charm, with Robert Donat giving a great performance as the old English schoolmaster who disciplines his boys without kindness until his beloved Kathie teaches him tolerance. Greer Garson is charming and altogether believable as Chip's wife. Entire cast is excellent. A Must. (August)

GORILLA, THE—20th Century-Fox

This is the picture which the Ritz Brothers didn't want to make. The result of it all is a somewhat funny opus in which light is made of horror, and you laugh at what made you shudder in the former version. (August)

GRACIE ALLEN MURDER CASE, THE—Paramount

When a murder-mystery turns out to be an hysterical farce, you can be certain that Gracie Allen is lurking in the continuity. With deft hand and numb brain Gracie sees to it that the hero goes to jail, the police go berserk and the villain goes free. No wonder Investigator Warren William wears a dazed look. Kent Taylor and Ellen Drew furnish the romance. (July)

HARDYS RIDE HIGH, THE—M-G-M

Another delightful Hardy picture, in which Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone and the other lovable members of the family go berserk en masse when they almost fall heir to two million dollars. You'll get a howl out of Mickey's run-in with a chorus gal and mousey Aunt Milly's romance. Good addition, Virginia Grey. (July)

HOTEL IMPERIAL—Paramount

Isa Miranda makes her American bow in this weak war melodrama as a femme fatale who must carry on as a hotel chambermaid when the Russians invade disputed territory. There's an attempt at suspense, but somehow you know handsome Ray Milland will win out. (July)

HOUD OF THE BASKERVILLES, THE—20th Century-Fox

There is disappointment in this Conan Doyle crime puzzle, in which everyone lives under the shadow of an old legend. It drags at the beginning, works up to good suspense and then comes to climax without letting us in on Sherlock's methods. Basil Rathbone is a bored Sherlock Holmes, Nigel Bruce, Watson. Richard Greene and Wendy Barrie supply romance. (June)

I'M FROM MISSOURI—Paramount

You may not care if the Missouri mule is replaced by the tractor but Bob Burns does and goes to England in defense of the animal. Gladys George plays Bob's wife. Bill Henry and Gene Lockhart do good jobs in small rôles. Full of Burns' homely humor. (June)

★ INVITATION TO HAPPINESS—Paramount

Don't let the prize-fighting background fool you in this story of a charming aristocrat, Irene Dunne, who marries a man whose background is beyond her understanding. Fred MacMurray is splendidly right as the would-be champ and Billy Cook is excellent as the ten-year-old son whose unhappiness precipitates his parents' divorce. Adult and intelligent. (July)

★ IT'S A WONDERFUL WORLD—M-G-M

Claudette Colbert's at her best, which is very good and very funny, in this gay comedy in which Jimmy Stewart, as a private cop assigned to watch out for millionaire playboy Ernest Truex, gets mixed up as an accomplice in a murder. Jimmy escapes on his way to jail and kidnaps Claudette, a poetess on the loose. The action is fast, the story has plenty of new twists. You'll have fun. (July)

JONES FAMILY IN HOLLYWOOD, THE—20th Century-Fox

Papa Jed Prouty is nominated to represent his hometown American Legion post at the California convention. While he parades, the entire brood, including Mother Spring Byington, poke around the studios. Gags funny. (August)

★ JUAREZ—Warners

Warners have drawn a close parallel here between the present political world struggle and the original story of Mexico's big revolution. This epic tells two stories—that of the Indian, Juarez, who believed in democracy; and that of Maximilian and Carlotta, dupes of Louis Napoleon's dreams of conquest. Bette Davis' performance is restrained and Muni's fine. (July)

KID FROM KOKOMO, THE—Warners

The lid's off on this boisterous comedy in which Wayne Morris plays a yokel who can fight like a whiz, and who has a sentimental yen to find his long-lost mother. Things get complicated when Fight-Manager Pat O'Brien bails drunken May Robson out of jail and passes her off as the kid's Ma. Joan Blondell and Jane Wyman add feminine interest. Plenty of laughs. (August)

KID FROM TEXAS, THE—M-G-M

A trite story keeps this from A rating, although its cast and performances are excellent. It's about a cowboy who wants to play polo, gets his chance, but ends up in a rodeo. Dennis O'Keefe, the cowboy who falls in love with Florence Rice, deserves a better assignment. Buddy Ebsen gets the laughs. (June)

KING OF CHINATOWN—Paramount

There's plenty of action and a lot of mystery in this chilling mellerdrammer, wherein Akim Tamiroff is the King of Chinatown and Anna May Wong, a doctor trying to get money for Chinese war refugees. Akim takes a beating throughout. (June)

★ LADY'S FROM KENTUCKY, THE—Paramount

"Kentucky" was responsible for this cycle of prop bluegrass. Southern accents and blooded stock. George Raft is the dam Yankee who makes short work of a little Kentucky gal's prejudices. Ellen Drew is the attractive Southern belle. Hugh Herbert and ZaSu Pitts carry the comedy. This has some swell races and plenty of action. (June)

★ LOVE AFFAIR—RKO-Radio

A delicately wrought love story, with several fragment episodes, plenty of comedy and much pathos. It begins aboard ship when playboy Charles Boyer falls in love with ex-café singer, Irene Dunne, crystallizes in Madiera where they visit Boyer's aged grandmother, Maria Ouspenskaya; has a temporary set-back when Irene is crippled by an automobile accident and Boyer thinks he's jilted. A picture you won't forget. (June)

LUCKY NIGHT—M-G-M

We thought the mad-mad-fun stories were out—but, no. Here's a galloping case of whimsy with Myrna Loy and Robert Taylor. She's a rich girl who goes out on her own to try for a job, isn't successful, meets Taylor on a park bench, gets married. Myrna develops the Little-Woman complex, they both get bored. No more mad fun—but don't relax, it starts all over again. (July)

★ MAISIE—M-G-M

There's humor in this, depending upon the way you observe it. Ann Sothern takes the rap when Rancher Robert Young's wallet is stolen. Complications ensue, and Bob is accused of murder. Ann rushes to his defense. Young carries on happily, but it's Miss Sothern's picture. (August)

★ MAN OF CONQUEST—Republic

Richard Dix, memorable for "Cimarron," is at his best in such a rôle as this of Sam Houston, that grand old American who fought for freedom. You'll have a fine time watching the great drama unfold, with the Alamo and the battle of San Jacinto as high lights. Romance is taken care of by Gail Patrick. (July)

NAUGHTY BUT NICE—Warners

A classic composition by stray music prof, Dick Powell, is modernized into "Hurray for Spinach!" The high-brow's personality also gets renovated by a screwy Tin Pan Alley gang. Among the funsters are Ann Sheridan, Allen Jenkins, Maxie Rosenbloom. The film has pace, laughs, good swing arrangements of classic bits.

NIGHT RIDER, THE—Republic

The best of the excellent *Three Mesquiteers* series, in which John Wayne, Ray Corrigan and Max Terhune continue their Robin Hoodish career in fighting the land grab in the early '80's. (July)

★ ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS—Columbia

Cary Grant and Jean Arthur are as ingratiating as ever in this thrilling aviation film, but the laurels go to Richard Barthelmess for his magnificent performance as an embittered pilot who gets one last chance to prove himself. With exciting photography, suspenseful story and great work from every player, what more could you ask? (July)

RETURN OF THE CISCO KID, THE—20th Century-Fox

Warner Baxter, again in the rôle of the Mexican Robin Hood, is believable and charming in this fast-shooting, hard-riding mood-pitcher. Cesar Romero is wonderfully mean as the Kid's lieutenant. Henry Hull and Lynn Bari have minor rôles. (July)

★ ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE—20th Century-Fox

Tyrone Power turns villain in this story of the prohibition era, when the theater great rubbed

elbows with gangsters. Everything might have been all right for Vaudevillians Alice Faye and Al Jolson in their climb to success, if Ty hadn't come along. Jolson sings memory-strumming music and Alice gives a touching performance as the ambitious star. Joyce Compton garners the laughs. (July)

6000 ENEMIES—M-G-M

Walter Pidgeon, suave as usual, plays a politically ambitious prosecutor, who convicts on evidence that is often faked. When he is railroaded to the pen himself, he takes a terrific beating from his enemies, but Rita Johnson is in the jailhouse, too, to show him the error of his ways. (August)

SOCIETY LAWYER—M-G-M

This was called "Penthouse" in 1933 and starred Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy. Now, Walter Pidgeon makes love to Virginia Bruce. Pidgeon, a lawyer, is first in love with Frances Mercer, but this cools when he disgraces himself by saving gangster Leo Carrillo. Miss Bruce looks beautiful and Pidgeon is suave. (June)

SOME LIKE IT HOT—Paramount

Not even Gene Krupa's drums, at work with Bob Hope, Shirley Ross and Una Merkel, could turn this into anything but a disappointment. The story: a midway barker tries to outrun the proverbial doorstep wolf. There are a couple of good songs, and Hope tries hard throughout. (August)

SORORITY HOUSE—RKO-Radio

This offers a social message to those high-school girls who intend to go to college. It's the business of being rushed, or standing miserably by while other gals get the bid. Anne Shirley shows you how to take whatever comes. Oh, yes, she makes a big sorority—and number-one-campus-man, Jimmy Ellison. (July)

SOS—TIDAL WAVE—Republic

Remember Orson Welles' Mars invasion? That gag has been put together with current interest in television, to make a film with novelty and entertainment in it. Ralph Byrd, Kay Sutton and George Barbier are the principals. (August)

★ STOLEN LIFE—Paramount

This might have been "just another picture," but it has Elisabeth Bergner to lift it into the triumph class. It's the story of twin sisters who love the same man—Michael Redgrave. He marries the ruthless one. When she is drowned, the generous one takes her place as his wife, only to find that she must assume her sister's personality. Miss Bergner's performance is flawless. (July)

★ STORY OF ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL, THE—20th Century-Fox

It's no easy job to make fast-moving, emotional entertainment of a technician's life, but Mr. Zanuck tried it with edifying success. Don Ameche plays Bell, whose love for his lovely wife (Loretta Young) and his interest in deaf-mutes leads to his invention of the telephone. It's a superlative production, with perfect support by such troupers as Henry Fonda, Elizabeth Patterson and Charles Coburn. (June)

★ STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE, THE—RKO-Radio

This is a sweet picture that will have enormous appeal. It's the true story of those glamorous dancers of the pre-war days—Vernon and Irene Castle—their life and love together until Vernon's plane crash during the war. It has the inimitable Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire playing the Castles, recreating their dances—and it sparkles like polished crystal. (June)

STREETS OF NEW YORK—Monogram

Even Jackie Cooper can't lift this out of the routine class of an underprivileged kid's regeneration. The moral is: live a clean life, help your neighbor, Jackie does, even if brother Dick Purcell doesn't. Marjorie Reynolds lends a feminine touch. (July)

STRONGER THAN DESIRE—M-G-M

Melodrama—that settles around Walter Pidgeon and his wife, Virginia Bruce. They're in love, but he gets compromised, and she goes indiscreet. Lee Bowman turns blackmailer, Ginny shoots. But it's Ann Dvorak, Bowman's wife, who is accused of the murder. Suspense holds well throughout. (August)

SUDDEN MONEY—Paramount

Don't go out of your way to catch this little number. It deals with a family who wins a sweepstakes and goes berserk. Charles Ruggles, Marjorie Rambeau, Broderick Crawford, Billy Lee and Evelyn Keyes do their part. (June)

SUN NEVER SETS, THE—Universal

Basil Rathbone and Douglas Fairbanks play brothers who belong to a family famous for its service to the Empire. Basil carries on the tradition, but Doug is engaged to Virginia Field and wants to enjoy life—that is, until Lionel Atwill plays merry ned with a secret radio station in Basil's district. Then, Doug rallies to the cause. Impressive, but overlong. (August)

★ TARZAN FINDS A SON!—M-G-M

Oh, boy, another Tarzan! This time Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan cavort through the jungle with young John Sheffield. The sole survivor of a plane crash, the boy is brought up as their own, until relatives arrive to claim him—but Tarzan has taught the child his own tricks to keep him. Gorgeous underwater swimming scenes. A thriller! (August)

TELL NO TALES—M-G-M

The story of a hundred dollar bill, part of a kidnaper's loot, traced down by Newspaper Editor Melvyn Douglas, who saves his bankrupt paper as a result of a scoop he gets. Louise Platt helps him. Good suspense. (August)

THEY MADE HER A SPY—RKO-Radio

Hollywood is hepped up over the spy scares—result: Sally Eiler's brother invents a new shell and is killed; she becomes a member of a spy ring; so does reporter Allan Lane. If you think real hard you may guess the ending. (June)

★ THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP—Universal

A little more grown-up, with her voice in perfect condition, Deanna Durbin pulls this sequel to her first success onto the gray train. Nan Grey and Helen Parrish are her sisters whose love affairs Deanna tries to straighten out—but with what results! Surprise of the picture is Robert Cummings. Charles Winninger does a splendid bit as the father. (June)

THREE WALTZES—Vedis Films

As effervescent as champagne, this French picture provides a field day for Yvonne Printemps, who sings to the dreamy Strauss music which high lights three romances, ranging from the court of Louis Napoleon to a modern film studio. Pierre Fresney's dramatic abilities don't get much chance. (July)

★ UNION PACIFIC—Paramount

It's altogether breath-taking and wonderful—this 1939 version of "The Iron Horse." You'll die a thousand deaths and grunt with each swing of the hammer before the spikes finally unite the Union Pacific with the Central Pacific. It's lusty and romantic—with Trouble-shooter Joel McCrea and Gambler Robert Preston both falling in love with the Irish postmistress, Barbara Stanwyck. Lynne Overman and Akim Tamiroff are swell. (July)

★ WINTER CARNIVAL—Wanger-U.A.

Here's a new Ann Sheridan, in her first starring rôle. She's a streamlined young duchess, fleeing notoriety over her divorce, who finds herself at the Dartmouth winter carnival, where she meets Richard Carlson, a sweetheart she once jilted. While they are redeveloping their romance, news-hawks and photographers descend upon them. Things pop merrily. And you'll have fun. (August)

WITHIN THE LAW—M-G-M

It's a story of vengeance, with a good new twist in it. Ruth Hussey gets sent to prison for a crime she didn't commit. When released she sets about revenging herself by marrying Tom Neal, son of the man who sent her up. Things go awry when she falls in love with the boy. (June)

WOLF CALL—Monogram

Jack London wrote a pretty good movie when he set "Wolf Call" on paper. John Carroll is a playboy who goes up to a radium mine to get perspective

on life and love. He does. Movita, playing an Indian girl, provides romance. (August)

★ WUTHERING HEIGHTS—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists

No humor has been added to this famous Brontë classic. It introduces Laurence Olivier as the out-cast loved by Merle Oberon. But when Merle's desire for jewels leads to her marriage to rich David Niven, hate rules the moors. The fine acting of Miss Oberon and Olivier, the restraint of Niven and the performances of Geraldine Fitzgerald and Flora Robson make this picture a must. (June)

★ YOUNG MR. LINCOLN—20th Century-Fox

Henry Fonda, exponent of the lanky farm-boy characterization, will make you forget any previous Fonda portrayals. You are offered Lincoln in the formative phase of his career and the picture culminates in his defense of two brothers, seemingly scheduled for the gallows. Romance hangs on the story of Lincoln's love for Ann Rutledge (Pauline Moore). Alice Brady is excellent as the frontier woman. Don't miss this. (August)

ZENOBIA—Hal Roach-United Artists

In this Harry Langdon replaces Oliver Hardy's old sidekick—Stan Laurel. The main laugh gag is an ailing elephant who is cured by Doctor Hardy's pink pills. Jean Parker, James Ellison, Alice Brady and June Lang add to the merriment—or is it confusion? (June)

Casts of Current Pictures

"BACHELOR MOTHER"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Norman Krasna. From a story by Felix Jackson. Directed by Garson Kanin. Cast: Polly Parrish, Ginger Rogers; David Merin, David Niven; J. B. Merin, Charles Coburn; Freddie Miller, Frank Albertson; Butler, E. E. Clive; Johnnie, Elbert Copen, Jr.; Mrs. Weiss, Ferike Boros; Investigator, Ernest Truex; Jerome Weiss, Leonard Penn; Hargrave, Paul Stanton; Hennessy, Gerald Oliver-Smith; Old Lady, Leona Roberts; Mary, Dannie Moore; Louise King, June Wilkins; Doctor, Frank M. Thomas; Matron, Edna Holland; Donald the Duck, Himself.

"BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S PRIDE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Stuart Palmer and Garnett Weston. Based on the novel "Bulldog Drummond and the Oriental Mind" by H. C. McNeile. Directed by James Hogan. Cast: Capt. Hugh C. Drummond, John Howard; Phyllis Clavering, Heather Angel; Col. Neilson, H. B. Warner; Algy Longworth, Reginald Henry; Tenny, E. E. Clive; Aunt Blanche, Elizabeth Patterson; Henri Armandes, Eduardo Ciannelli.

"CLOUDS OVER EUROPE"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Ian Dalrymple. From the original story by Brock Williams, Jack Whittingham and Arthur Wimperis. Directed by Tim Whelan. Cast: Tony McVane, Laurence Olivier; Major Hammond, Ralph Richardson; Kay Hammond, Valerie Hobson; Jenkins, George Curzon; Barratt, George Merritt; Blenkinsop, Gus McNaughton; Daphne, Sandra Storme.

"FIVE CAME BACK"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Jerry Cady, Dalton Trumbo and Nathanael West. From the story by Richard Carroll. Directed by John Farrow. Cast: Bill, Chester Morris; Peggy, Lucille Ball; Alice, Wendy Barrie; Crimp, John Carradine; Pete, Allen Jenkins; Vasquez, Joseph Calleja; Prof. Spengler, C. Aubrey Smith; Joe, Kent Taylor; Judson Ellis, Patric Knowles; Martha, Elisabeth Risdon; Tommy, Casey Johnson; Larry, Dick Hogan.

"FORGOTTEN WOMAN, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Lionel Houser and Harold Buchman. Original story by John Kobler. Directed by Harold Young. Cast: Anne Kennedy, Sigrid Gurie; David Burke, Donald Briggs; Carrie Ashburn, Eve Arden; Terry Kennedy, William Lundigan; Margaret Burke, Elisabeth Risdon; Terry Kennedy, Jr., Donnie Dunagan; Charlie Courtenay, Paul Harvey; Johnny Bradshaw, Joseph Downing; Stu Manile, Norman Willis; Marty Larkin, Ray Wakler; Lockridge, George Walcott; Gray, Charles Wilson; Mrs. Kimball, Virginia Brissac.

"FOUR FEATHERS"—ALEXANDER KORDA-UNITED ARTISTS.—Adapted by Oliver H. P. Garrett from the novel by A. E. W. Mason. Directed by Zoltan Korda. Cast: John Durrance, Ralph Richardson; Gen. Burroughs, C. Aubrey Smith; Harry Faversham, John Clements; Elhne, June Duprez; Lieut. (Arthur) Willoughby, Jack Allen; Lieut. (Peter) Burroughs, Donald Gray; Colonel, Robert Rendell; Lubbock, Archibald Batty; Mahdi, John Laurie; Lieut. Parker, Derek Elphinstone; Doctor Sutton, Frederick Culey; Mahdi Interpreter, Hay Petrie; Greek Doctor, Henry Oscar; Young Faversham, Clive Baxter; Gen. Faversham, Allan Jeayes; Kitchener, Major John Knott.

"GOOD GIRLS GO TO PARIS"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Gladys Lehman and Ken Englund. From an original story by Lenore Coffee and William Joyce Cowan. Directed by Alexander Hall. Cast: Ronald Brooke, Melvyn Douglas; Jenny Swanson, Joan Blondell; Olaf Brand, Walter Connolly; Tom Brand, Alan Curtis; Sylvia Brand, Joan Perry; Caroline Brand, Isabel Jeans; Ted Dayton Stanley Brown; Paul Kingston, Alexander D'Arcy; Dennis, Henry Hunter; Dayton, Sr., Clarence Kolb; Jeffers, Howard Hickman.

"HELL'S KITCHEN"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Crane Wilbur and Fred Niblo, Jr. Based on a story by Crane Wilbur. Directed by Lewis Seiler and E. A. Dupont. Cast: Tony, Billy Halop; Joey, Bobby Jordan; Gyp, Leo Gorcey; Bingo, Huntz Hall; Ace, Gabriel Dell; Onch, Bernard Punley; Beth, Margaret Lindsay; Jim, Ronald Reagan; Buck, Stanley Fields; Soap, Frankie Burke; Krispin, Grant Mitchell; Mike Garvey, Fred Tozere; Elmer Krispin, Arthur Loft; Sarah Krispin, Vera

Lewis; Hardy, Robert Homans; Professor, Charley Foy.

"HOUSE OF FEAR, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Peter Milne. From an original story by Thomas Fallon. Directed by Joe May. Cast: Alice Tabor, Irene Hervey; Arthur McHugh, William Gargan; Carleton, Walter Woolf King; Richard Pierce, Harvey Stephens; Joseph Morton, Alan Dinehart; Gloria de Vere, Dorothy Arnold; Jeff, El Brendel; Mike, Tom Dugan; Robert Morton, Robert Coote; Sarah Henderson, Jan Duggan.

"ISLAND OF LOST MEN"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by William R. Lipman and Horace McCoy. Based on a play by Norman Reilly Raine and Frank Butler. Directed by Kurt Neumann. Cast: Kim Ling, Anna May Wong; Gregory Prin, J. Carrol Naish; Herbert, Eric Blore; Chang Tai, Anthony Quinn; Frobenius, Ernest Truex; Professor Sen, Rudolf Forster; Hamby, William Haade; Tex Ballister, Broderick Crawford.

"IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Allen Rivkin and Lou Breslow. Based on an original story by Charles Hoffman. Directed by Alfred Werker. Cast: MacKinley Winslow, Stuart Erwin; Doris Winslow, Gloria Stuart; J. Hadden Quigley, Raymond Walburn; Freddie Barlow, Douglas Fowley; Agnes Barlow, June Gale; Alfred Wiman, Clarence Kolb; Sandy, Paul Hurst; District Attorney, Richard Lane; Pedley, Robert Greig.

"LAND OF LIBERTY"—Presented by the Motion Picture Industry. Sponsored by Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America, Inc. Edited by Cecil B. DeMille, assisted by Herbert L. Moulton, William H. Pine and Francis S. Harmon. Narration written by Jeanie MacPherson and Jesse Lasky, Jr. Historical consultant: James T. Shotwell.

"MAGNIFICENT FRAUD, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Gilbert Gabriel and Walter Ferris. Based on the story "Caviare For His Excellency," by Charles G. Booth. Directed by Robert Florey. Cast: Jules LaCroix, Pres. Don Miguel Esteban Alvarado, Akim Tamiroff; Sam Barr, Lloyd Nolan; Mme. Geraldine Genet, Mary Boland; Claire Hill, Patricia Morison; Harrison Todd, Ralph Forbes; Carmelita, Steffi Duna; Duval, Ernest Cossart.

"MAN ABOUT TOWN"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Morrie Ryskind. Based on a story by Morrie Ryskind and Allan Scott. Directed by Mark Sandrich. Cast: Bob Temple, Jack Benny; Diana Wilson, Dorothy Lamour; Sir John Arlington, Edward Arnold; Lady Arlington, Binnie Barnes; Dubois, Monty Wooley; Mme. Dubois, Isabel Jeans; Ted Nash, Phil Harris; Susan, Betty Grable; Hotchkiss, E. E. Clive; Rochester, Eddie Anderson. The Merriell Abbott Dancers, Matty Malneck's Orchestra, and the Pina Troupe.

"MAN IN THE IRON MASK, THE"—EDWARD SMALL-UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by George Bruce. From the novel by Alexander Dumas. Directed by James Whale. Cast: Louis XIV, Philippe, Louis Hayward; Maria Theresa, Joan Bennett; D'Aragnan, Warren William; Fouquet, Joseph Schildkraut; Porhios, Alan Hale; Aramis, Miles Mander; Athos, Bert Roach; Colbert, Walter Kingsford; Mlle. de la Valiere, Marian Martin; Spanish Ambassador, Montagu Love; Queen Anne, Doris Kenyon; Louis XIII, Albert Dekker; Commandant of Bastille, William Royle; Francois, Fred Cavens; Royal High Constable, Boyd Irwin; Cardinal, Howard Brooks; Valet de Chambre, Ian Maclaren.

"ON BORROWED TIME"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Alice D. G. Miller, Frank O'Neill and Claudine West. Based on the play by Paul Osborn. From a dramatization of the novel by Lawrence Edward Watkin. Directed by Harold S. Bucquet. Cast: Julian Northrup (Gramps), Lionel Barrymore; Mr. Brink, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; Nellie (Granny), Beulah Bondi; Marcia Giles, Alan Merkel; Pud, Bobs Watson; Mr. Grimes, Nat Pendleton; Dr. Evans, Henry Travers; Mr. Pilbeam, Grant Mitchell; Demetria Riffle, Eily Malfrey; Sheriff Burlingame, James Burke; Reverend Murdock, Charles Waldron; Charles Wentworth, Ian Wolfe;

Bill Louvy, Phillip Terry; James Northrup, Truman Bradley.

"SAINT IN LONDON, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Lynn Rott and Frank Fenton. From the story "The Million Pound Day" by Leslie Charteris. Directed by John Paddy Carstairs. Cast: Simon Templar, The Saint, George Sanders; Penny, Sally Gray; Dugan, David Burns; Teal, Gordon McLeod; Lang, Henry Oscar; Kusella, Ralph Truman; Stengler, Carl Jaffe.

"SECOND FIDDLE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Harry Tugend. Based on a story by George Bradshaw. Lyrics and music by Irving Berlin. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. Cast: Trudi Houtland, Sonja Henie; Jimmy Sutton, Tyrone Power; Roger Maxwell, Rudy Vallee; Aunt Phoebe, Edna May Oliver; Jean Varick, Mary Healy; Willie Hogger, Lyle Talbot; George "Whit" Whitney, Alan Dinehart; Jenny, Minna Gombell; Skating Partner, Stewart Reburn; Joe Clayton, Spencer Charters; Voice of Chief, Charles Lane; Specialty, The Brian Sisters; Announcer, John Hiestand; Taxi Driver, George Chandler; Justices of the Peace, Irving Bacon and Maurice Cass.

"SHE MARRIED A COP"—REPUBLIC.—Original screen play by Olive Cooper. Directed by Sidney Salkow. Cast: Jimmy, Phil Regan; Linda, Jean Parker; Bob, Jerome Cowan; Mabel, Dorothea Kent; Sidney, Benny Baker; Bekins, Barnett Parker; Joe, Horace McMahon; Pa Duffy, Oscar O'Shea; Ma Duffy, Mary Gordon; Minnie, Muriel Campbell; Trudy, Peggy Ryan; Pete, Richard Keene.

"STUNT PILOT"—MONOGRAM.—Screen play by Scott Darling and Joseph West. Based on the comic strip by Hal Forrest. Directed by George Waggoner. Cast: Tailspin Tommy, John Trent; Betty Lou, Marjorie Reynolds; Skeeter, Milburn Stone; Paul, Jason Robards; Sheehan, Pat O'Mally; Earl Martin, George Meeker; Glenn, Wesley Barry; Sheriff, George Cleveland.

"SUSANNAH OF THE MOUNTAINS"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan. Story by Fidel La Barba and Walter Ferris. Based on the book by Muriel Denison. Directed by William A. Seiter. Cast: Susannah Sheldon, Shirley Temple; Monty (Inspector Angus Montague), Randolph Scott; Vicki Standing, Margaret Lockwood; Little Chief, Martin Good Rider; Pat O'Hannagan, J. Farrell MacDonald; Chief Big Eagle, Maurice Moscovitch; Supr. Andrew Standing, Moroni Olsen; Wolf Pel, Victor Jory; Harlan Chambers, Lester Matthews; Randall, Leyland Hodgson; Doctor, Herbert Evans; Williams, Jack Liden; Sergeant MacGregor, Charles Irwin; Corporal Piggott, John Sutton; Chief, Chief Big Tree.

"THEY ALL COME OUT"—M-G-M.—Original story and screen play by John C. Higgins. Directed by Jacques Tourneur. Cast: Kitty, Rita Johnson; Joe Z. Cameron, Tom Neal; Clyde Madigan "Reno," Bernard Nedell; George Jacklin, "Bugs," Edward Gargan; Albert Crane, "Groper," John Gallaudet; Warden—Ailana, Addison Richards; Superintendent—Chillicothe, Frank M. Thomas; "Sloppy Joe," George Tobias; Dr. Ellen Hollis, Ann Shoemaker; Psychiatrist, Charles Lane.

"THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC"—SAMUEL GOLDWYN-UNITED ARTISTS.—Screen play by John Howard Lawson. Original story by Irmgard von Cube. Directed by Archie Mayo. Cast: Jascha Heifetz, Himself; Ann Lawson, Andrea Leeds; Peter, Joel McCrea; Frankie, Gene Reynolds; Professor Lawson, Walter Brennan; Flower, Porter Hall; Limes, Terry Kilburn; Rocks, Walter Tetley; Fever, Chuck Stubbs; Willie, Tommy Kelly; Betty, Jacqueline Nash; Musical Director, Alfred Newman; Suzie, Mary Ruth; Davis, John St. Polis; Menken, Alexander Schonberg; Mrs. Miller, Marjorie Main; Miller, Arthur Hohl; Heifetz, Manjorie, Paul Harvey; "Zero," "Sucker." And the Peter Meremblem California Junior Symphony Orchestra.

"TIMBER STAMPEDE"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Morton Grant. Directed by David Howard. Cast: Scott, George O'Brien; Whopper, Chill Willis; Anne, Marjorie Reynolds; Dunlap, Morgan Wallace; Matt, Robert Fiske; Jones, Guy Usher; Henry, Earl Dwire; Champ, Frank Hagney; Sheriff, Bud Burns; Jake, Monte Montague; Brady, Bud Osborne.

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The Tragic Rôle Loretta Young Played in the Buckner Case

(Continued from page 21)

Our only purpose here is to show the tragic part Loretta Young—an innocent bystander—played in this sensational trial. For her gallantry in this instance supplies another chapter in her brave and touching story—a story that began years ago . . .

When Loretta eloped with Grant Withers she was only seventeen. And it was then she got off on the wrong foot as far as romance is concerned. Their marriage lasted only one year. That it lasted that long is surprising enough. For immediately Loretta and Grant returned from Yuma her mother filed a suit for annulment. Whereupon Grant filed a demurrer showing it was legal for a girl of Loretta's age to marry in Arizona, if not in California.

Loretta wasn't a happy bride when she and Grant began their life together in the little apartment they had furnished so secretly and joyously. She was a sorrowful young woman and lonely because she was estranged from her mother and her sisters.

Then, almost on the heels of her reconciliation with her family, came other troubles. Grant's first wife filed suit asking three hundred dollars a month for the support of their child. And on top of that Grant was sued for fifty-five thousand dollars damages resulting from an automobile accident. He won the case, true; but not before it had induced weeks of frightful strain.

IN spite of all these things, however, Loretta definitely blames herself for the failure of this marriage.

"Immediately we faced reality," she says bluntly, "I fell down on my job as a wife. You see, Grant and I wanted a baby. When no baby arrived, as it should have to make everything perfect, I grew irritable. It never occurred to me that Grant naturally was quite as disappointed as I and that it was my place to help him, not to add to his burden. I entered my marriage with a child's point of view. I was a little girl playing house. And when I was required to adjust to an adult relationship and everything that an adult relationship is likely enough to require of a woman, I simply wasn't up to it."

Loretta's emotional quality makes her deeply religious. Marriage isn't anything she takes lightly. The failure of her young marriage isn't anything she has forgiven herself. And if she dies for it, she is going to prove equal to any and all demands that romantic relationships make upon her today.

Which brings us straight back to the Buckner case. For what could offer a more perfect illustration of the loyalty and courage Loretta demands of herself in a romantic situation?

It was surprising enough, considering the frailty of human nature, that Loretta remained loyal to Buckner in public as well as in private while he was under that grave indictment and while he was standing trial. Through all this, however, there still was a chance he would not be found guilty, that the public finally would applaud her for her faithfulness to an innocent man.

But upon Buckner's conviction by no stretch of the imagination was there anything for Loretta to gain by her continued loyalty. And there was much for her to lose. Yet loyal she remained.

When the jury found him guilty on all eight counts of the government's indictment, she didn't for one minute renege on her previous attitude.

In fact, on July sixth, the day Buckner heard his sentence, the reporters

MOVIES in your home



A new Photoplay department—giving tips and advice hot from the Hollywood lots—for all amateur movie-camera enthusiasts who want to buy, make and show their own home movies

BY JACK SHER

FROM Sam Wood, famous Hollywood director, comes professional advice on a problem which plagues many home movie cameramen—the problem of holding the audience's attention without a single letdown throughout an entire picture.

"Every professional director knows that the secret of keeping up the tempo of a scene and sustaining audience-interest depends almost entirely upon one thing," says Director Wood. "That one thing is a variety of camera angles. The next time you attend a movie theater, watch closely the length of time that the cameraman holds a scene. You will find that, regardless of the length of action or dialogue, no single camera angle is held for more than ten or twelve seconds."

The type of camera angles used to achieve variety can be utilized by the amateur cameramen just as easily as by the professional, says Director Wood.

Few amateurs use the familiar close-up as often as they should, according to Wood. After shooting a long shot or medium shot of a person or action, a close-up is always advisable to lend variety to the sequence, and to give the audience a feeling of intimacy with the subject photographed.

Another extremely effective type of camera angle, Wood points out, is the shot which is taken as though seen through the eyes of one of the characters in the scene. For example, in filming a scene showing two people in conversation, Mr. Wood suggests a medium long shot for the first part of the conversation, followed by a close-up of one character filmed by a camera in the exact position where the second character was seen in the previous shot.

Other effective types of camera

angles, which can be used for variety's sake, are "dolly" shots, "zoom" shots, "pan" shots and other angles taken with the camera in motion. Similarly, it is effective, on occasion, to film scenes from "trick angles." That is, from the floor, from directly above, or from some other unconventional position.

Regardless of the angle used, warns Director Wood, it should be held only a few seconds, and then changed to another angle. This variety of angles is the secret of keeping your audience's attention at a high pitch.

ONCE in a lifetime you are able to get a film such as *Castle* is releasing, which is the "Visit of King George and Queen Elizabeth to the United States." The film starts with the departure at Buckingham Palace, London, moves to the arrival and ceremonies in Canada and the King's and Queen's visit throughout the Dominion and the arrival of the Royal Party in New York. Additional features are the King's and Queen's side trips to Washington, Mt. Vernon, and Hyde Park. The movie is available in sound on both 16 and 8 mm film. There will be no advance in price for this film. You can get 8 mm as low as \$1.75, and 16 mm as low as \$3.50. *Castle* is also featuring a new short on the beautiful island of Bali; a dude ranch short called "Ride 'Em, Cowboy," and an additional short called "Washington," which takes you around the city. For the kids, they have two new, excellent cartoons, "Pirate Ship" and "Little Boy Blue."

Garrison is releasing, for the first time, several Robert Benchley shorts in 16 mm—"Sex Life of a Polyp," "Treasurer's Report," and "How To Vote."

NEW EQUIPMENT: A radical new type of light meter has been developed by Charles S. Franklin of Hollywood, which will give a direct reading of light intensity of any point within the camera field. . . . The Western Movie Supply Company of San Francisco has introduced a new device called the Fadette which produces a rectangular fade-in and fade-out effect and will fit any camera. . . . Craig Projecto-Editors are now available in 8 mm as well as 16 mm sizes.

who called at his parents' charming Riverdale home to drive to court with him commented on a large portrait of Loretta which ornamented the living-room table. And the fact that this portrait remained there is proof enough, surely, that Buckner had no reason to suspect any change of heart or any swerving of loyalty on Loretta's part.

Then he stood before Federal District Judge Henry W. Goddard and was sentenced to two years imprisonment and a fine of two thousand, five hundred dollars. Pending an appeal he was released on five thousand dollars' bail which gives him his freedom throughout the summer. And still it was the same.

One newspaper reported that Loretta and Buckner talked for an interminable time that same night over long distance. Another newspaper insisted she had flown east to spend two hours with him. Maybe these stories were true, maybe they weren't. But once again Loretta forbore to make any denial.

And she knew exactly what she was letting herself in for every step of the way, too. You may be sure of that. She's not remotely stupid. And she knows from past experience how the press will go to town when it has a movie star in its stories—not to mention a movie star's photographs for eye-catching illustrations. She also knows how quick the public is to jump to conclusions, to criticize, to suspect the worst, and to turn away from the box office of the theater where a star of whom it disapproves personally is appearing. Very definitely, she jeopardized her career rather than compromise with romance.

ITALKED with Loretta some months ago, only a few days after she had testified for the SEC and held her own with the reporters. She was working on "Alexander Graham Bell" and, in a pale blue negligee of that period, she didn't look capable of the great spirit and courage she so recently had shown.

I told her even then that it must remain a matter of opinion whether she was acting foolishly or wisely; but that I, nevertheless, must admire her for the completely honest and above board attitude she had taken. And I'll long remember the soft level glance of her eyes as she answered:

"But what else would I do? To act any other way would be shabby. It would be failing a friend when he needed me most."

Then and there, of course, I knew that once again Loretta was in love and that once again she was in for it—through no fault of her own except that she is a romanticist and an idealist and that in spite of all she has suffered through her heart she never has learned to count the cost. I doubt she ever will learn to count the cost really. I have a wise friend who insists it is futile to attempt to change people; that to do this satisfactorily it would be necessary to give them a different childhood since it is in formative years that characters are moulded. And sometimes, undoubtedly, later experiences, like Loretta's adolescent marriage, exert a lasting influence, too.

When the Buckner case first broke I talked to a man who, years ago, loved Loretta both long and well.

"There she goes again," this man said, "sticking her neck out!"

And it was touching to hear the way the tender indulgence in his voice betrayed him, turning the words he had meant to say so easily and lightly into the warmest praise.

"They say *Paris* in every detail"

says ANITA LOUISE, appearing in
"THESE GLAMOUR GIRLS"
an M. G. M. production



You won't blame Hollywood stars for raving about these smart PARIS FASHION SHOES once you see how smartly Parisian they look, and what lovely materials and craftsmanship they boast. You'll say you never saw so much glamour at such modest prices. New fall styles in the rich new colors are waiting for you now. Widths AAA to C. Write Dept. P-9 for exciting style booklet and name of dealer.

WOHL SHOE COMPANY • SAINT LOUIS



Black suede with
grosgrain ribbon

Brown or black
elasticized suede

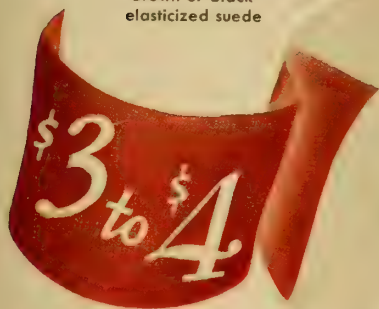


Brown or black
alligator and suede

Black elasticized
suede with kid



Elasticized black
or brown suede
with alligator



GUARANTEED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



● WITNESSED STATEMENT SERIES:

TOP-FLIGHT

TOBACCO MAN

"The finest tobacco of all time—that's what we've had in recent crops! And Luckies always buy the cream of the crop," says Jack Rogers, tobacco auctioneer and a Lucky smoker for 7 years

HAVE YOU TRIED A LUCKY LATELY? Luckies are better than ever because new methods developed by the United States Government have helped farmers grow finer, lighter tobacco in the past several years. As independent tobacco experts like Jack Rogers point out, Luckies have always bought the Cream of the Crop. Aged from 2 to 4 years, these finer tobaccos are in Luckies today. Try them for a week. Then you'll know why sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts — auctioneers, warehousemen and buyers—Luckies have twice, yes, *twice* as many exclusive smokers as have all other brands of cigarettes combined!

**WITH MEN WHO KNOW
TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**



*Easy on Your Throat—
Because "IT'S TOASTED"*

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Have you tried a LUCKY lately?

PHOTOPLAY

OCTOBER

HOLLYWOOD'S
FASHION
AUTHORITY

25¢

RY COOPER

Paul Hesse

FIFTH AVENUE GIRL — the Rags-to-Riches Novel Alice Faye Actually Lived

by ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

...ive! **"WHAT PAIN CAN TEACH YOU"** Bill Powell's Heart-t

...ow to Disguise Your Weight — Learn from Hollywood's Mi

ew

Thanks a Million!



I'll Never Forget

the wonderful relief from that unbearable bulky feeling when I changed to Kotex Sanitary Napkins with patented pressed ends that fit flatly. No more discomfort or embarrassment... those special pressed ends put Kotex in a class by itself!

All 3 Types at the
Same Low Price



KOTEX* SANITARY NAPKINS
(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office)



I'm So Grateful

for the extra safety and comfort that Kotex Sanitary Napkins give because they're made with layer after layer of soft, filmy tissue. One after another these layers absorb and distribute moisture throughout the pad and so check damp, chafing edges!



I can't thank You Enough

for 3 sizes of Kotex Sanitary Napkins—Regular, Junior and Super. Never again need I cut and adjust my napkins because 3 sizes of Kotex make it a simple matter for every woman to meet her individual needs from day to day.

Better say Kotex—Better for You!

And don't forget QUEST, the Kotex Deodorant Powder, positively eliminates all body and napkin odors

Thrilling *new* way gives teeth Brilliance, Sparkle ...

Extra Care!

Blessed is the bride who's found the Luster-Foam way of keeping a smile ever lovely for a husband's approval.



That Luster-Foam "bubble bath" in the new Listerine Tooth Paste does wonders in giving teeth the luster demanded of glamour girls before the studio cameras.



What counts with me is the thorough way it cleans and how long a tube lasts. That's pretty important when the family's big and the budget's small.



I'm the A-1 sourpuss of the world, but I've got to admit that Luster-Foam detergent gets after fresh tobacco stains on the teeth like nobody's business.

LUSTER-FOAM in LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE forms a "Bubble Bath" of amazing penetrating and cleansing power

When a tooth paste can get thousands of men and women raving about it to their friends, and snapping it up to the tune of more than a million tubes a month—it's got something!

In the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste, it's Luster-Foam detergent. Born in the brain of a clever European scientist, this dainty magical ingredient is now incorporated in a tooth paste, to give super-cleansing in a new, delightful, different way.

You will love that foamy, aromatic bubble bath Luster-Foam creates when saliva and brush set it into gentle action. Its power to spread and penetrate is simply unbelievable.

That's why it reaches hard-to-get-

at areas where old dentifrices may never penetrate—the very areas where some authorities say from 75 to 98 per cent of decay starts. This surging "bubble bath" quickly attacks enamel-clouding films. The teeth soon flash with new brilliance. Hosts of acid ferments and decay-fostering bacteria are swept away in a sea of foam.

And all the while your mouth feels younger, fresher, cleaner—such is the stimulation of that gentle bubble bath. Try the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste. Now at any drug counter, in two economical sizes: Regular, 25¢ and big, double-size tube containing more than 1/4 of a pound of dentifrice, 40¢.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri



More than 1/4 POUND
of tooth paste in the double
size tube • 40¢
Regular size tube, 25¢

The *NEW* formula
supercharged with LUSTER-FOAM
P.S. LISTERINE TOOTH POWDER also
contains LUSTER-FOAM

135 WOMEN with nothing on their minds BUT MEN

Out of the boudoir...on to the screen! See women as they don't see themselves! Dowagers and debutantes! Chorines and mannequins! Countesses and cowgirls! See them in cold cream and mud packs! In smart boudoirs and sleek salons! See them with their hair down and their claws out! See 135 of them biting, kicking, scratching and kissing in the most hilarious Battle Over Men ever screened!



NORMA
SHEARER

JOAN
CRAWFORD

ROSALIND
RUSSELL

The Women

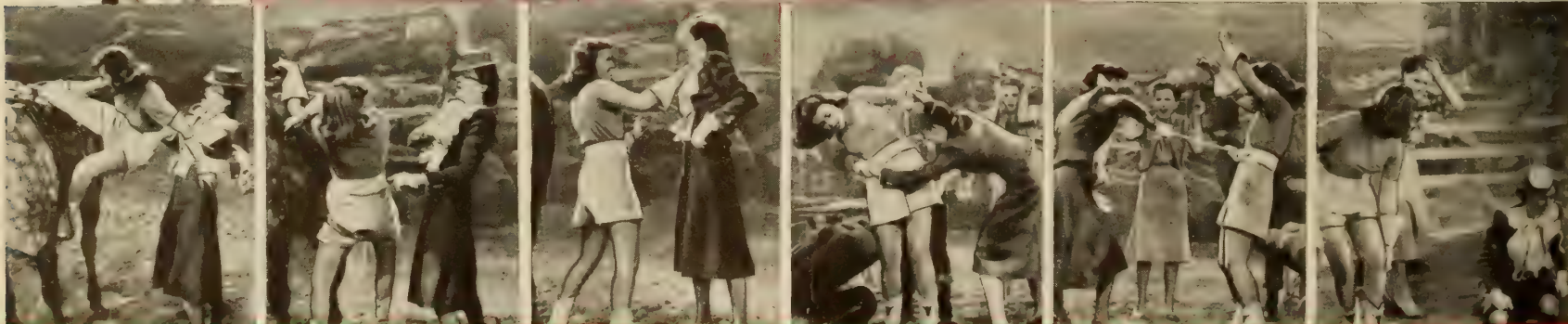
(AND IT'S ALL ABOUT MEN!)

Biggest All-Star Cast in Years in the Hit Stage Play Broadway Cheered For A Solid Season!

with **MARY BOLAND • PAULETTE GODDARD • PHYLLIS POVAH
JOAN FONTAINE • VIRGINIA WEIDLER • LUCILE WATSON**

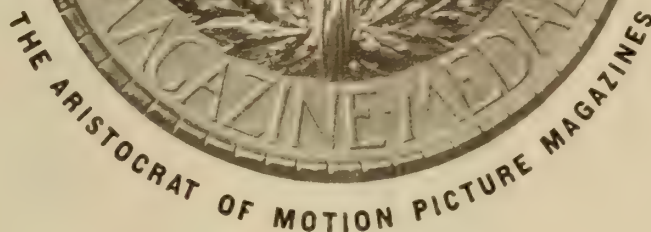
From the Play by **CLARE BOOTHE**

By Arrangement with Max Gordon Plays & Pictures Corp • Screen Play by ANITA LOOS & JANE MURFIN
Directed by **GEORGE CUKOR** • Produced by **HUNT STROMBERG** • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



ONE-ROUND RUSSELL AND GO-GET-EM GODDARD IN THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY

PHOTOPLAY



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EXECUTIVE EDITOR

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ART EDITOR

RUTH WATERBURY
EDITOR

FRED R. SAMMIS
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

On the Cover—Gary Cooper, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

HIGHLIGHTS OF THIS ISSUE

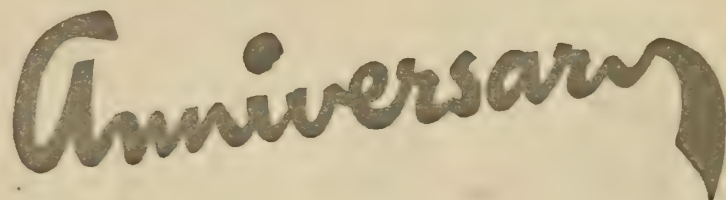
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THIS year the industry unites to celebrate its fiftieth birthday, and PHOTOPLAY joins with its friends in the celebration.

Our first issue was published in 1911; thus we share more than half the five decades.

Two years ago, with the October, 1937, issue, PHOTOPLAY streamlined its contents and format, brought itself up to date with the sharply improved standards that followed the invention of sound.

The greatest writing names in America have contributed to the new luxury-style PHOTOPLAY. In the past year, Elsa Maxwell, Nina Wilcox Putnam, Greta Palmer, Irvin S. Cobb, Margaret Culkin Banning and, in this issue, Louis Bromfield have been added to the list which already includes the distinguished names of Adela Rogers St. Johns, Eleanor Roosevelt, Faith Baldwin and others. In addition to the splendid contributions of staff writers Howard Sharpe and Sara Hamilton and the authoritative fashion features by Gwenn Walters, PHOTOPLAY brought you with pride the Truth and Consequences game invented by Katharine Hartley, the occasional pieces by brilliant screen-writer Claude Binyon, many fine stories by Marian Rhea and the adventures of Jane Lyons, conceived by Lillian Day. "Miracle Men at Work," by Adele Whitely Fletcher, has proved to be the most highly praised feature in recent years.

Heyworth Campbell added the names of E. M. Jackson, Rea Irvin and Barbara Shermund to our list of great illustrators, which includes Bradshaw Crandell, Wallace Morgan, C. D. Mitchell, McClelland Barclay, Vincentini and a host of others. Hyman Fink has continued to offer his superb candid shots and Paul Hesse's great natural color photographs have graced our covers.

Incidental part though it plays in the fifty-year-old movie industry, PHOTOPLAY strives continually to be its most worthy representative.

Ernest V. Heyn

VOL. LIII., No. 10, OCTOBER, 1939

*Enchantingly Young
Siren Slim...*

CARTER'S BOUDOIR SLEEKS

Fashioned in Carter's petal-soft Twin-kle-glo... a flattering rayon tricot, run-proof and lovelier than ever. That's why they feel so smooth and luxurious against your skin and flow around your figure in sleek fluid lines. But don't let the femininely fragile look fool you—they were born to be practical! They wash and dry quickly—don't need ironing and stow compactly away in your luggage. Last simply ages, too. The colors are subtle (make you feel as pretty as a posy). Be sure to buy all the Carter gowns, pajamas, panties and slips you *really* need—the prices are a sweet surprise. 59¢ to \$5.

REMEMBER IT'S

"Carter's for Sleek Loveliness"



GOWN N16 — Fitted princess line. Piping in contrasting colors. Lapel neckline. Apricot, Robin Egg Blue, Angela Blue and Gypsy Coral. Sizes 32 to 42. \$2.

PAJAMA K55/11—Swankily tailored—comfortably full cut pants and top. Buttoned crew neck. Chinese Turquoise, Pink Shell, Angela Blue. Sizes 34-42. \$3.

Carter's
UNDERTHINGS

The William Carter Company. Home Executive Offices: Needham Heights, Massachusetts.

BOOS AND BOUQUETS

TO THE RESCUE!

I'VE stood by and seen Don Ameche slammed from one end of the country to the other—and I'm getting good and tired of it. The remarks of a certain Miss Lowry, in the August PHOTOPLAY, really got my dander up, so I'm defending my favorite actor tooth and nail.

So Don uses the muscles of his face to dramatize his acting, does he? Well, show me an actor who doesn't! Besides, no one has ever remarked about those "dying cow" looks displayed by Tyrone Power, or Miss Dunne's apple cheeks—ugh!

I've seen Clark Gable make violent love to Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy and a dozen others, unmoved. While other females were sighing deeply over Robert Taylor, I was only mildly interested. When Power moved silently across the screen, I only looked over the audience trying to locate friends. But when that handsome Indian appeared in "Ramona," my heart beat faster. His later pictures have all found me unsuccessfully trying to leave—after about the third showing.

Can I help it? Is it my fault that his eyes hold me, his smile delights me, his voice captivates me? Could I resist closing my eyes when he sang "Now It Can Be Told"—just to see if I could open them and still see that handsome, dashing figure on the screen? Heck, no!

I know there are plenty of people who feel just as I do, who recognize a truly good-looking, attractive man with an excellent acting ability when they see one—and the "one" is Don Ameche.

So let Kansas City rage—who gives a darn about them? We're backing Ameche, muscles or no muscles!

AVIS RUSSELL,
Thomasville, N. C.

"—AND BY THE PEOPLE"

IS there, somewhere in the movie industry, a clearinghouse for the ideas of American moviegoers as to what they would like to see on the screen?

I know that Hollywood feels every quiver of our reactions to what has already been filmed. But when we read a story that so stirs our imagination that we long to see it in pictures, or meet some fictional character that we feel was cut out for our favorite actor, we can only hope the men who make movies will read the same story and see it as we do.

If enough moviegoers took note of the situations and characters they would like to see, and knew where to present their ideas, wouldn't it take a lot of the guesswork out of the movie business? And the producers might find that what the public wants is of a higher quality than what it has been given.

PAULINE SANDHOLDT,
Kerrville, Tex.



England's pride—Anna Neagle, now starring in her first American-made picture, RKO-Radio's "Nurse Edith Cavell"

PHOTOPLAY INVITES YOU to join in its monthly open forum. Perhaps you would like to add your three cents' worth to one of the comments chosen from the many interesting letters received this month—or perhaps you disagree violently with some reader whose opinions are published here! Or, better still, is there some topic you've never seen discussed as yet in a motion-picture magazine, but which you believe should be brought to the attention of the movie-going public? This is your page, and we welcome your views. All we ask is that your contribution be an original expression of your own honest opinion. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use gratis the letters submitted in whole or in part. Letters submitted to any contest or department appearing in PHOTOPLAY become the property of the magazine. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boos and Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

SOUNDS GOOD TO US

THE success of the "March of Time" shorts proves that brief documentary films interest a very large section of the filmgoing public. Why not a series of "Star Shorts," each one composed of the best scenes from various films made by a famous star during his career?

Consider the genuine artistic thrill provided by the greatest scenes from Norma Shearer's pictures. Again, what Gable fan wouldn't welcome the opportunity of seeing a pictorial record of Clark's rise on the screen from tough guy assignments through heavy lover roles, to the versatile, accomplished star of today?

How deeply moving and very lovely it would be to see again Garbo's many memorable scenes. A Gary Cooper record, too, would provide rich entertainment. Irene Dunne, Spencer Tracy, Ronald Colman, Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, Katharine Hepburn—all such true artists that scenes from their various films would provide enough material for a dozen thrilling shorts. And

Charles Laughton! But, as with Garbo, it would be practically impossible to pick "best" scenes from his productions.

Hollywood producers seem prepared to spend incredible sums on the silliest subjects, so why not spend a little on something which would certainly be an artistic success and surely, because of its appeal to film enthusiasts, a commercial one, too?

ALICE BASHER,
Christ Church, New Zealand.

BING!

FOR goodness' sake, what has Bing Crosby been doing—eating an extra quota of spinach or something? In his latest picture, "East Side of Heaven," he would have made a perfect specimen for one of these "How to lose a few extra pounds" advertisements.

Now I, as well as many others, I'm sure, like to see my heroes big and strong-looking, with one of those manly chests—but only one word could describe Bing and that is "fat."

So, please, some of you Hollywood

dietitians—give Bing's fans a break—and Bing a diet!

RAYBURN DAVIS,
Lawrenceville, Ill.

A FULL SCHEDULE

SINCE it is obvious that Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald don't do any too well separated, why can't M-G-M cast them in any (or all) of the following?

1. A continuation of "Sweethearts."
 2. A remake of "The Cat and the Fiddle."
 3. Ditto, "The Vagabond King."
 4. "The Desert Song" (anybody can see what this would be in Technicolor, with Nelson and Jeanette!).
 5. A remake of "The Merry Widow."
 6. Smetana's "The Bartered Bride."
- There, now! M-G-M, do your stuff!
- DOROTHEA STEFFAN,
Augusta, Ga.

BACK TO NATURE'S BEAUTY

THANK heavens that naturalness is at last coming into its own reign of power! After long years of hardened sirens, movie actresses in Hollywood are beginning to look natural. It is good to see sensible eyebrows on such stars as Paulette Goddard, Alice Faye and others. Rouge and lipstick are not being so heavily and thickly applied, but are used to emphasize the "inner" beauty of womanhood.

As I am a high-school girl, I see all around me girls who imitate their favorite movie actresses, and for a while some of them appeared very "hard." But now they are beginning to look "youthful," and their faces and attitudes are taking on fresh and charming looks.

Let us hope that movie stars will continue to look and act natural, because it has a strong effect upon the high-

school girls of America and the girls who work in offices, factories, and housewives all over the United States.

A country can well be judged by the looks of its women, so a nation of youthful, fresh, natural-looking women would indeed be a pleasing sight.

MARY MEADOWS,
Huntington Park, Calif.

REBUTTAL

IN answer to Mildred Palmer's letter of August PHOTOPLAY, I must conclude that she has become very, very bored with movies and can't define a really real movie when she does see one.

What about "Dark Victory"? No one, not even the most blasé and unreasonable, could possibly claim that was anything but "real throughout." You know, Miss Palmer, there really are people such as Dr. Steele and Judith Traherne in the world. Real, truly human, making the best of their troubles and the most of their happiness and meeting the world honestly.

Why don't you take off those dark glasses you're wearing and look about you?

They're the kind of people, and "Dark Victory" is the kind of story, that make life worth the living.

DORIS HILL,
Syracuse, N. Y.

AN AUSTRALIAN BOUQUET

GEE, these kids are wonderful! Mickey Rooney, Jackie Cooper, Judy Garland and a dozen or so others.

Time was when a young star could not carry a picture alone, but not so these youngsters; they can carry any picture—and most the cast along with them.

Surely, never has youth been so prominent on the screen as today, and so welcome, bringing as it does a new,

fresh and completely delightful form of entertainment. How we love these kids . . . we just can't have enough of them. Down here all the "teen-age" boys are in love with Judy . . . and all the "teen-age" girls would like to play Juliet to Jackie's Romeo . . . and all the "teen-age" folk and "grownups," too, think MICKEY is a marvel. So here's to YOUTH, I say!

PATRIC CAMPBELL HESSÉ,
Sydney, Australia.

RAYE OF SUNSHINE

IS there a Martha Raye fan in the house? Then, I'm sure you'll agree with what I have to say. But if you aren't, won't you read my letter, anyway?

Many people who saw Martha in her first two or three pictures (and couldn't take her rather loud, free-and-easy type of comedy) have refused even to attend any of her later films. Is that fair? What well-known stars of today haven't improved with time and experience, their work becoming more subdued and finished than it was in their first appearances?

Miss Raye has changed, too, although she is still her own inimitable self, so why not give her a chance? Attend her next picture, not with antagonism, but with a willingness to let yourself enjoy her performance.

I'm certain you will, for she is easy on the eyes, can sing sweet and swing songs equally well, and is a capable comedienne and actress. But—see for yourself, John—and Jane.

MARILYN HARRSCH,
Chicago, Ill.

TAKE A BOW

ORCHIDS to Miss Waterbury for the beautiful and impressive article on the three latest Hollywood marriages, Power-Annabella, Gable-Lombard,

Fairbanks-Hartford. I am thinking and writing of the Power-Annabella nuptials. Nothing has thrilled me as much as the article about them, calling them the original Mr. and Mrs. Tyrone Power. I know they will do as Miss Waterbury asks and put the institution of Hollywood marriage back on its feet.

Congratulations to Ruth Waterbury. Congratulations and best wishes to the Tyrone Powers.

NORMA BERNSTEIN,
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

ENGLAND BOOS

PERHAPS Photoplay understands just what Frank Capra thinks he is doing; I can't make him out myself. He has turned Columbia Studios into a pulpit from which he preaches a doctrine so contrary to common sense that only the entertainment value has prevented his films being intolerable.

It began with a vague suggestion of chivalry in "Broadway Bill," and continued in "It Happened One Night," where two people of entirely different classes fell in love and married, factors making for the inevitable break-up of such a marriage being conveniently ignored. "Mr. Deeds" told us that the proper thing to do with money is to get rid of it as quickly as possible. In "Lost Horizon," we were shown that it is best to fly from one's troubles.

Capra reached the limit in "You Can't Take It With You."

We were treated to the spectacle of a collection of human beings spending their lives in infantile tomfoolery, and told that this was right.

The philosophy of these Capra films is dangerously wrong, for it points toward the disruption of society. The screen is not the place for wildly absurd theories.

G. LIVESEY,
London, England.

Career girl in the Movies...

Katharine Aldridge
tells how Lux helped
her win success...

Watch this rising
young star!

"Modeling for photographers in New York. I had to look immaculate always—stockings flawless—ready for a picture at a moment's notice. Lux was my stand-by then as it is now."

1938

"Bit parts in Hollywood. on a beginner's salary, meant I had to save. Luxing my stockings and undies—dresses, too—was my pet economy. They stayed lovely-looking longer."

March
1939

"Featured in 'Elsa Maxwell's Hotel for Women.' I found that 20th Century-Fox studio uses Lux for all washables to keep them in condition . . . 'a big economy,' they say."

September
1939

GIRLS everywhere find Lux helps them dress charmingly at little cost. It protects daintiness . . . keeps dresses and lingerie new-looking longer . . . cuts down stocking runs. Lux is thrifty!

Lux has no harmful alkali—eliminates cake-soap rubbing. Anything safe in water is safe in gentle Lux. For extra economy, buy the BIG box.

HOLLYWOOD SAYS:
Don't trust to luck
—trust to Lux

Brief Reviews

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

PICTURES REVIEWED IN SHADOW STAGE

THIS ISSUE

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Tintype of a family that's helping a troubled world forget its worries—Blondie, Dagwood and Baby Dumpling, whose "Blondie Takes a Vacation" is to be followed in the early fall by another in this series starring Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake and Larry Simms

★ BACHELOR MOTHER—RKO-Radio

Here's a honey—smart, subtle, sophisticated. There's a laugh a line, a line a second. Ginger Rogers is a shopgirl who has an unwanted baby thrust upon her by the boss' son, David Niven. It's a case of no baby, no job. When Niven's papa, Charles Coburn, thinks it is his own grandson, no one wants to disillusion him, so Ginger and David do the next best thing. They fall in love. A "must." (Sept.)

BACK DOOR TO HEAVEN—Paramount

Pessimistic in tone, this social message proves that a misdeed in childhood can lead to degradation, with Wallace Ford the victim of the thesis. Patricia Ellis, Aline McMahon and Stuart Erwin help when he is brought to trial for murder. (July)

BIG TOWN CZAR—Universal

More gangsters, more tenement kids, more proof that crime doesn't pay. Guttersnipe Barton MacLane gets ambitious and tries to reach the top of the gangster business. Tom Brown plays his younger brother and Eve Arden furnishes the romance. (July)

BLIND ALLEY—Columbia

A cop-and-robber drama, with murder as its motivating theme and the psychological exposé of a criminal's mind as its climactic aim. Chester Morris' work, as an escaped convict who takes refuge in the home of Psychologist Ralph Bellamy, is excellent. Ann Dvorak, Joan Perry and Melville Cooper complete the cast. (July)

BOY FRIEND—20th Century-Fox

Husky Jane Withers is still chasing down gangsters and helping out the police. Her brother, a rookie cop, is assigned as an undercover man, and Jane snoops, too. Arleen Whelan is lost in this run-of-the-mill piece. (August)

★ BRIDAL SUITE—M-G-M

Robert Young gives another delightful characterization in this madcap comedy of a playboy who is allergic to marriage—that is until he meets up with Annabella. Billie Burke, as his flighty mother, Virginia Field, the jilted fiancée, and Psychiatrist Walter Connolly add to the fun. (July)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S BRIDE—Paramount

At long last, *Drummond's* married! Oh, yes, there's some mystery—a thief hides the stuff in *Drummond's* radio, then keeps walking into the sleuth's hands—but it's slight. Heather Angel is John Howard's long-awaited bride. Reginald Denny's in again. (Sept.)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S SECRET POLICE—Paramount

Here's the mellerdrammer beyond belief—with horror chambers and even a treasure. John Howard is still playing *Drummond*, but even he can't make such a yarn acceptable. Heather Angel, H. B. Warner and Reginald Denny struggle valiantly, too. (July)

CALLING DR. KILDARE—M-G-M

Lew Ayres, doing well in this popular series as young *Dr. Kildare*, must choose between operating on a man wanted for murder, or letting the fellow die because of a principle. He falls in love with the patient's sister, Lana Turner, but Lionel Barrymore, as the testy old surgeon, steps in when things look black. (July)

★ CAPTAIN FURY—Hal Roach-U. A.

A rip-roaring melodrama, with escaped convicts Brian Aherne and Victor McLaglen playing Robin Hood in rescuing settlers from an unscrupulous land baron, George Zucco. It all adds up to a grand thriller, with June Lang adding the romantic touch and Virginia Field pairing with McLaglen. (July)

CAREER—RKO-Radio

Edward "A Man to Remember" Ellis plays a country storekeeper around whom the lives of the townspeople revolve. He meddles with them all, despite the fact his own affairs are in a mess. Anne Shirley makes an attractive ingenue; newcomer John Archer, a clean-cut young doctor. See it, if you enjoy the homey type of film. (August)

CHARLIE CHAN IN RENO—20th Century-Fox

Hollywood may go to pot, but *Charlie Chan* will just go on solving celluloid mysteries. This time Sidney Toler meets new adventure when a murder mystery pops up in Reno. The murder theme is tied up with a rich woman, a jilted lover and a wronged wife. (August)

★ CLOUDS OVER EUROPE—Columbia

This is sparkling mystery, with Ralph Richardson in the role of sleuth. Scotland Yard is set to work when some British bombers disappear. Test Pilot Laurence Olivier takes an interest in Richardson's investigations, and also his sister, Valerie Hobson. The climax is fantastic, but the witty lines compensate. (Sept.)

★ CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI SPY—Warners

This is propaganda—with apologies to none. It's a bold step and its purpose is to prove that Nazism is not confined to Europe, but is spreading throughout the world. G-man Eddie Robinson is billed as the star, but it's Paul Lukas, leader of the Nazi forces in this country, who's the real star. Francis Lederer, as the egocentric spy, gives a memorable performance. (July)

★ DAUGHTERS COURAGEOUS—Warners

A follow-up on "Four Daughters"—with the Lane sisters, Priscilla, Rosemary and Lola, and Gale Page being courageous when their long-lost father, Claude Rains, turns up and upsets their lives. John Garfield has the romantic role this time, when Pat jilts Jeffrey Lynn for him. Fay Bainter plays the mother and May Robson is in fine fettle as the housekeeper. (August)

EXILE EXPRESS—United Players-G.N.

Another helping of Americanism, with Anna Sten playing the role of a girl whose hope for citizenship is dashed when she is implicated in a murder case. A crazy-quilt series of events climax in a fade-out of Anna taking her oath, flanked by hero-reporter Alan Marshal. (August)

FIVE CAME BACK—RKO-Radio

Out of the old story about a forced landing, comes a tale of strange psychological effects. The pilots can fix one motor which will return five to safety. Which to choose—a murderer, a child, two lovers, a professor and his wife, a shady lady, two pilots? Chester Morris, Lucille Ball, C. Aubrey Smith, Allen Jenkins, Wendy Barrie, Kent Taylor and others form the party. (Sept.)

(Continued on page 8)

This, above All, Bette's Best!

Remember for a moment the Bette Davis picture you loved most. Then think how magnificent that picture is which surpasses even it. Awarded the Pulitzer Prize as a play, cherished as a novel, its stirring story springs from the heart of a woman to touch the heart of the world. Its exceptional cast, its extraordinary romance, urge you to see it. Hasten to do so—the very instant it opens!

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marriage

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and
MIRIAM
HOPKINS
in
"THE OLD MAID"
with
GEORGE
BRENT

DONALD CRISP • JANE BRYAN • LOUISE FAZENDA
JAMES STEPHENSON • JEROME COWAN • WM. LUNDIGAN • CECILIA LOFTUS

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the Novel by Edith Wharton • Music by Max Steiner • A First National Picture

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**BARBARA
STANWYCK**
as
LORNA... She's the
dame from Newark



starring
**ADOLPHE
MENJOU**
as
MOODY... He loves
Lorna



starring
**WILLIAM
HOLDEN**
as
JOE BONAPARTE...
He wants to be a
big shot



starring
**IAM
LEVENE**
as
SIGGIE... He loves
the duchess



starring
**LEE
COBB**
as
PAPA BONAPARTE
... He wants his son



starring
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BLINN**
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ANNA... She loves
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GOLDEN BOY

A ROUBEN MAMOULIAN Production
Based on the CLIFFORD ODETS play as produced
by the Group Theatre of New York • Screen
play by Lewis Meltzer, Daniel Taradash, Sarah
Y. Mason, Victor Haseman • Produced by
William Perlberg • A COLUMBIA PICTURE

FIXER DUGAN—RKO-Radio

Melodrama in a circus—with Lee Tracy doing a good job of keeping Lion-tamer Peggy Shannon's props from being attached, and Virginia Weidler out of an orphanage. (August)

FORGOTTEN WOMAN, THE—Universal

Sigrid Gurie returns in a rather good little movie. She and her husband want to go to Florida, advertise for companions to share expenses. Two gangsters answer. They stage a holdup in which her husband is killed and Sigrid is convicted as an accomplice. (Sept.)

FOR LOVE OR MONEY—Universal

This sort of routine program picture is doomed. A horse-race bet gets into the wrong hands, that of a servant girl who rushes around spending the money. Robert Kent, playing a bookie, seems dazed by it all. (August)

★ FOUR FEATHERS—Korda-U.A.

Filmed in Technicolor, this is unmatched for sheer spectacle. John Clements resigns from the army on the eve of sailing for Kitchener's campaign in the Sudan. Three brother officers and his fiancée, June Duprez, send him the white feather of cowardice. How he redeems himself makes this a fine movie. (Sept.)

★ GIRL FROM MEXICO, THE—RKO-Radio

Lupe Velez comes roaring back in this wild comedy, when Radio Agent Donald Woods finds her in Mexico and brings her to New York. His troubles start when Lupe finds he plans to marry Linda Hayes (screen newcomer). There's plenty of slapstick, a good story and able direction. (August)

★ GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS—M-G-M

James Hilton's beautiful and moving novel has lost none of its charm, with Robert Donat giving a great performance as the old English schoolmaster who disciplines his boys without kindness until his beloved Kathie teaches him tolerance. Greer Garson is charming and altogether believable as Chip's wife. Entire cast is excellent. A must. (August)

★ GOOD GIRLS GO TO PARIS—Columbia

Here's as funny a comedy as you have witnessed in many moons. It teams Melvyn Douglas and Joan Blondell again, with Joan as a waitress who has a yen to see Paris; tries a bit of mild blackmail; is run out of town. Enter Melvyn Douglas. There are fresh twists to the story, and the dialogue is delightful. (Sept.)

GORILLA, THE—20th Century-Fox

This is the picture which the Ritz Brothers didn't want to make. The result of it all is a somewhat funny opus in which light is made of horror, and you laugh at what made you shudder in the former version. (August)

GRACIE ALLEN MURDER CASE, THE—Paramount

When a murder-mystery turns out to be an hysterical farce, you can be certain that Gracie Allen is lurking in the continuity. With deft hand and numb brain Gracie sees to it that the hero goes to jail, the police go berserk and the villain goes free. No wonder Investigator Warren William wears a bewildered look. Kent Taylor and Ellen Drew furnish the romance. (July)

HARDYS RIDE HIGH, THE—M-G-M

Another delightful Hardy picture, in which Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone and the other lovable members of the family go haywire en masse when they almost fall heir to two million dollars. You'll get a howl out of Mickey's run-in with a chorus gal and mousy Aunt Milly's romance. Good addition, Virginia Grey. (July)

HELL'S KITCHEN—Warners

Ex-reform school kids, including the Dead Enders, are beaten and starved while Superintendent Grant Mitchell piles up a tidy sum. Racketeer Sidney Field, with the help of Margaret Lindsay and Ronald Reagan, exposes the dirty work afoot. (Sept.)

HOTEL IMPERIAL—Paramount

Isa Miranda makes her American bow in this weak war melodrama as a femme fatale who must carry on as a hotel chambermaid when the Russians invade disputed territory. There's an attempt at suspense, but somehow you know handsome Ray Milland will win out. (July)

HOUSE OF FEAR, THE—Universal

The murder happens right at the beginning. An actor, Donald Douglas, is the victim. Detective William Cagney pretends he's a producer in order to reopen a theater where the murder happened, on the theory that the murderer will strike again. He does. (Sept.)

★ INVITATION TO HAPPINESS—Paramount

Don't let the prize-fighting background fool you in this story of a charming aristocrat, Irene Dunne, who marries a man whose background is beyond her understanding. Fred MacMurray is splendidly right as the would-be champ and Billy Cook is excellent as the ten-year-old son whose unhappiness precipitates his parents' divorce. Adult and intelligent. (July)

ISLAND OF LOST MEN—Paramount

For no apparent reason, J. Carroll Naish establishes himself as king of an island and cracks the whip over escaped criminals, who in turn bulldoze

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

the natives. The law comes to the aid of the innocent and the natives take care of the guilty. Anna May Wong is exquisite and Eric Blore adds the comedy. (Sept.)

IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU—20th Century-Fox

Have you ever imagined yourself in the position of an innocent person accused of murder? That's the fix Stuart Erwin's in when he finds a body in his car. He's held in jail but his wife, Gloria Stuart, comes to his rescue. Good suspense. (Sept.)

★ IT'S A WONDERFUL WORLD—M-G-M

Claudette Colbert's at her best, which is very good and very funny, in this gay comedy in which Jimmy Stewart, as a private cop assigned to watch out for millionaire playboy Ernest Truex, gets mixed up as an accomplice in a murder. Jimmy escapes on his way to jail and kidnaps Claudette, a poetess on the loose. The action is fast, the story has plenty of new twists. You'll have fun. (July)

JONES FAMILY IN HOLLYWOOD, THE—20th Century-Fox

Papa Jed Prouty is nominated to represent his hometown American Legion post at the California convention. While he parades, the entire brood, including Mother Spring Byington, poke around the studios. Gags funny. (August)

★ JUAREZ—Warners

Warners have drawn a close parallel here between the present political world struggle and the original story of Mexico's big revolution. This epic tells two stories—that of the Indian, Juarez, who believed in democracy; and that of Maximilian and Carlotta, dupes of Louis Napoleon's dreams of conquest. Bette Davis' performance is restrained and Paul Muni's fine. (July)

KID FROM KOKOMO, THE—Warners

The lid's off on this boisterous comedy in which Wayne Morris plays a yokel who can fight like a whiz, and who has a sentimental yen to find his long-lost mother. Things get complicated when Fight-Manager Pat O'Brien bails drunken May Robson out of jail and passes her off as the kid's Ma. Joan Blondell and Jane Wyman add feminine interest. Plenty of laughs. (August)

★ LAND OF LIBERTY—MPPDA

If you are a visitor at either Fair this summer, put this on your "must" list. If you're a stay-at-home, you'll see it later. Here's the story of America—its heroes and heroines—welded together into a magnificent cavalcade. Edited by Cecil B. DeMille. (Sept.)

LUCKY NIGHT—M-G-M

We thought the mad-mad-fun stories were out—but, no. Here's a galloping case of whimsy, with Myrna Loy and Robert Taylor. She's a rich girl who goes out on her own to try for a job, isn't successful, meets Taylor on a park bench, gets married. Myrna develops the Little-Woman complex, they both get bored. No more mad fun—but don't relax, it starts all over again. (July)

MAGNIFICENT FRAUD, THE—Paramount

The performances of Akim Tamiroff, Lloyd Nolan, Patricia Morison are effective, but the characters they portray are not. The film's about a mythical empire; the emperor is murdered and Tamiroff, an actor, impersonates him. Suspense and cast good. (Sept.)

★ MAISIE—M-G-M

There's humor in this, depending upon the way you observe it. Ann Sothern takes the rap when Rancher Robert Young's wallet is stolen. Complications ensue, and Bob is accused of murder. Ann rushes to his defense. Young carries on happily, but it's Miss Sothern's picture. (August)

★ MAN ABOUT TOWN—Paramount

Here's awfully good cinemah, really. Producer Jack Benny, eager to win the hand of his star, Dot Lamour, decides to make her jealous of him. The scene is England and the basic story is surrounded by notable entertainment, lots of music, gags aplenty, delivered with the Benny timing and artistry. Eddie Anderson, who plays Rochester, almost steals the show. (Sept.)

★ MAN IN THE IRON MASK, THE—Small-U.A.

Dumas' famous novel sees Louis Hayward cast in the dual role of the twin Dauphins of France. You'll remember: one twin is given in the care of the Three Musketeers, while the other becomes Louis XIV. Circumstance brings Philippe into contact with his brother, the king, who devises a plan to keep the dangerous twin a prisoner. This has moments of horror. Joan Bennett plays Maria Theresa. (Sept.)

★ MAN OF CONQUEST—Republic

Richard Dix, memorable for "Cimarron," is at his best in such a role as this of Sam Houston, that grand old American who fought for freedom. You'll have a fine time watching the great drama unfold, with the Alamo and the battle of San Jacinto as high lights. Romance is taken care of by Gail Patrick. (July)

NAUGHTY BUT NICE—Warners

A classic composition by staid music prof, Dick Powell, is modernized into "Hurray for Spinach!" The high-brow's personality also gets renovated by a screwy Tin Pan Alley gang. Among the funsters are Ann Sheridan, Allen Jenkins, Maxie Rosenbloom. The film has pace, laughs, good swing arrangements of classic bits.

NIGHT RIDER, THE—Republic

The best of the excellent *Three Mesquiteers* series, in which John Wayne, Ray Corrigan and Max Terhune continue their Robin Hoodish career in fighting the land grab in the early '80's. (July)

★ ON BORROWED TIME—M-G-M

The strange and gentle tale of an old man who gets Death up a tree, and keeps him there until the moral about keeping people alive when dying would release them from pain is brought forcibly home. Lionel Barrymore and Bobs Watson are superb as *Gramps* and *Pud*, as is Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as the personable Mr. Brink. (Sept.)

★ ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS—Columbia

Cary Grant and Jean Arthur are as ingratiating as ever in this thrilling aviation film, but the laurels go to Richard Barthelmess for his magnificent performance as an embittered pilot who gets one last chance to prove himself. With exciting photography, suspenseful story and great work from every player, what more could you ask? (July)

RETURN OF THE CISCO KID, THE—20th Century-Fox

Warner Baxter, again in the role of the Mexican Robin Hood, is believable and charming in this fast-shooting, hard-riding moon-pitcher. Cesar Romero is wonderfully mean as the *Kid's* lieutenant. Henry Hull and Lynn Bari have minor roles. (July)

★ ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE—20th Century-Fox

Tyrone Power turns villain in this story of the prohibition era, when the theater great rubbed elbows with gangsters. Everything might have been all right for Vaudevillians Alice Faye and Al Jolson in their climb to success, if Ty hadn't come along. Jolson sings memory-strumming music and Alice gives a touching performance as the ambitious star. Joyce Compton garners the laughs. (July)

SAINT IN LONDON, THE—RKO-Radio

In this the *Saint* (George Sanders) starts right out by stealing papers from a safe, blundering into a beautiful blonde and a dying man, and taking them along with him. It's all one grand chase. And Sally Gray, the blonde, is swell. (Sept.)

SECOND FIDDLE—20th Century-Fox

Assets: Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power; Rudy Vallee's music; a few laughs. Debts: phony dialogue and situations; no suspense. The idea is a burlesque on the *Scarlett O'Hara* search, with Power playing the press agent and Sonja the winner of the sought-after role. Sonja's too few skating numbers are enchanting. (Sept.)

SHE MARRIED A COP—Republic

Phil Regan's a cop who thinks he's going to get into the movies. Falls in love with and marries Jean Parker, producer of cartoon strips. The blow-off comes when he finds she has used his voice to dub one of her cartoon characters. It's funny. (Sept.)

6000 ENEMIES—M-G-M

Walter Pidgeon, suave as usual, plays a politically ambitious prosecutor, who convicts on evidence that is often faked. When he is railroaded to the pen himself, he takes a terrific beating from his enemies, but Rita Johnson is in the jailhouse, too, to show him the error of his ways. (August)

SOME LIKE IT HOT—Paramount

Not even Gene Krupa's drums, at work with Bob Hope, Shirley Ross and Una Merkel, could turn this into anything but a disappointment. The story: a midway barker tries to outrun the proverbial doorstep wolf. There are a couple of good songs, and Hope tries hard throughout. (August)

SORORITY HOUSE—RKO-Radio

This offers a social message to those high-school girls who intend to go to college. It's the business of being rushed, or standing miserably by while other gals get the bid. Anne Shirley shows you how to take whatever comes. Oh, yes, she makes a big sorority—and number-one-campus-man, Jimmy Ellison. (July)

SOS—TIDAL WAVE—Republic

Remember Orson Welles' Mars invasion? That gag has been put together with current interest in television, to make a film with novelty and entertainment in it. Ralph Byrd, Kay Sutton and George Barbier are the principals. (August)

★ STOLEN LIFE—Paramount

This might have been "just another picture," but it has Elisabeth Bergner to lift it into the triumph class. It's the story of twin sisters who love the same man—Michael Redgrave. He marries the ruthless one. When she is drowned, the generous one takes her place as his wife, only to find that she must assume her sister's personality. Miss Bergner's performance is flawless. (July)

STREETS OF NEW YORK—Monogram

Even Jackie Cooper can't lift this out of the routine class of an underprivileged kid's regeneration. The moral is: live a clean life, help your neighbor. Jackie does, even if brother Dick Purcell doesn't. Marjorie Reynolds lends a feminine touch. (July)

STRONGER THAN DESIRE—M-G-M

Melodrama—that settles around Walter Pidgeon and his wife, Virginia Bruce. They're in love, but he gets compromised, and she goes indiscreet. Lee

(Continued on page 96)

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?

Marjorie Reynolds, at home in a plane, is Betty Lou in Monogram's "Tailspin Tommy" series



GRADE yourself five points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY. Check up on page 78.

1. Only one of these actresses has never been married:

Penny Singleton **Madeleine Carroll**
Andrea Leeds **Louise Fazenda**

2. This child star has eight brothers and sisters, all of whom started working in pictures when they were babies:

Bobs Watson **Edith Fellows**
Virginia Weidler **Gene Reynolds**

3. Merle Oberon is:

Japanese **Russian**
Spanish **English**

4. At fifteen, he was in complete charge of his father's farm. Now he's reverted to type by becoming a farmer again:

James Cagney **Clark Gable**
Spencer Tracy **Don Ameche**

5. This glamour girl convulses Hollywood parties with her imitation of a baby learning to talk:

Dorothy Lamour **Joan Crawford**
Dolores Del Rio **Hedy Lamarr**

6. When she sailed for Europe, she left her jewels with the customs officials, pending settlement of her income tax controversy with the Government:

Sonja Henie **Norma Shearer**
Marlene Dietrich **Constance Bennett**

7. Rudy Vallee gave this popular star her first real chance:

Marie Wilson **Alice Faye**
Carole Lombard **Irene Dunne**

8. He was once a colonel in the Chinese Army:

Lewis Stone **C. Aubrey Smith**
Arthur Treacher **Basil Rathbone**

9. Only one of these stars has never been divorced:

Alice Brady **Melvyn Douglas**
Edward Arnold **Myrna Loy**

10. Born in Japan, this young actress has just taken out her first citizenship papers:

Patricia Morison **Marjorie Reynolds**
Olivia de Havilland **Martha Raye**

11. This star once worked for a circus—taking care of the elephants:

Walter Connolly **John Garfield**
Errol Flynn **Wallace Beery**

12. He worked in a circus, too—but as an acrobat:

Joe E. Brown **Joel McCrea**
Pat O'Brien **Fred MacMurray**

13. You'll have a chance to see this singing star in person when he begins his three months' concert tour in January. Incidentally, he's been asked to audition for the Metropolitan Opera Company:

Ramon Novarro **Allan Jones**
Nelson Eddy **Tito Guizar**

14. After two years off the screen because of illness, he has finally regained his health and will be seen shortly in a new picture:

Walter Huston **Richard Barthelmess**
William Powell **Fredric March**

15. James and Lucile Gleason star in this popular family series:

The Higgins Family **The Hardy Family**
The Jones Family **The Hobby Family**

16. Only one of these girls is a natural redhead:

Jean Parker **Anne Shirley**
Ginger Rogers **Arleen Whelan**

17. She was once married to Eddie Norris:

Virginia Bruce **Ann Sheridan**
Rita Hayworth **Margaret Lindsay**

18. This dramatic actress is making a picture now in which she will play her first comedy role in many years:

Greta Garbo **Norma Shearer**
Bette Davis **Kay Francis**

19. A character actor now, he began his screen career as a rotund comedian:

Lionel Barrymore **Donald Crisp**
Walter Brennan **Ray Bolger**

20. Mickey Rooney's girl friend in the Hardy series is:

Lana Turner **Ann Rutherford**
Cecilia Parker **Jo Ann Sayers**

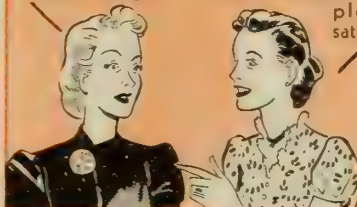
I BEGAN WEARING VALCORT SILK STOCKINGS TO SAVE

THEN I FOUND THEY LOOKED SHEERER AND WORE LONGER

NOW..I'M A ONE STOCKING WOMAN

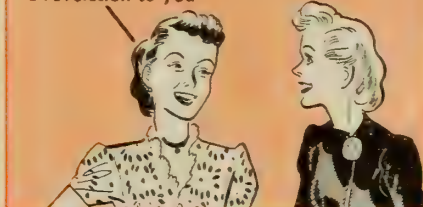
Stocking costs are my ruin! I can't spare a penny from my allowance for other needed things

Darling, that was an old complaint of mine—but no more! Today, I use VALCORT, pay only 69c and have never been so completely satisfied



And what's more, they have all the qualities of more expensive stockings. They're beautifully sheer and the way they wear will prove a revelation to you

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LATER

Say, you must have come into money. That vanity case is a beauty

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One Woman



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TUBE TO HOLD
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ONLY**

10¢



Barbara Stanwyck, star of "Golden Boy," comes to the aid of every daughter of Eve, with advice from the studio make-up experts, supplemented by some special tricks she has picked up on her own

PROFESSIONAL MAKE-UP TRICKS—Barbara Stanwyck finished a difficult scene in "Golden Boy," at Columbia, and strolled off the set to await the next shot. Inevitably, our conversation drifted around to beauty, and she said that she had garnered from the carefully trained studio make-up men a few tricks which she has carried over into private life—tricks of value to every girl. While we were talking, Bill Knight, who's head of the make-up department at Columbia Studios, joined us and we discussed the major problems of make-up from the standpoint of everyday living.

Bill thinks the secret of the flawless complexions of the Hollywood stars is their good health. "Contrary to usual belief, Hollywood stars are healthier than the average person in private life. They have to be, to stand up under the nervous strain of working at high tension all day. The proper amount of sleep is enormously important to them."

Barbara broke in here, "I insist upon getting nine hours' sleep each night when I'm on a production, and I also go on a special diet during the picture, to be sure my health is up to par. I think any working girl will find that sufficient sleep is one of the most important single factors to health and beauty."

"That's the secret of Barbara's beautiful complexion," said Bill. "Sufficient sleep and proper diet. The basis of all make-up is a clear, fine complexion, and that in turn is based on good health."

"What do you do about make-up when you're not working in a picture?" I asked Barbara.

"I use very little make-up off the screen," she replied, "sometimes none at all."

"That's another beauty secret," said Bill. "Tell your readers to give their faces a rest once in a while. In this way the skin and its delicate muscles and tiny glands have a chance to normalize their functions and the general texture is restored. At night, for example, if you're not going out, take off your make-up as soon as you get home from the office, instead of waiting until bedtime, and give your skin a rest. Keep your face free of make-up when you're not displaying it to anyone. Barbara's make-up routine should be followed by everyone. Go ahead, Barbara," he added, "and tell all."

"Well, I wash my face with a neutral soap in warm water each morning and night. Never hot water, as that destroys the tiny oil glands and makes them function too rapidly, yet there is no feeling quite so clean as a thorough cleansing with soap and water. Sometimes I use a soft complexion brush to stimulate the skin, followed by a cold water rinse until my face tingles."

"Then I use a light foundation cream or lotion, worked carefully and evenly all over the surface of my face. This foundation is carefully blended to match my skin at all times, especially during the summer when I tan a bit, or in the fall as my tan fades. Bill Knight has taught me to buy two or three shades of the foundation and, as my complexion changes tone, to blend them together myself to assure a perfect match."

Now that we're all bleaching our skins and trying to rid ourselves of the tan that we so carefully acquired during the summer, it's very important that foundation creams should be lightened as the skin lightens, so that, at all times, it exactly matches the skin color.

"Over the foundation," Barbara con-

tinued, "I blend in a cream rouge high on my cheekbones and make sure that each side matches. Bill also taught me to blend this in while the foundation was still moist on my skin, to assure a proper even appearance."

"I use a light brown eyeshadow for day, and in the evening I mix a light blue with it. I've found that the best way to apply it is from the corner of the eyelid to the exact other corner of the eye. Sometimes, when I want to do something different with the way I look, I blend it slightly up to the eyebrow line."

Bill Knight smiled reminiscently and said, "Barbara has a mascara trick which amused me when I first saw it. She powders her eyelashes with face powder before applying mascara. It's a swell trick, too, because it gives a thicker and longer appearance to the lashes and makes the mascara stick to the tips of them."

BARBARA broke in, "Another trick I learned from professional make-up is to use a light brush to smooth off the extra powder from my face after I've powdered with a puff. In this way a definite made-up appearance is avoided."

"I also use a brush to apply lipstick. Studio make-up men always use a brush, and I've found that it gives the lips a better-groomed appearance than they have when rouge is applied with a lipstick alone."

Bill added to this by saying, "The lip brush gives a better outline to the natural contour of the lips and if there is a lip fault it can be corrected by careful experimentation with a brush."

Lipstick brushes are really one of the make-up gadgets that no smart girl can afford to be without, since it gives a fine smooth outline to the lips and allows you to reshape your lips to give just the effect desired. Remember, however, to avoid sharp lines or angles while making up your mouth. A smoothly curving line with the lipstick carried out to the corners of your mouth gives a younger, more attractive appearance. Powder your lips lightly before applying the rouge, as this trick will make it adhere more lastingly to your mouth. And be sure to remove the surplus lip rouge by pressing a bit of cleansing tissue against your mouth.

Barbara also pats a little powder on her lips after applying the lip rouge to do away with that painted appearance that sometimes results. She says that it also makes the lipstick stay on

(Continued on page 96)

MOVIES *in your home*



Tips and advice—hot from Hollywood's own experts—for all amateur movie-camera enthusiasts who want to buy, make and show their own home movies

BY JACK SHER

AMATEUR cameramen who have had the sad experience of missing the *shot of a lifetime* simply because they were caught unprepared should be interested in the advice of a professional whose everyday job calls for meeting just that sort of a situation. The professional is Norman Alley, Universal Newsreel cameraman, whose ever-present De Vry camera has caught such unexpected events as the bombing of the U. S. S. Panay in China—and who has been given the title of “best-known cameraman in the world.”

“When an unexpected picture story sneaks up and surprises you,” Alley told us, “there is only one important thing to remember. That is to point your camera at the subject and ‘shoot.’ Don’t stop to worry about lighting, focusing, shutter speed, parallax, exposure, camera-angle, composition, or anything else. The main thing is to get the scene on film! A shot made this way may have a lot of photographic faults, but it is infinitely better than missing the shot entirely, which almost always happens if you stop to make adjustments.”

There are, of course, certain ways by which an amateur can improve these “snapshots,” according to Alley. One such way is by getting into the habit of keeping the diaphragm open, shutter speed and approximate focus always set for the conditions of the moment. For example, long years of experience have conditioned most newsreel cameramen so that wherever they go, even when they walk into their own offices, they subconsciously estimate the proper exposure and probable focusing range of their immediate surroundings—and then automatically set their cameras to the new adjustments. This habit is as automatic with them as breathing. As a result, these cameramen are always ready for that unexpected picture, and only have to point the camera and “shoot,” without ever thinking of the mechanical details.

Another important way to get these “snapshots,” said Newsreel Alley, is to practice the proper method of holding the camera and the proper way to “pan” and follow action. This should be done over and over again with an empty camera until it is completely automatic. Then, in an emergency, the cameraman can swing his camera into the proper position without thinking about his “form,” thus leaving his mind free to concentrate on the subject matter itself.

Many 16 mm cameramen, by using these methods, have obtained shots which were good enough in quality and news value to bring high prices from commercial newsreel companies.

WITH things the way they are in Europe today, you’ll want to get Garrison’s fine documentary film called “People Are Waiting,” which tells the story of present day exiles and refugees. It is a sharp and speedily told picture, made by the famous French director and cameraman, Jean-Paul Dreyfuss. From the British Isles, Garrison Films have garnered an interesting 16 mm one-reeler called “Cover to Cover,” which tells, in sound, the story of most of England’s present day writers from Huxley to G. B. Shaw. Garrison also has “Le Vieux Chateau” (“The Haunted House”), a French cartoon lampooning the surrealists, and an amusing musical short called “Anitra’s Dance.”

Castle Films always finds good material in the American Legion conventions, and this new release covers the late Chicago gathering of Legionnaires. If you were there, you’ll want this 16 mm film, because you may be in it. Castle’s high light of the month is a splendid one-reel short on San Francisco.

NEW EQUIPMENT: The Universal Camera Corporation has taken another step forward in 8 mm development by offering a three-lens “turret” type Univex Cine 8 mm camera. . . . Besbee Products of Trenton, New Jersey, is now marketing a trick titling effect called the “effectograph,” which masks titles in the form of a heart, key-hole, arch, diamond, binocular. . . . A device to prevent eye-strain and discomfort for “stand-ins” is a dimmer for photofloods perfected by the Lafayette Camera Corporation of New York City. . . . Movie Service of New York City offers amateurs a choice of sixty-five animated cartoon titles at a price of fifty cents per title.



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with great stars of today...
and great personalities of
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SEE Buster Keaton, Ben
Turpin and the Keystone
Cops in slapstick, custard pie
comedy with Don Ameche
directing.

SEE Mack Sennett bathing
beauties (Alice Faye is one!)

HEAR Al Jolson sing again
"Kol Nidre"...the song
that electrified the world!

SEE Hollywood...as it was
as it is...in a three-ringed
circus of entertainment!

The most brilliant new
note in entertainment!



A 20th Century-Fox Picture
Darryl F. Zanuck
In Charge of Production

with
**ALICE FAYE
DON AMECHE**

and
J. Edward Bromberg
Alan Curtis • Lynn Bari
Stuart Erwin • Buster
Keaton • Donald Meek
Jed Prouty • George
Givot • Eddie Collins

Directed by Irving Cummings

Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown • Screen
Play by Ernest Pascal • Story by Hilary Lynn
and Brown Holmes • Based upon an original
idea by Lou Breslow

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

BY RUTH WATERBURY

WHY I LOVE HOLLYWOOD . . . because Connie Bennett air-conditioned her limousine for the summer months . . . because Ty Power, when pulling a flirtatious crack at the girl, said, "Oh, gosh, I'm sorry . . . I forgot I'd lost my amateur standing" . . . because Mickey Rooney said, when discussing his work in "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever" (which is the best Hardy picture yet, by which I mean it is my idea of one of the most amusing pictures ever made), "I wouldn't have played the part like that when I was young" . . . because fog on sets is made out of castor oil; snow is crystallized cornflakes and a "fall" has nothing to do with the seasons or even original sin, but is a piece of hair . . . because I came across two of the leaders in Hollywood's rising radical movement in a hideaway restaurant, sorrowfully discussing the trials of the underprivileged and drinking pink champagne out of highball glasses while they decided Something Had to Be Done . . . because when you go to look for apartments they ask you if you would like a "double bachelor" . . . which doesn't turn out to be some sort of handsome Siamese twins but merely a parlor wherein the bedroom is two beds which pop out of the wall. . . .

I love Hollywood because at Universal they are wondering how to cast a seventeen-months-old baby, who officially is a boy but who is actually a girl, and at Metro they are rejoicing over the recovery of Lionel Barrymore, who is past sixty . . . because out here "dailies" don't mean newspapers, as they do in other towns, but the results of each day's shooting (and the best "dailies" I have seen in months are those on Walter Wanger's "Eternally Yours," which will star Loretta Young and David Niven and which looks quite naughty but very nice for Walter, since Loretta and David are married throughout the scenes and therefore Walter can get away with a lot). . . .

I LOVE Hollywood because all in one day I had lunch with Clark Gable and dinner with George Brent, and that couldn't happen to me anywhere else on earth . . . because everybody, knowing how Claudette Colbert worries, had her absolutely convinced that she would have to live in a tent while on location for "Drums Along the Mohawk," and it wasn't until Miss Luxury got to Cedar City, Utah, that she discovered that the studio had built a sumptuous log cabin for her living quarters for those three weeks . . . because Rosalind Russell admits that she went around for months before 20th Century-Fox cast "The Rains Came" and told Myrna Loy that she was a fool if she changed her type from the Perfect Wife and played a most imperfect wife, *Lady Esketh* . . . all because Rosalind wanted to play *Lady Esketh* herself . . . but Myrna merely grinned and went ahead on the best woman's role of the year . . . because the commonest sign on Hollywood's streets is "furnished vacancy," a California way of saying there's a furnished apartment for rent . . . because one Sunday evening when Joan Crawford was sweet enough to take me for a musical evening at

Two good reasons for loving Hollywood — Anne Shirley and her husband John Payne. A Technicolor sunset has nothing on these enchanted lovebirds



On the other hand, the problem of Sandy Henville (officially a boy, actually a girl) is what makes Hollywood the maddest, most amusing town on earth





Hollywood has its own brand of reasoning—like Mickey Rooney's comment on his fine work with Lewis Stone in "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever"

Rosa Ponselle's, she wore a white dress with a very short knitted top and a separate skirt and nothing in the middle except a big strip of Miss Crawford, which was perfectly stunning and most chic but nobody could possibly keep his mind on mere music after that . . . because when you order watermelon at the 20th Century-Fox restaurant the seeds are taken out of it before it is served. . . .

I love Hollywood because an overworked, nervously wrought girl like Bette Davis will take time off to sponsor an obscure artist who comes from her home town and also to finance a Dog Guide school . . . a training camp down in the San Fernando Valley where police dogs are trained to guide the blind . . . and where penniless blind men are able, through Bette's sensitive charity, to live free of any charge for the necessary three or four months that it takes for the dogs to get to know them . . . and I like the fact that when you try to tell her how swell of her it is to do that . . . and to sponsor her friend, Stanley Woodward, at the biggest art gallery in Los Angeles, she doesn't brush it aside and act shy, but launches forth with great enthusiasm on both subjects, as any real person would . . . and also because being convinced that Queen Elizabeth must have looked ghastly in the final years of her life, Bette let Perc Westmore cut her hair in a way that looks ghastly, too, but she doesn't care at all so long as her performance looks good. . . .

I LOVE Hollywood because RKO throws a big dinner party in honor of Charles Laughton, invites every writer in town, and then explains that he never sees the press . . . because while



—or RKO's comment at the press dinner they gave Charles Laughton (seen with William Dieterle): "Mr. Laughton NEVER sees the press"

the men dress just as informally as the women out here and a sweatshirt and slacks are frequently worn at a formal dinner, it is an unforgivable sin to show a single wrinkle in any garment or to have one hair out of place . . . because when discussing remaking "Back Street," the producers admitted that they couldn't use either the title or the plot again, but that they are going to remake it just the same . . . and because if Professor Milliken, the Nobel Prize Winner, were to walk into a Hollywood restaurant he couldn't possibly get as good a table as Betty Grable would. . . .

I love Hollywood because you can get a week

like the week in the last month in which the following previews are shown, one right after another . . . "Each Dawn I Die"; "Beau Geste"; "Winter Carnival"; "Four Feathers"; "Frontier Marshal," with this observer thinking "Each Dawn I Die" is far and away the best of the lot . . . it being terrific . . . and that the screen has never recorded a more touching few moments than those in which Jimmy Cagney breaks down before the parole board . . . and then after such a week go for ten solid days without another picture being shown anywhere . . . and yet somehow each of the Big Five studios makes a picture a week and almost always get them out on time. . . .

I LOVE Hollywood because when people cannot remember your name they always call you darling . . . because one of the top publicity boys whenever he knows you have been pursuing him for days by phone, wire and whatnot will call up finally and beat you to the gun by asking plaintively, "Why have you been avoiding me?" . . . because top stars' maids refuse to speak to lesser personalities' maids. . . .

I love Hollywood because very broad-shouldered, very two-fisted men think it perfectly all right to go and have the right haircut designed for them . . . because one of the most enchanting sights anywhere is seeing Anne Shirley and John Payne dancing together with love burning in their eyes brighter than a Technicolor sunset . . . because, when being interviewed, stars will inevitably say, "Now this part is off the record,"

and then tell you something it practically kills you not to print . . . because everybody knows when they read the lists of guests present at any party, as printed in the papers, that probably not more than forty per cent of those people were really there, with the result that one host had H. G. Wells, George Moore and Karl Marx, one of whom was in Ireland, one of whom was in England, and one of whom was in the grave, as being at his party and a local paper printed it in all innocence. . . .

Really the reason I love Hollywood is a cinch . . . I love it because it is the maddest, most exciting, most amusing town on earth.

NOTES from a Hollywood Diary

By Lydia Allerdycce

99 kids and Bing . . . One of the most amusing sights in Hollywood recently has been the big set where Paramount has surrounded Bing Crosby with at least a hundred boys and girls, dancing and singing, and having a wonderful time helping him bring "The Star Maker", based on the life of Gus Edwards, to the screen. Bing believes the role of the star maker, the Broadway showman who made kids of old New York into the stars of today, is an even grander role than his famous "Sing You Sinners" triumph. We've seen some of the rushes and we agree about Bing, also about Linda Ware, discovered by Producer Rogers, who discovered Deanna Durbin. When she sings with Walter Damrosch and the entire Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra accompanying her, it is a great moment. Preview audiences have actually sung the old-time favorites in the picture—"School Days", "By The Light of the Silvery Moon", "I Can't Tell Why I Love You But I Do".



Miss America has a new Beau . . . Of course, we wouldn't want to give away any secrets about our age . . . but we do remember when we thrilled to Ronald Colman in the first "Beau Geste" some fifteen years ago. Well, Miss America has a new "Beau" now. Yes, all of you are going simply gaga about Gary Cooper in Paramount's new "Beau Geste" William A. Wellman has made the really great picture of his career And as that carefree, dashing soldier of the French Foreign Legion, Michael "Beau" Geste, Gary is terrific. Ray Milland, Robert Preston, whom you liked in "Union Pacific", play the two other Geste brothers. Brian Donlevy is the vicious Sergeant Markoff. Just to tell you how good this new "Beau Geste" is, I saw a screening of the old "Beau Geste" . . . and well, there's just no comparison . . . the new one is twice as thrilling.



Hollywood's newest glamour girl . . . Rumors 'round Hollywood that Paramount had the new child star sensation and was giving her, her picture debut in the new Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray starrer, "My Love For Yours", led us to do a little investigating. The rumors were true all right. The little lady is Miss Carolyn Lee, and we can't rave enough about her after glimpsing her in "My Love For Yours". She plays the role of the little adopted daughter of a New York business woman (Miss Carroll) who manages by her child's faith in two grownups to show them the course of true love. You'll agree when you see Carolyn Lee that this is only the beginning of a great career in pictures for Paramount's newest little starlet.



More laurels for Laughton . . . With Charles Laughton once more a member of the Hollywood community, interest, of course, is high concerning that grand actor. So we were delighted to see Laughton's newest picture, "Jamaica Inn". Readers of the Daphne DuMaurier best seller will be delighted with director Alfred Hitchcock's treatment of this thrilling yarn. And Laughton fans will acclaim Laughton's finest role—the gentlemanly villain who paid his gaming debts with the loot of a crew of shore pirates. And Mayflower-Pommer Productions can be proud of bringing Maureen O'Hara, a charming and talented actress, to the screen.



Call your theatre and ask them when these Paramount Pictures, mentioned by Miss Allerdycce, will play. Remember: If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town.

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Tenth Avenue Girl

Beginning
THE RAGS-TO-RICHES NOVEL ALICE FAYE ACTUALLY LIVED

BY

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

HOLLYWOOD had changed from its lusty, pioneer days by the time a girl named Alice Faye stepped off the train at the funny old station one winter afternoon in 1933.

There weren't any brass bands to meet her and nobody handed her the keys to the city. But that was all right with Alice, because she didn't want the keys to Hollywood at any price.

To Alice, who was eighteen, who had a tip-tilted nose and a too-sensitive mouth and a figure that belonged and had recently been in the front row of the chorus, it was just another town. A town three thousand miles from Broadway, where there wouldn't be any snow at Christmas and the sights and sounds and smells of New York were only things to haunt you when you were trying to go to sleep at night or waking up in the morning with that awful ache in your throat.

There had been a lot of towns in Alice's life since she ditched her first truant officer and went dancing—big towns, tank towns, north, south, east and west. One-night stands and sleeper jumps, that was all. When you got forty-five minutes from Broadway you were only camping out anyhow. Hollywood or Tampa, Chicago or Duluth, it didn't matter much.

"Carry me back on a stretcher," Alice told the doctors when they had patched and bandaged her after that terrifying automobile accident the year before. "Carry me back

"Alice is like a rare Stradivarius. The lightest touch brings music. She responds to every emotion in some mysterious way that maybe she herself doesn't understand"

PORTRAIT BY E. M. JACKSON



Eight months old, one among many West Side babies—



Then three and a half, too young for dreams—as yet

An American rhapsody, composed of the cry of the tenements, the syncopation of Broadway, and the song in her own heart—the story of blonde Alice Faye!

on a stretcher, but get me back to New York.”

So they did, and Alice considered it nothing when she showed up the next night, black and blue, still sick and shaken with shock, to sing with the band as usual. But Alice never, then or afterwards, considered anything she did remarkable. You did your part and gave it all you had and if you were never satisfied, always reaching up and beyond toward some shining ideal that kept dancing in your head, that was life.

When she became a movie star, she was still like that—still reaching up and up to something beyond, never satisfied, always scared to death, but always going on in spite of it. Those who have never been afraid and gone on in the teeth of that fear do not know what courage is. It

was that courage, later, that made her the most beloved person on the big, busy studio lot, so that guys like Tyrone Power and Don Ameche, and big directors like Henry King and Irving Cummings, and that most brilliant of producers, Darryl Zanuck, literally sat up nights planning how to help her, how to protect her from that fear, how to make the steep road easier.

For upon the little chorus girl's climb to the moment when in 1939 all Hollywood said, “Alice Faye's the coming greatest star in pictures,” she had one enemy. She made the grade the hard way and always had to fight herself and her memories and her past, as you will see.

One thing, she thought, as she drove alone to Hollywood that first day, one thing I won't have to stay in Hollywood long. Just a few weeks,

a few broadcasts with the band and then I can go home.

Why her idol, the great Rudy Vallee, wanted to make a motion picture was a little beyond young Alice Faye. When you were head man in radio, when you could pick and choose among the famed night spots of New York, when you were a big shot in the sacred theaters of the Roaring Forties, it seemed pretty silly to travel three thousand miles away to make a movie.

But Rudy Vallee could do no wrong.

The tale of that strange, romantic friendship, the true tale of the kid who first danced on the sidewalks of New York and the Irish-Canuck lad from Maine, can and must be told now, must be revealed in all its danger and tragedy and beauty. Certainly Rudy Vallee was the most important influence in Alice Faye's life. It made her and almost broke her, it is blended of many feelings and thoughts and happenings, it has been so little understood—which is natural enough because there have been few love stories like it and in a way it isn't a love story at all.

IF Rudy wanted to make movies, if he needed her in those tragic days, why, Alice would come along, as she would have gone to the snow fastnesses of Tibet or the sands of the Gobi desert after long-haired tigers. You had to do that for the guy who was your best friend and had given you your great chance.

But movies? No. I don't have to make any movies, she thought. I'd be scared silly. I'm just the singer with the band.

“I just came along for the ride,” Alice said, in that slightly husky voice of hers that still held traces of Tenth Avenue and the West Side of Little Old New York. She said it to anyone who was interested, though not much of anybody was. “Me in pictures? I'm a singer and a dancer, see? Besides, I got to get back to New York. You know how it is, if you stay away too long they forget all about you, and you lose what little you've done for yourself. I was born in New York and that's where I belong—you ever been to New York? H-mm it's a big town, huh?”

But Hollywood, even the refined, respectable Hollywood of 1933, turned out to be a contrary jade. Woo her, and often enough she shrugs and turns an indifferent shoulder. Look at her with big, wistful, blue eyes that regard her honestly

as a tank town three thousand miles west of the Grand Central Station, three thousand miles from a snowstorm in Central Park, three thousand miles from Fifth Avenue on a spring day, or Radio City by night, and she is interested, she takes notice, she begins to do the wooing. "You ought to know me better," says Hollywood. "I'm wonderful. I can offer you greater rewards than New York ever heard of. Stick around awhile, baby, and you'll never want to go back to Broadway."

AFTERWARDS, the girl named Alice Faye could always remember her first impressions of Hollywood. A big rambling place where it took you hours and miles to get from one place to another so that she was always late. Wide-open spaces and sunshine, hot dry sunshine, and everything closed up at night, just when you'd been used to starting the day's work or play. Dark cavernous stages you could put a whole theater into, and people who spoke a strange language and never talked about much of anything but motion pictures and didn't hardly seem to know New York existed except as a place you telephoned to or got wires from. "We'll call New York and let you know." "Wait till we get the night wires from New York."

A scary, unfriendly place for a good-natured kid who was used to crowds and bright lights and noise and lots of clowning and families all crowded into a few rooms. There was too much outdoors to Hollywood.

"Let's go back to New York, Rudy," she would say, tugging at his sleeve in her special way for calling the master's attention to her. "It's funny out here. Let's go back to New York."

"Don't be such a baby, Alice," Rudy said. "Do be a good child. I'm in no hurry. I like it here."

Oddly enough, it was to be Vallee who went back to New York and Alice Faye who was left behind, weeping her heart out, in the bewildering world of Hollywood. Left behind against her will, chained to a startling and unwelcome movie contract, scared almost out of her young wits, left behind to become, a short five years later, Hollywood's only candidate for real, old-time, all-embracing starring honors.

Hollywood—somebody in Hollywood—had seen in the scared little chorus girl, with her ridiculous nostalgia for New York, that rare and precious combination of tears that are so close to laughter, and laughter that sings over tears—had seen the enormous emotional imagination and dramatic heartbeat of the child who had known so well the trials of the poor and had learned life from the swarming tenements and street scenes of the biggest city in the world.

Crude, sure. Lots of rough edges, some cheap chorus-girl-and-night-club mannerisms, no education and all the wrong experience. But Darryl Zanuck's ruthless eye saw something, saw that here was a personality that might some day be rich and real and honest and escape the synthetic glamour under which Hollywood girls were being slowly buried.

Could she do it?

Could they lick that fear and shyness that manifested in a funny little defiance, in a withdrawal from Hollywood and all its works?

Her handicaps were terrific and not the least of them seemed then—especially to the scared, defiant Cinderella who felt that she was at the ball all right but her fairy godmother had forgotten to change her ragged clothes for the proper finery—not the least of her handicaps seemed then the life that lay behind her.

East side, west side, all around the town,
The tots sang Ring a Rosy, London Bridge Is
Falling Down,
Boys and girls together, me and Mamie
O'Rourke,
Tripped the light fantastic on the sidewalks of
New York.

West side. Tenth Avenue with the Ninth Avenue El roaring near by. Houses flush with the sidewalks of New York, where the kids played and screamed and fought and defied death under the hammering, swift traffic. Women hanging out windows, yelling back and forth to each other the news and gossip of the day; big, sordid, violent, commonplace, reeking of life and death and disaster and triumph and the fight for existence. Hurdy-gurdies ground their shrill music above the rumble of trucks and the rattle of the Elevated and the whistles from the steamers floated in sometimes. In the summer when the heat came down like the outposts of hell, the people and their kids sweated, and in the winter, under the pressure of snow that was grimy almost before it hit the streets, they

were blue with agonizing cold. But it was life.

A stone's throw away on one hand the majestic Hudson flowed, and on the other the main artery of the great city, Broadway. At night you could see the glow of millions of lights against the sky.

ABLAZING they were that soft May night when pretty little Mrs. Leppert knew that her time had come. Under their glittering benediction, within sound of Broadway's roar, the baby was born and the old women, drawn as always by the miracle of birth, heard the first thrilling cry almost on the stroke of Broadway's witching hour of midnight.

Maybe that had some influence; maybe Broadway
(Continued on page 83)



"Run home and grow up," Alice was advised when she registered as a chorus girl at thirteen. But, in less than three years, Alice was a Chester Hale girl (right)—and, a year later, was enjoying a modest success when she gratefully sent her latest portrait (above) to her first dancing teacher, Billy Newsome



*Written with the frankness of friendship, this is
the portrait of an adoring father and devoted
husband, of a man both stubborn and generous,
straightforward and sensitive—Gary Cooper*

IN this complex world of today, more particularly in this complex town of Hollywood, where emotion distorts many a resolve and ambition many an ideal, it is good to see a man traveling in a single, unconfused path, calling his shots as he sees them, being quietly true to himself.

Gary Cooper is such a man. I call him "Coop." He calls me, for no good reason, "McFee." We've known each other for ten or a dozen years. We are both very busy. Our paths often lead in opposite directions. But when we get together again, we pick up where we left off.

When I was asked to contrive this "portrait" of Coop, I said I'd be glad to do it, and proud. "Although," I added, "it may sound too complimentary to ring true. You see, I regard him highly." But the editor of PHOTOPLAY said, "Describe him as you see him. That is all I ask."

So . . . I give you the Gary Cooper I know.

My Friend Coop!

BY
JOEL
(MCFEE)
MCCREA



They might have been rivals, instead they are friends. Because, in Gary Cooper, Joel found a quality that is rare in humanity—a man, true to himself



Gary entertains his pal Joel on "The Real Glory" set, with Director Henry Hathaway, whom Gary also calls "friend"

When the Coopers arrived for a vacation with Sandra's mother, Mrs. Paul Shields (center) with Mr. Shields, New York lensers scooped the Hollywood ones—by snatching a picture of baby Maria

I could start out with a long list of adjectives which fit him, I suppose—quiet, straightforward, straight-thinking, strong, kind, stubborn, generous, sensitive—but I would rather tell a little story about him first, an anecdote which is so typical of him that it comes to mind whenever anyone says to me, "What is Gary Cooper really like?"

It happened two or three years ago. Coop had been away from Hollywood for some time and had been ill, too. Finally, he returned and came to see me at the ranch. He was still under the weather.

"Know what I'd like, McFee?" he offered, straight off. "I'd like to take a walk. I've got a new gun and I want to try it out."

So we did. We walked for an hour or more, with never a word from him. That was like him. He had been away. It would take a while for him to feel at home again. It had always been that way. So we walked on and on—up a long hill, finally. And then, on the crest, we stopped, looking off across miles of rolling green

hills and fields, a beautiful vista. We stood there for five or ten minutes, perhaps, both of us silent. Finally, Coop drew a long breath and turned to me. I was certain that when he spoke, it would be to say something about how swell it was to be back again in God's country, or something like that. But instead—

"You know, McFee, that European situation is a hell of a mess," he remarked.

I think I laughed at the unexpectedness of it, but he didn't even notice. He launched into as intelligent a discussion of international affairs as I have ever heard. He knew everything that had happened—names, places, dates and facts. He also had figured out what was going to happen in the future and he was right, too, as subsequent events have proved. He talked fluently for fifteen or twenty minutes; then he stopped quite as suddenly as he had begun. He had studied the situation. It had interested him. He considered that I would be interested, also, so he spoke his mind. When he had finished, he shut up again.

There is no small talk in Coop. He doesn't say, "Hello-how-are-you" and never wait for or care about your answer. If he asks you how you are, you can be darned well certain he would like to know. If he talks about the weather you can be sure he is interested in it. He reads prodigiously; remembers what he reads, and when he figures he has this or that subject all summed up, he may discuss it, if he feels he has a sympathetic listener. But never under any other circumstances.

GARY and I first met at a party at Pickfair, but each of us had heard about the other through mutual friends long before that. We weren't introduced. We simply encountered each other, shook hands and with one accord went over to a corner and sat down. We must have sat there an hour or so, talking some but not much, perfectly companionable all the while. That was the beginning. We've been friends ever since. No, we are not inseparable. We each have a

(Continued on page 85)

I MARRIED A *Star*

I WENT into it with my eyes wide open, though I've often tried to find solace—and an alibi—in the thought that it wasn't a star I married at all, but just a beautiful, sweet, bewildered wisp of a girl. More than once I've almost wept in self-pity at the memory of how she looked the day the idea of marrying her hit me. And how noble and unselfish I felt.

Huddled in the far corner of the testing set, the look of a scared rabbit in her big eyes, she seemed utterly lost as she watched the director, cameraman and hairdresser battle over her hairline and eyebrows.

"She needs somebody to protect her against these wolves," I told myself. If I had paused to use the spoonful of brains God gave me, or to lend an ear to the cargo of experience Hollywood had dropped in my lap, I'd have peeked three years into the future and seen those "wolves" scampering to keep out of her way.

But, instead of looking ahead, as I had done when other meek supplicants to stardom stood before me, I thought, "The poor kid's all alone here. She needs a friend."

So I married the girl.

Hollywood declared it a swell match. She was twenty and a promising youngster. I was twenty-seven and the junior partner of a sweet agency. As an artists' agent with good connections, I could really do things for Anne. Even then, the thought of her staying home like a regular wife never occurred to anyone. And I didn't suggest it, because Anne (that's as good as any other name that's not her own) was so eager to accomplish something herself, so, as she pointed out, people wouldn't think I had an empty-head for a wife. That's a weak excuse, but I would have grabbed anything that made me think a career wasn't first in her heart. And I think Anne made herself believe it, too, she was so sweet and anxious to please.

AFTER Anne's first picture, any producer or director in Hollywood would have offered two to one that she was headed for stardom. "Star" was written all over her work, while I still had a chance to run.

I knew my Hollywood odds: three to one she would be a star, and ten to one, as a star, any marriage she made would go on the rocks. I knew that the odds of ten to one that a woman movie star can't stay married are conservative. But I figured that somehow things would be different with us, so I married her, in spite of my friends' advice and warnings. And the same thing happened to me that happens to nine out of ten men who marry movie stars, or other celebrities.

Not that living with a luscious lady hasn't a charm all its own. Even my cynical men friends admitted that they envied me my first six months—not forgetting to tell me it was a great life, if I knew when to let go.

I resented their lip-smacking attitude toward Anne. It was damned poor taste to let me see just what a choice morsel they regarded her.

Whenever they spoke of her charm, her beauty or her naturalness, they managed to convey the impression that it was a shame I would soon have to kiss it all good-by.

"Not that living with a luscious lady hasn't a charm all its own. Even my cynical men friends admitted that they envied me"



Hollywood called it an ideal match.

Yet, if I had used the spoonful of brains God gave me, I would never have done what I pitied so many others for doing—for I have learned the true and—perhaps—shocking reason why stars don't stay married

So Anne and I planned a campaign to confound them. We loved each other, and we just couldn't believe we would ever feel differently. But if the time came when we did, we would carry on like real troupers. Anne was deadly earnest about this. Marriage had been good to us, and had brought her peace and security and a chance to work without worry. We would always respect and treasure it.

EVEN now, after two years, sometimes I wake from a dream of the starry mist of her eyes, the full, red lips, and the glint of her hair. I'll just admit that I'm still in love with my Anne of those days, and that I've more than once futilely damned pictures for destroying her. Every vestige of her is gone. The gorgeous, glamorous star that has wiggled into her skin is less she than her image on the screen. That beautiful fake stirs no warmth or longing in me.

They say divorce is born of misunderstanding. But not in Hollywood. Here understanding, beautiful, intelligent, civilized understanding is the embryo of separation, friendly parting, or what have you. In our village, 'twixt the mountains and the sea, to know is not to love.

The first clouds appeared on the horizon of our second year, when Anne would come home at night completely exhausted, with nerves frayed by studio irritations.



WHAT KIND OF SHOES DOES CHARLES MAKE YOU THINK OF, PHOTOPLAY ASKED IRENE.

THEY would be shoes with a foreign look. I don't know exactly how to describe them, except that they would not look like just any pair of shoes walking down the street; you would suspect that an English or French boot-maker had made them at a fancy price. They would be slightly worn; the heels would be leather, not rubber, because it would be more important to the wearer that the heels last than that they break the shock of walking. They would not always be shined, except for a very special function.

WHAT KIND OF ARCHITECTURE?

A French chateau, I think. Not the grand, too large kind, nor would it be provincial. It would have a subtle kind of charm, an elegance you would discover after you had been there a while. At first, you would think the rooms were not quite in order, or tidy, but later you would sense the casual flair of the rooms and then you would be glad everything was not too neat. There would be an absolutely fabulous wine cellar, a connoisseur's cellar, and it would contain a fortune in champagne. There would, of course, be a music room. I don't believe the piano or the violin would be used often, but there would be a phonograph—the latest type phonograph on which the music of old masters would be played. The house would sit well back from the road, hidden from the eyes of prying people by a well-planted screen of trees and shrubs. There would be an extensive library, and every time you put your hand out it would touch a cigarette box. The cigarette boxes would always be full.

WHAT KIND OF CAR?

Conservative. High-powered. One of the big ones. Black, or a dull green in color. But it would not be new. The motor would be kept in perfect condition, scrupulously. Nothing would ever stop that motor, and there would never be a ping-noise or a knock. But the wax job might get shabby. There would be an air horn hidden under the hood, a horn that on occasions, I suspect, would come right out and blast at a road hog or a driver who got in the way.

Food?

A superlative ragout. Cherries Romanoff, with an occasional cherry pit.

Tree?

Well, a tree called a curly-leaf oak came up in my garden a few years ago. I don't know what started it—it just popped up. It was an attractive tree, with a certain quality about it, so the gardener let it stay. Once it looked wilted and sick and the tree surgeon came and gave it a shot in a twig or something, and it perked right up again. Finally, an afternoon came when a friend of mine was walking through the garden; when he saw the tree he broke into little cries of admiration, said it was a very rare and wonderful variety, and offered me a great deal of money if I would sell it to him for his own garden. Mr. Boyer is very like that tree.

Book?

He's a collection of books. A play by Maxwell Anderson—some French classics, of course—a touch of modern writing, like Bernstein—Pierre Louys—with perhaps a page or two from the "Satyricon."

FAMOUS STREET?

Charles Boyer would be the Champs Elysees in Paris, with an awning over it. In New York

I think he would be Fifty-ninth Street by the Park, near the St. Moritz at the cocktail hour.

PAINTING?

A portrait of an actor—naturally—and of a gentleman, painted by Matisse. The background would be by Monet, and Degas would contribute some dim figures in a corner, for balance. Are busts ever carved by sculptors out of quartz? Charles could be a Rodin bust in black quartz.

SPORT?

He is skeet shooting from the deck of the *Normandie*; a flashing doubles set of championship tennis played on a supermodern tennis court smack—and incongruously—in the middle of an Old-World walled garden; any subtle indoor sport; dart throwing in the formal study of a duke.

SONG OR MUSIC?

I cannot resist it: To most women, he is "*L'Après-midi d'un Faune*," by Claude Debussy. But I feel that melody would fade at times, to be superimposed by a Bach Fugue, very contrapuntal, for (Continued on page 87)



And It all Came True

Life holds only a few moments as thrilling as this famous writer experienced when, with dread in his heart, he stepped onto a set and watched his dreams come true



BY LOUIS BROMFIELD

AUTHOR OF
"THE RAINS CAME"

India transferred to Hollywood—in this dramatic scene with Myrna Loy and George Brent

NOT every book that a novelist writes occupies an equal place in his heart. There are some books which he finds entertainment in writing, others which are more or less autobiographical and consequently easy; there are some which are so difficult that he finishes by hating them; and finally there are those books which are written from the heart because they *had* to be written. I have written three of this last category—"The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg," "The Farm," and "The Rains Came." But of all of them "The Rains Came" was the closest to my heart. And so when it was sold to be made into a talking picture I felt uneasy about the whole thing.

It was not the first time Hollywood had made a picture of one of my books. From my point of view, and once or twice from the point of view of the public, the results were not altogether happy. Some of the pictures had been good, some indifferent in quality, and one downright bad. There were various reasons why

stories which had known a great popularity as books failed to achieve a corresponding success as pictures. The reasons for the failure are varied. Sometimes the adaptation is bad, sometimes it is the rapidly changing fashions of Hollywood which force a story into an artificial or unconvincing form. Sometimes a story can be massacred by economy or by a director not suited to it.

A book is different. No one lays hands on it but the author himself. No one else has the authority to change a comma. No one can maul it about, stick on a different ending or change the characters. No censorship can reduce what is the result of intelligence into what appears to be the result of idiocy. The novelist is not used to having a dozen brains taking part in the production of a story. A novelist's craft is a solitary one in which he takes his own pace. The production of a talking picture is a co-operative affair achieved under the terrific pressure of time and the vast cost of everything.

And so, when I found myself unexpectedly and on very short notice coming to Hollywood to the very lot where they were in the midst of making "The Rains Came," it was with trepidation, punctuated even by moments of actual dread. The book and all the characters in it were close to my heart.

I knew "The Rains" was a big and complicated and expensive story. I knew that a record budget had been made for its production. I knew too that in the book itself there were at least a dozen stories—the material for a dozen pictures. If the book were filmed in its entirety, about twenty-four hours would be needed to show it. So cuts had to be made and I wondered what they would be.

On arrival I was handed the final script which they were in the midst of shooting. I read it over and saw what had been done. Philip Dunne and Julien Josephson, who did the job, had taken the two principal love stories—one happy, one unhappy—and stuck to them.



In the game of "Who will play Lady Esketh," Myrna Loy was never mentioned



It was a tall order for newcomer Brenda Joyce, playing with a veteran like George Brent, but she came through with flying colors

Praise from the author is praise indeed—and both Myrna Loy and Tyrone Power might well be proud of what Mr. Bromfield thinks of their work in "The Rains Came"

Some of the characters I had cherished most in the writing were gone. They had to go. The two writers had selected brilliantly and had kept in the script what was in the book—the feeling that no matter what happened to the characters, India was always there in the background, bigger than any individual or any government. I was immediately and still am humbly grateful to Mr. Dunne and Mr. Josephson for what they had done.

I thought, "So far so good." But there were so many other influences, so many other individuals who could still do vast damage.

On the same afternoon that I arrived in Hollywood I insisted upon going on the set.

(Continued on page 76)



An unscheduled bit of "monkeyshines" was put on the day this widely read columnist, Dorothy Thompson (center), was entertained by Director Clarence Brown and Author Louis Bromfield (right)

MIRACLE MEN AT WORK

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER



You won't know yourself if you'll put these style lessons into practice

If you're fair, but just don't dare to weigh yourself, if your hips bulge and your waist needs slimming, let Hollywood's fashion magicians speed to your rescue with fascinating suggestions on line, on color—and what's more—show you how to be a "best-dressed woman," yet remain a budgeteer

"WHEN we get through with you, even your mother won't know you!" So went the old threat. But in Hollywood today those same words are a promise—a promise the studios' make-up men, hair-dressers, dress designers, and health and charm experts make to those they are grooming for stardom and to those whose stardom they are preserving.

And they do not exaggerate, these miracle men and women. Rather they incline to understatement. For often enough when they go to work on a star she scarcely knows herself. We've seen more than one famous lady stand before a full-length mirror with that "Can this be I?" expression in her eyes.

FOR THOSE WHO CAME IN LATE

Since the dress designers started to reveal their heretofore unpublished findings last month, we take this opportunity to boast all over again about the experts in our line-up:

Adrian makes the Metro stars look so divine that the effects in which he dresses them frequently become the latest fashion. And they are worn, alas, even by those who should shun them.

Vera West left the fashionable "400" in the lurch, amid proverbial weeping and wailing, when she signed with Universal Studios.



Wear furs around your neck



Add a pin to serve as an eye-catcher



Ruffles are disastrous



Use a decoy



"Consider your leftovers—"

TO MAKE YOU LOVELIER

Greer and Banton used to design for the lovely ladies under contract to Paramount. Then stars from here, there and everywhere began pleading with them to create their personal clothes. So they opened their salon and said, in effect, "Come one, come all." They're doing very well, thank you.

Edith Head is in the Paramount spot which first Greer and then Banton previously occupied. She's a little thing. She neither looks nor acts like an autocrat. But her word on color and line is law to girls like Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard, Joan Bennett and—need we go on?

Royer is the gentleman to whom the Twentieth Century-Fox stars—among them Alice Faye, Loretta Young and Sonja Henie—sing, "You made me what I am today. I hope you're satisfied!" If Royer isn't, everyone else, including the Great American Public, is.

Edward Stevenson at RKO may have a cold, scientific gleam in his eye when he surveys the star he is to gown. But the gleam in the eyes of those who later behold her is quite different—green sometimes, but not cold, ever.

Irene, like the musical comedy of the same name, is famous for a Little Blue Gown. And for every other kind of gown, too. Associated with no studio, she is sought by producers to dress their most important stars.

Orry-Kelly of Warner Brothers specializes in adaptability. He will turn from a chic, sophisticated street dress he is creating for Miriam Hopkins to design a bewitchingly demure negligee for Olivia de Havilland. And between times, he will make rough sketches for an interestingly dramatic dinner frock Bette Davis is to wear when she walks off with another Motion Picture Academy Award, alias Oscar.

Walter Plunkett has been working day and night, lately, helping to make a new star . . . Vivien Leigh, who plays *Scarlett O'Hara* in "Gone with the Wind." And Vivien's hoops and bustles and bonnets will be as completely right for her face and her figure as they are historically.

And now to get down to hard facts, offered by these miracle workers, which will keep you, too, from being hard to look at.

IF YOU'RE FAIR, FAT, AND FORTY *

* Or If You're Only the Second of These Things

1. Don't try to dress like willowy Carole Lombard. Call attention to your face, not your figure. Be like the opera singer who comes out in subdued draperies, but who has made the most of her face and her head so that soon all you see is a beautiful head out of which comes beautiful sound. (Plunkett)
2. Remember that French women, even when they weigh two hundred and fifty pounds, manage to be something to look at. Consider the French peasant who wraps her shawl around her or drapes her apron for the sake of grace, not disguise; and then sticks a bright dandelion behind her ear to call attention to her beautiful eyes and make you forget everything else. (Plunkett)
3. Foundation garments and fitting are of paramount importance. However, don't wear foundation garments that are too confining. And don't have your clothes tightly fitted. You'll cut only half an inch this way. And

it's no good to cut off half an inch, especially when it makes you look as if you were about to pop. (Greer)

4. Don't have a little set of rules about what you can wear and what you can't wear and abide by these rules eternally—until you get static in your appearance. For, if you do, your personality will be affected and you'll be stodgy and dull, too. (Greer)
5. The old black surplice dress, which anyone who wore anything over size thirty-eight used to climb in and out of, is gone. Hallelujah! But larger ladies still can be a little more adventurous than they are at the moment—if they are well-groomed and their hair is attractively dressed. (Stevenson)
6. Get youthful lines and have them adapted to your size—have the shoulders made a little less broad . . . lower the waistline just a trifle . . . lengthen the skirt a bit. (Irene)
7. When you wear any color but black, dark green, dark gray, brown or dark blue be meticulous in your selection. Avoid bright or heavy colors. Be ever so partial to the now fashionable dirty shades. (Irene)
8. Dark, dull colors and monotonies are slimming. They can make you look twenty-five pounds lighter. Honestly! This is proven again and again on the screen where the colors themselves do not show but where the results they produce in size are magnified. (Head)
9. Avoid glittering materials and brightly embroidered things which fairly shriek, "Look what a big girl I am!" But don't mope around in dark clothes at the wrong time or you'll be depressing. Wear white at those seasons when it is in order, even though it does make you look larger. For it also will make you look cool and dignified. Keep your white clothes simple, however. A white shirtwaist dress is ideal. For it has an opening line down its entire front, to cut your girth in two. (Banton)

(Continued on page 80)



"Don't have a hat that gets all the attention"



"Hips, hips, away!"



"Even your mother won't know you—"

"WHAT

BILL POWELL'S HEART-TO-HEAR COMEBACK INTERVIEW

A kiss from Myrna, a stern command from Director Van Dyke, a cheer from the crew—Bill's long, dark "exile" was over

BY RUTH WATERBURY

"ANOTHER THIN MAN" is shooting right now in Hollywood; hours, ten to four daily. Ask them at Metro how it happens that the picture is being produced in such elegant banking hours, instead of nine to five, which is the usual strict movie schedule, except when it is eight to six, as it so often is; or seven to seven, as it is on location, and they say, glibly, "Oh, you know how it is with Van Dyke directing."

That sounds like a good explanation. It is a good explanation. Only it isn't true. Hollywood, where emotion is something you put on celluloid and send out in tin cans, is shy at admitting when its heart is touched. Hollywood lets itself be called hard-boiled, the double-crossroads of the world, and other such labels. The labels fit most of the time, too. But they are having a thirty-day moratorium right at this

Back again to the work he loves, the life he loves—the son he loves!

PAIN CAN TEACH YOU

moment, and all because of a man named William Horatio Powell, who has been very, very sick.

The reason that "Another Thin Man" is working a mere six hours daily is that Bill Powell, the original, the one and only *Thin Man* there ever could be, is back acting again. He's facing the cameras for the first time after a long and frightening year and a half during which he survived, by the slenderest of margins, three major, dangerous operations.

Bill is back, his voice as suave as ever, his marvelous platinum technique still as smooth and sophisticated as a diamond-faced platinum watch. He's witty, debonair, laughing—every minute the cameras are turning. Woody Van Dyke, perched on that inevitable short step-ladder of his, is as offhanded about his direction as usual—when Bill is around. Myrna Loy, Bill's perfect screen wife, is there, sweet, warm Myrna, gay as red carnations—when she and Bill are in a scene together. "Doc" Dearborn, who has been Bill's stand-in for nine years, goes around cracking a neck or two (he used to be a chiropractor and he always used to fool around sets making those so-called "adjustments" for people between shots). "Doc" is doing that still—whenever the gleaming glance of Mr. Powell is upon him.

It's all keeping up for one and one keeping up for all on the "Another Thin Man" set, but underneath all the surface casualness you feel the tension—the tension and the tenderness.

The tension comes from the awareness of everybody in the troupe that when a man's been as sick as Bill has, it takes months and months for him really to feel himself again. As for the tenderness—

IT'S brutal to admit it, but people aren't generally loved in Hollywood. Admired, yes. Respected, yes. Feared, yes indeed. Frankly envied. But the place is too ambitious, too nervous, too young as yet for most stars to inspire any true devotion.

But a few have. A very few. You could count them without any effort on the fingers of your right hand and still follow the Biblical injunction of not letting your left hand know what your right hand was up to. In this select census, be assured, you would find Bill Powell. Hollywood loves Bill, not for his success, nor for his wit, nor for his intelligence, all of which are very admirable, but because he has the quality the town worships most: He can take it—and not whimper. Hollywood has seen life break Bill's heart for him, and then try to break his body—and Hollywood has also seen Bill's gallant spirit keep right on fighting in the face of such ordinarily defeating odds.

I invaded the sound stage the fourth day that "Another Thin Man" was shooting. Properly, I shouldn't have been there at all. The studio is barring all visitors but I presumed on the very long-standing friendship Bill and I have had and rang him up to see if I could drop by to say "Hello." Very typically (knowing that since we had last seen one another, I, too, had visited that place so cheerily called an operating theater), Bill said, "Don't try to kid me, my fair beauty. What you really want is to match scars with me. Well, let me tell you, Powell can match his scars with anyone." Equally typically, he set the date for the next day.

I thought I was sneaking in on that sound stage and appearing very dainty about it, too, not really revealing how moved I was to be there, but no sooner had I opened the door than that roving Powell eye saw me. He may not

get the Gable build-up but, nonetheless, he detects the faintest flutter of a skirt, even at a hundred yards on a foggy day. He was already on the set and the lights were burning, so he waved and indicated a chair behind the camera lines.

"I'll be with you in a minute," he called. "Sit and thrill at the sight of some really great acting, but let's get this settled right now. I insist upon my scar being longer."

I laughed loudly at that. Bill grinned, very gaily. But I was doing my own bit of acting. My throat felt as though a football had got stuck in it. I had only to glance at Bill to see how completely he was playing a role, too.

THE minute became an hour and while I waited the set workers whispered little stories to me, stories of super speed in filming, made possible only by sheer generalship of the producer. There was the fact that as soon as Bill finished one scene, Van was ready to shoot the next one; there was the fact that not only the stars but all the principals had stand-ins and that the crew—electricians, prop men and the like—was almost doubled so that there was never a second's delay. There were the four unoccupied stages which Van had commandeered and on which he had had sets erected so that all Bill had to do was ride from one to another in the limousine that was kept waiting for him, walk in, play the scene and walk out again—through which strategy two days' shooting was done in one. There was the fact that even though the schedule said quit at four, Van somehow always finished about 3:45 and then said there was no sense starting a new scene before the next morning. And there was, most memorable of all, the day they began to shoot the picture.

Van Dyke carries the same workers with him always. There's Harry Albiez, who has been his assistant for fourteen years, and Florence Thomas, who has held script for nearly that long. Those three came on the set first. Then Myrna came. Myrna had only the day before got back from her European vacation. She probably had a million things to do but there she was, bright and earlier than her co-star. "Doc" Dearborn came next. They stood about and waited and nobody could quite seem to talk, and then suddenly Bill stepped into the circle of lights. His shirt was open at his throat and he was bronzed from the sun. The gang saw that he was trying to speak but, for once, no Powell wisecrack came. It was Myrna who helped them all out. They all had so much in their hearts that words were difficult. She ran over to Bill, threw her arms around him and kissed him. Bill spoke then.

"Myrna," he said, "this was worth getting well for."

"Oh, Bill," said Mrs. *Thin Man*, "this is going to be more fun than another vacation."

"Well, come on," said Van Dyke, sounding very tough. "What are we wasting time for?" The set lights flared up then, the crew cheered, and Bill was back in his kingdom.

As I waited, I wondered if Bill was as conscious as I was that, for the activity going on in the scenes, Van always managed to have the star sitting down. (Try to sell me the idea that that was any accident!) Finally, however, there came a scene that had to be shot from Shelton Leonard's angle and Bill was free for ten minutes. His portable dressing room was only three paces away from the set. Bill indicated that we'd go in there and talk and as we stepped into it I noticed that there were two big bed



"One pain kills another. I've found things . . . new faith in people . . . simplicity . . . the great gift it is merely to live. I'll be all right now"

pillows and a blanket on the couch that Bill always used to keep comfortless as an ironing board. Bill lay down. He said, "Lucky girl, to get Powell horizontal." We both laughed again and pulled some more what we both fondly hoped were funny remarks and then suddenly Bill looked at me, very directly, and said quietly, "Speaking as one operated upon to another, it greys everything out, doesn't it?"

I said, "Oh, but there are compensations." I knew I was lying in my teeth and I knew Bill knew it, too, but I had to say that. I couldn't agree with him, then, though I knew, as all people know who have come too close to death, how horribly true his remark was.

Bill looked at me. I repeated myself. "Really, there are compensations."

His face became more serious. "Yes," he said
(Continued on page 93)

Languid Lady

The rise of Ann Sothern, who looks like a fugitive from a hothouse but is really a maze of contradictions

BY JERRY ASHER

EVER since she amazed everyone in "Maisie," Ann Sothern has been a bit bewildered herself. Now that she's been "discovered" again and taken to the affluent bosom of M-G-M, she's the most popular girl in town.

Up to date, everyone but Mickey Rooney is taking credit for Ann's good fortune. Make no mistake. Casting her as the heart-warming "Maisie" was no master stroke of some front-office genius. This story, originally bought for Jean Harlow, was collecting dust on the shelf. M-G-M decided to make it into an inexpensive

"B" production and salvage what they could. They needed a girl with a luscious flair for life. She had to be human and real. And at the same time—not command too large a salary! They actually needed—Ann Sothern.

Hollywood has never really known Ann. As she says, "Everyone expects me to be as *hel-l-plless* as a humming bird. No-o-o one ever gives me credit for being sensible." In speaking, she has an inimitable way of forcing certain words which gives them an exaggerated importance. Everything she says sounds funny, because she is always so serious when she says it. She always affects a confidential tone. Even if she's telling you about a hangnail.

Ann looks like a fugitive from a hothouse. She is definitely a dual personality, herself and the girl you expect her to be. There's an air of indifference about her which makes her different. It also gives people the impression that she is snooty. Ann does have a charming way of looking at you, through you and beyond you. It's unintentional and there's a good reason for it.

It ail started way back when she suffered from anemia. She was a diffident child, bursting with talent and never finding quite enough energy to express it. She was always cold and listless. A lassie who lived in lassitude. (Today, she has one of the warmest hearts in Hollywood. But she wears fur coats in July.) She was trained to conserve her strength. Not an ounce of effort was ever wasted. At four she toddled out on the local stage to sing a chorus of "Pretty Baby." In the middle of the number she stopped. For the first time she noticed the theater was half-empty. Deeming such a small audience unworthy of taxing her talent, she went toddling off again.

At fourteen she rode to school in a taxi. At the junior prom she got every dance. Sat them all out. By the time she became an actress, "Languid Lady" was (Continued on page 95)

She started out as a lukewarm redhead named Harriette Lake (right). As blonde Ann Sothern, she had a fling, then got lost in the shuffle. "Maisie" put her in line for stardom once more. Below, with her husband, Roger Pryor, and adopted son, David



THE

Camera

SPEAKS



Photography as sensational as its subject — once Brigitta Hartwig of Norway, then Vera Zorina, toast of Broadway in "I Married an Angel," now the main reason the Brothers Warner are filming "On Your Toes"

"Moby"

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY
BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST

A "modern" Garbo, a gay Garbo, that's what they promised us! So "Ninotchka" (her first film in almost two years, her first comedy in eons) gives us Greta as a serious worker of the new Russia, swept up in the lightheartedness of ageless Paris—with Melvyn Douglas ably supporting the cause of love and laughter

Bull





Sixteen! The transformation of baby Frances Gumm of Grand Rapids into starlet Judy Garland of Hollywood is complete. But two things have never changed—her desire to sing, which she satisfies in "Babes in Arms"—and her desire to be a doctor, which she satisfies with ambitious plans to build a hospital for children



THE FACE WITH THE SMILE WINS

John Garfield smiles because he is "lucky"—but it was more than luck that made his first five pictures personal triumphs—and won him the same part Spencer Tracy had in "20,000 Years in Sing Sing"

Which came first, the smile or the victory? Is Eddie Albert grinning because he gets the chance to dance with (and make love to!) Zorina in his second film, "On Your Toes"—or is the grin itself the reason for the breaks he's getting?

It takes courage to tear up a fat contract just because you're tired of insipid roles—but John Payne's fighting spirit has been more than justified by his new success with Warners', where he gets his finest opportunity in "Kid Nightingale"



Circe OF THE CIRCUS



The answer to "What's-in-a-name?" As a Bradna, after generations of circus trouping, she's a "Big Top" blueblood. As Olympe (her parents and Paramount say "O-lamp"—she prefers the more American "O-limpey"), she's named after the French theater in which she was born. No wonder Olympe Bradna, at 14, wowed Broadway—and now, at 19, as Pat O'Brien's daughter in "Happy Ending," is considered one of Hollywood's brightest starlets





Camera Nocturne

A man alone in the deepening twilight with his memories—and the photographer catches a prophetic mood with shadows in this study of Ronald Colman, star of "The Light That Failed," as the Kipling hero whose art career was cut short by blindness

PHOTOPLAY'S

CALL CADAVER

A pictorial history of the world's most fascinating city, from the barn that gave birth to "The Squaw Man" to the glittering billion dollar industry that found its voice in "The Jazz Singer." Through the magic of memory (aided by Photoplay's incomparable files), the screen's immortals once more make their bows—or answer a last curtain call

Early California producers didn't even boast a roof over their heads! Hobart Bosworth's first movie in 1908—"The Roman," with Betty Harte—was filmed on a borrowed estate



Film history was made in the Lasky barn at left, in 1913. Here Cecil DeMille directed his first movie—and Hollywood's first hit—"The Squaw Man" (below, with Winifred Kingston, Monroe Salisbury, Billy Elmer, Dustin Farnum)



OF HOLLYWOOD

BLAZING across a night sky, a comet streaked to earth behind the hills. But there were no prophets to see that where it had buried its weight there would spring up in the next twenty years the modern world's most fascinating town.

Nor did prophets herald the arrival of the world's fourth largest industry when, in a barn long disused, the first camera turned on the first scene of "The Squaw Man."

None was wise enough, in 1913, to know that Hollywood was soon to become the magic land of make-believe, the factory of escape for a world weary of its depressing truths, the city of fabulous fortunes and fabulous spending, of scandals and death, the city where "terrific" found a new use as an adjective.

Today, twenty-six years later, Hollywood stands as the symbol of entertainment, a giant industry of personalities, while movies celebrate their fiftieth anniversary of Edison's invention of the kinetoscope, granddaddy of today's silver screen. The story of Hollywood is ready to be told.

In one of the most ambitious pictures of the year, Darryl Zanuck has been filming these past few months his own history of the movies, "Hollywood Cavalcade,"

co-starring Alice Faye and Don Ameche in a dramatic movie which covers the period from 1913 to 1927. Many of the personalities you will see on the following pages have been recalled by Zanuck for one more appearance before the lens.

So, inspired by the movies' anniversary, the 20th Century-Fox film, and its own personal celebration of a birthday, PHOTOPLAY herewith presents its unvarnished history of Hollywood, a pictorial feature taken from the industry's greatest photographic source from the past—PHOTOPLAY's own files—to bring to life a vanished era.

In the beginning of the Twentieth Century, when the potential millions in motion pictures were just being discovered, it was New York which was the center of film making. Slowly Edison's powerful film trust froze out all the independent competitors. There was nowhere in the East for those outside the trust to carry on their business. Escape was essential.

Some tried Florida, others went as far as Cuba in the search for a place free from lawyers and lawsuits, and in 1909 Francis Boggs, director of the Selig Polyscope Company, brought the first moving picture unit west to California and set his cameras up in the little

(Continued on page 42)

Even today, this is recognizable as a motion picture studio, though the time is 1914 and the film, "Captain Courtesy," now forgotten. Its rough props, and workmen watching from the side lines, are typical of the hit-and-miss methods by which films were produced in those days





A great man starts a great era: Mack Sennett (far left) directs Chester Conklin in one of those comedies that convulsed a nation

Al Christie Studio and Universal's old open-air stages near that site, but it was the release of "The Squaw Man" which put Hollywood on the movie map.

From then on, the future course of the films was assured. In 1913, "The Perils of Pauline," with serial queen Pearl White, had shown what publicity could do; installments of the story were published weekly in great chains of newspapers, with prizes for the best solution before the next episode appeared on the screen. In 1914, William Selig made the first "super" picture, "The Spoilers," setting the vogue for using the works of such popular authors as Rex Beach and Zane Grey. William Fox, with "A Fool There Was," brought sex appeal to the screen and introduced Theda Bara as a vamp.

Mack Sennett's Keystone Comedies brought him the title of "The Father of American Comedy" and initiated such novelties as the bathing beauty, the comedy chase, and the ubiquitous pie-throwing—all of which he helps to revive in the current "Hollywood Cavalcade." He also developed such stars as Gloria Swan-

(Continued on page 44)



Charlie Chaplin—a heel-hanger in "The Floorwalker"—vintage, 1916

Cross-eyed Ben Turpin was an hilarious foil for the Sennett bathing beauties

Close rivals to the comedies were Westerns, with Bill Hart as Cowboy No. One

Early audiences wanted belly laughs, so most early stars were comedians—among them, deadpan Buster Keaton



(Continued from page 41)

town of Los Angeles. There he discovered the climate ideal for picture-making—especially for the extremely popular "Westerns"—and the nearness to the Mexican border, where U. S. process servers had no power, was a distinct advantage! By 1913, two dozen or more picture plants were established in Los Angeles.

Up to this time, Hollywood was nothing more than a quiet suburb northwest of Los Angeles, named for its abundance of holly and live oak. One day, Robert Brunton, an art director, saw the possibilities of converting a barn there into a studio and sold the idea to the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Company, composed of Lasky, Goldfish (Sam Goldwyn) and Cecil B. DeMille, who were looking for a site where they could film "The Squaw Man," with Dustin Farnum. Already, there were film companies such as the



—But the real kings of the comic-chase days were the Keystone Kops (Ford Sterling at the phone)

"Vamp till ready" became the byword as Theda Bara brought SEX to the screen (it wasn't there to stay—as subsequent events proved). Such poses as this (1916) started the first great movie legend, made the former Theodosia Goodman "the wickedest woman in the world"



Two women in 1915 paved the way for present salaries, when Mary Pickford's mother asked—and got! —\$10,000 a week for her daughter



J. Warren Kerrigan was the Robert Taylor of 1914—Photoplay readers named him their favorite male star



Then as now, stage stars such as Weber and Fields were at a premium—and often too costly



Wistful Mabel Normand—whose sad eyes seemed to foresee her tragic destiny—won Photoplay's contest, with Kerrigan, as readers elected her their favorite feminine star

Below—Chester Conklin poses with Marie Prevost in a Sennett comedy



Pearl White in "The Perils of Pauline" was queen of the serials—when serials were king



Movies were coming into their own in 1915. Universal dazzled Hollywood with a studio (above), built just for the job of making motion pictures (public admission, 25c). The unassuming chap in straw hat, at left, is the incomparable D. W. Griffith, whose directorial genius counted more than any other factor in raising the cinema to an art



Even in 1916, his Babylonian scene ("Intolerance," right) set a standard which has seldom been matched since for lavishment—and expense



It was D. W. Griffith's "Birth of a Nation" (originally called "The Clansman") that first put history into motion pictures—and thus put motion pictures into history. It also helped to place Lillian Gish (at left) and other minor stars of the period among screen immortals

(Continued from page 42)

son, Mabel Normand, Ben Turpin, Fatty Arbuckle and Charlie Chaplin, the latter already an important comedian by 1914 in "Tillie's Punctured Romance" (with the late beloved Marie Dressler). Movies were now one of the largest industries in the world!

Film stars shuttled back and forth from their studios in the East to make pictures in the West. The attempt to use famous stage stars in films was begun by the Triangle Company, comprising D. W. Griffith, Thomas Ince and Sennett, resulting in the screen appearance of such personalities as Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, Weber and Fields, Billie Burke, William Collier, Elliott Dexter, Taylor Holmes and George Fawcett. But most stage celebrities—with the exception of Doug Fairbanks, Marie Dressler and William S. Hart—were dismal flops as far as audiences were concerned. To make things worse (for the producer) the publicity given the great sums necessary to lure these Broadway darlings to the cinema gave the moderately-paid established screen stars the idea of demanding more salary for themselves. In 1915, Mary Pickford startled the movie world by getting \$10,000 a week through the efforts of Mamma Smith. The competitive bidding for stars' services had begun in earnest, though the October 1915 PHOTOPLAY revealed that only Pickford, Chaplin and Marguerite Clark, among film stars (stage stars got more), received more than \$750 a week—junior salaries to box-office personalities of today.

Meanwhile, Los Angeles was definitely growing. War in Europe had cut down film production and given American companies a boost.



The war found film popularity so strong that stars like Doug Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin were Uncle Sam's best Liberty Bond salesmen



Post-war cynicism made itself felt in such scorchers as Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks," in which Conrad Nagel, Aileen Pringle—and their bed of roses—had audiences gasping

Ringleader in sexy drama was Cecil DeMille (inset), whose epic style has changed considerably since those days—but whose puttees and cap set a directorial style for years



Film "orgies" (shades of censorship!) like this were so commonplace in 1924, reviewers found "Three Weeks" very mild and confined themselves to praising the fine photography



The period between 1915 and 1917 saw such expansion as the establishing of Triangle in Culver City, Lasky in San Fernando Valley, Vitagraph in East Hollywood, and Fox at Sunset Boulevard. The grand opening of Universal City in San Fernando Valley, March, 1915, fifteen miles from the heart of Los Angeles, was the occasion for much fanfare. Covering 750 acres, with wonderful new indoor studios, it was called "the world's one celluloid metropolis."

D. W. Griffith's "The Birth of a Nation," produced in 1914 on a then staggering budget of \$100,000, had given the industry its first great artistic success, as well as one of the greatest money-makers of all time. Now, in 1916, he splurged still more on the gigantic "Intolerance," which was filmed amid a great deal of secrecy. It was probably the first time a "closed set" had been used in those pre-Garbo days, as previous pictures had been filmed with all the local yokels gaping on the side lines.

Socially, Hollywood was beginning to take on

(Continued on page 46)



The director, William Desmond Taylor, whose murder February, 1922, remains unsolved



A series of scandals in the early 20's brought Hollywood notoriety, disaster—and the unwanted title of "naughtiest city on the globe." At least two careers were wrecked by the Taylor shooting—those of Mary Miles Minter (above), whose name had long been linked romantically with that of the director, and Mabel Normand (right), whose lovingly-inscribed picture was found in a locket which Taylor carried



When the District Attorney's office announced that Taylor was shot by a jealous woman, dope peddlers (with whom he was allegedly at war), blackmailers, or robbers, Hollywood found itself in the full glare of public disapproval. The crime, which occurred in the house above, left, was further complicated by the disappearance of his former valet—rumored his brother



Another headline to add fuel to the censors' fires in the early 20's—the death of Wallace Reid (seen with wife and son), while fighting against the drug habit



And so, in 1922, the most far-reaching event of the decade took place: Will Hays became arbiter of Hollywood morals!



First spark to kindle a flame of moral indignation that has never died down, was the "wild party" death of Virginia Rappe—which brought the career of Fatty Arbuckle (left) to a sudden end in 1921

(Continued from page 45)
the glamorous aspects which characterize it today. Los Angeles was still a prim little city and there were no places within the city limits where stars could make whoopee. The Hotel Alexandria and Levy's Café were the favorite meeting places for dining. Outside the town, stars frequented the Sunset Inn at Santa Monica and the Ship Café at Venice, for dancing. As for Hollywood itself, it was already the movie residential center ("To Hollywood, a suburb of Los Angeles, belongs the palm of housing more picture people than any other spot in the world," read a PHOTOPLAY story in 1915).
Then America entered the war, and the temper of the times changed. Peace pictures, such as "The Battle Cry of Peace," were being booed out of the theaters. Great stars entered the

(Continued on page 48)



She came from Sweden, almost unheralded, in 1925—but she brought a new kind of glamour with her to the screen—even though Greta Garbo did pose with the University of Southern California track team in those days—in full regalia!



1927-8 (heyday of national prosperity) gave Hollywood its first real "social season," high lighted by the gala wedding of Vilma Banky and Rod LaRocque

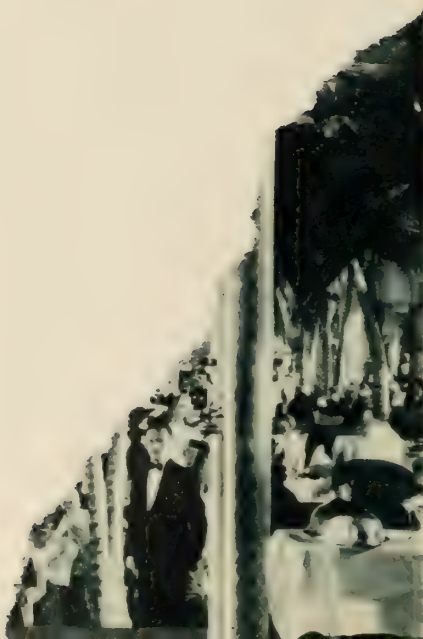
No career has been more typical of Hollywood than that of Joan Crawford, one of its most beloved stars. In 1927, among her dancing trophies, she was the perfect pattern of those carefree days of the old regime. Now, in 1939, her quiet receptions, constant study and dramatic roles typify the new

e has changed indeed
e lush era of tinsel and
ament. When Gloria
n posed for this home
i 1923, the day of the
y, the Guild and World
s was far in the future

Much of the change was brought about by
the sudden advent of the talkies—Holly-
wood's own revolution, precipitated by
Jolson's great success in "The Jazz Singer"



But, throughout all changes of
time and technique, the enor-
mous vitality of the film colony
has maintained something that
will be forever "Hollywood" . . .
something that made it possible
for one rather small community
to vie with New York and Paris
as the amusement centers of the
world . . . something that kept
the Cocoanut Grove a dancing
mecca through such cycles as
the Charleston, rhumba and
swing. Still Hollywood, eternal
symbol of gaiety and glamour!





FOUR

blue soufflé fashions this flat-
gly feminine evening gown
ed by Howard Greer of Hol-
od for Irene Dunne to wear
iversal's "When Tomorrow
es." It features the new bustle
ette, a corselet girdle, puff
der wings, a low back and a
draped surplice front blouse

Clark

GOV

Irene selected
crepe dinner co-
personal wardrobe
French Room of
pany, Los Angeles.
broidery accents the
the fitted jacket, a
the eyelets for the
the sleeveless bodice

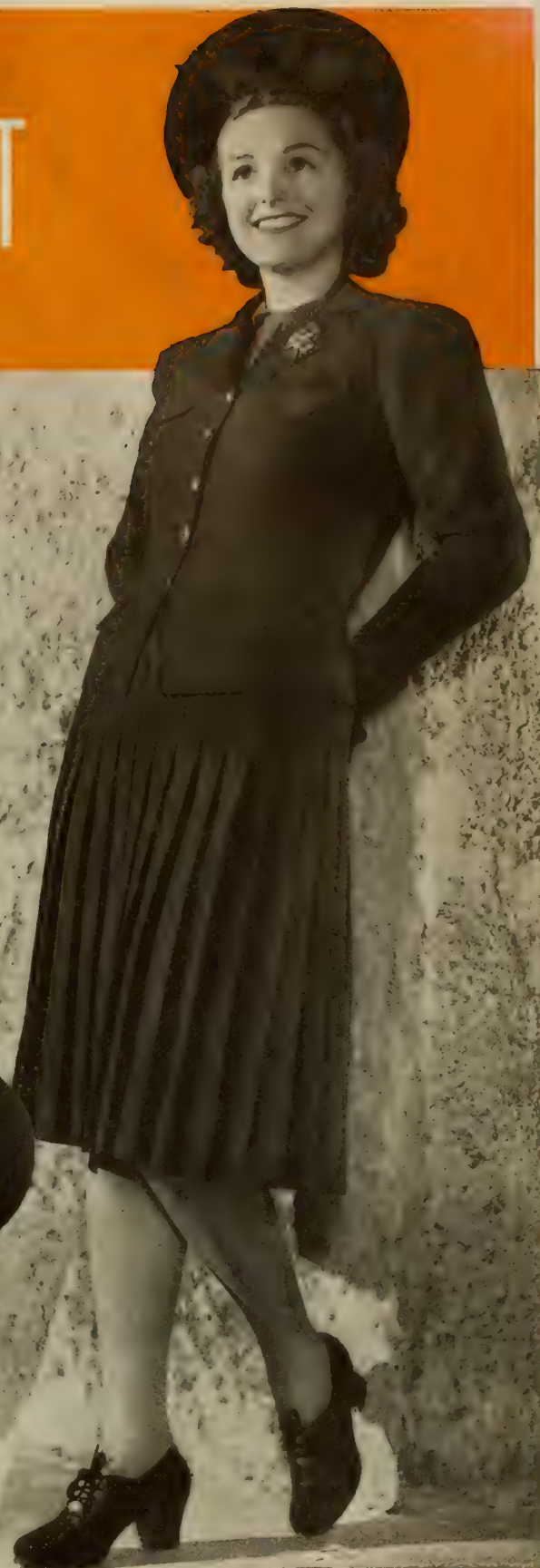
Jones

Times

POSES IN
'MES FOR
R COED

FOR YOUR BUDGET

If you would like to know the name of the store in your community where the merchandise shown on these two pages may be purchased, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Fashion Secretary, Photoplay, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Be sure to enclose a clipping or description of the merchandise desired



Brown Botany flannel is featured in this two-piece dressmaker suit (above) that has an all-around stitched pleated skirt and a fitted jacket. Rosemary adds a green off-the-face felt "Heath" beret, genuine alligator and bucko "Shenanigan" oxfords and an enamel and stone-studded "Coro" lapel pin in motif of "the frog that would a-wooing go." The suit is \$17, the hat, \$6, the shoes \$8.95 and the pin is \$1.95. Rosemary's two-piece suit (at left) is of dark green "Triple X" monotone tweed. It consists of an all-purpose winter coat that has velvet revers and buttons, and a gored skirt. Rosemary pins a "Coro" fob that dangles a Blarney stone, Blarney Castle and a shamrock to her lapel and adds the green felt beret described above. The suit is \$25 and the fob \$1. Rosemary's newest Warner Bros. film is "The Return of Dr. X"



Four

ARE

VERSATILE

AND

SMART



Bachrach

Statuesque Kay Francis, currently appearing in RKO-Radio's "In Name Only," selects a three-quarter length, tailored cape of mink as her all-purpose fall wrap. Kay wears it in the photograph over a brown matelassé crepe street frock, which is sketched at the right so you may note the exquisite draping of the blouse. The other two sketches show Kay's leaf green wool jersey evening gown (center), and her gold colored woolen street frock (far right), which, like the brown crepe street frock, were especially designed by Stevenson. The dresses sketched on this page are not available in the shops. The mink cape was created by Willard George, Los Angeles



Capes



Petite Miriam Hopkins, who is co-starred with Bette Davis in the Warner Brothers film, "The Old Maid," chooses a hip-length cape of sable as her newest wrap—the pencil-slim, creamy beige crepe evening gown worn beneath is accented by a massive gold choker that slips through the neckline drape (sketched left). Miriam also wears the brown jersey afternoon dress (sketched right) with her little sable jacket. It features a low-waisted, pointed bodice, gathered sleeve insets and a gathered skirt. Orry-Kelly designed both of these dresses for Miss Hopkins, and therefore they are not available in the shops. The sable jacket was created by Willard George, Los Angeles

VARIAT

in



Louise Campbell, appearing in Paramount's "The Star Maker," models three exciting Jeanne Barrie "five o'clock" frocks that are topped by Alfreda's chic chapeaux. The "necklace" frock (left) of Stunzi's black rayon faille has a flared skirt that is pleated in back for the new back fullness. It is also available in wine and smoke blue. The rayon postilion with gold ornament trim is swathed in gossamer veiling. Gold soutache braid embroidered every lends a note of old-fashioned charm to Louise's black frock (center) of "Record Breaker" a wide crepe that is styled with a flared skirt and a wide fitted girdle that is looped in back to give a modified bustle effect. The three-color velvet beret has a rippled, three-tiered visor front and snug fitting crown in back. Louise's second black "Record Breaker" rayon crepe model (right) is all-over studded with gold nailheads—the wide cummerbund sash is bright red. Alfreda's looped turban with bustle streamers is of black satin.

WHERE TO BUY THEM

If you would like to know the name of the shop in your community that carries these PHOTOPLAY fashions write to Jean Davidson, Fashion Secretary, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City. Be sure to enclose clipping or description of the merchandise desired.



This tag identifies an original PHOTOPLAY Hollywood fashion. Look for it.

ONS

Black

ie Barnes, whose recent screen appear-
was in the 20th Century-Fox produc-
"Frontier Marshal," chooses a collar-
knee-length classic coat of blue fox to
er dressy street and evening clothes.
wears it here over a heavy black
frock, the blouse of which is smartly
d with black and white (below).
ion roses fashion the crown of Bin-
lack, white and grey metallic plaid
at is shadowed by a dotted veil.
ide bracelet is of rubies and
ds. Binnie selected her blue fox
om Willard George, Los Angeles



FASHION LETTER

BY
GWENN WALTERS

SELDOM does any Hollywood designer get the golden opportunity Paramount's Edith Head has in dressing "one of the most beautiful women on the screen," Madeleine Carroll, for her role of *Gail Allen* in Paramount's "My Love for Yours,"—a story which offers a detailed fashion show of a career woman wearing career clothes.

The character, *Gail Allen*, shows Madeleine at home, at parties, at work and on vacation, and her clothes for these varied occasions run a wardrobe gamut of spring, summer, fall and winter models.

Edith Head's most fervent fashion message for the fall of 1939 is, "Study yourself and adopt a definite clothes formula or prescription for each phase of your own immediate life!" She demonstrates this modern fashion theory in an all-season group of daytime, work-time, lunchtime and unexpected, casual "date-time" dressmaker suits for Miss Carroll. She advises girls and women in every walk of life to choose their most becoming, most comfortable and most suitable type of dress for daytime and bury the lines of this one model in a variety of fabrics and colors for each season in the year. Naturally small changes may be made from time to time, but the essential silhouette remains the same.

Exhibit A is Madeleine Carroll's navy Lyons velvet two-piece suit for work-time in "My Love for Yours." This is the perfect type for Miss Carroll and has a flared, sectional skirt topped by a dressmaker jacket with fitted lines just above the hips. Navy silk braid enlivens the yoke and cuffs of the jacket, and under it Miss Carroll wears a tailored white satin shirt. Although this suit is 1939 Fall—it reflects the working suit of the midsummer season which stressed the same lines with embroidered white linen substituted for the navy velvet.

Two other versions of this suit show how the same model seems like an entirely different design. For warmer days, black tie-silk is used for the skirt with a black and white plaid tie-silk top. Shorter sleeves, a thinner underblouse, pleats instead of flared sections—but throughout the same basic suit. One suit in linen has a black skirt and a white jacket hand-blocked in black stripes. Still another is navy faille with white loops high lighting the neckline. *Whatever season prevails*, Madeleine Carroll as the fashion-conscious career woman wears her two-piece suit for business hours.

INTERESTING, too, is the fact that the star agrees with Miss Head's "basic dress" system to the extent of wearing a "basic hairdress"—and for all purposes, too! She thinks, in line with the designer's belief, that for every woman there's one most becoming dress style and one hair style which does the most for that one woman. "Play with fads and be amused by them," suggest Miss Carroll and Miss Head, "but to thine own type—be true, smart and most attractive."

Getting back to this ideal wardrobe, there are two topcoats designed for fall wear over all the two-piece suits, but not too heavy to utilize all year round. One is a navy twill fitted redingote; the other an infallible tweed topper for "rougher weather." An important note is the absence of fur in both of these. Designer Head boldly explains that Miss Carroll wears a full-length mink coat to wear when she "dresses up."

(Continued on page 93)

A fashion-fest you can't afford to miss. Here are the exciting details of Madeleine Carroll's wardrobe for her role in Paramount's "My Love for Yours"



CALLING ALL CLANS TO THE BALL GAME

BY FRANCES HUGHES,
NEW YORK FASHION EDITOR
ASSISTING
GWENN WALTERS,
FASHION EDITOR

Football fans who know their fashions will start the season in PLAIDS. Ida Lupino, appearing in Paramount's "The Light That Failed," sets the pace—and a merry one, too—in "The Laplander"—a natural sheepskin-hooded "chunkie," with a pleated kiltie-skirt to match.

Hitch your wagon to a star and choose the "Farquaharson" plaid as she did—the tartan of Her Majesty, the Queen of England, once a bonny Scottish lassie from the moors. "Chunkie" and detachable hood are lined in matching plaid, and they'll lead a scholastic or a sporting life with equal ease all winter long.

FOR CONVERSATION

... lapel gadgets—the more, the merrier! Enameled masks (top) among them a tribal chieftain fierce with corkscrew curls, and a tribal beauty bedecked with col-

ored baubles. Or a modish mouse with silver body and golden head and tail.

FOR PLAID PERFECTION

- ... an over-the-shoulder plaid wool pouch with zipper-top and inner fittings (center).
- ... a plaid wool scarf, worn ascot-style in the neck of sweaters, coats or jackets, or squared and tied like a peasant's shawl over the head.

FOR CASUAL CHIC

- ... alligator oxfords with muck-shooing mudguards and built-up leather heels (right).
- ... corduroy ball-game booties cosily lined with fleece.
- ... "Lammies"—snug little lambskin mittens with warm and wooly curls inside.

All Football Fashions from Best & Company, N. Y.

So black cats are unlucky? Look who's being petted by Jeanette MacDonald, Dolores Del Rio and Norma Shearer, as Ernst Lubitsch watches (NOT directing, but acting—as host)



Cal York's

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

Gracie and George—At It Again

GRACIE ALLEN has the town in stitches with the best story of the month, and one Gracie swears is true. It seems Gracie was instrumental in securing, with a friend, a position for a young Chinese servant and, out of sheer gratitude, the Oriental decided to study up on the best English phrases used in social etiquette.

Imagine Gracie's amazement then, when, calling one day on the friend, she praised the servant's tea and he came back with, "Oh, thank you lady or gentleman, as the case may be."

Then Georgie comes forth with the story of his struggle to chastise his young son for some misdemeanor.

"What," demanded George, his face stern and cold, "am I going to do with you, young man?"

The boy thought a minute and then came back:

"Well, I guess you'll just have to kill me, Daddy."

Niven Goes for a Ride

THE preview of "They Shall Have Music" was over and the stars emerged from the theater to be met by hundreds of eager fans. David Niven and Olivia de Havilland, for instance, were sc

PHOTOGRAPHY
BY HYMAN FINK



Melvyn Douglas has his fortune told by a veiled lady of mystery, as his missus (Helen Gahagan) kibitzes. Party was given by Ernst Lubitsch and his wife just before the latter left for Europe

Teatime (in the bar-room) at the Lubitsch home—Mrs. Mervyn Le Roy, Mrs. L. herself, and Margaret Sullivan



Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wilcox (Florence Rice), adding that Scarlett touch to the Riskin "Gone with the Wind" party



Hedy Lamarr, aboard the "Melinda," tunes in on her favorite program



At Norma Shearer's theater party, Arthur Hornblow is proof that Myrna Loy keeps her real-life husband just as happy as her screen ones



Hollywood Bowl-ers Franklin Pangborn and Edna May Oliver relax during a concert intermission

swamped they were too late to reach the car of their host, Sam Goldwyn, who, in his excitement at the picture's success, calmly drove off without them.

David and Olivia stood there on the sidewalk and watched the car go. Two fans, a young man and woman, close at hand, took in the situation at a glance. "Mr. Niven," they suggested, "we'll be glad to give you a lift."

"Thanks very much," Niven said, "I'll be grateful to you."

With that the young man shot away and in two minutes was back with his not-so-classy little car that clanked and rattled along while David and Olivia, in the back seat, enjoyed the experience immensely, waving to friends in passing limousines who almost fell out of their cars in open-mouthed astonishment.

"You got us out of a bad spot, you two," David smiled at the young couple before Goldwyn's door. "I do appreciate it."

"Gee," the young couple sighed. "You appreciate it. Why, say, we'll never get over it."

And they were still grinning happily as they drove away.

We Present—A New Star

LAST month Hollywood hadn't heard the name Helen Gilbert. This month it's arousing more discussion than any ten names together, for Miss Gilbert, you remember, was the beautiful young lady who almost walked off with "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever."

Her rise was quick, meteoric, and unexpected even to herself. She had been a cellist (and a good one) in the studio orchestra for two years, recording music for such stars as Nelson Eddy, Jeanette MacDonald and Ilona Massey. Her prettiness and unusually fine speaking voice won her a test. Director Woody Van Dyke saw the test, which was really made for the starring



Gala occasion was the opening of "Ladies and Gentlemen," new Charles MacArthur-Ben Hecht play starring Helen Hayes (Mrs. MacArthur) and Herbert Marshall—and Norma Shearer responded in gala fashion with a truly regal theater-and-supper party

Cross-section of Norma's guests at the Biltmore Theater reveals many topflight first-nighters—Leland Hayward, Margaret Sullivan, Franchot Tone, Loretta Young, Janet Gaynor, Adrian (now Mr. and Mrs.), and the hostess herself (extreme right)

role in "Florian," and grabbed her for the *Hardy* story. Miss Gilbert is as surprised as anybody. But is cooler than two cucumbers, definitely in love with music and *won't* sacrifice it for movies (she hopes to combine the two). She's a petite miss of five feet three who is married to Bakaleinikoff and has a stepdaughter slightly older than herself.

She's the young lady of the hour in Hollywood, only she doesn't seem to know it herself, maintains a calm approach to life and rests secure in the knowledge that she's one of the best women cellists in the country. And that "best in something" is her buckler and her shield. She's pretty, too.

Home Boy

HIS name is John Howard. He's a sincere, honest, hard-working young man in Hollywood under contract to Paramount, but as foreign to Hollywood life as a yucca tree is to the Yukon. He's really the boy who lives across the street in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, or could be the lad home from college for summer vacation in any small town you can name. He lives quietly on a side street with his family, eats dinners at the family dinner table and is incapable of even thinking a good place for mother and dad would be the usual small cottage below Wilshire or out in the Valley, while he lived in swanky bachelorhood.

He cuts the grass when it needs it and drives his mother to market when he isn't working.

That's why, when Paramount cast him for the lead in "Victory," Hollywood said, "John Howard? Why choose him? We hardly know him."

And that's why, also, few know of the grief locked in his honest heart, for John's mother is now threatened with blindness after an illness, and John and his family are keeping their sorrow to themselves.

He's a family boy in Hollywood. And here's hoping he gets right there to the top.

Feud for Thought

THERE is nothing that interests Hollywood quite so much as a good, old-fashioned feud between a couple of its glamour girls. Nor, it so happens, has Hollywood been without such a tidbit for gossip for any length of time.

Back in the old silent days, it was Lilyan Tashman and Hedda Hopper who feuded. Then Joan Crawford and Jean Harlow entered the ring against each other—outwardly polite as pie, perhaps; pretty obviously "allergic" to each other, just the same.

And now, we present our latest contenders—Dorothy Lamour and Patricia Morison! Maybe a lot of people don't know it yet, but these two beauties like each other about as well as Tabby likes Rover—and that's not much. They do say that Dorothy, who was here first, has been the one to throw down the gauntlet, but we wouldn't know for sure about that. We do know, though, that at the big banquet Paramount flung for its exhibitors some moons ago,

Dorothy got mad and went home early because William LeBaron, the studio's managing director and her dinner partner, devoted considerable time to beauteous La Morison.

When you stop to think about it, it seems kind of natural that the peppery Dottie might resent the newcomer. They're the same type, only Pat is considered better looking by a lot of people. Both of the girls can sing, but in contrast to Dorothy's blues voice, Pat can warble grand opera—and how. They both have beautiful long hair, but Pat's is a couple of inches longer than Dottie's. They both can act, of course, but Pat has back of her the prestige of a New York stage hit. And last, but not least, everybody thought Dottie would be scheduled to star with Ray Milland in Paramount's new epic, "Untamed," which was apparently right up her alley, then subsequently Pat was given the role.

You can't blame Hollywood for watching the little drama.

Just Another "Phony"

A FRIEND, recently returned from a trip through northern California, tells us this choice story.

The friend, it seems, had stopped at a small, out-of-the-way, one-man gas station on the road and glanced at a car near by in which sat a woman, obviously waiting for someone. As the lone station attendant drew near our friend, he leaned over and whispered confidentially

(Continued on page 72)



IN NAME ONLY—RKO-Radio

If you're the pushover for Cary Grant and Carole Lombard we think you are, this will be worth every long minute you sit watching it—it is just such good acting. Unfortunately, fine writer Richard Sherman had a pretty sickly basic story to work with. This triangle is a simple one, and the wife, Kay Francis, won't give Cary Grant a divorce, and Cary's in love with Carole Lombard who waits for him. Then Cary gets pneumonia and everything seems to be up to Carole. Charles Coburn, Helen Vinson have routine roles, Katharine Alexander does fine work, and Miss Francis plays with distinction. You'd feel more sympathy for the hero if you didn't know he could straighten everything out in the first reel, but Grant is magnificent throughout.



★ THESE GLAMOUR GIRLS—M-G-M

YOUTH scintillates against a college background in this really fun-making picture, which doesn't deviate from Jane Hall's magazine story by so much as an adverb. Anita Louise, Jane Bryan and Ann Rutherford are three lovely debutantes. It's our not-so-private opinion, though, that a well-brought-up deb should have better manners and more poise than Anita and Ann give to their roles. Lew Ayres makes a dilly of a college boy—you know he's a senior without being told. A slight crack shows in his sophisticated coating, however, when Lana Turner, honkey-tonk hostess, shows up at his school's veddy exclusive house party on the strength of a drunken invitation. Marsha Hunt plays the college widow and does a fine job.

The Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE
NEW PICTURES

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURE



★ THE OLD MAID—Warners

THE critics protested when Zoe Akins' "The Old Maid" got the Pulitzer Prize; maybe this picture version of it will win Academy Awards as well, but if it does we're going to protest, too. Of course, it's a fine movie. It's good drama, well-played, expensively produced, and the directing is excellent. But it's so long, so dreary. Bette Davis plays the young cousin who loves George Brent, the man Miriam Hopkins discards. After Brent is killed in the Civil War, Bette gives birth to his daughter. Miriam, who has married a rich man in the meantime, finds out about Bette's indiscretion, and fixes things so the poor girl can't marry again. Bette allows her cousin to adopt the little girl and turns herself into a sour old maid so the child will never suspect. Years pass and the baby grows up to be Jane Bryan, who hates Bette because of her constant interference. The whole theme is built on the neurosis of a woman whose life has been a tragedy of her own making. Miss Davis gives her usual superb portrayal. Miriam Hopkins, however, almost succeeds in matching the star's work with her finely etched delineation of the less erotic, more sensible elder cousin. Brent does not have a chance to do much except be charming in a sequence or two, since he's killed off so early, and Donald Crisp, as the family doctor, is seen only occasionally. He's very believable at these times, anyway. The rest of the cast, which includes such names as Cissie Loftus, Louise Fazenda, Jerome Cowan and James Stephenson, is quite capable.



★ STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE—
20th Century-Fox

THE most difficult of human experiences to portray has been captured in this inspiring, dignified and somewhat adventurous film. For here is the portrait of an intelligent, hard-boiled man converted to the truest Christianity through the quiet example of a genuinely good one. Pace the picture lacks, but that is more than offset by the spiritual message it carries. When Henry M. Stanley, New York's best reporter of the Eighties, is assigned to find Dr. Livingstone, famous British missionary-explorer in darkest Africa, it is merely another assignment to him. Arriving in Zanzibar, he encounters a girl whose love gives him the courage to force on through swamps, fever, false starts, battling natives, and slave traders, until nearly eighteen months later the historic moment comes when he can say, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" Then he discovers that Dr. Livingstone does not wish to be rescued. The missionary has deliberately exiled himself to go on not alone converting the heathen, but showing them through his kindness that white men are not all cruel, and thereby in turn showing the whites that dark men can peacefully open up a new continent to them. His saintliness so wins Stanley that when Livingstone dies Stanley turns his back on New York and its rich awards to carry on the noble work. Spencer Tracy and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as Livingstone, are sensitively the title roles. Nancy Kelly and Richard Greene are seen briefly as a pair of rather anemic lovers, while Charles Coburn and Walter Brennan furnish wisps of comedy.



★ BEAU GESTE—Paramount

IT'S an old, old story, this—old enough to be dragged out of moth balls and made an epic of, as is Hollywood's custom these days. Gary Cooper plays the role of *Beau Geste*, done so well in the silent version by Ronald Colman, and he has Ray Milland and Robert Preston as his loyal brothers, who follow him into the Foreign Legion. You really must remember that story: all about the giant sapphire that was stolen, and the three brothers being accused, and all of them rushing off to the Sahara or wherever. The main idea was originally built around a true Legion tale, wherein a regiment was sent to rescue a besieged fort and found it quite silent, with every occupant at his post, dead. It takes half the picture to kill off a whole garrison of soldiers and after a bit, what with all those bodies, there is an uncanny resemblance to Madame Tussaud's waxworks about the whole thing. It is a man's film, since romance is strictly limited to one or two restrained but yearning glances between Milland and Susan Hayward; and since blood and thunder, shock-scenes and very sudden death comprise the remainder of the offering. Performances are good, particularly that of Brian Donlevy, who plays the villainous sergeant. Heather Thatcher is the aunt. As a sop to old ladies who might survive the battle scenes, Paramount has inserted a good deal of whimsy-pooch, first when Cooper is persuaded to change his mind about slaughtering a trick mouse, and second when Preston braves the works to blow taps at his brother's funeral.



OUR LEADING CITIZEN—Paramount

PARAMOUNT is still trying to fill Will Rogers' place in the cinema world with an obvious substitute, Bob Burns. But the studio just doesn't supply the right stories or direction. Bob tries hard, particularly in this. It's certainly not fare for the intellectual audience, offering as it does the first-reader grade of emotional stimuli. There's a lot of stuff about strikes, and more flag-waving than entertainment. The audience reaction may well be: why pay money for this when you can get in the American Legion rally free? Susan Hayward is quite pretty as she goes about supplying the romantic interest, and Elizabeth Patterson is in it with her middle-Western accent. Kathleen Lockhart, Charles Bickford and others supply background.



★ **HEAVEN WITH A BARBED WIRE FENCE—20th Century-Fox**

IT'S a story of disillusionment, about little people who work very hard and aren't very shrewd. Glenn Ford is the New Yorker who works six years in a store basement to buy a Western ranch, starts thumbing his way to his property, and collects troubles on the way. First is Nicholas Conte, hobo; second is Jean Rogers, Spanish refugee illegally in America; next is sartorially elegant tramp, Raymond Walburn. Jean and Glenn have to marry to outwit a sheriff; she runs away and he finds his ranch is just a dismal waste with a shanty on it. Wouldn't you think he would have had sense enough to check on it first? Anyway, there's a lot of movement to the piece. Walburn bears the brunt of the comedy. Miss Rogers is quite charming and Ford has appeal.



RANGE WAR—Paramount

IT'S still a mystery to this department why the *Hopalong Cassidy* series has such a following. Still, for the benefit of those who read Photoplay, we must explain that Paramount has kindly refused to vary the formula materially in this new one, so you may relax. There's one exciting change—*Hopalong* rides a new range now. He has to find out why mysterious forces are holding up the construction of a railway fork. The ranchers need that fork because a rival owner makes them pay a toll for taking cattle across his land. Bill Boyd as *Cassidy* buckety-buckets across the prairies, his six shooter smoking. Russell Hayden is *Lucky*, Britt Wood offers an occasional innocent laugh and Pedro De Cordoba plays a priest.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Beau Geste
Each Dawn I Die
Stanley and Livingstone
The Old Maid
These Glamour Girls
Heaven on a Barbed Wire Fence
The Real Glory
Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever
Lady of the Tropics
Frontier Marshal
I Stole a Million

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

James Cagney in "Each Dawn I Die"
 George Raft in "Each Dawn I Die"
 Brian Donlevy in "Beau Geste"
 Spencer Tracy in "Stanley and Livingstone"
 Charles Coburn in "Stanley and Livingstone"
 Bette Davis in "The Old Maid"
 Miriam Hopkins in "The Old Maid"
 Cary Grant in "In Name Only"
 Carole Lombard in "In Name Only"
 Gary Cooper in "The Real Glory"
 David Niven in "The Real Glory"
 George Raft in "I Stole a Million"
 Mickey Rooney in "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever"



★ **EACH DAWN I DIE—Warners**

THE impact of this should knock you out of your seats, if you're not off prison pictures for life. Naturally Jimmy Cagney has the lead, but this time he's an innocent victim worried only about getting the heck out of the filthy prison and into the fresh air again. He gives a magnificent performance. There is about the entire film a quiet brutality, a believable horror, which will creep inside you and make you behave like a yokel, wanting to go up and tear the screen apart. Cagney is a newspaper reporter, born on the East Side, who has attempted reform of the crooked administration via typewriter and newsprint. He is framed and sent up on a long rap. His friends on the paper, particularly Jane Bryan, his sweetheart, take up the fight. Inside the pen Jimmy thinks he might get out through the offices of George Raft, another convict, and helps him to escape. This is a spectacular sequence, with Raft jumping out of a courtroom window into a truck. There's murder and a jail-break riot, and all the usual hokum done in a superlative manner; but the punch comes with Cagney's portrait of a clean-cut reporter's transformation into a desperate con. His scenes at the pardon board meeting, and with Miss Bryan after his release from solitary confinement, are heartbreaking. Raft is surprising; he has never done a better job. His performance makes you understand what all the shouting has been about. George Bancroft is the warden, Maxie Rosenbloom mumbles punch-drunkenly throughout, and John Wray portrays superbly a bestial guard.



★ **THE REAL GLORY—Goldwyn-U. A.**

HENRY HATHAWAY once more comes out with topnotch direction in another blood-and-thunder epic, and for variety this one is sent to the Philippines and backed up to the year 1906, when the United States sent troops to take over the job of business-managing the islands. Gary Cooper does an excellent job with the he-man character, combining doctor, soldier, organizer of wild native villagers, and last but not least, lover. Lovely Andrea Leeds, as the daughter of the commandant of the Post, may begin a new rush of young men to army life. The wild-haired Moros, resenting the intrusion of the new government, craftily use the dreaded cholera, by cutting off the water supply, as their most lethal weapon. Despite the fact that Cooper is pretty busy doctoring cholera victims, organizing the less savage villagers to help him in his fight against the disease and dodging poisoned spears, he has time for some tender scenes with Miss Leeds.

There's plenty of excitement in this picture, with native traps lined with sharp spikes, pitched battles between the savages and the army, and those ever-present little cholera bugs providing the hidden menace. Although Cooper comes through with flying colors, his two pals, David Niven and Broderick Crawford, after fine performances, have to die. But then with so much blood-and-thunder, someone has to die, even on the winning side, and although Niven is his most likeable self, if it comes to a showdown, we'd rather save Mr. Cooper for the final scene.

(Continued on page 89)

David Niven's faith in his magic power is slight, despite scenes like this in "Eternally Yours," with Loretta Young



WE COVER THE STUDIOS

Take 12,000 gallons of gasoline in flames, three Marx Brothers, one hypnotized rabbit—and you'll have some idea of the pictures to come!

BY JACK WADE

THERE'S no doubt about it—day in and day out the greatest show on earth hums on the Hollywood studio sets.

But right now even the Great Barnum would sit up and stare.

Never before has Hollywood staged such a mammoth parade of music, marvels, melodrama and thrills—of homespun hokum, history, horror and what have you. This month every entertainment idea in the movie-makers' big bag of tricks is spread across the stages from Culver City to Burbank and from Hollywood to Beverly Hills.

There's a reason, of course. And that reason is—you.

The great Hollywood game of "guess what the public wants" was never hotter. There's

a suspicion abroad in Hollywood that there's been too much of the same old thing. Frantically, the studios are digging for new faces, new ideas, new fads and fashions (and coming up with a few old-faithfuls, too!).

We're prepared for anything—even a little sawing in half—when we make our trip to Walter Wanger's presto-chango picture, "Eternally Yours," with David Niven and Loretta Young. Everything vanishes in this one—even the title. Walter is generally conceded one of Hollywood's brighter boys, but look: He bought a novel by the great French actor, Sacha Guitry, just for the title—"The Illusionist." He had Gene Towne and Graham Baker, Hollywood's highest priced scripters, write a new story around that intriguing title. Then he changed the title!

Walter looks mentally okay, however, as we invade the set. He's standing with his arm around Loretta Young, and there's nothing simple about that. We break it up to learn that the hokus-pokus of the plot is, briefly, a merry story of a prestidigitator, "The Great Arturo," (that's David) whose wife (that's Loretta) gets sick of white rabbits, spooks and pigeons fluttering in and out of her hair. So she leaves

him, marries normal but dumb Broderick Crawford, only to have jealous David bear down on the abracadabra, break up the marriage with magic, and lure her back to him!

David, in cape and tails, is about to pull a hand-is-quicker-than-the-camera-lens scene. Loretta and Wanger stand on the side lines and cheer. Paul Le Paul, a real legerdemainist, gives David last minute tips on how to snatch a pigeon out of the air, make a flower grow out of a pot and drink a glass of water at the same time, or something. After all, Hollywood stars can't be expected to know everything, including parlor tricks. That is, magician's parlor tricks.

WANGER looks on intently. "Eternally Yours" is an important picture to him. He's spending money on it—a big cast—Hugh Herbert, ZaSu Pitts, Billie Burke, Virginia Field—and an old-timer, Ralph Graves (remember?), making a comeback here.

Monsieur Paul Le Paul is through with elementary things like flower pots and pigeons. "Now," he tells the bewildered David, "I teach you how to put rabbits to sleep! So—" He hands Niven a bunny, rolls him over on his back and strokes

Welcome back to D. W. Griffith, visiting Adolphe Menjou, Joan Bennett and Hal Roach (whose staff he's joined) on "The Housekeeper's Daughter" set



Magnet on the Warner lot, while filming "On Your Toes," is shapely Zorina (top, with Erik Rhodes of the cast and George Balanchine, her choreographer—and husband). The toast of M-G-M is an import, too—Ilna Massey, whose growling bulldog is a constant threat during her love scenes with Nelson Eddy in "Balalaika"

No one but another Marx Brother (such as Groucho and Chico, for instance) would dare to be a party to Harpo's demoralizing antics, either in or out of their circus picture

his tummy (the bunny, not David!). Pretty soon the rabbit starts snoring peacefully away.

"Let's take it," says the director, Tay Garnett. They focus the cameras and yell for quiet. But before they turn over David bows low to M. Paul Le Paul.

"And now," he says, with a flourish, "I will show *you* how to put an *audience* to sleep!" Such a modest guy!

THE day we pick for a personal check-up at Hal Roach's, they're taking care of "The Housekeeper's Daughter," with Walter Wanger's best girl friend, Joan Bennett, and the Good Lord's gift to haberdashers, Adolphe (Clothes Horse) Menjou. Roach himself sits in the canvas director's chair.

The first person we spy, enroute to the set, is a grayish, but young-faced man with a pleasant smile, beneath a beaked nose. It's David Wark Griffith, the man who started movies on the road to greatness. Twenty-five years ago his "Birth of a Nation" wowed the world. It's still playing and Hal Roach has brought Griffith back to the Hollywood he made great as a general advisory associate. He'll make a picture, too—his first in years—a prehistoric epic to be called "One Million B. C."

"The Housekeeper's Daughter" is an old stand-by screen setting, Park Avenue, dressed with new plot twists that mix up reporters, gangsters, a society scion and a housekeeper's daughter in a Manhattan (Continued on page 91)



Hollywood can never be the same—not since the gay, debonair Niven set foot in it. Presenting the headaches and high lights of a career that's funnier than the funniest comic strip

BY SARA HAMILTON

It was Christmas in New York. A young Scotchman named Niven sat beside a young lady named Barbara Hutton in a car that swung lightly through Central Park to Fifth Avenue. A row of green traffic lights, as far as the eye could see, flashed from red to green and back to red.

"I think it's wonderful," the Scot said to his companion, "the way you Americans go in for Christmas. Imagine having the street lights changed to green and red for the occasion!"

David had met Barbara in London where his regiment had been transferred after two and a half years in Malta. The natives, I'm told, wept

with relief as David and his friend, Lieutenant Trubshawe, sailed away, and not without reason. At any rate, the heiress extended David a very kind and cordial invitation to visit her in New York and Davey immediately asked for a six weeks leave to call on Barbara and America. Barbara got over it. America never did. We doubt if it ever will.

He had himself a grand time in New York. The charming, gay young Scot made friends on the instant, for people have a way of warming to Niven, of catching the spirit of high adventure that carries him on, and of going along with it. Barbara gave a party for him at the Central Park Casino, and when she moved on to Palm Beach it seemed an awfully good idea to David to move on to Palm Beach, too. So he cabled his colonel, a true Briton and one whose heart warmed to Niven despite his deviltry: "Wonderful offer tiger shooting and whale hunting in Florida. May I have two more weeks?"

The Colonel cabled back:

"No tigers or whales within 2,000 miles of Florida. Take three weeks."

Which pretty well sums up, if anything can sum up, the Niven life.

From his earliest school days he got himself into—and talked his way out of—more scrapes than he can remember. A few of them, however—those which required the most talking-out-of—he does recall vividly. There was the time when an elaborate electric magnet he devised for extracting wartime bullets from the derriere of a professor tripped up the intended beneficiary of his little plan and left Davey himself with a tingling rear; the time when his too enthusiastic manipulation of the bellows that provided organ music for chapel practically blew the congregation out of the windows—and did blow Davey right out of the school. And the time when he was taking examinations to enter the British Navy. One question had to do with a mathematical problem involved in gunnery and with the usual Niven ingenuity Davey's computation resulted, in the words of one of the examiners, in pointing the guns on his own men in every crisis. So Davey abandoned his Navy ambitions and entered the Army. Which by mysterious maneuverings of fate landed him in Malta where he made friends with one Trubshawe, and enemies of a goat and the entire Maltese population.

It was a terribly flat and busted Mr. Niven

Rover Boy

WITH
SEX APPEAL



Not a case of looking a gift horse in the mouth—just another one of Davey's dilemmas that might well be titled, "Anything for a laugh"

who finally arrived back home in London. More in the jolly old hole than ever. So right then and there he decided something had to be done about the alarming crescendo of unpaid bills. The way they grew had nothing, absolutely nothing, on the Five Little Peppers. Officers and gentlemen (Davey was both) need only sign for purchases in London and the signing was so easy.

David tells of his last trip to London when, after a measure of Hollywood success, he stopped in the shop of a famous hatter to settle an old bill for top hats.

"Er—would you care to take up Mr. 'Willie' Niven's bill, too?" the manager asked with a slight cough.

"How much?" asked David.

"Twenty-one pounds for top hats," the manager answered. Davey paid. "Willie" Niven was his grandfather.

At any rate, Davey knew for a fact he'd never get very far as things stood. Officers advanced very slowly in peacetime. He could look ahead across the years and see himself a retired officer sitting by a window of the Army and Navy Club, gr-umpling and talking over old days. Wisdom and an underlying seriousness that only lends enchantment to his perpetual predicaments, are all a part of his being. Starving may be in the cards for the moment, but David will do it his way, going from hunger into something infinitely worse to take his mind off the gnawing. It's a grand scheme and so

(Continued on page 88)

One of America's most famous heiresses is responsible for a turning point in the life of this young Scotsman



THE PERFECTLY RIDICULOUS LIFE OF DAVID NIVEN



So far Davey has eluded matrimony, but rumor links him romantically with Britain's Jacqueline Dyer (above). Reggie Gardiner (left) smiles approval



An ex-officer in the British army, Davey enters a new phase of militarism in "The Real Glory"

Rahs for ROZ!



Study in contrasts—the beturbaned glamour girl of the screen is a far cry from the gay, laughing Roz whose sense of humor gets her out of scrapes

Rosalind Russell proves that time cannot alter, nor Hollywood custom stale a girl with a will—and a way

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

EVER since I left Rosalind Russell I have been poring over the fancy flourishes beneath the Declaration of Independence—through John Hancock, the Adams boys and Button Gwinnett.

So far I haven't uncovered a Russell. But I'm sure there must be a mistake somewhere. One of those inky scrawls must mask a Revolutionary Russell's true moniker. Furthermore, I don't believe I understood her correctly when she said she was born on the fourth of June. I think she must have said July.

Only a very unusual inspiration, I'm sure, could drive me to such extensive historical research and abstract speculation. But then Miss Rosalind Russell is indeed unusual.

She is a Declaration of Independence walking.

Now that's something—even in Hollywood, where you see dreams and all sorts of things ambling along. It's more than something, too, when you consider that she trotted right into the current spotlight in which she basks today on that particular D. of I.

If you saw Rosalind Russell as far back as "Rendezvous" getting rather repeatedly into Bill Powell's crinkly and graying hair, where Myrna Loy was formerly wont to roost, you might have reasoned then and there with a slight shudder that she was an audacious and forthright lady of dangerous possibilities.

If you saw her more recently standing up to Robert Donat's dour Scots *Doctor Manson* in "The Citadel," or helping Robert Montgomery track down murderers in "Fast and Loose," or in the lusty free-for-all, no-holds-barred battle with Paulette Goddard in "The Women," you might have concluded that time has not altered, nor Hollywood custom staled a girl who has both a will and a way.

You don't know half.

Rosalind greeted me with a quick and faintly disapproving side glance.

"Goodness," she goodnessed, "who makes your clothes?"

I did the best I could with the collar.

"It's no use," comforted Rosalind Russell, "it just doesn't fit."

I groped nervously for the teapot.

"No—I'll pour," she declared, and I felt much the way I used to feel when my hand was slapped reaching across the table for the sugar bowl.

ROSALIND RUSSELL is tall and pretty. She is definitely prettier than her screen image and younger looking. She has a small mouth which works into a surprisingly wide smile. She talks quickly and easily, with an air of finality. She is fast on the uptake. When she answers, which is right away, she darts her large dark eyes sidewise under elevated eyebrows.

She shakes her finger at you when she talks. She says, "You see." (Continued on page 78)

ALL WOMEN
WANT LOVE,
DON'T THEY?

"Of course they do, Miss Lupino"

THEN WHY
DO SO MANY
OF THEM RISK
COSMETIC SKIN?

"Gosh

I never thought of that"

IDA LUPINO

YOU CAN USE
COSMETICS ALL
YOU WISH. I'LL
TELL YOU WHAT
TO DO

LUX TOILET SOAP
HAS **ACTIVE** LATHER
THAT DOES A
THOROUGH JOB.
I ALWAYS USE IT

"And you have such
gorgeous skin"

YES, **LUX TOILET
SOAP** DOES HELP
KEEP SKIN SMOOTH
AND SOFT...

"And you think men fall for nice, smooth skin?"

NICE SKIN MAKES
A GIRL **VERY**
ATTRACTIVE. IT
WINS ROMANCE
—AND **HOLDS** IT

CLEVER GIRLS everywhere follow the screen stars' advice—use Lux Toilet Soap regularly. It's foolish to risk Cosmetic Skin: the dullness, little blemishes, enlarged pores that spoil good looks. This soap with **ACTIVE** lather removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics *thoroughly*. Lovely skin's important to you. Be sure you use gentle Lux Toilet Soap regularly—before you renew make-up—**ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night.

**9 out of 10 Hollywood
Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap**



STAR OF
TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX'S
"Adventures of
Sherlock Holmes"

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 63)

with a nod indoors. "See that guy phoning in there? Another phony. Pretends he's a big shot calling some Hollywood studios. Know what he's up to? He's building up to hook me. Going to ask me to cash a phony check. You just watch. Well, we're too smart for guys like that up here. We're not so dumb."

Just then "the big-shot phony," his cap pulled down well over his face, emerged from inside the station, and, smiling at the young woman in the car, said, "Well, honey, that's over for the day. I've reported to the studio as promised." Climbing into the car they drove away.

The attendant gazed after them. "Humph!" he snorted. "Knew I was too smart for him. Didn't have the nerve to try any monkey business."

No, our friend didn't tell him it was only Clark Gable and Carole Lombard on a vacation trip. "Why disillusion him? He'd have probably had me arrested as an accomplice," our friend chuckled.

Lost-and-Found

IT'S nothing new for a star to sit on the side of the set busily engaged in some sort of handwork. Most of them bring knitting or embroidery or something similar to occupy their time between scenes. So, when Paulette Goddard sat at her make-up table between scenes busily engaged in what appeared to be some sort of fancywork, no one paid much attention to her, although everyone noticed that she was very careful to put everything neatly back into what looked like a small make-up box when she was called for a scene. When Paulette missed the box when lunch was called, the various members of the cast obligingly helped look for it thinking she was upset more than was really necessary over the loss. However, when the box was discovered in the make-up department, where it had been carried by mistake by one of the girls on the set—it was a startled girl who viewed the contents of the kit. For, as Paulette opened it, there glittered before her some \$3500 worth of lovely gems. Paulette's hobby is jewelry making. She's studied under Billy Seymour for the past year and has become very clever at the trade. However, after this she'll leave her hobby at home and substitute embroidery or something less exciting.

Bob Rates "A" for Observation

IN case you've read conflicting stories about the color of Hedy Lamarr's eyes—why think nothing of it and don't charge it up against the poor interviewer for being unobservant. The truth of the matter is that Hedy has chameleon eyes that change in color and shade according to the tones in whatever gown she happens to be wearing. And credit Robert Taylor who plays opposite her in "Lady of the Tropics" at M-G-M with the discovery. The change was so noticeable and interested Bob so, he just had to mention it.

—But Not Forgotten!

NOT until Franchot Tone returned to Hollywood did his friends learn how serious was his illness. For days the three doctors in constant attendance were more worried than they cared to admit. Several times each week Joan

Crawford called Franchot on the long-distance phone. When Franchot walked into the apartment rented by his Hollywood agent, there waiting was a huge basket of red and white roses and a sweet note from Joan. Franchot arrived on a Saturday. Sunday afternoon he drove out to Brentwood and called on his ex-wife. Joan showed Franchot all the improvements she has made since he left. She showed him her new music room, the new drawing room and her new pale yellow dressing room. Franchot's bedroom alone remains as he last left it. Even his recordings and all his favorite books are still in their original places. It definitely doesn't look as if Joan's heart belongs to Charlie!

All in Good Form

THE Twentieth Century-Fox fan mail department was recently puzzled over a strange collection of fan letters that had been coming in with increasing regularity to Sonja Henie, Tyrone Power, Dick Greene, Sidney Toler (*Charlie Chan*) and others. The letters were in varieties of handwriting. They all bore foreign postmarks and came from points scattered from Calcutta to Buenos Aires. And yet each letter said exactly the same thing! Only the names of the stars whom they addressed and the signatures were different. The fan mail department didn't know what to think of this strange coincidence.

Ultimately, however, the mystery was solved. A correspondent from a London paper, who had recently arrived in Hollywood after spending several years in the Orient, provided the key to the solution.

It seems there is a new concern, headquartered in Bombay, but with branches rapidly springing up throughout the world, which gets out sets of form fan letters in English and sells them to foreign movie fans, especially those of the Orient. All a purchaser has to do is copy one verbatim, sign his name, and address it to his favorite movie star. He can be certain the letter will say the correct, complimentary thing and will ask for a photograph.

Ingenious idea, isn't it? Sort of out-Hollywoods Hollywood!

Fame Travels Fast

FRED ASTAIRE'S mother divides her time between her famous son and her daughter, who is Lady Cavendish, in Ireland. Recently, Mrs. Astaire was in Hollywood. One night she returned home after attending a health lecture at the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles. Seeing his mother get out of a strange car instead of the usual taxi, Fred was curious to say the least. "Who brought you home, Mother?" he asked, pleasantly. "Garbo," answered Mrs. Astaire as calmly as if it was something that happens every day in the week. Fred naturally thought his mother was joking. When he saw that she was really serious, he got the story. Garbo always attends the health lectures and just happened to sit next to Mrs. Astaire. Because Fred's mother is such a gentle, unassuming person and completely unaware of Hollywood's curiosity about Garbo, the silent Swede was attracted to her. The two women talked and talked. Garbo brought her new friend home several times. Topper to the story is this: Fred would give his best close-up to even see Garbo once in person. When he asked his mother if she had mentioned his name, Mrs. Astaire replied, "Yes, I did. I told Miss Garbo that you were my son. She wanted to know if you weren't the boy who dances!"

The "Late" Miss Parker

POOR Jean Parker is having her troubles. Ever since her husband, George MacDonald, took a job in Chicago, Jean has been denying divorce rumors. When Billie Burke gave a huge dinner party in honor of her newly married daughter, Jean was invited. Just as she was leaving her house, Jean heard a key turn in the lock. In walked her husband, who had flown in from Chicago to be with his wife for a few hours. Jean didn't want to call up at the last minute and break her date. She knew she couldn't bring George along on such short notice. So she decided to be late. She was sure she wouldn't be missed anyway and Billie Burke would understand. At ten o'clock Jean walked in

and was greeted with an icy blast of cordiality. Her place was at the special guest's table, right next to the hostess. They were all waiting for her and everyone was starved. Jean was too embarrassed to do anything but sit and blush.

Unsung Heroine

IT has been almost three years since Hollywood and the world were shocked by the suicide of Ross Alexander. Just the year before that, his wife, Alita, had died by her own hand. That broke Ross' heart, they said. They even shook their heads when he married gay, beautiful, young Anne Nagel eight months later. "It won't last," they predicted. And when Ross died, they said, "We told you so. He was still grieving for Alita."

We, who knew Ross well, know that wasn't true. We know he loved Anne. We know there were forces within his own unruly heart and mind which drove him to his destruction. But when this tragedy struck Anne, it dealt a double blow, for again Hollywood said, "He never loved her at all. This proves it."

Those were bitter days for Anne Nagel. She was just beginning in pictures, but the catastrophe that broke her heart seemed also to break her luck. Ross had left her strapped in debt. She worked here and there, but less and less, after her contract with Warner Brothers ended.

But, through it all, she clung to one idea. She wasn't going to let the brand of debts unpaid darken Ross' name and memory. She began to pay them off one by one.

Well, she's been at it a long time, but it's all done, now. And with the last check in the mail, a great, terrible weight seemed to roll off her shoulders. Universal put her in a picture—"Unexpected Father." No, she wasn't the star. Baby Sandy, Shirley Ross, Mischa Auer, several others were billed above her. But what she did with her modest role won her a contract. Now, they say, she's going places.

We had a talk with Anne not long ago. She had just had her first date since Ross' death. She had had a good time. She was going out dancing again soon. And why not? She is only twenty-three years old. She is pretty. She is naturally sweet and gay. We hope she'll go a good many times, forgetting the past, if she can.

But she is still in love with Ross Alexander. She told us so herself. "There will never be anyone like him for me," she said.

Chit Chat of the Young Folk

JUDY GARLAND, all grown-up and dressed to kill in a tailored suit, dancing with Mickey Rooney at the Grove; Mickey, incidentally, coming up to Judy's round chin. . . .

Mickey at the preview of "Winter Carnival," fairly beaming when an older woman from the side lines remarked, "Aw, the poor little fellow. He looks bad. I'll bet he works too hard."

Nothing could have pleased Mickey more. For Mickey thinks so too. . . .

Those plays Billy Halop is directing at the Laurel Avenue Workshop Theater are creating quite a bit of attention in the movie colony.

Mark Billy down as a future director and a good one. . . .

Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul observing, secondhand, the daily miracle



Too bad Jimmy Cagney and Spencer Tracy have never made a picture together—except such grand candid shots as this!

Among the Social Lights — BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS



Star of Society Pages—Mrs. John Roosevelt is the younger Anne Clark, charming young member of prominent Massachusetts family. Has been constantly in the public eye since her marriage.



Frequent Hyde Park Visitor—On broad lawns of additional Roosevelt estate, she pats "Sandy" while McLean looks downcast.



Modern Mansion—Mrs. Roosevelt graciously poses in the doorway of her mother's fashionable Nahant, Mass., home.

*But they both praise the
NEW "SKIN-VITAMIN" care*
a famous cream maker
gives today*

QUESTION:

Mrs. Roosevelt, do you give your complexion special care?

ANSWER:

"If 'special' means complicated and expensive—no! But I do use 2 creams. I've always liked Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing and softening my skin—and now it contains Vitamin A, I have a special reason for preferring it."

QUESTION:

How important is a good complexion to a girl who wants to go on the stage?

ANSWER:

"I'd say it's one of the first requirements. Using Pond's 2 creams has done a lot for me, I know. The Cold Cream is marvelous for removing stale make-up—it gets my skin clean and fresh. A healthy skin is so important to me that I'm glad to be able to give it extra care—with 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's Cold Cream."

QUESTION:

Why are you interested in having Vitamin A in this cream?

ANSWER:

"Because if skin hasn't enough Vitamin A, it gets rough and dry. Vitamin A is the 'skin-vitamin.' And now I can give my skin an extra supply of this important vitamin just by using Pond's."

QUESTION:

What do you do to guard your skin against sun and wind?

ANSWER:

"That's where my 2nd cream comes in. When I've been outdoors, I always spread on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This single application smooths away roughness in no time!"

QUESTION:

Do you find that your powder goes on more becomingly when you use two creams?

ANSWER:

"Yes!—I believe in first cleansing and softening the skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Then my second step is a quick application of Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth away little roughnesses. That gives powder a lovely soft look."

QUESTION:

Does your work make you conscious of make-up effects off stage as well as on?

ANSWER:

"It certainly does. Everyday make-up should be glamorous, too. That's why, after cleansing and softening my skin with Pond's Cold Cream, I always smooth it for powder with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Then my make-up looks flattering all the time I'm out."

*Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods.



Backstage—Muriel Wright graduated from Maplewood, N. J., high school. Served apprenticeship with Provincetown players last summer. Just got her big chance in road show of "Our Town."



Between Rehearsals—Muriel often relaxed on picturesque Provincetown wharf. Above, a litter of kittens has discovered her retreat.



For Her Scrapbook—Like every budding player, Muriel eagerly collects clippings and pictures. Below, an amateur snaps her with boy friend.

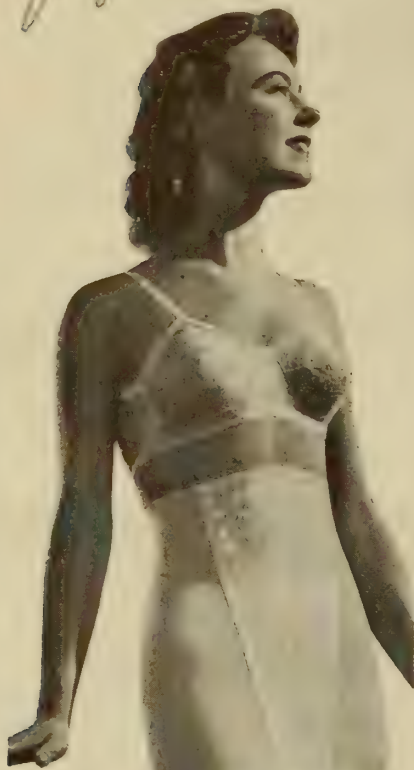
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TRIAL
BEAUTY
KIT

Pond's, Dept. 15-CVK, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tubes of Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and 7 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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Street _____
City _____ State _____

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Slack Smoothing
CARTER'S
for freedom-loving
SLIMSTERS



G110 BROCADE PANEL GIRDLE. High in front for diaphragm control. No-roll top. Front and back brocade panels. Inch sizes 25-31. Peach. \$2.50.



P211 TRIANGLE PANTIE. Suede-soft fabric. Vertical-stretch panels back and front. Detachable garters. Inch sizes 25-31. Nude. \$4.00.

G82R MOULDETTIE GIRDLE. Weltd top for nipped-in waist. Also shorter length G82S. Even sizes 24-30. Peach, white. \$2.50.

Carter's gently but firmly guide young figures along good lines . . . and keep them there! The fine resilient Carter fabrics and clever styling hold the secret of smooth curving and flatter tummies, diaphragms, derrieres. Of "LasteX" and other fine yarns . . . Carter's All-in-ones, Girdles and Panties are comfortable, tub like your lingerie. At better stores everywhere . . . from \$2 to \$12.50.

Carter's FOUNDATIONS

The William Carter Company. Home Executive Offices: Needham Heights, Massachusetts.

of happiness through marriage. Deanna is living with her older married sister while Pa and Ma are in Europe, and the kids are loving it . . .

Jackie Cooper has the Young Fry's vote as the handsomest teen in a Tux. Jackie surely is becoming the "boy around town" . . .

Close Call

EVERYONE who works with George Raft is always on the lookout for practical jokes, but Director Frank Tuttle was totally unprepared for the gag George framed him with on the set of "I Stole a Million" at Universal—and the members of the cast and crew are still laughing about the jest. In one scene George is supposed to phone to his leading lady, Claire Trevor, and, of course, the phone on the set was supposed to be one of those one-way affairs, not hooked up with any mechanism. Raft went into the scene, but just couldn't seem to get the hang of the action, and finally Tuttle rallied to the rescue to show George just how it should be done, which was just what the wily Raft was angling for. Now the lines in the script read, "Hello, dear, will you meet me in the old orchard tonight?" and Tuttle gave them with expression and feeling, while those in the know, which was just about everyone else on the set, stood by for results. They came practically immediately, for to Tuttle's amazement a feminine voice answered back from overhead, "I should say not! I'm a married woman, and my heart belongs to Daddy." Whereupon a good laugh was had by all, and the electrician who had connived with Raft to set up a hidden mike for the gag quietly vanished from the scene.

Street Scenes—Hollywood

THE young actress, hoping for success, in a bright cherry red car with uniformed chauffeur beside her tearing into the studio gates like a conspicuous



Jean Parker caught unawares—but not half so flustered as she was at a certain dinner party Cal tells about!

(Continued from page 72)

streak of red paint. Hoping to attract attention Showing off. Let's skip her name. . . .

A blonde at the wheel of her own car, of inconspicuous make and color, pausing to speak to a friend.

"She hasn't even a chauffeur," the friend explaining to others. "Drives herself, mind you."

Her name? Just Carole Lombard. . . .

Nelson Goes on Record

NELSON EDDY flatly and for all time denies the rumors and printed statements that have the handsome singer nearing the verge of blindness. With increasing volume, the reports have filtered into Hollywood for the past three years and even found space in the column of a noted gossip writer who stated Nelson was headed for Montreal where he had consulted doctors concerning an operation on the optic nerve.

"To begin with," Nelson states, "I have never been in Montreal nor have I ever had any trouble with my sight except a slight astigmatism for which I wear glasses like thousands of other people. I wish to go on record now as saying these reports are absolutely untrue and have no basis of fact whatsoever."

So that, we feel, should end that bit of unforced nonsense once and forever.

Housekeeper De Luxe

PERHAPS it's the influence of her current picture for Hal Roach, "The Housekeeper's Daughter," and then again maybe this Walter Wanger-Joan Bennett combination should be watched more carefully from a romantic angle. In any case, when producer Wanger's last birthday came rolling around, it was Joan who exercised this and that bit of strategy to keep him away from his office long enough to have it completely remodeled as a surprise gift. And after she'd had the walls done in cool greens, flowered draperies hung at the windows, the early American maple furniture arranged—including a smart, though small dining set, since Wanger likes to have his lunch served in his office when he's on the job—and a final polish given to the smart pewter accessories, such as lamps and ashtrays she'd had specially monogrammed to match his desk set, Joan begged time off from her own lot and invited Wanger to a birthday luncheon surprise party to present her gift. Incidentally, since she's let her hair grow out a natural warm rich chestnut brown, Joan's acquired a new and extremely interesting personality with a new note of depth and poise that adds greatly to her already abundant supply of charm.

Yoo-Hoo, Vic!

THERE isn't an actor in Hollywood who hasn't suffered the unpleasant experience of having a scene stolen from him. Usually an audience doesn't know anything about it—except that its attention is focused on one certain player, even though there are others in the same scene.

Jack Oakie regales us with a particularly enlightening and humorous illustration, wherein Vic McLaglan was the "thief" and he the loser.

"By rights, it was my scene," Jack said. "I was doing all the talking. We were supposed to be in a theatrical dressing room. There had been a murder. We were both a couple of cops, but, as I say, I was supposed to be the

big shot. We rehearsed the thing with me standing, as per the script, with my back to Vic. Everything went through fine, though I wondered why Vic didn't try to get himself more in the limelight. Then the director said we'd make a take and the cameras started rolling. When we'd finished, I noticed several bystanders were laughing.

"Still," he went on, "I didn't suspect the truth until the night of the preview. Then I wanted to punch the big palooka in the nose. That is, I wanted to try. You see, when I was talking there, with my back to him, building up what was by right my scene, he, sitting at the dressing table facing the mirror, had picked up a powder puff and experimentally powdered his nose. . . .

"Yes, the audience, sent into stitches at the sight, didn't even know I was in the picture!"



Richard Carlson with his new bride—a possible reason why he and co-star Ann Sheridan aren't speaking these days?

Contented Tenant

THEY tell it on Greer Garson, the unforgettable Mrs. Chips who is about to make her initial American picture at M-G-M studios.

Miss Garson, who had moved several times during her year in Hollywood, was summoned to the studio to inspect her very first Hollywood dressing room. Her eyes grew wider and wider as she traveled from living room to dressing room into the bath and kitchenette.

"Oh, it's wonderful," she exclaimed enthusiastically, "and I'll take it. But tell me, do the gas and electricity go in with the rent?"

Bowling 'Em Over

FEELING in the mood for bowling the other evening, Don Ameche borrowed the uniform of one of the members of Tyrone Power's bowling team and hid himself forth to the "Bowling Center" in Hollywood for a game or two.

As he came in through the lobby wearing the shirt with Tyrone Power lettered loudly across the back, he was stopped by a starry-eyed girl who asked him breathlessly—"Oh, Mr. Power, may I have your autograph?" To which the genial Don answered, "Why surely," and then proceeded to write in the young lady's book—"Best Wishes to you Always—Don Ameche, Tyrone Power's stand-in"—and then, bowing politely, he left a very flustered and confused girl looking wide-eyed after him.

This New Lipstick will never dry your lips



HEDY LAMARR

The Screen's New Glamour Girl

*Starring with ROBERT TAYLOR
in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's*

"LADY of the TROPICS"

Satin-Smooth POWDER...

Choose your color harmony shade of *Max Factor Hollywood Face Powder*...then note how flattering the color is to your skin. It's satin-smooth and clinging, too...hours later your make-up will still look lovely...\$1.00.

Lifelike ROUGE...

Harmonize your rouge with your powder and lipstick...this is the secret of *Max Factor Hollywood* color harmony make-up. There's a shade for your type to enhance your beauty...50¢.



PURSE MAKE-UP KIT



HERE'S the most exciting news for you from the world of motion pictures...a new lip make-up discovery by *Max Factor Hollywood*. It is called TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK...and it's positively the answer to your every wish for a perfect lipstick. Just note these four amazing features...

1. lifelike red of your lips
2. non-drying, but indelible
3. safe for sensitive lips
4. eliminates lipstick line

There's really a thrill awaiting you the very first time you try this sensational new lipstick...you, too, will agree it's perfect. Remember the name, Max Factor's Tru-Color Lipstick...and there's a color harmony shade just for your type...\$1.00.



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★ HOLLYWOOD

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR MAKE-UP STUDIO, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder, Rouge Sampler and miniature Tru-Color Lipstick in my color harmony shade. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up".....FREE. 1-10-55

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE ☐
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE ☐
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (GASH) ☐	REDHEAD ☐
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray (check type above and here) ☐
SKIN ☐	Dry ☐	
Only ☐ Normal ☐	AGE ☐	

And It All Came True

(Continued from page 27)



Only
60 seconds

TO PROTECT!
YOUR DRESS!



Think of it! In one minute flat you can insure lasting protection for your clothes, and your reputation for good grooming!

Four tiny "safeties" pin quickly, securely into the seams of any lovely dress you want to keep lovely!

Kleinert "Pin-ins" are specially shaped to lie smoothly inside snug-fitting frocks. They're highly absorbent, made of a fine quality nainsook and actually BOILABLE! 35¢ a pair; 3 pairs for a dollar.



Equally convenient for quick costume changes are Kleinert's "Bra-forms, dainty bras with shields attached. In your favorite easily-washed lingerie materials priced from a dollar up.

Prices slightly higher on the Pacific Coast and in Canada

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*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

TORONTO • NEW YORK • LONDON

I stepped into Sound Stage No. 8 directly from the dry hot sunshine of California into the damp, wilting heat of India. It felt exactly like Bombay or Calcutta at the height of shooting. It was an accident. The heat and the moisture came from an enormous tank filled with lukewarm water in which George Brent and Myrna Loy and Brenda Joyce were playing a scene while thousands of gallons of water descended on them in the form of tropical rain. There the three of them stood, drenched and gallant, going through what could only be described as an ordeal. There they were—*Lady Esketh*, Tom Ransome and *Fern Simon*—unmistakably real, *Lady Esketh* still in her Paris gown and diamonds, *Ransome* in his mud-bespattered dinner clothes, and *Fern* dressed in the shirt and shorts *Ransome* had loaned her a little while before. And they were standing on what was unmistakably the balcony of a house shattered by an earthquake and hidden as high as the second floor by the waters of the flood. And unmistakably it was the house of *Mr. Bannerjee*. I knew because the house of *Mr. Bannerjee* in the book was an exact description of a house which exists in India.

If ever you see "The Rains," you will know what India looks like; you will even know how it feels.

THEN there was the matter of casting—one of the greatest difficulties in any story in which there are five or six leading roles of equal importance and a dozen roles of only slightly smaller dimensions. Before the cast was announced, the amateur casting of the various fat roles had become a kind of game among people interested in the story. For *Lady Esketh*, the names of Marlene Dietrich, Kay Francis, Constance Bennett, Tallulah Bankhead, Ina Claire and a number of other actresses came up. The studio received thousands of letters urging this one or that one. And when the time came, Mr. Zanuck announced as his choice for the role an actress whom no one had mentioned. Myrna Loy seemed a strange choice. She had for a long time been playing role after role as far removed in character as possible from that of the wicked *Lady Esketh*. It seemed casting "against the part" with a vengeance. I was in Europe when I heard the news and admit that at first I was flabbergasted by the choice. It did not seem possible that the wife of the *Thin Man* could also be *Lady Esketh*.

I still had doubts when I walked on the set the first day. But after watching a half dozen "takes," the doubts vanished. Not only could Myrna Loy play *Lady Esketh*; she was *Lady Esketh*—the way she walked, the way she spoke, the air she had of being thwarted and desperate. But more than that—the personality of Miss Loy herself became revealed as of great importance. In the scenes where *Lady Esketh* was her most spiteful and hateful, a simplicity, a gentleness, came through the performance. One felt that in spite of everything, *Lady Esketh* wasn't so bad. Underneath everything, she was simply a nice, decent woman who at some time had been terribly hurt, and that element was of great importance to the latter half of the film. Then she falls in love and her character and actions change. I think that as *Lady Esketh*, Myrna Loy gives the best performance of her career.

Tyrone Power had so many chances

to go "ham" in big emotional scenes—those scenes in which the line between a performance which is superb and one which is burlesque is no thicker than a hair. The role of *Major Safti* is an actor's delight. The actor called upon to play this has to do nearly everything. That is why it is a dangerous role. Tyrone never tripped, he never even stumbled—not even at the death of *Lady Esketh* (incidentally, owing to the business invented by Clarence Brown, one of the most beautiful scenes ever recorded), the scene where *Major Safti*, weary, frightened and in despair, collapses into hysteria.

GEORGE BRENT was a "natural." As *Ransome* he is charming, sadly gay, disillusioned and courageous. He has achieved what is an immensely difficult thing for an actor to do. He has conveyed brilliantly the despair of the spirit which lies beneath any actor, by speech of *Ransome*. I should think he would stir the hearts of countless ladies from New York to Los Angeles, from New Orleans to Chicago, as they have never been stirred before.

About Brenda Joyce, who plays *Fern*, nobody knew anything. She came out of college to appear for the first time before the camera in one of the five big roles. It was a tall order, playing in scenes with veterans like Myrna Loy and George Brent and Tyrone Power and Madame Maria Ouspenskaya and Mary Nash. But here again things went miraculously right. Miss Joyce is very beautiful, but being beautiful wasn't enough to play a role like that of *Fern*. She was not only beautiful, she had intelligence and talent, and she had a face. When you see her on the screen, you will think at once: That is what *Fern* looked like. A girl determined to get what she wanted would look like that. There were, of course, things to be learned—tricks of technique and camera—but these she learned quickly. She was asked to go through the most terrible of ordeals for a young actress—jump into the midst of a cast of famous artists and hold her own.

And Ouspenskaya—one could write a whole book on this great actress. For a long time she had been studying plays and pictures in roles in which she appeared for only a few minutes. In "The Rains" she was presented with a great, fat part in which she was called upon to do almost everything an actress can do. And she went to town. A tiny woman, she was called upon to play most of her scenes with men over six feet—H. B. Warner, Tyrone Power, George Brent, Nigel Bruce—but in none of them do you have a feeling that she is a tiny woman barely five feet tall.

One face I think will haunt you long after you have left the theater, and that is the face of Mary Nash playing the saintly, tortured *Miss MacDaid*. It is not a big part but the performance is heartbreaking.

I could not be more grateful to a cast for their intelligence and understanding. Nigel Bruce's brutal *Lord Esketh*, Laura Hope Crews' incredibly funny *Mrs. Haggett-Egbury*, Joseph Schildkraut's *Mr. Barrigor*, Marjorie Rambeau's tormented and shallow *Mrs. Simon*, Abner Biberman's "John the Baptist"—they all come to life as the author saw them. And no author can experience a greater satisfaction.

I think all this perfection—of script, of cast, of direction, of background and atmosphere—came about because one of those miracles occurred which seldom

happens in Hollywood. The miracle was that everyone connected with the picture felt the same way about it. There were no confusions of cross-purposes. They all liked the job—despite even the rain and mud and other discomforts—and they all wanted to make a good job of it. There was a complete unity of aim and effort.

In this case Mr. Zanuck conceived a certain cast and production for the story and he went ahead with determination and energy to achieve it. His conception was right and it clicked. To click it needed the co-operation of a couple of hundred people and the quiet efficiency and good humor of Harry Joe Brown. Somehow the miracle came through—at least for one person, the author, it happened.

It was a production which, despite the immense technical difficulties and the difficulties of a large and distinguished cast, moved easily, and with no trouble or complications to its end. For that I think Clarence Brown, a director loved by actors, should take a deep bow.

And, as for the whole cast, they were saints. For weeks they worked in pouring rain or actually in the water. For days they worked in mud literally three feet deep, uncomplainingly, out of love for a story and characters they were playing. Laura Hope Crews and Marjorie Rambeau refused doubles and for two days played scenes which took place in the mucky residue of the flood.

To Arthur Miller, the man on the camera, and his assistants, who had to photograph thousands of feet of film in pouring monsoon rain and get the difficult effect of the burning Indian sun, there should go a whole bunch of orchids. It was no easy job. To Mr. Mehra who did the Indian music, so difficult to translate into Western idiom, there should go a medal, and to my old friend, Al Newman, who did the scoring, a reward for the beauty and faithfulness to mood which he achieved in the musical accompaniment.

IT was a happy production—amazingly so, considering that the entire cast was made up of temperamental stars, leading women and character actors. They were drenched with rain, spattered with mud and shaken up by the most realistic earthquake ever seen on the screen.

And there was plenty of comedy too—like the occasion when the author was mistaken by the casting director for one of the "extras" upon whom in the book itself he had lavished satire and derision. And the day the monkeys all got loose with Dorothy Thompson visiting the set and the technical men, their patience worn thin, turned on the author for writing a story filled with earthquakes, floods, plagues, rain and monkeys.

The monkeys took refuge in the top of the sound stage and couldn't be gotten down for a week. And the moment when in the midst of a tragic and passionate scene between Myrna Loy and Ty Power, they both discovered at the same second that the lines they were speaking had a very funny double meaning.

Well, this is the story of a miracle in itself—the story of a satisfied and grateful author—grateful to everyone concerned with the production of "The Rains Came." It is a miracle which the writer does not expect to have happen twice in his lifetime. For the public, whatever else is true, it will, I think, see real and living India on the screen for the first time.

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Rahs for Roz!

(Continued from page 70)

She would make a swell maiden aunt—or a swell schoolmarm.

She was almost a schoolmarm, in fact, and she may be a maiden aunt, for all I know. There were nine in her family. Seven children; stepping stones—boy, girl, boy, girl—on down the line. Rosalind rates somewhere along in the middle.

For a long while she worried because she was the only child blessed with a fancy theatrical name. The rest were normally tagged—Mary, Jane, James, and such. She wondered if her mother had been reading too much Shakespeare or something and asked her.

"Heavens, no!" cried her mother, wincing at the word "theatrical." "You were named," she informed her, "after a boat."

On the *S. S. Rosalind*, it seems, the Russells, pere and mere, had enjoyed an idyllic cruise a short time before the little stranger came, so they named her Rosalind.

When you are one of a large family, you learn to look out for yourself. If you don't, you are soon lost in the shuffle. Rosalind figured this out early in life because, as I said, she is quick on the uptake.

The first urge for independence seized her while she was still tarrying at Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson and assorted fashionable institutes, learning to back in and out of a drawing room without tripping over the tiger rug.

She was fourteen and she could dance rather well. A chance popped up to join a professional dancing troupe. She asked her mother about it.

"Go on the stage?" cried that good woman. "Sit around in dressing rooms full of cigarette smoke and gin bottles and swearing women? Heavens, no!"

You can't stall off a Declaration of Independence forever, though, and Rosalind meant sure 'nuff about making her own way, although it's hard to stir up any dire necessity in her past. Her father was prosperous in law in the old home town of Waterbury, Connecticut. The family's social position was well set.

Rosalind got by with teaching horsemanship at a riding academy for her first pay check, then she persuaded the family to send her to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Not to act—heaven forbid!—but to teach drama after graduation. It sounded respectable enough; but after she got out, Rosalind eyed a schoolmarm's weekly insult with dismay.

"I can't live on forty dollars a week," she complained (chorus of small voices, "We can, Rosalind!"). "I'll just have to act to be independent."

Broadway producers thought that was an admirable resolve, but they didn't see what they could do about it. So Rosalind hooked up with a traveling tent stock show for twenty-six weeks. It rained for about twenty-five, and Rosalind emoted loud enough above the metronomic patter for Broadway finally to hear her.

A STRING of respectable hits and Rosalind moved on to where all good actresses end up—Hollywood—lugging her independence along with her.

She took it out for a ride, one day, not long after she had arrived. San Diego was the objective, and, although she had never motored there, Rosalind was a bit too self-reliant to ask the way. It was marked very plainly on the map—right below Hollywood. She set out south-southeast, disdaining the advice

of gas stations and such. She ended up somewhere northeast-by-north, out of gas, dismayed to find that she had forgotten her purse.

The service station attendant to whom she hiked was a skeptic. He demanded cash on the barrelhead. Finally she wheedled him into accepting her fur coat for five gallons.

She had a little trouble like that when she was in Europe, too. First of all, Rosalind discovered that in London, where she'd gone to make "The Citadel," you are practically nobody unless you know your stuff in politics and international affairs. In spite of the magnificent estate with swimming pool, tennis courts and hot and cold running Japs which she rented on the outskirts of London, Rosalind's social rating was C-minus, because she wasn't informed.

So she started hiking over to Parliament between scenes and soon caught up on all the debate about everything from death taxes to British policy in Upper Burma. The J. P. Kennedys, America's Number One ambassadorial family, were awfully nice to her, too. Pretty soon she knew more about affairs of state than anybody around, so she got a little cocky about it. She decided personally to investigate the *Mittel Europe* situation during the last summer war scare. She went to Budapest, Hungary, all alone. The fireworks started popping in earnest then, and Rosalind, not so cocky, had to bribe her way out on a troop train!

ROSALIND does better by her independence when she stays at home. For a long time, she held forth high in the Hollywood hills in a small house, so tiny, in fact, that her maid, Hazel, had to dig in across the street.

Rosalind Russell lives alone now in a Beverly Hills house except for a maternal wire-haired terrier christened Cracker and her litter of offspring, Miss Russell christened "The Crumbs."

Cracker has absorbed the "this house is my castle" idea thoroughly. She vents throaty growls whenever a gentleman friend so much as comes near. Rosalind thinks that is just fine, because it

helps her keep independent of romantic rumors!

There is an off-and-on one involving Jimmy Stewart that keeps popping up, but Rosalind swears she is still very much foot-loose and fancy-free. Which is a shame, if true. Rosalind is much too nice to go to waste.

Not long ago, a mysterious man called her up for several nights straight along about four o'clock in the morning. He always apologized for waking her and then hung up. After a week or so of this, Rosalind, duly frightened, called the cops.

They rolled up in their radio car and listened to her story with skeptical leers. "How you doin' with the boy friend?" they wanted to know.

Even the publicity department of her own studio, ever on the alert for intriguing copy, refuses to relent in their search for a romance. An actress without a romance is well—like hors d'oeuvres without cocktails. They forget that Miss Russell is independent.

She had a letter recently from an old friend of hers in New York. He complimented her on her grand success in Hollywood and said how about a picture with a nice little autograph.

Rosalind dug up one, scribbled thereon something like "with gratitude for your interest in my work," dropped it in the mailbox and forgot about it.

In a day or so her phone jingled. The studio publicity man was on the wire.

"So you're not in love?" he began.

"Absolutely not," declared Rosalind.

"What brings this up again?"

"A telegram," said the press agent, "that just came here from,"—he named the man—"it says, 'INTEREST HELL STOP THIS IS LOVE.'"

I HOPE I haven't made Rosalind Russell out as too independent to be interesting. Actually, she's far from a dull and driving career girl. What Mr. Winchell terms a "sensayuma" sparkles all over her—in her wise, excited eyes, in her ready grin.

The fact that she has made every part she has ever played stand out against big-league competition proves she's well in the mood for laughs, if not for love.

Personally, too, she can take a wicked delight in dishing out amusing shocks, especially to her family, who still look upon her career as a sort of personal and terrifying experience. They're very nice people, you know.

There is only one thing, so far discovered, that really burns Rosalind to a deep pink. It is to be called "Toots." She has never reconciled herself to the fact that "honey" and "darling" are practically the same as "miss" and "madame" in the show business. When people she scarcely knows endear her thus she stifles an impulse to slay.

Perhaps her Declaration of Independence doesn't exactly hew to the acting norm—but at least it's honest. She started acting, frankly, to make money for independence, and that's exactly why she's acting today. There's no soul-cry for expression, no divine prodding Muse, no phony frills to her formula—just serious attention to the business at hand.

Perhaps that's why the formula works.

I forgot to say a while back that the *S. S. Rosalind*, after thirty-one years is still afloat and going places.

And so, after thirty-one years, is Rosalind Russell.

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 9 with these correct ones:

1. Andrea Leeds
2. Bobs Watson
3. English
4. Clark Gable
5. Hedy Lamarr
6. Marlene Dietrich
7. Alice Faye
8. Lewis Stone
9. Myrna Loy
10. Olivia de Havilland
11. Wallace Beery
12. Joe E. Brown
13. Allan Jones
14. William Powell
15. The Higgins Family
16. Arleen Whelan
17. Ann Sheridan
18. Greta Garbo
19. Lionel Barrymore
20. Ann Rutherford



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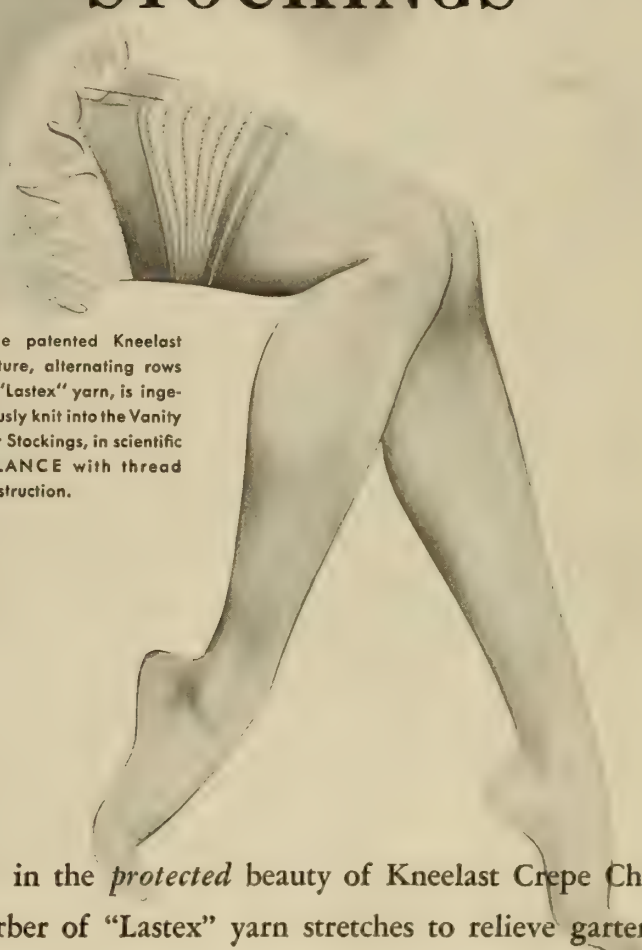
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COTY

SUB-DEB LIPSTICK



Eight drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.

Miracle Men at Work—To Make You Lovelier

(Continued from page 29)

10. Don't even look at gewgaws, ruffles, shirrings, gathers, different colored skirts and blouses, and belts that are even a little obtrusive. (Banton)

And it goes without saying: You won't wear knitted clothes of any kind, color or description. You won't wear transparent materials like chiffon or organdy, or thick materials like cotton velvet or tweed. You'll carry bags and wear accessories in proportion to your size. You'll favor flat furs. You'll be careful not to have coats of a length to cut you off. You'll wear nothing double-breasted. And you'll select shoes that look capable of supporting your weight. Your shoes won't be so short-vamped that they make you look as if, any minute, you were going to topple forward. And they won't have straps that cut into your instep.

HIPS... HIPS... AWAY!

1. Nine-tenths of the life of a gown is spent behind a dinner table, luncheon table, bridge table, or desk. So keep your hips obscure by having the interesting, focal point of your gown higher up, likely enough at the neckline. (Greer)

2. Broad shoulders counteract big hips—so build out the old shoulder line a little. (Greer)

3. Put your hips in dull black, or another dull, dark color for disguise. White, any light color, and any lustrous fabric will catch the light and throw the planes of your hips into relief, thus emphasizing them. Which is the very thing you don't want to do. (Royer)

4. Three-quarter or full-length coats with a slight swagger back are good. So are skirts cut with a slight flair, for ease. (Stevenson)

5. Modern women are inclined to have shoulders that are narrow and hips that are too broad. This dictates lighter color above the waist, dark color below it. (Head)

6. Wear pleats, stitched-down pleats especially, rather than gathers. And even the tiniest ruffle on or about large hips isn't to be trusted for one minute. (Head)

7. Have your skirts flare a little where the hips start, to give the illusion that it is the skirt and not the hips that extend. (West)

8. Don't, whatever else you do, have your skirts too short. For the less area there is to your skirt the more important every detail it covers will be. (West)

And it goes without saying: You won't wear thick, bunched materials over your hips. You won't have jackets that are exactly hip-length. You won't have pockets or any trimming whatever on or even near your hips to act as eye-catchers. And you'll shun fitted jackets and tight skirts as if they were a plague.

THE MIDDLE WAY*

*In other words—your waistline.

1. If your middle way is more than it should be, define it faintly but don't emphasize it. Have no belts or sashes of a bright or a contrasting color of material. Avoid buckles, especially fancy buckles. And have no nipped-in effect at your waist. (Greer)

2. Don't be influenced for one second by your natural waistline. Experiment! Try out effects by raising or lowering your waistline. (Banton)

3. Have no traffic with wide belts. (Head)

4. Suggest as much width above the waistline, via extended shoulders, as possible. This helps the illusion that the waistline is small. (West)

5. If your waistline is large—and likely enough your hips, too—but you are pleased with your line above the waist, keep the upper part of your costume light or bright and wear dark flowing skirts. And when the upper part of your costume is dark, too, pin a brilliant clip or pin high above your waist—as a decoy, to raise eyes. (Plunkett)

COLOR

LOVE IT WISELY, NOT TOO WELL

1. See to it, first of all, that you do not entertain a psychological dislike for any color. You may detest green, without realizing it, because you had a hateful green dress when you were a little girl. Or because there was a green gown in your life in which you had the most awful time. For a psychological prejudice for any color can cheat you of the effects you otherwise might achieve in it. (Banton)

2. There is a shade of beige and a shade of grey which you can wear—with profit. Find it! Remember grey, especially, clears the skin and is flattering to all ages. (Banton)

3. Any color that has grey in it will be softer and more becoming. Dusty pink, for instance, is infinitely better—on anyone—than a blatant pink. (Orry-Kelly)

4. Consider the color you wear in relationship to the color of your skin and your hair. The minute, for instance, that white appears in brown hair forsake brown—until your hair is wholly white. (Greer)

5. Beige with a pale pink tone in it—that beige which is almost naked in color—will tone beautifully with your skin and your face, and your hair will rise above it looking like something beautiful. (Irene)

6. Think twice about the dress that is startling in color—unless you are willing to be effective in a posterish fashion only. Your effectiveness will be more enduring if the color you wear has a unity with you. It can blend with your skin, the way that naked beige shade does. Or it can match your hair. Ash blondes, for instance, can wear an ash-blond gown with every confidence in the world that they will be subtly lovely. It costs approximately one dollar a yard to have material dyed to match a sample of your hair. (Irene)

HATS... HATS... HATS...

1. Hats that do not do something distinctive for your face aren't the hats for you, irrespective of how smart they are in themselves. (West)

2. A hat should be an attractive part of your costume, not something which commands the entire attention of the onlooker. (Stevenson)

3. If you're not pretty, go to town on unusual hats. Women with irregular features can wear wild, crazy hats with chic profit, and turn their unattractiveness into smart attraction. (Stevenson)

4. When hats go screwy, don't forget they should have beauty together with their eccentricity. (Banton)

5. Never buy a hat until you have worn it while you walked up and down, up and down, before a full-length mirror. For it's just as important for it to suit your figure as it is for it to suit your face. (Head)

And it goes without saying: If you have a short neck or a plump neck, you'll wear hats with tiny brims, hats with no brims at all, or hats with brims that turn up. If you have a long neck, chapeaux that dip a little in the back will be most becoming. On the plump side, you must see to it that your hats do not make you look mature, and, always, your preference should be for hats that have lines which sweep upward. Big hips, of course, shriek to the heavens for hats that are fairly large. Those who are tall should wear large hats but never, never tall hats. And those who are small will be most charming in small hats, especially small hats that have up-rolling brims.

BUDGETEERS—STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

1. Women who have to dress economically—and who accomplish this with care—have an excellent chance of being the best-dressed women in the world. In the budgeteers' wardrobe everything must have its right place. Women with money, on the other hand, buy impulsively. And, too often, they do not have the right costume for the occasion. Also, they often indulge in a hat or a coat or a gown because they think it "amusing." And they are amusing in it. (Banton)

2. Beware of inexpensive dresses that are just a little too tight, that look as if they would be okay if just another half-yard of material had gone into them. The skimpy seams of these dresses won't hold. Get a larger size and have alterations. In both wear and appearance it will pay in the end. (Banton)

3. Inexpensive clothes try to hide their defects by ornaments. Be sure, always, that all the clasp that comes on any such dress can be removed. (Greer)

4. If you're on a budget, stay away from high-styled clothes. Buy background clothes. It takes a woman with an unusual instinct to distinguish between a true fashion and a fad. (Adrian)

5. Run, run, run from anything that even promises to be a fad. For, the darling of October, done to death, won't remain a darling long. If you're a budgeteer, however, you'll have to keep right on wearing it. (Head)

6. Novelty fabrics and luxury fabrics like velvet and chiffon and lamé are for the rich. Forget such things exist and concentrate on flat surface fabrics that will not catch or mat. (Head)

7. Buy no dress until you have considered the different effects you can achieve with it... such as changing the neckline with neckwear, wearing it under a tweed jacket for sport, and adapting it to evening wear with pearls. (Head)

8. Before you shop, take careful inventory of everything you have left over that you can use, even to accessories. And supplement your leftovers by the new things you buy. (Royer)

9. Look over your clothes after you've worn them. Turn them inside out. Make sure there is no place in the seam that needs a few stitches. When a spot appears, remove it. This not only will save dry-cleaning bills, it also will save your clothes from the inroads cleanings make upon them. (Royer)

10. Have one good black coat, without so much as a fur button on it. Then, later on, if your budget allows, buy one (Continued on page 82)



Dear Jolène:
 You've put all the
 style and glamour of
 Hollywood into your
 beautiful shoes.

Claire Trevor
 appearing in
 "I STOLE A MILLION"
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"Up in the morning, to deposit Dick at the station, and carry the three off to school. A change of costume, at the end of a hectic day, against Dick's habit of bringing home unexpected guests. No wonder my stockings have to be as strong as they are pretty!"



"Luckily, I solved that problem when I discovered Berkshires! These stockings are sheer and flattering as they can be; their colors are grand... and they last! Berkshire Stockings are my stockings... for keeps!"

for evening wear,
with
dancing slippers

for afternoon,
with
pumps or sandals

for street and
business, with
daytime shoes

Look for one of these seals on each pair of Berkshire Stockings, identifying them as 2, 3, or 4-thread.

BERKSHIRE STOCKINGS

Ask for BERKTWIST, Berkshire's sheerer crepes

(Continued from page 80)

or more good fur skin. In this way you will gain variety. Also, since you can wear your coat with or without fur, it will serve for a longer season. And on warmer days the furs will serve with your basic dress. (Orry-Kelly)

11. Have your clothes expertly fitted and altered even though the cost this entails means you have to limit your purchases. It's far better to have two costumes smartly fitted than to have three costumes which do curiously unbecoming things at the most unexpected places. (Stevenson)

12. Buy nothing simply because it catches your fancy. Every purchase you make should fit in advantageously with the clothes you already possess. Observe this rule especially when you

are shopping for accessories. The right accessories are not cheap, but they're worth every penny they cost, if they're chosen to lend attractive variety to one or more costumes. (Irene)

To give your best performance as an individual you must feel fit. Hangovers, eye-strain, backaches, headaches... these are some of the things that are not allowed. You'll have them now and then, of course, unless you're a goddess. But you'll get rid of them, unless you're a goof.

Next month the Hollywood health experts tell how they get the stars in shape—on only a few minutes' notice too. And you'll agree that miracle men is the name for them! PHOTOPLAY—NOVEMBER.

Photoplay's Cavalcade of Hollywood

(Continued from page 48)

"bathtub" era with his silken sirens and divorce dramas in such pictures as "Forbidden Fruit," "Male and Female" and "Why Change Your Wife?" Gorgeously gowned stars and palatial sets made Hollywood the fashion—and fad—center of the world. Bobbed hair, introduced by Irene Castle during the war, swept the country when Nazimova, Viola Dana and the Talmadge sisters, Norma and Constance, followed suit during 1919.

As Hollywood and its doings were given more space in press and magazines, certain groups began to protest against the "immorality" of both films and film stars. It all began when Mary Pickford, "America's Sweetheart," divorced Owen Moore and married Doug Fairbanks, because it was noised around that she had married again before her divorce was legal.

Then came a series of unfortunate events which gave Hollywood the reputation of being the "modern Babylon." The suicide of Olive Thomas, the Fatty Arbuckle scandal, the William Desmond Taylor murder and the death of Wallace Reid occurred in quick succession in the early Twenties. The resultant headlines had women's clubs, ministers and morality groups up in arms.

Fearful that the industry would collapse under this combined onslaught, the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America was organized in 1922, with former Postmaster-General Will Hays appointed as arbiter of movie morals. A moral code was adopted, Central Casting was established to control the hiring of movie extras and investigate their character.

Thus began that system of self-criticism which was to give the whole industry higher artistic standards and pave the way to a more realistic interpretation of life. Thus, too, was public confidence restored in its stars, so that they became the best-known and best-loved personalities in the world. With "The Four Horsemen" and "The Sheik," Rudolph Valentino emerged as the screen's topmost matinee hero. In 1920, Jackie Coogan won the country's heart as the first child idol in "The Kid," and Lon Chaney became the king of make-up with "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

Social life of these early Twenties centered around the Cocoanut Grove (where cups were awarded by the stars for dancing and an unknown actress—Lucille LeSueur, now famous as Joan Crawford—won a Charleston contest). Montmartre Café, Victor Hugo's, and the American Legion Fights. The An-

tonio Morenos were the social leaders, the Basil Rathbones of their day, with their lavish parties in their baronial mansion overlooking Hollywood. Then, in 1925, Gloria Swanson married the Marquis de la Falaise (now the husband of Constance Bennett) and brought her titled husband to Hollywood, and the film colony felt it had really "arrived." When Rod LaRocque and Vilma Banky were married in extravaganzas style, all Hollywood felt it had no social heights left to climb.

Nor was the artistic side neglected. The "boy wonder," Irving Thalberg, had already begun to raise the standards of pictures, demanding a greater attention to the artistic and factual details of screen stories and bringing the indefinable, long-missing quality of "taste" to the screen. Garbo's unheralded arrival in Hollywood in 1925 proved to be the signal for the creation of a new and quieter type of film glamour. Technical standards were rising, too, as witnessed by the establishing of the first Academy Awards for the season of 1927-28 (the acting awards were given to Janet Gaynor and Emil Jannings)—a simple act that laid the groundwork for future perfection—and interminable controversy!

An entire era faded with the release of "The Jazz Singer" in 1927. The tremendous ovations which greeted Al Jolson's songs (which are again a part of the current "Hollywood Cavalcade") foreshadowed the doom of silent pictures. Effects were far-reaching. Companies failed, without sufficient resources to install entirely new equipment. Stars faded, unable to project their personalities and untrained voices through the new medium. A new group came into power, and by 1930 not only the death knell of a decade had been sounded but that of a fabulous period.

But nothing could kill the industry itself. Its history runs on through time. Occasional events seem to echo early happenings—censorship drives spring up and bring about new codes, Hollywood headlines still make the juiciest scandal in the world on rare occasions. Yet the outward Hollywood has changed completely. Today, movie-making is one of the biggest businesses in the world and the stars, in their new-found respectability, mirror many a tinier community all over America.

Underneath all, old and new, is the pulse of Hollywood—a great artery whose flow can never be stanchied, whose stirring beat can never be stilled—as long as Hollywood itself, with its laughter and its tears, its sublimity and folly, echoes the heartbeats of the world.

(Continued from page 19)

was the baby girl's fairy godmother at birth, for surely the old women, smiling at each other and at Grandma Moffitt when she came with the good news, had no reason to dream that this baby would one day be a movie star.

Not but what successful men had grown up on New York's West Side, but they were the exceptions.

Alice, had they called the new one? Of course—after her Mama. Well, Charlie Leppert would be that pleased, it being a girl. He'd wanted a girl, being they already had the two boys, Billy and Charlie. Charlie Leppert was a good man and a square cop, too.

But they saw the child's future like their own. Going to school, some, and then maybe a job for a while in a factory or an office, if she turned out to be a smart one, and then getting married to one of the boys and having children and living in the same small, crowded rooms. Doing the cooking and the washing and making a dollar go so far it was sometimes a miracle all of itself.

They didn't know that baby Alice's good fairy, Broadway, had given her as her gift that birth night dancing feet and a sweet, heartbreaking voice to sing songs, and a warm, rich beauty and a funny instinct that could take in and store up all the emotions of the world.

"Alice, to me," Don Ameche, who has made so many pictures with her, was to say of her twenty-four years later, "is like a rare Stradivarius. The lightest touch brings music. She responds to every emotion in some mysterious way that maybe she herself doesn't understand."

HER mother and her mother's mother were Irish. Plain enough always, that touch of the Irish, who cry when they should laugh and laugh when they should cry, and are somehow born behind the eight ball with a guilty conscience.

But her father's people came from that war-torn, heart-torn land of Alsace-Lorraine, where the French and German mingled in a sort of No Man's Land. There was much of both races in big, openhanded, openhearted Charlie Leppert, who walked a beat in uniform and brought his ridiculously inadequate salary home for his wife and three children, to the crowded three rooms, with the lace curtains and the dark hallway, and the golden oak furniture.

Perhaps it was from Grandmother Moffitt, her adored Grandma, that Alice Faye inherited the dancing feet and the voice to sing songs and the Stradivarius chords in her heart.

For the little old Irishwoman was a teller of tales and an actress, though she played her scenes in the drab living room and with only the golden-haired grandchild as an audience. Tales of Ireland—tales of the old days and the old people, fairy tales and legend and history—flowed from that honeyed tongue. Only if you had an Irish grandmother, can you know the tears and the laughter and the suspense and the horror of those tales told in the kitchen in a stirring voice that has just lost its brogue, told over endless cups of blacker and blacker tea.

From one to another she rambled and sometimes she talked of her husband, who lay buried in a soldier's grave in Tennessee, and of his father, and the twice-told tales of the Revolution and the early settlers, and the Civil War itself—stories which had been handed down in the family.

And it was Grandma who lighted the

spark, fanned the flame, of Alice's hidden ambitions, ambitions that she thought were only dreams, so fantastic, so impossible that she never even whispered them, and as a little girl could hardly have put name to them. Only that she wanted to dance, and to sing, and to go out into the big, beautiful world and find the lovely things—colors and lights and music and excitement.

Sometimes when she came home from New York Public School No. 128, where she was just one of the hundreds of West Side children who had to be educated by harassed, overworked teachers, she would find Grandma alone in the kitchen and sometimes she'd tell her about the dreams.

"Sure, and you can make them come true," Grandma Moffitt said. "Why not? You've the finest blood in you, and never let yourself be discouraged for anything. Poverty's a thing may come to any of us and it's better for you it's come early than late, and, if you want to dance and sing, it's dance and sing you shall, my lambkin."

Then the old lady would peer down into the narrow street and see her Alice, the golden hair tumbling down her back, dancing on the sidewalks of New York, to the music of a hurdy-gurdy, to an audience of ragged kids who had stopped their play to watch her.

There were cousins, too, in Woodlawn and the Bronx, and it was great fun to go out there and to have room to run, and to go out in the big garages—remade from old-fashioned barns—and put on plays, and act them out, and Alice was always the leading lady.

When there were programs at school, Alice loved them, she worked hard for them, and once she even thought that the height of her ambition would be to become a schoolteacher. That was because the teacher that year was young and pretty and gave lots of entertainments and told little Alice Leppert that she "danced exactly like a fairy."

"And so you do," said Grandma Moffitt stoutly.

Young Mrs. Leppert knew how to make the most of everything for her children, and as Alice grew up there was a bicycle and a precious pair of skates, to sling over her shoulder and go off to the lake at Central Park.

"Skating, Grandma," she said, "is next to dancing."

And the year she won the kids' championship on her skates was a banner year.

LIFE, for girls like Alice Faye, always starts young—it seems that Fate forces the issue, drives them on, as though afraid that the years won't be long enough for them, won't give them scope enough.

Somehow, dancing lessons had been managed on a scholarship in Billy Newsome's tap dancing class. Then at thirteen, small Alice took herself downtown into the busy, wonderful heart of New York, and registered for chorus work. She wanted to be in the chorus. It seemed to her, then, a vast and almost incredible ambition. To be a chorus girl. To get paid for dancing. To be in the theater—the theater that was to her the temple of all art and beauty.

Of all the stories of her youth, perhaps the best-known one is about those same theaters. Often on their way home from shopping, she and her mother would pass the dark stage doors—those magic portals into the world of beauty.

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Young women in a blind test gave their vote to Lady Esther Face Cream 2 to 1.

But, I still ask myself, why didn't the older women vote even more overwhelmingly for Lady Esther Cream? Any woman approaching thirty or perhaps forty has even better reasons to stop using heavy creams.

For these are the ages when a woman sees in her mirror ominous little signs that foretell trouble—a drawn look, perhaps skin that is sagging and flabby. Why should such a woman cling to a cream that demands more pulling at her delicate facial muscles? Why, the very consistency of a heavy cream defeats its purpose! It leaves a woman's face looking shiny, feeling "waxy"... not softly glamorous as it should be.

But my cream is different. And whether you are 18, 28 or 38—why deny yourself a lovely, youthful-looking skin? Why shouldn't the older woman, too, have her share of compliments—of thrilling, delightful moments? For now, if ever, she, too, needs a cream with a lighter touch... my cream that puts the accent on her youth.

Lady Esther Urges You to make her "Cleansing Tissue Test": For the sake of your own appearance... to

keep yourself from looking older than you really are... make this amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test"!

First, cleanse your skin with cream you're at present using and remove it thoroughly with cleansing tissue.

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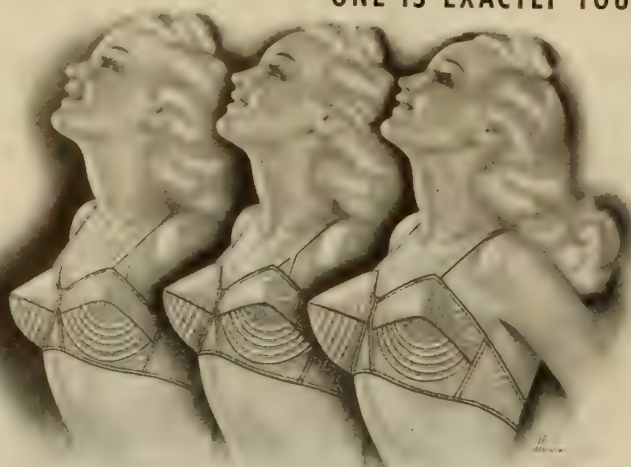
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Alice would maneuver so that they did pass them. They would stand on Broadway, or on Forty-fifth Street and stare up at the names in big letters and Alice would hold her mother's hand and then drag her along, past the stage doors.

"Now you wait, Mama," she would say.

And holding her short skirt in her hand, she would slip into the shadows, the dark, smelly but glorious shadows of the Stage Door—and a moment later come out, her head high, pretending she was the star and was just leaving after a tremendous triumph. The applause was in her ears, the footlights in her eyes, the smell of grease paint in her nose—so that for a moment she believed it all. She actually believed it all. Yet she had never heard applause nor seen footlights nor smelled grease paint then.

Would she ever, ever get a chance? A vast, hungry impatience drove her. She didn't want to wait.

BUT she had to, as it happened. For when she was called for her first tryout with a producer, he took one look at her, dancing there, and said, "Look, child, you run home and grow up a little bit. Maybe you better stay there. The theater's a tough racket. Not many girls get anywhere. Go on home and don't come back unless you have to."

So a thirteen-year-old Alice went home and cried her heart out on Grandma Moffitt's shoulder.

Only the shoulder wasn't to be there for long for Alice to cry on. The little Grandmother slipped away from them and real sorrow walked in and found a lasting place in Alice's heart.

But there had been those last words to treasure. "Be a good girl, Alice," she said, "and make folks happy with your dancing and your singing of songs."

"I don't think I ever will," Alice said. "There's too much against me. I haven't anyone to help me. What have I got, anyway? I guess I'm crazy, even thinking about it."

"You're not," said Grandma. "When those thoughts get in your head, they come from somewhere. You keep on—and when you can't keep on any more, you just keep on, anyhow. But don't forget to find you a good man, too. No woman's complete without she knows marriage—and children."

It hurt, then, to think of Grandma—and so when she first got her job, dancing in the Chester Hale unit of dancers, there was already that little sadness in her eyes and on her too-sensitive young mouth. It would always be there—sorrow would always mingle with her joy. Perhaps that had been the gift of the Evil Fairy at her cradle—or perhaps not.

For one summer she danced and when it was over there came the first great battle in the Leppert family.

"I'm not going back to school," Alice said. "What's the use? I want to dance—and sing—and be in the theater. The only way I can learn, is to be there. I've got schooling enough. What's the use of algebra and Latin and stuff to a dancer?"

If, later on, she regretted that early choice often, was conscious over and over of her lack of education and foundation and background, she had no premonition of it then. Her mind and heart operated on a single track—dancing and the theater.

She had never seen her father angry before. It wasn't that he didn't want her to go on the stage. But she was too young. Much too young. He was afraid for his little girl, in that strange and unknown world of the theater—terribly afraid for her, with her tender heart so easily hurt as it had been always, and her sturdy loyalty, and her little, little knowledge of life and of all the temptations.

What would she do in the big world,

dazzled by the many things she'd never had, never even dreamed she might have, the admiration and the luxury and the applause if she succeeded, the desperation and bitterness and dissatisfaction if she failed?

Her mother stood with Alice. Perhaps she, being a woman, understood best. All those things must come to Alice—she saw that. Or at least she must try for them and survive the heart-break if she couldn't get them. There would be no holding her and always she would wear the armor of her own tender spirit. Hurt and heartbroken she might be—as indeed she was to be—but never dragged down herself.

"But it'll break up our family," Charlie Leppert said unhappily. "You'll be going with her, Mama, and me and the boys—why, it'll be all different."

"It's got to be," said Alice's mother. "When you have a child like Alice, it's got to be that way. There's nothing we wouldn't do for her, is there, father?"

He gave in then, of course. The veil for him, as for them, was over the coming years in which his death, sudden and alone, was to bring such two-edged pain to Alice Faye of Hollywood. The ugly misunderstanding around it was to shadow her for many days.

SO came the Capitol Theater—on Broadway. Theaters in the key movie palaces of the Atlantic Coast with the Chester Hale unit of dancers. Then, her first small triumph, a specialty number at the Hollywood Gardens on Pelham Parkway. Joy, excitement, wonder at being at last within the sacred portals, and the constant suspense of ducking the truant officers, who wanted one Alice Leppert, under sixteen, to go back to school and couldn't imagine what had become of her, never found her under the pretty chorus girl named Alice Faye.

The George White "Scandals"—that was for her, then, fame, success, the height of her ambition. She tried out for it and because of her long legs and fresh beauty and the way she could dance, she made it and lined up with the other girls in the show that starred Rudy Vallee. Nobody noticed her much, nobody picked her out from the other girls.

Yet two men had already come into her life who were to change its course and play Fate in the startling career of Alice Faye—a fate which was to lead her from the sidewalks of New York, the poverty and obscurity of Tenth Avenue, to Hollywood stardom in five brief, hectic years, forming a Cinderella story seldom equalled, a real "rags-to-riches" saga of American girlhood.

Rudy Vallee. Why didn't Alice Faye and Rudy Vallee marry? What was the true story back of the scandal which might so easily have destroyed Alice and her beauty and talents? What happened to Rudy and Alice?

No story has been more written about, more discussed, more questioned. It has remained one of the mysteries of show business.

The true story of the greatest radio star and the little blonde chorus girl can be told now and in its completeness for the first time.

But there was another man, too, a man who perhaps had more to do with Alice Faye's life than Rudy Vallee himself and of whom you have probably never heard—a strange man, too, as much a product of the streets of New York as Alice herself.

Who this other man was and how his love for Alice gave him the insight to pick her out of that chorus and to bring Alice Faye and Rudy Vallee together make a chapter in her story that has never been revealed before. Watch for it in November—PHOTOPLAY.

My Friend Coop!

(Continued from page 21)

home, a family, a career, many diverse interests. But, in the back of our minds, we know there is something that has clicked between us which won't change. It's a fine thing, to know that. It is for me, at least, and, knowing Coop, I am certain he wouldn't bother if he didn't feel the same way. He is no hypocrite. He couldn't pretend a regard he didn't feel, to save his life.

Another thing about Coop . . . He takes in stride whatever comes along, good, bad, or indifferent. In a profession wherein competition is bitter and every man is on his own, he won't fight for himself. He never has. If he gets a bad role, he doesn't raise hell about it. He rises above it. I have seen this happen. He simply goes ahead and does the best he can and when the picture is released, you'll find that maybe it gets panned, but not Coop. I've watched the same thing happen on a set. Maybe the actress he is working with is temperamental, or maybe difficult to photograph and keeps demanding this and that change in script, action or what-have-you. Coop never says a word. He takes what he is given and does what he is supposed to do. And—well, perhaps I am prejudiced, but I think he beats 'em all at their own game. They may seem to have the whip hand, but he emerges from any situation like that with a gun in his hand. And all the while he hasn't raised a finger to do it. He has merely been himself.

Now, Coop doesn't comprehend a thing like professional jealousy. He can't even be bothered when something wholly false is said about him—this,

despite the fact that it may put him in a bad light personally or professionally. For instance, a few months ago a certain Los Angeles newspaper came out with the following headline: "GOLDWYN TRYING TO TRADE COOPER PLUS SCRIPT FOR TYRONE POWER!" Certainly, this headline and the story that supported it didn't sound very complimentary. Moreover, the thing wasn't true.

I was sore when I read it and I looked for Coop to show him the story. "Why don't you do something about this?" I yelled.

He had already read it but it was like him to take the paper and quietly read it again. Then he looked up and grinned a little. "Wonder why they printed that?" he remarked, conversationally.

"Aren't you going to do anything about it?" I demanded.

He shook his head. "No. Why should I?"

That was that. The story wasn't so, so why should he get hot and bothered? According to his lights, no reason at all.

COOP is thoughtful. No "portrait" of him would be complete without putting in that. He is kind without to-do. There was the matter of the Screen Actors' Guild. Personally, I hadn't been particularly interested in it. I am not much of a "joiner." But one night Coop called me up.

"Listen," he said, "I wish you'd join the Guild."

"Why?" I asked him. "I'd rather be on my own. If I get along, I want to do it myself. If I don't, it should be my own fault."

"Well, I've been figuring," he told me in that slow way of his, "and I think we should belong. Maybe we don't need a Guild, but a lot of those who haven't been so lucky as us, do. We should help them out."

No, it wasn't a very eloquent argument, but I got what he meant. He thought it was the right thing to do and suddenly I did, too. So I joined. And I liked him all the more for taking the stand he did.

Another side of Coop is his truly remarkable ability to concentrate—or perhaps it is a genius for ignoring petty annoyances and distractions. I shall never forget one night when he and Rocky (his wife) and Frances and myself were attending a concert at the Hollywood Bowl. You wouldn't suspect it, perhaps, but Coop loves music, classical music as well as those cowboy songs of his.

Anyway, in the middle of a splendid symphony, an autograph seeker popped up in the box back of us and concentrated on Gary.

"Mister Cooper," he hissed. "Mister Cooper."

Well, I don't see how Coop could have failed to hear, but if he did, he gave no sign; just sat there listening to the music. A moment later, the fellow tried again. "Mister Cooper," he insisted, practically out loud, now. "MISTER COOPER! Can I have your autograph?"

But still, Coop just sat there, unheeding. No, I couldn't stand it! I turned around and motioned the guy to be quiet. But Coop never budged. And

after the concert was over, he rose and rubbed his hands together that way he has when he is pleased.

"Fine program, wasn't it?" he said. Sure, he meant it. As far as he was concerned, nothing had happened to mar his evening. Not a thing. I had to laugh, though, when as we were making our way out of the Bowl, I heard the autograph hunter's companion say, pityingly, "Why, Gary Cooper must be deaf!"

No, my friends. I assure you he isn't deaf. He just doesn't hear what he doesn't want to.

A "PORTRAIT" of Coop must include, too, his sense of humor. It isn't a very boisterous one, nor is he given to playing practical jokes on people, or making wisecracks that scintillate in print. The Cooper humor is far more likely to be the kind that prompts him to tie pieces of meat on each end of a string when he is out deep-sea fishing, for instance, throw them overboard and chuckle quietly to himself as he watches the squabbling of a couple of outraged sea gulls who have gobbled them up and are, therefore, "tied" together. No, it wouldn't be a very strong piece of string because that might involve serious consequences for the gulls. He is careful about that.

Coop has a temper on occasion. Lack of consideration or tact on the part of someone else makes him furious. He and Rocky invited Frances and me to some sort of studio banquet one night, and while we were there a certain producer came around and tried to talk

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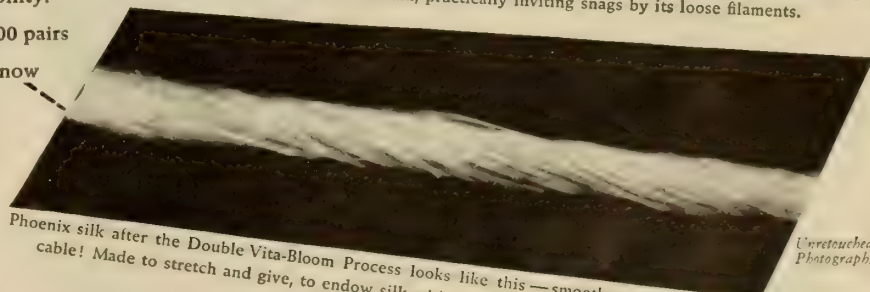
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him into signing a contract. Coop resented it. No, he didn't sputter or protest, but we saw his eyes get bluer and bluer, as they always do when he's mad, and the slow crimson spread over his face. Finally, he got out of his chair—in that usual, deliberate Cooper manner in which he hunches himself forward like a jackknife, and then straightens up until his lean, lanky height seems even greater than it is.

"Will you please excuse me?" he remarked to the man and left him flat.

I followed him out. "That so-and-so," he muttered, darkly. "What did he mean trying to cram business into an evening's pleasure that way!" And he apologized all over the place to me, and later, to Frances, for the fact that it had happened. Yes, I know. It was a little thing, after all, but he just didn't like it.

He has an unfailing habit of going to sleep whenever and wherever he can. To me, it is funny to see him sitting around between scenes, on a set, or lying down, if he can find a place, and sleeping peacefully amidst the bedlam all about him... Or, maybe, when you're sitting on the set with him, to suddenly find him asleep in his chair.

IN his fifteen years in Hollywood, Coop may sometimes have gotten himself involved in uncomfortable situations, wherein a little more firmness and a little more readiness to disappoint others would have saved him a lot of trouble. But he never kicks. He never mentions, even to me, any sort of problem or difficulty he may have encountered. He never discusses anything personal with anybody. You know he loves his wife. You know it because he wouldn't have gotten married if he hadn't. You know he loves his baby daughter. His face lights up when you speak of them and you see a sort of quiet pride and happiness there that needs no ballyhooing.

For all his reticence, however, Coop is a great one for enthusiasms, though I have to laugh at them, sometimes, because they often burn themselves out by their very intensity. That happened on the occasion of a certain hunting trip he planned. As soon as he finished the picture he was making, his manager, Jack Moss, told me he was going to set forth. Meanwhile, he spent every spare minute getting ready. He bought special guns. He bought special camp-

ing equipment. He bought everything. He spent hours selecting fishing tackle and a grub stake and a cooking kit. The expedition was all he could talk about.

But when the picture was finished—well, I went away about that time and didn't find out what happened until several months later. Then I said to Coop, "Did you have a good time on your camping trip?" Whereupon he grinned a little sheepishly, and told me, "Well, as a matter of fact—well, we didn't go." No, there hadn't been any special reason, and of course I kidded him plenty. But I understood how it was, just the same. As Jack Moss said, he'd had such a good time getting ready, he didn't have to go.

I COULD go on and on about Coop. There is a lot to him as perhaps you've guessed by now. I could tell how, back in the days when he wasn't married, the girls used to run after him, even fight over him, and he never even knew it. I could tell how he likes fine clothes and wears the best that tailors can make. I could tell how he loves swimming in the ocean, and will stand up in the waves and rub the salt water between his hands, and say, "Swell, eh?" I could tell how he never forgets anything and how, two years after he'd heard me say I'd like to own a certain kind of hunting knife, he brought me one from New York; how, afraid of being thanked (he is always afraid of thanks), he hurried to explain that "you can whittle with a knife like this." I could describe the unexpectedness of him, the canniness of him. I could tell how he never pays any attention to the weather, never complains that it's too hot or too cold; I could tell about his hobbies—drawing, carving, designing saddles, boats, special guns; how he always wears gloves; how he hates nagging and show-offs; how reasonable he is in an argument; what a fine host he is. I could say that I consider him one of the best actors on the screen, because he is *himself*, when any actor knows it is far easier to imitate; that I think he should have had the Academy Award for "Mr. Deeds," hands down. But with all this, if I should neglect to add one thing more, then I shouldn't have described the real Gary Cooper. For that one thing stands out above everything else... He is a *man*.

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Coop at home, as seen only by such old friends as Joel (McFee) McCrea—and as photographed for the first time in the workshop of the Cooper home in Brentwood Heights. This is where Gary houses his great collection of firearms, where he keeps his guns in topnotch condition—and where he whips up his odd little mechanical gadgets

Irene—As Seen by Charles Boyer

(Continued from page 24)

chrysanthemums and wild roses on a fall day, and a potpourri of spices.

In literature, she is a biography half-finished; she is the lyrics of "These Foolish Things Remind Me of You," some pages from "Aphrodite" by Louys, Khayyam's "Rubáiyát," "Invitation to the Dance," and Margery Sharp's "The Nutmeg Tree." If the Great American Novel could be written by an author like Thomas Mann or Somerset Maugham, she would be that novel. And I think "Bitter Sweet," by Noel Coward, some lines of Dorothy Parker dialogue, and an essay on charm by a fine writer.

She is a red rose on a long stem; not a bud, not full-blown, but at the height of its beauty hidden under the leaves there would be an occasional, surprising thorn. She is never a dull woman; she can be surprising, and she has the temperament that comes with intelligence.

As a car, she would be a conservative, sleek model with a twelve-cylinder motor under a long bonnet, white sidewall tires, and a platinum figure of Speed for a radiator ornament. A chauffeur in formal livery would drive. A radio would play softly. Upholstery and interior fittings would be gunmetal and platinum, in perfect taste, but luxurious. The chauffeur would be instructed to obey the traffic laws, but on the road he would be allowed to drive one-hundred-and-twenty miles an hour, which the car would do easily.

She is a Schiaparelli dinner dress, a play suit by Hawes, an evening dress by Chanel. She is a costume that is perfect for morning; in the afternoon something zippers off and the costume is once more correct; then, on the beach, more fabric zippers off and nothing is left but a gay, brief bathing suit; finally, out of a bag, something else is taken and zipped on, and the wearer is once again the smartest woman at any function. There probably is no such costume. Irene is unique, of course.

Such music as Viennese waltzes, any truly American music that is really good—I don't mean folk songs, or Stephen Foster, or routine popular melodies—and clear, delicate music by Chopin and

Schubert become her. Superb orchestras would play, and great singers would carry the airs; but the musical mood would change often, from classic to modern.

IRENE is the Rue de la Paix, Broadway, and a tree-shaded street in Pasadena, like Orange Grove Avenue, lined with magnificent houses. Sometimes, too, she is like a quiet lane down which one strolls lazily, to come at last upon a cottage simple and homelike.

It is difficult to describe her personality in terms of sports, since she is not the type. A moonlight swim in the reflecting pool of the Taj Mahal, a fox hunt, a climbing expedition in evening gowns and tails, with the purpose of scaling the Leaning Tower of Pisa . . . Something like that, a sport with imagination, and one for which the players must dress. But sometimes she would be a baseball game with the neighbors' children, in an unused field.

She is a Gainsborough painting of a lovely woman, or a sunny Derain, or perhaps even one corner, neatly scissored away, of a Gauguin.

Enfin, it is not so easy, after all, this method of character analysis. How does one say, in symbols, that Irene Dunne is a kind person? How does one suggest her third-dimensional sense of humor, productive of an appreciative chuckle rather than what American columnists call the "belly laugh?"

She is sensitive and possessed of rare poise, and mentally as well as physically she is trained down to a fine degree.

Perhaps I should say she is like a greyhound with a Cartier collar in emeralds, and a penchant for looking at the funnies. If she were a city, she would be Paris removed to America, because her Continental qualities are tempered by her recognizable Americanism.

If she were a color, she would be a collection of pastels—silver and grey and pale blue and dusty rose, with an occasional clang-tint, as the Chinese say, of orange—for excitement.

There is the word. Irene Dunne is an exciting woman, above everything else.

Charles—As Seen by Irene Dunne

(Continued from page 25)

a while; then by part of the New World Symphony; then by one of those melodies you like to hear when it's twilight and you're feeling vague, a tune like "Smoke Rings" or "Stardust."

SCENT?

You'd have to compose one of those Scent-Symphonies out of The Brave New World, ranging from musk to pine, to crêpes Suzette sauce, to Aphrodisia, to Carnation, to Manhattan-street-at-dawn, to cedar, to iodine, to new leather, to Danger. Oh, yes, and good Turkish tobacco.

DRINK?

Coffee Royal, laced with cognac. Cointreau, brandy and rum, in equal parts—the smoothest of cocktails, with a belated kick in the teeth, so they tell me. Vintage champagne.

COSTUME?

That's hard because I always see him the way he was dressed when I first met him, in a black shirt and a conservative dark suit. But his personality

would be a monk's robe in midnight-blue velvet, with a cigarette case in the pocket and a big silver key ring attached to the belt. Those keys would open all sorts of doors: cellar doors, the hidden postern gates of great estates, cupboards in castles, very private doors; and there'd be passkeys to penthouses, theaters, the Trocadero, and heaven knows what all. I don't mean a real monk would ever wear this costume, nor would Charles.

Appendum: You see, I judge Charles Boyer as a man of charm and intelligence and temperament, with a worldly viewpoint: definitely foreign, subtle, sometimes explosive, very secretive. His personality has faces like the counterpoint in Bach. He has strength, vitality, a dark attraction. He has, amazingly, on occasion, the eagerness of a little boy. He's nervous, with control, courteous always, amusing when he chooses to be, introspective. A fascinating person, really. . . I wonder if anyone will ever really know him completely?

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Rover Boy with Sex Appeal

(Continued from page 69)

typically Nivenish. So, much as he loved the army he decided to leave it and after talking it over with Captain Astley (Madeleine Carroll's husband, and also an ex-army officer), he sat down and wrote out his resignation from the Highland Light Infantry and his application for two months' leave pending action.

The next morning he sailed for Canada. America—make room.

JUDGING from the outside, most anyone would say Dave Niven is a pretty doggoned handsome lad. A six-footer with blue eyes, a catching giggle and hair (a rich mouse color, as Davey calls it) that positively goes hysterical in its desire to curl when it rains.

But if one could steal a few stray peeks inside Mr. Niven, around about the Adam's apple section, say, they'd discover the amazingly unbeautiful results of David's sojourn in Canada, for in the midst of the only work he could get (road building, at exactly sixteen cents an hour), he knew he'd have to have his tonsils out. He knew it the minute he began swallowing up instead of down. But he couldn't even afford a manicure on sixteen cents an hour. So there he was, in a fine mess for an officer and a gentleman of the British army. Then, one day, he learned about the veterinarian in a neighboring town, who would obligingly yank tonsils for ten dollars when sober, and nothing when tight. Davey raised five, and wasted it trying to get the Vet swanked. His next five did the trick. The tonsils were out and Davey was in the hospital sicker than two poisoned pups. It was six weeks before he arose from his hospital bed in Canada and managed by hook or crook (mostly crook) to get to New York, where he registered at the swankiest hotel in town—one he couldn't afford to move out of after two days had passed.

The pretzel bowls on fancy bars knew him intimately. His gay and wealthy friends liked him, and invited him about, little dreaming he was stonier than the heart of a frustrated dowager. The Oriental at the Chinese laundry got to know him—too well, alas.

"No monee—no shirtee," was his final ultimatum.

So, nothing daunted, David borrowed a friend's car and chauffeur, and proceeded to work out his laundry bill. Out from his cozy nest at the Waldorf would hop Davey of a morning to his borrowed car and the laundry. In fact, the sight of Davey flying up and down Park Avenue steps to deliver clean shirts at swanky apartment house doors is one of those things New Yorkers can't forget.

"M'lady," he'd say to the domestic who opened the door, "here's your laundry with best wishes of Lee Hung Chung and his brothers of the steaming tubs and flatiron trade." Can, or can you not picture the look on that domestic's face?

"I even pressed pants, too," Niven laughs, which should be cheering news to several Hollywood producers. Of course, when Davey pressed them with the creases running down both sides instead of in front, and prominent New Yorkers began appearing in public with legs wider than the entire breadth of Elsa Maxwell, he more or less lost his job, despite the debt, and had to think up a new one. He invented a darb. He would become a winetaster at Jack and Charlie's "21 Club." David had sold the boys on the idea that someone

should determine the date and vintage of various beverages, and he was that "someone." He got the job (whatever got into Jack and Charlie, do you suppose?) and reported one morning, bright and early, to work. But the tasting grew a little out of hand as time wore on and—well, it ended with the winetaster being removed head first, bearing more than a faint resemblance to a boiled owl and making noises like one, too.

ABOUT this time David met up with Lefty Flynn in New York, and the two concocted a scheme that would, so they figured, net them a cool million on the dot. The boys had decided what this world needed was some first-class indoor horse racing, and Atlantic City was chosen as the ideal place to introduce this bit of sport to the world. Some of their friends rallied round, contributing tired polo ponies for the venture. It was the prize frost of all time, for no one came to see the ponies in action—not even when David dressed several jockeys in doctors' white uniforms, and placed a ladies' hair dryer in the arena in an attempt to delude audiences into believing it was a restorative contraption for injured riders. People, in droves, just didn't care.

Discouraged with it all, David managed to get to Cuba and landed slam-bang in a revolution. He wasn't in the place two minutes before he was in the fracas up to his English accent. Then one day it occurred to David he'd agreed, upon his resignation from the British army, not to bear arms for any foreign power for five years; yet here he was, gun running like a fiend. It finally took the British Consul to get him out of Cuba—and on a Japanese freighter headed for Norway. The young man decided he'd had enough bumming and he'd better get back home to England and settle down. He landed in San Francisco instead, for David had taken the wrong boat out of Cuba (after a night's celebration with American sailors), and here he was—farther from home than ever and flatter than a sat-upon pancake.

"I believe a man has just so many opportunities offered him during a lifetime," David told us recently over a luncheon table in his elaborate Goldwyn studio suite, "and Hollywood offered me a great one."

DAVID doesn't tell of Hollywood's cold rebuffs when he tramped the streets in an effort to get work of any kind. His ability to laugh at himself, to make

light of his hurts and wounds and to emphasize the kind deeds of friends are the outstanding qualities of Niven. He can't say enough for Ronald Colman, who coached him for his first big role in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Concerning Loretta Young and her family, he'll talk for hours. It seems, at the lowest ebb of his young life, when all gates in Hollywood were closed, the Youngs had taken him in. He'd met Loretta's sister, Sally Blane, in London and now that he was in Hollywood he decided to phone her. They invited him to dinner and Mrs. Young and her daughters, suspecting the Englishman had no place else to go, placed David in their guest house and looked after him until Mr. Goldwyn had finally signed him.

"They are the most wonderful women in the world," David says with genuine awe. "I can never repay them."

His ability to tell stories has made him one of the most coveted of dinner guests.

His gay doings were once the object of considerable chuckling in Hollywood. But like other successful actors, the fast demanding pace of movies has finally overtaken him. He's worked hard, long, and seriously. We caught a glimpse of his face recently when the smile had vanished.

"You look like your passport picture, today, David," we said. "Just that tired."

The smile was back in an instant, but we'd seen the fatigue that lay beneath.

"Hello, chum," he'll call to a fellow worker of a morning. "Good-by, chum," he'll wave at night, as he sets out for his home at the beach. And that home, undoubtedly, is more typical of Niven than anything I can think of. It began when David and two friends, Walter Davis and Robert Coote, decided to pool their possessions and take a home by the sea.

"Each bring his own belongings," David suggested, "and we won't have to bring any furniture." So Davis brought his golf clubs, Coote his skis, and Niven his dart game. It was really all they owned to their names. With these and David's Filipino boy who thinks he's Jeeves, they set up housekeeping. A new addition is a colored cook who occasionally whips up weird concoctions for her English gentlemen.

His friends are legion. When he isn't pitching darts into a dart board before a nine o'clock date with bed, he's off to the home of Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, or sailing a dumfounded sea with Errol Flynn.

Modesty and gratitude and a kindly forbearance become him like a top hat. He's fearful lest the most humble of his acquaintances along the road back may be hurt by some anecdote he's revealing. His gratitude to America and its people is the most touching bit of sincerity to be found in all Hollywood. And his charm and gallantry make him the most sought after of escorts.

His name has been linked romantically with many a Hollywood beauty, but on his dressing-room wall there hangs just one photograph. It's the picture of Miss Jacqueline Dyer, the English girl whom David met some years ago in London.

He hesitates to say much about her. But something in his manner, when he glances at her picture there on the wall, something in the way he speaks of her, tells us David Niven, Our Rover Boy of Charm, has come home at last.

LAST-MINUTE REVIEWS

★ THE WIZARD OF OZ—M-G-M

TWO years to make—and worth every moment of it. This cast alone—Frank Morgan in the title role, Judy Garland as Dorothy, Bert Lahr as the Cowardly Lion, Ray Bolger as the Scarecrow, Jack Haley as the Tin Woodman, and Billie Burke as the good fairy, Glinda—might have been dreamed into being just for this superb fantasy of a little girl transported by cyclone to a magic wonderland where anything can (and does) happen. How she travels with her new-

found friends through tiny Munchkinland, braves the gigantic Flying Monkeys, and outwits the Wicked Witch (Margaret Hamilton) to gain aid from the droll Wizard and the beautiful Glinda, makes the plot, interspersed with catchy songs and spectacular production numbers. Put it all in the finest Technicolor, and what more could any fantasy-lover ask? A "must" for both children and adults.

JAMAICA INN—Mayflower-Paramount

YOU'RE in on the secret that Charles Laughton is the archvillain of this free adaptation of Daphne du Maurier's novel. But the gang of ruffians, who wreck ships for their cargoes on the wild Cornish coast, know him only as the rich *Sir Pengalan*, and believe Leslie Banks of Jamaica Inn is their leader. Nor does pretty Maureen O'Hara recognize his true character when appealing to him for aid in escaping the cutthroats; nor does the investigator from Lloyds, Robert Newton, who seeks his help in tracking down the mysterious "brains"

of the band. This general lack of insight leads to all kinds of trouble. Alfred Hitchcock has used every device in the director's handbook to sustain the pace of the sinister tale—hairbreadth escapes, last minute rescues, the chase. The result will satisfy those who like action, storybook thrills, bloodshed, in nice, big chunks; but will disappoint the Hitchcock fans. Mr. Laughton, as usual, dominates every scene—simply gloating in his evil role, and Maureen O'Hara proves an appealing hapless heroine.

WHEN TOMORROW COMES—Universal

BUT tomorrow takes a long time coming in the new Dunne-Boyer starrer. Tragedy and trouble stalk poor Irene and Charles wherever they turn. None of it would ever have happened if Charles, as a world-famous pianist, hadn't dropped in for a blue-plate special at the chain restaurant where Irene is working. That night, he follows her to a union meeting where she's urging her fellow-waitresses to strike. Sailing on Long Island Sound next day (these

Frenchmen work fast), they take refuge in his home near by. Comes a hurricane and they discover they love each other. However, love is not for them, for Charles can't desert his irrational wife (Barbara O'Neil), who needs him. It's all very sad—and a shame, too, since the realistic touches in both acting and direction should have made a much greater picture. You'll probably like it, though, if you enjoy suffering in such charming company.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 65)

★ LADY OF THE TROPICS—M-G-M

IT'S still a moot point whether or not it makes any difference that the heady Lamarr can't act worth a tinker's expression of irritation. This follows the only possible formula: Lush atmosphere, good acting support, and fine photography, while she looks beautiful.

Robert Taylor plays a young American engineer, and fits perfectly into the mental picture we all have of he-men who brave the dangers of far places. Joseph Schildkraut is the smooth scoundrel who has been Hedy's heart interest, until she discovers that his interest in her is more in the line of business than sentiment. When she discovers this discouraging fact she kills Schildkraut. Oriental Saigon is romantic atmosphere and provides an excellent background for the unrestrained emotions of both Taylor and Lamarr. He gives a performance to be proud of and so does Joseph Schildkraut.

★ FRONTIER MARSHAL—20th Century-Fox

IS there really anything we can tell you about this that you couldn't deduce from the title and the fact that Randolph Scott has the title role? Tombstone, famous for its Wild West history, is the locale, and silver is discovered there. The bad element comes in, and Scott, who is marshal, sets out to quell the lawlessness. Cesar Romero tries hard to look like a T.B., but health sticks out all over him; Nancy Kelly is his nurse who loves him. You will adore smooth, poised, lovely, ultra-sophisticated Binnie Barnes as the honky-tonk queen. There's plenty of action, a good deal of tragedy, and some humor. Good cinema anyway, if somewhat in the cycle-rut "Stagecoach" started.

★ ANDY HARDY GETS SPRING FEVER—M-G-M

EASILY the best of the series so far, Andy's spring fever episode has the simplicity of structure, the clear-cut portrayal of nice American folk, and the Tarkingtonesque quality you've come to expect of these pictures. Mickey Rooney is a little older now, facing disillusionment that can have a really great effect on his later life. He falls desperately in love with his teacher, pretty (and capable), new Helen Gilbert. The youngster no longer mugs quite so much. There's a mild counterplot to keep the Judge, Lewis Stone, occupied. Your throat will ache with wanting to bawl over Mickey's heartbreak, the while you laugh at him.

HOTEL FOR WOMEN—20th Century-Fox

REMEMBER that swell hit, "Stage Door"? At times during the unreeling of this movie you will have the impression that someone was trying to repeat Greg La Cava's big-time stuff. You'll see a lot of models and chorus girls living in a too-swank-for-the-rates hostelry, presided over by Elsa Maxwell, and follow their troubles. New Linda Darnell should turn into a bright star, and Ann Sothern is very good indeed, but the story is ground out between occasional amusing lines of dialogue. James Ellison is the romantic lead. Miss Maxwell has two or three scenes, and is unselfconscious.

PARENTS ON TRIAL—Columbia

YOU won't be able to work up much excitement over this sleepy bit of celluloid.

A couple of nice kids, Jean Parker and Johnny Downs, fall in love but her father opposes their marriage. He gets their sudden marriage annulled, and when Downs sneaks in the house, has the boy sent to reform school. Father plans to ship daughter to Europe, but boy escapes and runs away with girl again. By this time the audience has gone home anyway, so why go on?

UNEXPECTED FATHER—Universal

THAT insinuating title is kinda cute, but the film itself is another version of "Little Miss Broadway," with new star Sandy Henville playing Shirley's role. You remember, a chee-ild in danger of being put in an institution and a collection of cheap vaudeville folk rallying around to keep the kid for themselves. She may have to eat cold fried-egg sandwiches, but she's going to have Love, by golly. Shirley Ross, Dennis O'Keefe and Mischa Auer stooge for the charming Sandy.

NEWS IS MADE AT NIGHT—20th Century-Fox

HERE'S Preston Foster being an editor, one of the ruthless cinematic kind to whom news is the most important thing in the world. He has a best friend who turns out to be somewhat of a criminal; also, there's an innocent man awaiting execution because of Foster's machinations on the paper. Thus the conflict. Lynn Bari plays a sob sister and, also, is Foster's romantic foil. There's pretty good pace throughout.

MILLION DOLLAR LEGS—Paramount

THEY had to hold up production on this feature because Betty Grable got appendicitis and her million-dollar legs dwindled to about sixty-five cents worth. They came back, though, as you will see. It's a college picture, dedicated in motif and action to the present generation, so don't expect to get any emotion or mental exercise from it. A football hero and a mathematical genius (respectively John Hartley and Peter Hayes) help Betty carry the slight burden of plot.

THE SPELLBINDER—RKO-Radio

NOT so hot, this. But Lee Tracy has a style all his own and it's adapted to the sort of thing he's assigned here. He's a fast-gab lawyer, verging on the shady side, ethically speaking; and he's got a tremendous case of father love for his daughter, Barbara Read. Plot, such as it is: Tracy defends murderer, freed rascal woos and weds Barbara, Tracy kills him. Patric Knowles, Allan Lane and others struggle hard.

MIRACLES FOR SALE—M-G-M

THE kids will love this since it's all about magicians, and also because it goes into detail about the way prestochango artists fool the public. Not for adult consumption, though. There's murder and Robert Young to solve it. He's pleasant, as he always is, and you get a little beam when he pairs off with pretty Florence Rice. Those of you who believe in ghosts are going to be pretty annoyed at the exposé.

BLONDIE TAKES A VACATION—Columbia

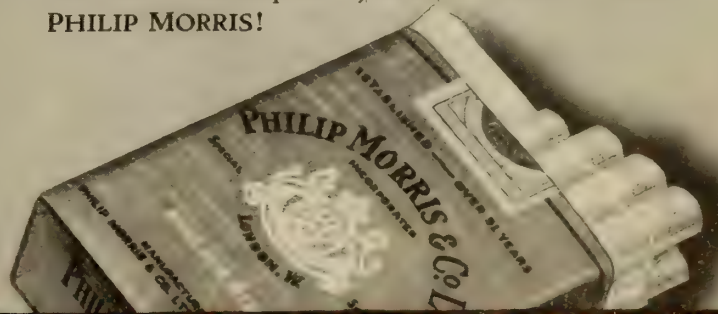
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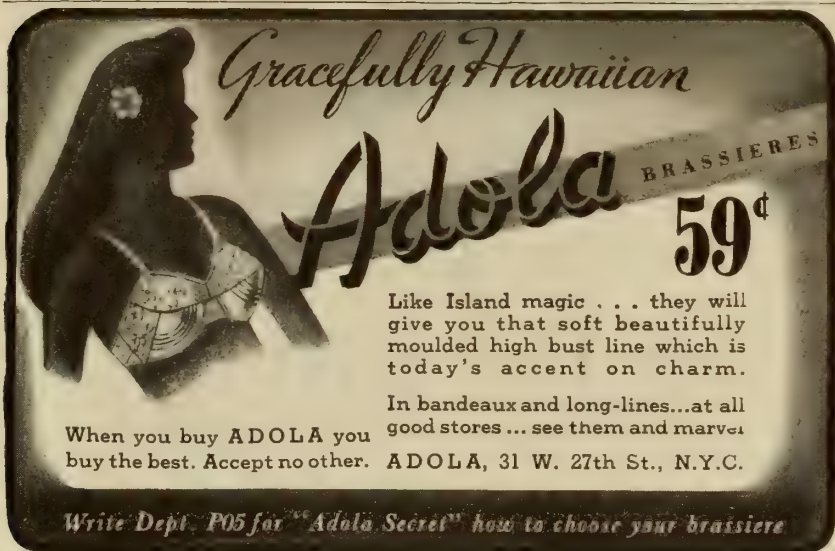
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worked up (skunks invading hotel resort, as an example) have that fine lack of intelligence and incredible bad taste that make the funnies America's favorite literature. Larry Simms, as *Baby Dumpling*, keeps disappearing but he's cute when he's on the screen. Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake rattle along as the married *Bumsteads*.

MR. WONG IN CHINATOWN—Monogram

BOO! Boris Karloff's gonna getcha, kiddies... He makes a nice menacing Chinaman as *Mr. Wong*, although his role is sympathetic. There's a fine murder right away. It takes place in Wong's house, and the victim is a Chinese princess who's in America to buy planes. Marjorie Reynolds is the newspaper woman who rushes around and helps out, and Monogram has inserted a romance angle between her and Grant Withers. In keeping with the new treatment of murder and mystery, there is lots of comedy to keep you chuckling.

★ I STOLE A MILLION—Universal

HARD stuff to take, this, after a long day's work when what you want is nice gay entertainment. But it's swell melodrama, with George Raft right in form and Claire Trevor abetting him capably. The story is that of a man who, through circumstances beyond his control, gets labeled a criminal and who works out his peeve against the world by going really bad. At the end, he faces the sacrifice he must make in order to save his wife and child from his own misdeeds. The picture has emotional power and integrity of viewpoint. Direction is very good. Dick Foran, Henry Armetta and Victor Jory contribute.

IN OLD MONTEREY—Republic

THOSE Gene Autry Westerns have been so successful, Republic decided this

time to toss in a bonus. As a result you get not only a picture up to the usual Autry standard, but a lot more entertainment, consisting of the Hoosier Hot Shots, the Ranch Boys, Smiley Burnette and Sarie and Sally. Gene's an army sergeant; the army wants some training grounds but can't get ranchers to move. They are all riled up by a mine owner who wants to get more money for his property than it's worth. Gene rides to the rescue, singing like mad.

WAY DOWN SOUTH—Principal-RKO-Radio

IT'S Bobby Breen again, in a film with better interest than its predecessors. Everything happens in Louisiana, with Ralph Morgan playing a plantation owner and Bobby's father. Ralph is killed and Edwin Maxwell is the attorney who tries to rob the boy of his inheritance. The Hall Johnson Choir aids young Breen musically.

BAD LANDS—RKO-Radio

WHEN you walk out of this you'll be pretty bewildered. It's just nine men sitting around waiting to die, and talking about it. A sheriff and a posse have gone out to search for a killer, and the killer traps the hunters. No females in the cast, either. Robert Barrat, Noah Beery, Jr. and others read the lines written for them.

SHOULD HUSBANDS WORK?—Republic

HERE'S the Higgins bunch again, played by James, Lucile and Russell Gleason. Marie Wilson is her usual stupid character. All the fuss is about Pa's job, because there's going to be a merger and Ma messes everything up by butting in. There are several front-parlor jokes, as opposed to the smoking-room type. Unless you're a series fan, though, the piece is pretty gooeey.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Due to the fact that we carry a number of unusual features in this issue, we have not printed "Casts of Current Pictures." If, however, any reader desires a particular cast of a picture reviewed this month and will drop us a card, we shall be happy to forward the cast in question.

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We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 67)

murder case. Roach is bidding for fast action and laughs, and from what we see, he can't miss.

It's a newspaper city-room set. Joan sits on the side and knits thoughtfully, as Adolphe, Bill Gargan, Donald Meek and Anthony Allan race through a fast-talking scene. It's speedier than a candid-camera shot, but it doesn't click quite as easily. In fact, glib as both Adolphe and Bill are, their tongues play them tricks. To make each blowup worse, Joan Bennett sings out the score, a la baseball umpire—

"Menjou—two strikes!" she calls, "Gargan—on!" They fluff it again.

"Three strikes for Menjou," chants Joan. "Yer-O-w-w-t!"

She's too late to duck the rush, as both Bill Gargan and Adolphe Menjou swoop up and give her, chair, knitting needles and all, the bum's rush.

"Now you're out!" they shout as the stage door bangs.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER is a three-ring circus all by itself this month. Every time we look in we see something we never saw before. The Marxes are stretching "The Marx Brothers at the Circus" into what begins to look like a career, and still packing the big M-G-M commissary at lunch time with freaks and big-top oddities.

Then, of course, there's always Garbo, winding up "Ninotchka," and apparently having a swell time of her first real comedy.

There's excitement, too, in "Blackmail," the Edward G. Robinson oil-gusher drama, and "Balalaika," a tinkling Russian musical that pairs Nelson Eddy and Ilona Massey.

The latter lady, by the way, is the talk of M-G-M. They fully expect Ilona to be their next big star sensation. She's blonde, delicate featured and sexy. Her voice is husky—a "smoky voice" is what Ilona calls it. Fourteen pounds have gone via the Hollywood diet since she first came to town. When we see her, she's guarded by a giant-jawed bulldog, named "Glamour Girl," who regards Nelson Eddy with an evil eye.

"Balalaika," which means one of those triangular Russian guitars, has a Czarist Russian setting, lapses into the war, the revolution and post-war Russian-refugee Paris, to trail the fortunes of Nelson, a Cossack prince, and Ilona, daughter of a Bolshevik. The story, however, is useful mainly to support the music—rich old Russian melodies, rewritten with modern lyrics.

There's nothing gay about the "Blackmail" set, where we arrive one day to view the big oil-well fire scene.

Edward G. Robinson plays a daredevil oil-well fire capper in this. We find him in his asbestos dickey the day we answer a hurry fire call from M-G-M. They're going to light 12,000 gallons of gasoline under pressure and blow it to the skies! The scarlet trucks of the Los Angeles and Culver City fire departments are lined up on Metro's back lot pumping water, just in case. And everybody who could sneak away from an M-G-M desk is on hand to watch the bonfire. It's a big event.

The plot of "Blackmail" is an ex-convict's exploited attempt to lead a straight life—nothing too new for a theme, but rich in good parts for Robinson, blackmailer Gene Lockhart, Ruth Hussey and Bobs Watson.

M-G-M has lugged a giant blackened oil derrick from a near-by oil field and set it up. Beneath the tower, pipes carry the gasoline from high-pressure tanks. They're going to turn it on and

light it for the smash scene—where Eddie and "Big Boy" Williams rescue Ruth Hussey.

Three hundred extras are milling around as a studio safety officer tries frantically to keep them all out of harm's way. Assistants bark orders and shove us around. A black and red pillar of flame rises two hundred feet in the air.

"Okay," shouts the director, "Action!"

There's plenty of it. The extra crowd rushes in, gesticulating. Ruth Hussey falls near the giant torch, motionless, as she's supposed to. Eddie and "Big Boy" run in, hoist her up and carry her out. There's much noise of sirens and things. Then the director signals a cut. The flame dies down to a fizzle.

"Once more!" he calls. It shoots up again.

But "Big Boy" Williams waves his hand. The girl in his arms won't wake up.

"She's fainted!" he cries. A doctor runs over. And about as soon as he gets there, "Big Boy" keels over too! As for Eddie Robinson, he just zips open his asbestos suit and draws out a cigarette.

"Anybody got a light?" asks Eddie.

ANOTHER studio in a state of nerves this month is RKO, where Charles Laughton, ducking in and out of offices in his grotesque make-up for "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," is giving the whole lot the creeps.

"The Hunchback," which high lighted Lon Chaney's bizarre career, holds off past our deadline. We have to content ourselves by peeking at the perennial Joe Penner, gagging out with Betty Grable a broad race-track screen guffaw called "The Day the Bookies Wept"—and "Full Confession," which Victor McLaglen hopes will be another "Informant."

We wander in to catch a tense scene, where Joseph Calleia, a priest, is breaking down Victor, a thick-headed murderer, into confessing his sin. The process is psychological. Joe Calleia, in his priestly cloth, is having a hard time. He explains: "I've been sneering for so long in bad man parts I can't wipe it off and be benign!"

"That's easy," grins Director John Farrow, "just think of something beautiful, like a Farrow production." Everybody laughs at this and Johnny flames with blushes—because, while John means the picture, the others think of that other Farrow-O'Sullivan production—the beautiful baby who just arrived at their house!

Columbia, up the street, is upset by the news that their ace director, Frank Capra, is going to leave. With his writer teammate, Bob Riskin, Frank has decided to make his own pictures. The air of gloom is thick, but they're making a sunshine picture with Edith Fellows just the same, "Five Little Peppers and How They Grew"—and they hope it catches on to become a new series.

To balance things, a Boris Karloff chiller, "The Man They Could Not Hang," featuring an apparatus like the Lindbergh-Carrel artificial heart, is grinding out in the gloom of a dark set. We peek in to see Boris, with a broken neck, stretched out in a glass coffin—and that's enough for us!

Universal, on the other hand, looks right into the starry eyes of love's young dream, full of hope that Deanna Durbin's first screen kiss in "First Love" will make her millions of fans swoon.

"First Love" is the great experiment. Does the public want Deanna with or without sex? Henry Koster, Deanna's

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miracle mentor, has the responsibility of finding out. Meanwhile, a tall and handsome unknown twenty-one year old Los Angeles boy, Robert Stack, gets the role every young man in the country would give his ears for—he's the lad Koster has cast to receive Deanna's very first screen kiss.

Bob is just hanging around watching like ourselves the day we trot across the Universal lot to watch Deanna graduate from finishing school. "First Love" makes her a little older, of course—pitting Deanna against her usual rival, Helen Parrish, for the affections of the lucky Bob Stack. The scene we see is a grandstand loaded with sweet young things in spring organdies.

It's fun for us to help sing the school song and join in the *ad lib* squeals and laughter for the long shot Koster wants. Believe it or not, he's having trouble getting the extras to run into the camera. So he makes a speech.

"Now, girls," says Koster, in his easy-going, whimsical manner, "just pretend I'm Tyrone Power—and you're going to come up and kiss me. Okay—action!"

Bedlam breaks loose then. Deanna, Helen, Marcia Mae Jones, and all the sweet young things swoop down on Koster wickedly, taking him at his word. He gets his scene all right, and he gets practically torn to pieces, too. But it's not a bad way to die.

WEVE had enough of adolescence by the time we get around to Paramount, where Jackie Cooper and Betty Field are struggling through Booth Tarkenton's hardy screen perennial, "Seventeen." "The Light That Failed" is something else. It's a remake, too, of course—Percy Marmont did it back in the silent days—but Ronald Colman, Walter Huston and Ida Lupino are enough to lure us around—any day.

We find them in a set huddle with Director William Wellman. Ronald has a saber cut across his forehead now (just make-up). Walter has a bushy mustache and long underwear, and Ida has the part "I've wanted to play for four long years," as she tells us. It's Bessie, the aggravatin' little London demimondaine, who drives the dimming artist wild in Rudyard Kipling's tragic tale.

The set is dreary Victorian England of the 1890's—full of gimcracks and heavy plush. It's Ronald's studio, and stacked to one side are a good dozen paintings (dashed off by the Paramount art department). Walter Huston has to kick his foot through them, to express his disgust at Ronald's commercial art—and, as there will probably be several takes, the set is prepared with plenty of paintings—all just alike. Ronald's masterpiece, "Melancholia," sits to one side, waiting to be slashed up by Ida. Art takes a beating here.

Throughout the scene, a sad little Scottie dog, Binky, tags faithfully at Ronald's heels with adoring eyes. Every now and then, we notice, Ronald bends to pet him. In a way, Binky will remain the greatest triumph Colman can claim from "The Light That Failed"—he tells us he's prouder of winning Binky's friendship than anything he has done. You see, Binky was hired to play Ronald's faithful pet. But for some reason he didn't like Ronald—not one bit. And that put it up to Mr. Colman to woo Binky.

Well, he issued an edict—no one on the set could talk to Binky, no one could feed him, pet him or even look his way—except Ronald Colman. Pretty soon Ronald was the only man in the world for Binky. Now Ronald would almost trade his profits from the picture for the dour little adoring pup. But his owner won't sell!

The next great Hollywood palship we uncover is even more surprising; to wit,

Jimmy Cagney and Warner Brothers.

Jimmy's new contract has something to do with it—and a few coveted parts, such as "John Paul Jones," coming up, and "The Roaring Twenties," just starting, have undoubtedly helped the olive branch along.

Humphrey Bogart, Priscilla Lane and Jeffrey Lynn are helping Jimmy out in "The Roaring Twenties," a post-war cavalcade of America up to Repeal. Jimmy's old screen pals—gangsters, hijackers, bootleggers and mouthpieces—make it all sufficiently sinister for his taste. Right next door, too, a remake of Warden Lawes' "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing" hands Cagney's closest tough-guy rival, John Garfield, and Ann Sheridan a lot of misery on the stark drama side of the movie menu—if you like that sort of thing. Warners' evidently believe you do. As for us, we can get much more enthusiastic about more artistic things—like Zorina's legs.

Every time we've walked past the turnstile at Warners' this month, it seems, some kind of magnet has drawn us right to the set of "On Your Toes."

Not since "The Goldwyn Follies" has Hollywood had a look at the extremely curvaceous, china-eyed Zorina. She went to New York, hit big in "I Married an Angel," and only returned to put this Rodgers and Hart musical on film. Eddie Albert, the homespun, bashful boy who stole "Brother Rat" right away from Wayne Morris and company, gets our idea of a real break. He makes love to Zorina.

"On Your Toes" is a backstage musical with a ballet motif. The big dance number is a tender little thing called "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," and Zorina's husband, George Balanchine, the choreographer, has the job telling his wife how to handle her toes. George looks very unhappy one afternoon when we call. He hasn't been married too long and he still takes a personal interest in his wife's kisses. Well—this day, Zorina is kissing Eddie Albert. Alan Hale, a top-hatted impresario, strides in, catches them necking, and makes a fuss. That's the scene.

We pace back and forth with Balanchine watching it, and we must say the sight of Zorina kissing another is no fun—and we aren't even her husband! Zorina's very convincing on Eddie's lap, but Eddie seems to have the jitters. Several takes are no good, Eddie looking like a farm hand kissing a fence post. Director Ray Enright breaks in.

"My God, Eddie," he cries, "where are your arms? When you kiss a woman, don't you put your arms around her?"

Eddie swallows hard and looks distressed. "I—I—can't help it, Ray," he finally croaks. "I'm so weak, I can't lift 'em!"

Yes, Zorina has something.

ZANUCK has something too—or so he believes—out at Twentieth Century-Fox where Claudette Colbert and Henry Fonda are headlining the screen version of Walter Edmonds' "Drums Along the Mohawk." It's Zanuck's bid to rival "Northwest Passage."

"Drums Along the Mohawk" invades the pre-Revolutionary War period which the movies have barely tapped so far. It's the saga of early Dutch settlers in the Mohawk Valley, and their troubles with Indian raids stirred up by the British.

Claudette, as *Lana*, is cute in a blue dress with white lace ruffles and lace sleeves. Her modern platform-soled shoes look a little funny with the outfit, but Claudette believes in comfort when her toes don't show in the scene. Henry Fonda's long hank of hair, tied in a short pigtail behind, is real. He grew it during "Lincoln." With his knickerbockers, stockings and buckled shoes,

he's a picture of what the well-dressed young Dutch settler should wear.

They sit down in an inn set, cheering looking, with its pewter and copper mugs and plates, and paneled walls. Spencer Charters, the innkeeper, smokes a pipe as long as his arm and serves the food. The fire glows. It certainly looks cozy, although you know both Claudette and Henry are sick of food, and as hot as it is outside, the fire is torture. John Ford compliments them on the scene, just the same.

"You look and act just like a Dutchman, Hank," he says.

"I ought to," Hank replies. "I had a few ancestors who were the real thing." We pump him further and find out that there's a Fonda, New York, named after Hank's progenitors. What's more, his great, great, great, great grandfather, Douw Fonda, was one of the first settlers of the Mohawk Valley. Imagine playing your own ancestors!

The combination of Jane Withers and the Ritz Brothers in "We're in the Army Now" has a fatal attraction which lands us, next, in a back-lot gully of Fox Hills, the same one, we note, where they dug the "Suez" Canal. There the psychopathic Brothers R., Lynn Bari and Jane are involved in a slapstick farce involving spies, French girls, hinkey-dinkey-parley-voo and all the old doughboy legends of the American Expeditionary Forces.

Jane is picturesque in her French peasant basque and full skirt with four petticoats.

A baby mule, one Margie, is led up to Jane. The scene calls for her to kiss Margie. But Margie doesn't want to be kissed by Jane Withers or anyone else. She whirls and plants her hind hooves right in Jane's middle!

It looks like tragedy for a minute. But the petticoats save Jane. And when Mrs. Withers rushes into the scene and picks her daughter up, Jane just smiles happily. "Isn't she cute?" Jane cries. "Mother, I want to take Margie home after the picture."

But Mrs. Withers shakes her head firmly. She must be thinking of the herds of rabbits, guinea pigs, squirrels, stray cats, puppy dogs, chickens and goats that swarm over her lawn. Jane has taken them all home at one time or another from a picture.

OUR visits to Sunset and Vine reveal that Hollywood on the air is even more up in the air than the studios this month trying to plot out a winter menu and still save a dollar here and there.

The first note we hear at Columbia and NBC's big Hollywood branches is economy. As one gagster puts it—"The B's are moving over to radio!" The ideal Hollywood star program this year, everyone agrees, is a good "script" show—like the Robinson-Trevor "Big Town."

Already Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake have scored a solid hit in "Blondie." "Sherlock Holmes" seems certain to get a steady airing. Johnny Mack Brown's music-and-drama "Under Western Stars," a summertime fill-in, is clicking. Edward Everett Horton has a comedy series ready to go.

Stars with modest money ideas—not over the \$750 a week class—are getting the steady air contracts, with more promised if they ring the buzzer.

The only new high-priced show with a chance, in fact, is the new Al Jolson-Lucky Strike musical, auditioned this month with Carl Hoff and Betty Jane Rhodes. Planned now for forty-five minutes, to feature music and Hollywood stars, it may cost around \$10,000.

Our select social note of the month: Two-ton John Scott Trotter is now bunking with Skinnay Ennis in Beverly Hills, which Bing Crosby says is playing both ends against the middle!

(Continued from page 31)

"Maybe I'm applying that same simplicity to people, too. You know, how

That fighting gallantry is what brings love to comfort a man, even from the outrageous fortunes of life itself.

(Continued from page 59)

We find Miss Carroll going ultra-for-

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I Married a Star

(Continued from page 23)

They joined the studio cameramen in popping away at Anne with flashlight bulbs.

Anne was stammering with happiness, and I'll admit I expanded with pride. That was the beginning of it.

Every day for a week they tested Anne for hairdress and make-up. Now that she was important, her personality must be emphasized and glorified. They must find out how she was most effective before the camera.

To fit a star's estate, there must be a suitable wardrobe—and a suitable wardrobe meant much time with studio designers, and much more time with the fitters.

Her full-breasted slenderness brought a squeal of joy from the girl who posed the limitless style photographs that were regularly released to fan magazines, newspapers and picture syndicates.

Besides all this, were her studio conferences, her "studies," and her culture tutoring—plus portrait sittings, interviews and her regular picture work.

Formerly, Anne dragged in about seven, dog-tired, but in time for dinner. Then we could at least have the evening together, in peace. But after that night at the Victor Hugo, if Anne arrived home by seven o'clock, we figured she was getting a half day off. Soon the only time she took a bite in the house was on her way to bed, or out the front door. Except, of course, when interviewers came to lunch or dinner. And that was something to look forward to. A quiet day at home with the interviewers was like nothing else in the world.

These "eyes and ears of the public" may be catnip to a career, but they're certainly sand in a husband's spinach.

WE seldom had an opportunity to do anything together, as our plans were almost invariably sidetracked by demands on Anne for unexpected retakes, unexpected rehearsals, unexpected costume fittings, unexpected tests.

Always it was unexpected, and each time we were assured it would not happen again. But we soon realized Anne was actually subject to call from six in the morning until twelve at night.

However, it was not the studio's unreasonable demands on her time that finally separated us. If anything, that supplied the common enemy that united us. We felt abused, and turned our annoyance and grievance against the department heads and executives who seemed to be conspiring to make us strangers to each other. Sometimes I suspected those studio watchdogs regarded a husband as an undesirable complication and a hazard—and wanted him out of the picture.

I have since learned that studio executives know Hollywood, and how a career functions, too well to worry about such things. They just sit back and let nature take its course. Which it did—on Anne.

During the first three months of stardom, Anne was in a state of perpetual exhaustion, except when under pressure from the studio. On those occasions she rallied, somehow, and carried on. But her work sapped every ounce of her strength, leaving her neither the energy nor the inclination to devote any time to her home or husband.

Her hours at home, when not devoted to voice culture, reading script, posing for pictures, studying lines, giving interviews or doing the physical exercises

prescribed for her, were spent in sun baths.

And sun baths never were vitamins for romance.

Stretched full-length on a mattress beside the pool, her hair piled high on top of her head, her skin covered with oil and her eyes hidden behind dark glasses, she generally fell asleep in the sun. Which was no picture to inspire a husband.

WITH each succeeding picture Anne gained confidence, until she was ready to enter the inevitable battle between star and the various departments that exact toll from her: i.e., publicity, hair-dressing, wardrobe, exploitation and production.

One by one she cut down the extra duties they had imposed upon her, and day by day she became a little more sure of herself, a little more determined and a little more irritable.

I couldn't fail to notice the steady change in her. A narrowing of her eyes drove from them their look of wonderment, a tightening of her lips wiped away their charming quiver, a squaring of her jaw erased its soft line, and a growing aggressiveness crowded the hesitancy from her manner.

All the while I knew I was helpless to prevent this calculating stranger from moving in on me, and trampling underfoot every silly, sentimental thought Anne and I had ever cherished.

It made me sick at heart—but I couldn't blame Anne. It was just the price of fame, the thing that a career does to a woman. She was in Hollywood's wringer of success, and it was squeezing the heart and soul out of her.

I knew exactly what to expect, but I didn't know how to prevent it. I recognized every symptom of her disease, as I had seen it gnawing on the bonds of other couples. I could almost chart its progress.

At first, Anne had been too exhausted to indulge in the bits of romance that keep the bloom on a marriage. Then, she became too irritable. Finally, she grew too busy. She simply had too many important things to do to play Juliet to my Romeo. Once she told me so, by suggesting that since I was supposed to be in business, I might use up some of my surplus energy at that, and give her a chance to get her work done.

Anne never could understand that, while other interests and activities can supplant all desire for romance in a woman, they cannot in a man. His work, no matter how hard or exacting it may be, cannot kill his normal instincts. But, concentration on work that uses up her energy can anesthetize a woman's natural feminine reactions. Any man married to a motion-picture star, or famous career-woman will swear to that.

Give a woman a career and a chance to spread her feathers, and a man is an ingredient not necessary to her cake of happiness—though she likes to use him as a sort of extra flavor or trimming. Tasty, but superfluous.

That's why the chances are better than ten to one that a woman movie star can't stay married.

Naturally, there are contributing factors, such as exaggerated ambition, intolerance, vanity, impatience and good old "temperament," or a plain mixture of selfishness and contrariness. But, usually a husband can take these in his stride. The thing that curdles him is coldness. That's a slap in the face to

any man.

By this time, Anne had become a hound for efficiency. She felt she had the whole world to conquer, and would like to do it during the next three years. So, when one of our recent importations from England gave her a chance to kill three birds with one stone—a certain misinformed Hollywood columnist said four birds—she really embraced the idea in a big way.

Gerald Brookes (that name will do for our purpose) was playing an important part in Anne's picture, and his very excellent English accent fascinated her. Wouldn't he, she asked, help her attain a trace of it?

Being a perfectly charming fellow, he would. In fact they could rehearse together, and kill two birds with one stone. Then he discovered that Anne was taking riding lessons.

A friend of his had offered him the use of his stable. It was a bit silly riding alone, but if Anne would let him offer his services she could rehearse her lines, add a bit of England to her charming accent, and brush up on her riding, all in one jolly swoop.

Of course, the gossip rags soon were smacking their lips over it. But I knew Anne too well to give any credence to their nasty hints. In fact, I still don't, and never will.

Anne had the bit of ambition in her teeth, and no time for romance. The only thing in the world that interested her was her career. She has proved that since our divorce.

But I was getting fed up on the eternal question of her young life.

I HAD thought it all out. My own Anne was lost to me forever. She had been cultured and calculated right out of existence, and I was beginning to harbor a yen to crack the shellac on the glittering lady she had become. Frankly, I didn't like the new Anne.

So it wasn't jealousy that made me ask her one morning, as she swept the breath of the stable in from her car: "Been riding with Gerald again this morning?"

"Yes."

In that one flat syllable she managed to express all the feminine indifference of a thousand satisfied women.

"The scandal sheets and those lousy columnists are beginning to lick their chops over it."

"That means nothing to me."

"It does to me."

"So?"

The contempt and challenge in that tone was right out of a picture she had just finished. I objected to having rehearsed lines read at me. It burned me up.

"So it would be a good idea for you to put Gerald back with the other props, and do your riding with me. After all, I'm your husband."

"You sound like an assistant director. Now run away and don't bother me."

"That's a hell of a way—"

"Listen, Romeo—" Anne continued in a low, flat voice, her eyes cold as slate, "don't get messy. If you want to impress somebody, try it on some of those dumb cuties you're peddling. They think you're a big agent. Maybe they'll fall for your Casanova line."

One did. And that's the story behind the sufferings of a poor little star, and why she had to get a nasty old divorce.

Of course, Anne and I are old pals now. Divorced couples always are in Hollywood.

Languid Lady

(Continued from page 32)

her greatest role. Having suffered herself, worked under trying conditions, Ann developed an extremely sympathetic nature. On the sets everybody calls her "Doc" Sothorn. She's always pursuing someone with a pill. She has a remedy for everything from fallen arches to floating kidneys. Her favorite drink is cucumber juice. Because it's good for her, she "just kn-n-ows" it's good for you.

Because there is no meanness in her nature it's impossible for her to carry a grudge. She couldn't stay mad even if she wanted to. Her nicest quality is finding an excuse for everyone. She won't listen to gossip and generally forgives all sinners without knowing the circumstances. She reasons, "The po-o-r darling was probably sick." Even if people cheat her she's convinced it's all a mistake. But when she's through she's through. It's impossible to win her back.

She has a terrific curiosity about people. Swears she knows the life story of every Pullman porter on the Union Pacific. She's a pushover for a sob story and, because she's a good listener, she frequently gets stuck with a tale of woe which is dull and uninteresting. When these sob stories get too long she's trained herself to look as though she's paying the closest attention. Mentally she's arranging the furniture in her living room.

To celebrate her new contract she went right out and bought a house in Beverly Hills. She wouldn't have a new house. Instead, she bought an old one to have the thrill of doing it completely over. She's so mad about it (to hear her talk), you'd think she was the first one to discover that people actually live in houses. She haunts the antique shops. Sounds like Tarzan calling to his mate every time she digs up a hunk of Wedgewood. When the new blue chairs arrived for her living room, she cried, "Couldn't you just e-e-eat them?" She always says this when something especially appeals to her. Unless you've tasted a blue chair, you probably wouldn't share her enthusiasm.

If she's especially pleased over something, she expresses it three times. In three different ways. When the Bill Haines shop sent over a new piecrust table she looked at it as if she were Hedy Lamarr looking at Robert Taylor. "I just lo-o-ve that piecrust table," she beams. "You know, I do-o-o lo-o-ve that piecrust table. I re-e-ally lo-o-ve that piecrust table." By this time you begin to catch on that she's crazy for piecrust tables.

The same little lack of conviction manifests itself when she seeks your advice. "Do you like my new hat?" she asks eagerly. You assure her that it's probably the most wonderful hat in the whole world. She sighs. Looks a bit relieved. Then, as if she were springing the news on you for the first time, she suddenly exclaims, "You know, I re-e-ally think that you do like my new hat!"

She has a flair for dramatizing life. She can make a thumbtack seem like something rare and beautiful. The fact that she's discovered something makes it news to her. Even if she's heard about it a dozen times before. Phyllis Laughton has been a successful dramatic coach for years. Ann went to her about "Maisee." She received so much help she couldn't wait to tell the world about Phyllis. Spent hours bending people's ears, telling them why they

needed Phyllis. Is the same way about her dentist, her masseuse, Pete the gardener and the woman who "does" her hair. A mere vegetable man becomes "great," once she's discovered his existence.

Her loyalty to her friends is a rarity in Hollywood. She was delighted when Matty Melneck became the musical sensation of Hollywood. When she struggled for recognition in musical comedy, Melneck played in Paul Whiteman's band. He was a friend in need. She's happy, too, that the new Trocadero is going over big. Felix Young, the owner, gave her the first big chance she had. It was "Let's Fall in Love," the Columbia picture that changed her name from Harriette Lake and brought her back to Hollywood.

She's so consistent in her inconsistency she even surprises herself. She has a wonderful musical education, plays the piano beautifully and was trained by her mother for concert singing. When she went out on her latest personal tour, she was "so-o-o" surprised when she wasn't hissed. She always looks so self-assured. The first day on every picture she shakes like a leaf. On "Maisee" she lost her lunch. She "just ha-a-tes" going to parties. Just "kn-n-ows" she won't have a good time. Is always the last one to leave!

Imported perfumes are her pet extravagance. Buys them by the quart. She went shopping for a hot-water bottle and swooned at the price. Was "po-o-ositve" the man was taking advantage of her femininity. Shopping always leaves her weary. She's always looking for bargains—looks for them in the smart Wilshire Boulevard shops. Thinks she's a canny customer. Can be sold almost anything—provided it's blue. Once she almost brought home a horse because it had beautiful blue eyes.

She loves dogs and right now owns "only four." Apologizes to them personally because she can't allow them to come in and spoil the new furniture. Loves fishing and is "so-o-o mis-s-er-able" every season if she doesn't catch a big one. When she does she looks at the poor fish and cracks. "There, there, Bella, stop acting like a bride." Can't stand the taste of fish. So she has a lamb chop. Can't stand the taste of caviar. Is crazy for raw meat. Is crazy for anything trimmed with ostrich plumes, too. Would wear them on a bathing suit if she wore a bathing suit. Owns earrings by the dozens. Feels "a-a-bsolutely na-aked" without them.

She calls everyone "darling." Never remembers their names. She constantly complains about her memory, though has never been late on the set and has never forgotten her lines. She'll dial a phone number, look at you as if it was all your fault and exclaim, "Now tell me, who-o-o was I calling?" Hates guessing games. If someone sneaks up on her and quips, "Just bet you don't remember me," she gives it right back, "That's right. I don't."

HER motto, cleanliness or else! In her own home she's a clothes-hanger-upper, an ash-tray emptier, a bed smoother, a drawer fixer, a magazine folder and a picture straightener. She loved working with Jack Oakie because, "He looks like a baby that's just been spanked and scrubbed." She's also a bathtub knitter and a draft-seeker-outer from way back. When her own house is finished, she goes calling on "Mama" and her two sisters, who still call her Harriette. She always gets

them to try their furniture a new way. They change it back the minute she goes home.

She adores jokes at her own expense. Was pretty upset when a Hollywood columnist erroneously printed announcement of her pending divorce. For the first time since their wedding, she and Roger Pryor are able to have a home together. He's out of the band business and back on the screen. Things are working out beautifully. She thinks it's very odd that good-looking men never attract her. She tells you this in the presence of Roger, who has long since resigned himself to the pet name of "Poppy." Even if you don't ask her she'll tell you that "Poppy's legs are much prettier than Dietrich's." Once she sent him a wire addressed to "Legs Pryor." His band never allowed him to hear the last of it. Wants dozens of babies of her own. Until she has time, she's mothering young David Pryor, who's adopted and having every advantage.

TEN years ago she started at M-G-M. As a lukewarm redhead she thought she was pretty hot stuff. The studio's interest was cold. When they asked her to do extra work she refused. So they settled it by allowing her to make a sound track. She put her "art" and soul into her voice as she spoke her lines. After they let her out she learned her voice was used in a dog comedy. Today they are so doggone glad to have her back, they are the ones who are howling with delight.

Stories once intended for Jean Harlow are now being polished like mad. Every producer on the lot wants her for his picture. She almost went to England for the Bob Montgomery picture, but Mr. Mayer decided it would keep her off the screen too long. In four weeks she's had four portrait sittings. Now they are planning that many more. A special sexy gown by Adrian is being whipped up for special posing. No expense is being spared. The order is out for everyone to concentrate on making her a great star. With so many "first ladies" on the lot, the studio is quite excited over one real earthy gal.

Even when she carries on like a close-up of Gracie Allen, she's definitely one of the finest actresses and the dearest souls in the world. She's as true-blue as her favorite color. Paul Bern, who originally brought her to M-G-M, would be very proud that she's justified his faith. But she had to leave Hollywood for the stage, come back to Columbia, be won over and neglected by RKO and then—gain stardom at M-G-M. She's trouped every second of the way.

Down underneath that maze of contradictions in La Sothorn's nature, there's an awful lot of good common sense. She's suffered a lot. She's learned a lot. She can tell you all the answers. She's terribly grateful for her break. But she hasn't forgotten the way she was shoved around when nobody wanted her. When M-G-M decided to launch this big publicity campaign she was called in on the meeting. For hours she sat there listening to them rave and plan her future in a supercolossal sort of way. Finally they asked her if she had any ideas she'd like to suggest.

"Why yes, I have an idea that will sla-a-ay you," said Ann Sothorn in her most languid manner. "Why don't you just call me the 'Scr-r-oomph girl!'"

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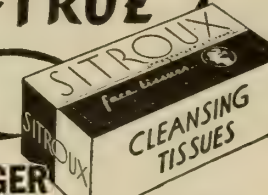
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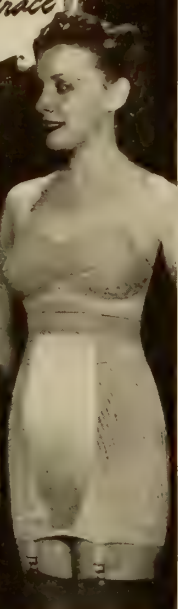
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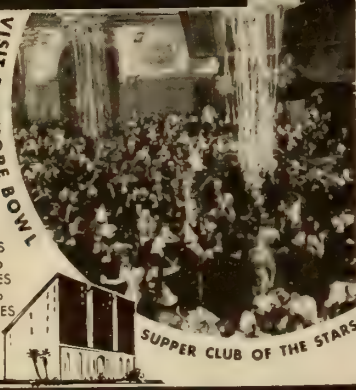
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Photoplay's Own Beauty Shop

(Continued from page 10)

much longer. Try this trick, too, so you'll be able to do away with that constant necessity for adding more lipstick during the day. Barbara's lip rouge always looks as if it had just been applied and it stays on for ages.

"I've noticed that the untidy eyebrows of so many women ruin all of their efforts to appear well-groomed," observed Bill Knight. "A tiny brush for the eyebrows is as important a part of the regular make-up equipment as lip rouge or face powder."

Barbara laughed. "When I first started in pictures," she said, "my eyebrows had the inclination to practically ruffle all over. Now I've learned to carry a tiny brush at all times to smooth my eyebrows in place. I don't like a thin brow line, so I just pluck the little hairs that grow out of the natural curve of my brows."

Rouben Mamoulian, who's directing "Golden Boy," called Barbara to the camera just then, but Mr. Knight carried on. "The proper care of make-up materials is also very important. The skin on the face is very delicate; and I have often seen women applying powder with puffs and brushes that are dirty and clogged with powder. This is really inexcusable and it's just defeating their own purposes. Powder puffs should be washed frequently in lukewarm suds and rinsed thoroughly in water with a tiny amount of soap to keep them pliable and soft.

"Brushes, too, should be cleaned with solvents. Be careful, though, that the back of the brush isn't immersed in the solvent as that will take off the finish. After the brush has soaked for a few minutes, rub the bristles on a rough towel. A few minutes' work rewards you with a clean new brush.

"You know, so many women are very careful about their skins, yet many times they will apply cosmetics with tools that are so old and caked with make-up that they are almost unusable. Beauty appliances should be tended as carefully as the skin."

BEAUTY NOTES FOR FALL—The smart fall colors this year are jade green and brown, which call for new colors in make-up. We'll no longer be wearing the bluish and purple tones in cosmetics, but rather bright sharp colors are important now.

Brunettes, like Rita Hayworth, are wearing darker tones, deep reds that are clear and vivid.

Blonde Penny Singleton approves of softer pastel shades in make-up. Penny has a new coiffure, too, that is very attractive. She rolls her hair from her ears to the nape of her neck in two inverted rolls so that they follow the contour of her head and meet in a little point at the nape. This is set off by fluffy bangs.

Screen stars must give their eyes special care because of the long hours spent acting under brilliant lights, and Gale Page has an optic exercise that she says really keeps her eyes lustrous and relieves strain. Frequently during the day she closes her eyes and counts to a hundred, then opens them and focusses them on some distant object for another hundred count. Before going out at night she rests for a few minutes and relaxes her eyes by placing warm compresses over them and then cold astringent-soaked pads. She also washes her eyes with a weak, warm boric acid solution.

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Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 8)

Bowman turns blackmailer, Ginny shoots. But it's Ann Dvorak, Bowman's wife, who is accused of the murder. Suspense holds well throughout. (August)

STUNT PILOT—Monogram

A film company takes over the airport where *Tailspin Tommy*, the comic strip guy, works. Somebody puts real lead in the blank cartridges and there's a murder. Everyone thinks Tommy did it, but an accidental photograph shows the real murderer. John Trent plays Tommy and Marjorie Reynolds is his sweetheart. (Sept.)

SUN NEVER SETS, THE—Universal

Basil Rathbone and Douglas Fairbanks play brothers who belong to a family famous for its service to the Empire. Basil carries on the tradition, but Doug is engaged to Virginia Field and wants to enjoy life—that is, until Lionel Atwill plays merry ned with a secret radio station in Basil's district. Then, Doug rallies to the cause. Impressive, but overlong. (August)

SUSANNAH OF THE MOUNTIES—20th Century-Fox

This is intended to please Shirley Temple's little fans—such gory detail! Such massacre! Randy Scott is the Mountie who takes over the job of bringing up Shirley when her parents are killed by raiding Blackfoot Indians. You'll like Martin Good Rider, the small Indian Brave who treats Shirley like a squaw. (Sept.)

★ TARZAN FINDS A SON!—M-G-M

Oh, boy, another Tarzan! This time Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan cavort through the jungle with young John Sheffield. The sole survivor of a plane crash, the boy is brought up as their own, until relatives arrive to claim him—but Tarzan has taught the child his own tricks to keep him. Gorgeous underwater swimming scenes. A thriller! (August)

TELL NO TALES—M-G-M

The story of a hundred dollar bill, part of a kidnaper's loot, traced down by Newspaper Editor Melvyn Douglas, who saves his bankrupt paper as a result of a scoop he gets. Louise Platt helps him. Good suspense. (August)

THEY ALL COME OUT—M-G-M

This started out as a short, but the documentary material about Federal prisons was so dramatic, the studio made it into a feature. It's the story of two kids, Rita Johnson and Tom Neal, who belong to a gang, are captured early and given regenerative influence in corrective institutions. Something to think about. (Sept.)

★ THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC—Goldwyn-U.A.

The singing violin of Jascha Heifetz carries this picture. When Walter Brennan's music school for underprivileged children is threatened with foreclosure, young Gene Reynolds solicits Heifetz' influence and saves the day. The romance between Andrea Leeds and Joel McCrea is lost in the shuffle. The music is grand. (Sept.)

THREE WALTZES—Veddis Films

As effervescent as champagne, this French picture provides a field day for Yvonne Printemps, who sings to the dreamy Strauss music which highlights three romances, ranging from the court of Louis Napoleon to a modern film studio. Pierre Fresney's dramatic abilities don't get much chance. (July)

TIMBER STAMPEDE—RKO-Radio

A formula Western—but a good one. A lumber king pretends he wants to build a railroad; fakes right-of-way papers and government grants to get the land he wants. But George O'Brien fixes him. Lots of fighting and shooting. (Sept.)

★ UNION PACIFIC—Paramount

It's altogether breath-taking and wonderful—this 1939 version of "The Iron Horse." You'll die a thousand deaths and grunt with each swing of the hammer before the spikes finally unite the Union Pacific with the Central Pacific. It's lusty and romantic—with Trouble-shooter Joel McCrea and Gambler Robert Preston both falling in love with the Irish postmistress, Barbara Stanwyck. Lynne Overman and Akim Tamiroff are swell. (July)

★ WINTER CARNIVAL—Wanger-U.A.

Here's a new Ann Sheridan, in her first starring role. She's a streamlined young duchess, fleeing notoriety over her divorce, who finds herself at the Dartmouth winter carnival, where she meets Richard Carlson, a sweetheart she once jilted. While they are redeveloping their romance, newshawks and photographers descend upon them. Things pop merrily. And you'll have fun. (August)

WOLF CALL—Monogram

Jack London wrote a pretty good movie when he set "Wolf Call" on paper. John Carroll is a playboy who goes up to a radium mine to get perspective on life and love. He does. Movita, playing an Indian girl, provides romance. (August)

★ YOUNG MR. LINCOLN—20th Century-Fox

Henry Fonda, exponent of the lanky farm-boy characterization, will make you forget any previous Fonda portrayals. You are offered Lincoln in the formative phase of his career and the picture culminates in his defense of two brothers, seemingly scheduled for the gallows. Romance hangs on the story of Lincoln's love for Ann Rutledge (Pauline Moore). Alice Brady is excellent as the frontier woman. Don't miss this. (August)

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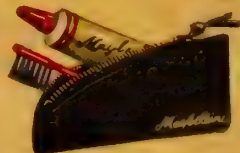
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Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil, Black, Brown (and Blue for eyelid liner).

Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

PHOTOPLAY

HOLLYWOOD'S
FASHION
AUTHORITY

25¢

NOVEMBER



EDY LAMARR VS. JOAN BENNETT—and Other Dangerous Hollywood Feuds!

How To Plan Your Winter Wardrobe—BETTE DAVIS Leads Our

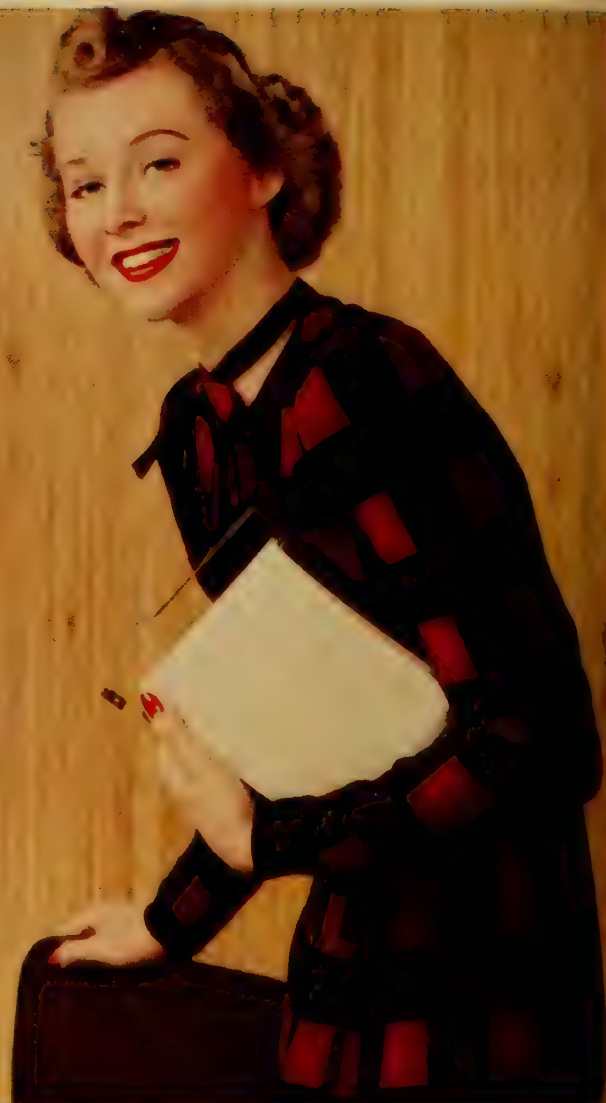
WILL "THE GRAPES OF WRATH" BE SHELVED? By N

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Confessions of a Private Secretary

Slave to a buzzer...that's me!

Yet I wouldn't trade the rush and excitement of my job for anything. But you see, I just haven't time to worry about myself, so my napkin *must* provide perfect peace-of-mind. That's why I use nothing but Kotex Sanitary Napkins, made with layer after layer of soft, filmy tissue. One after another these layers absorb and distribute moisture *throughout* the pad; check striking through in one spot.



Looks Count Plenty...

in this job of mine. A girl must look poised and efficient and that means I must *feel* my best — can't afford to be uncomfortable no matter what! But with 3 sizes of Kotex Sanitary Napkins it's now a simple matter for *every woman* to meet her individual needs in *comfort* from day to day.



Lady of the Evening...

still looking and feeling my best at the time so many girls are irritable. Again Kotex Sanitary Napkins come to my rescue, thanks to those *patented pressed ends*. Believe me, they make a world of difference — no more embarrassing bulky feeling — no more worry about shifting, bunching and chafing.



*Better Say Kotex
Better for You*



ALL 3 TYPES AT
THE SAME LOW PRICE

KOTEX® SANITARY NAPKINS
(© Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office)

And don't forget QUEST, the Kotex Deodorant Powder, positively eliminates all body and napkin odors.



DANDRUFF SUFFERERS

Listerine Treatment Fights Infectious Dandruff Clinical Tests Show 76% Relief

If you are troubled with infectious dandruff, give Listerine Antiseptic a chance to prove how helpful it can be . . . how quickly it attacks the infection and those humiliating scales . . . how fresh, clean, and invigorated it makes your scalp feel. Users everywhere acclaim its benefits.

The treatment is as easy as it is delightful. Just douse the scalp, morning and night, with full strength Listerine Antiseptic—the same Listerine Antiseptic that has been famous for 25 years as a mouth wash and gargle. Massage hair and scalp vigorously and persistently. In clinical tests, dandruff sufferers were delighted to find that this treatment brought rapid improvement in most cases.

Kills Bottle Bacillus

Dandruff is often infectious, due to germs. It is, in fact, the most frequent scaly disease of the scalp. When you are suffering from this condition, Listerine Antiseptic is especially fitted to aid you. It gives the scalp and hair a cooling and invig-

orating antiseptic bath . . . kills countless germs associated with infectious dandruff, including *Pityrosporum Ovale*. This strange "bottle bacillus" is recognized by outstanding dandruff specialists as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Tests Showed 76% Relief

Rabbits inoculated with *Pityrosporum Ovale* developed definite dandruff symptoms which disap-

peared shortly after being treated with Listerine Antiseptic daily.

And in a dandruff clinic, 76% of the men and women who used Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice a day showed complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff within 30 days.

Don't Delay.

Use Listerine Antiseptic Now

If you are troubled with dandruff, don't neglect what may be a real infection. Start with Listerine Antiseptic and massage right now—delay may aggravate the trouble. It's the method that has demonstrated its usefulness in a substantial majority of test cases. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night. **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hair brush. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine massage once a week to guard against infection.

Genuine Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.



**A PROPHECY: "HERE'S THE GREATEST FUN AND
MUSIC ENTERTAINMENT YOU EVER SAW!"**



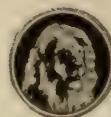
BABES IN ARMS

with CHARLES WINNINGER • GUY KIBBEE
JUNE PREISSER • GRACE HAYES • BETTY
JAYNES • DOUGLAS McPHAIL • RAND
BROOKS • LENI LYNN • JOHN SHEFFIELD
Screen Play by Jack McGowan and Kay Van Riper.
Directed by Busby Berkeley • *Produced by* Arthur Freed
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

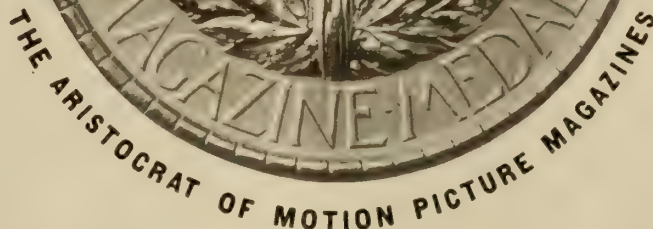


... and the best of music! Hear:

"BABES IN ARMS" and "WHERE and WHEN" by
Rodgers & Hart, "GOD'S COUNTRY" by Arlen & Harburg,
"GOOD MORNING" by Nacio Herb Brown & Arthur Freed.



PHOTOPLAY



ERNEST V. HEYN
EXECUTIVE EDITOR

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

RUTH WATERBURY
EDITOR

FRED R. SAMMIS
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

On the Cover—Hedy Lamarr, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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"Ostriches"

I HAVE always felt that when you read PHOTOPLAY you want to get away from your troubles. Perhaps this makes us all sound like a bunch of ostriches, but during the hours that you turn the pages of this magazine I want you to be able to forget, for the moment at least, the horrible reality of war and what it means to millions across the seas.

I notice that many plans are under way to make war pictures. I think this is a mistake. If we can't forget in the movie theater, where can we?

You will find in these pages some mention of the foreign actors who are subject to the call to arms, and of course the drastic influence of war on our industry is inescapable. When an industry's revenue has been suddenly reduced twenty-eight to thirty-five per cent over night, there are bound to be repercussions and serious changes. Budgets will be reduced; salaries may be lowered. Theater prices may even have to be raised to make up for the loss of foreign revenue.

All this is important to the industry and, in a sense, important to you, and to me. And PHOTOPLAY will not hesitate to bring you significant features with a war theme, but I hope you won't blame me for continuing to strive in the midst of an insane world to reflect glamour, beauty, and what semblance of happiness we can skim from the Hollywood surface.

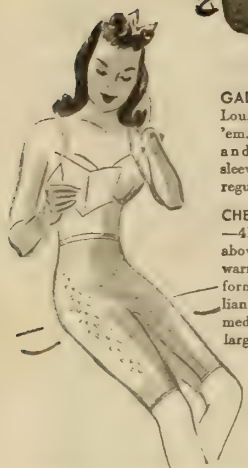
Here in PHOTOPLAY, let's be ostriches. Do you mind?

Ernest V. Heyn

VOL. LIII., No. 11, NOVEMBER, 1939

FOR COLD DAYS AND
FREEZING NIGHTS

trim-cozy-warm
NEW CARTER'S



GAL-BRIGGANS. (above)
Lounge in 'em... sleep in 'em. Mix the dark slacks and light tops. Short sleeves, too. Junior Miss and regular sizes. \$2 per set.

CHECK PATTERN PANTIE
—4115/3056. (left) Just-above-the-knee. Keeps you warm under your sheerest formals. 25% fine Australian wool. Tea rose. Small, medium, large—59c. Extra large—75c.

Other Carterette
Panties 50¢ to \$2.
Vests 50¢ to \$1.50.
Pajamas \$1.50 to \$2.50.

When that cold north wind starts blowing you'll be mighty glad you're wearing Carter's cozy pajamas and underthings. Comfortable? They're downy soft, light and warm—perfect for all occasions! Figure-flattering Carterettes and the gay colored Check-mates never give themselves away. The new jersey-stitch Gal-Briggans and brushed rayon pajamas are tops for comfort and chic. (Do lounging and sleeping duty, too.) Ask your favorite store to show you their new Carter's.

Carter's
UNDERTHINGS

The William Carter Company. Home Executive
Offices: Needham Heights, Massachusetts.



BOOS AND Bouquets

months every year, people would start getting the uncontrollable urge of "I can hardly wait until the movie season gets here." The movies would then be shown appreciation. Attendance would grow by leaps and bounds.

If you don't think this system will work, just go over the attendance records of any seasonal sport. Baseball, football, ice hockey and basketball have gained throngs of fans every year in the past decade. People don't get bored with these sports, because they have to wait an entire year to see a World Series, a Rose Bowl game, or a championship hockey game. As for the movies, one only has to wait three or four days to see the best Class A pictures.

MICHAEL CHAPERAU,
El Paso, Tex.

UNLUCKY STAR

I HAVE just seen the new Myrna Loy-Robert Taylor film, "Lucky Night," and a suspicion which has been lurking in my mind for some time now (although I shall probably be accused of having no mind, should this letter ever appear in print) has been confirmed—Myrna Loy can't act.

Admittedly, the dialogue and situations in the film grew steadily worse, but Robert Taylor did at least try to make you feel as though he meant what he said and did. Not so Miss Loy. She seemed to grow less and less interested in what was going on as the film progressed until, at the end, I neither knew nor cared what happened.

It does seem to me that, with the shortage of really good films, the largest film company in the world is running a grave risk in giving two of its biggest stars such inferior material.

VAL BROWN,
London, England.

ATTENTION, UNCLE HERMAN

MY wife and I have been trying ever since we began reading your magazine to pick a flaw. When we couldn't find any, it seemed that there was no sense in writing. I started reading your magazine the day my father's brother Herman decided to take a trip to California and go in the movies. He had 165 pigeons in his backyard in a coop. He had names for every pigeon, like Charlie, Wilma, Gerald, etc. When the time came for the trip to the West Coast to get in the movies, Wilma and Charlie eloped. This dampened my uncle's aspirations because the pigeons were what made him want to get in the movies. His pigeons were very smart. So he sold the other pigeons, wrote a letter to William S. Hart, hopped a freight train and went up into Alaska. We got a letter from him last week saying he is raising a seal, and that just as soon as he is able to have something to go on, he is taking the
(Continued on page 92)

PHOTOPLAY INVITES YOU to join in its monthly open forum. Perhaps you would like to add your three cents' worth to one of the comments chosen from the many interesting letters received this month—or perhaps you disagree violently with some reader whose opinions are published here! Or, better still, is there some topic you've never seen discussed as yet in a motion-picture magazine, but which you believe should be brought to the attention of the movie-going public? This is your page, and we welcome your views. All we ask is that your contribution be an original expression of your own honest opinion. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use gratis the letters submitted in whole or in part. Letters submitted to any contest or department appearing in PHOTOPLAY become the property of the magazine. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boos and Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Pulchritude they needed—so Joan Valerie, former model and winner of beauty contests, was a happy choice for roles in 20th Century-Fox's "Hotel for Women" and "Daytime Wife"

Ameche, Flynn, Tracy, Fonda, Boyer and Stewart, but it's Cary Grant who gives our pulses the hardest workout at present.

We've had a depressing amount of "Pretty-Boy Taylor" and "Glamour-Boy Power" crammed down our throats by the papers and magazines, but we would love for PHOTOPLAY to toss more about just plain Cary Grant in our direction.

THIRTY GRANT FANS,
Tampa, Fla.

FLASH! GRANT TAKES TAMPA!

AT a sorority "bull-session" recently, thirty girls decided that Cary Grant is definitely the actor of the year as far as they're concerned—and we don't mean Robert Taylor.

Current books and current lipsticks were subjects for heated argument, but the decision that the delicious Mr. Grant is material for the Academy Award was reached in no time at all.

We've been in love with Gable for years, and we can't rave enough about

KILL-OR-CURE

I INTEND to lay off the movies for a couple of months and seek entertainment in baseball, dances, boxing and wrestling. These amusements will cost more, but I know I'll really enjoy them.

Perhaps this is what the public needs—a forced vacation from the movies. If the cinema theaters would be closed for some time, say about three or four

A ROARING ERA becomes A ROARING HIT!

Here's more screen excitement than ever you've seen before!
America at its maddest! America at its merriest...
The land of the free gone wild! It's the heyday
of the hotcha — the shock-crammed days
— Men took ten whole years to lick!

By far the biggest of all
Jimmy's big hits!

JAMES CAGNEY • PRISCILLA LANE

Hollywood's Thrilling New Team! What a Treat for Their Fans!



THE ROARING TWENTIES



Warner Bros.' Newest Dramatic Success, with
HUMPHREY BOGART • GLADYS GEORGE
FRANK McHUGH • JEFFREY LYNN • PAUL KELLY
Directed by Raoul Walsh
Screen Play by Jerry Wald, Richard Macaulay and Robert Rossen
From an Original Story by Mark Hellinger

GOOD-BYE, NANCY. I'LL CALL YOU UP SOME DAY

NANCY
THINKS:

OH DEAR,
WHY DOESN'T PHIL
ASK FOR ANOTHER
DATE NOW?

Here's why Nancy didn't get a re-date—



THIS MORNING NANCY PUT ON **YESTERDAY'S** PERSPIRY **UNDIES**. BY NOONTIME, THEY HAD ABSORBED STILL MORE PERSPIRATION. THEN PHIL TOOK HER TO LUNCH—



NANCY DIDN'T MAKE THE CHARMING IMPRESSION SHE SHOULD HAVE. **UNDIE ODOR** IS SO NOTICEABLE TO OTHERS! PLAY SAFE—**LUX** UNDIES AFTER EVERY WEARING!

Don't risk undie odor—use Lux!

Underthings constantly absorb perspiration odor—don't take chances with daintiness! Lux undies after every wearing.

Lux removes perspiration odor **completely**—keeps undies new-looking longer, too. Avoid cake-soap rubbing, soaps with harmful alkali. Lux has no harmful alkali. Buy the thrifty BIG box!



A little goes so far—it's **thrifty**

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

FOR LOVE OR MONEY—Universal

This sort of routine program picture is doomed. A horse-race bet gets into the wrong hands, that of a servant girl who rushes around spending the money. Robert Kent, playing a bookie, seems dazed by it all. (August)

★ FOUR FEATHERS—Korda-U.A.

Filmed in Technicolor, this is unmatched for sheer spectacle. John Clements resigns from the army on the eve of sailing for Kitchener's campaign in the Sudan. Three brother officers and his fiancée, June Duprez, send him the white feather of cowardice. How he redeems himself makes this a fine movie. (Sept.)

★ FRONTIER MARSHAL—20th Century-Fox

You can guess from the title what this is about. Tombstone, Arizona, is the locale where silver is discovered. The bad element comes in and Marshal Randolph Scott sets out to quell the lawlessness. Cesar Romero, Nancy Kelly and Binnie Barnes all help to make this good cinema. (Oct.)

★ GIRL FROM MEXICO, THE—RKO-Radio

Lupe Velez comes roaring back in this wild comedy, when Radio Agent Donald Woods finds her in Mexico and brings her to New York. His troubles start when Lupe finds he plans to marry Linda Hayes (screen newcomer). There's plenty of slapstick, a good story and able direction. (August)

★ GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS—M-G-M

James Hilton's beautiful and moving novel has lost none of its charm, with Robert Donat giving a great performance as the old English schoolmaster who disciplines his boys without kindness until his beloved Kathie teaches him tolerance. Greer Garson is charming and altogether believable as Chip's wife. Entire cast is excellent. A must. (August)

★ GOOD GIRLS GO TO PARIS—Columbia

Here's as funny a comedy as you have witnessed in many moons. It teams Melvyn Douglas and Joan Blondell again, with Joan as a waitress who has a yen to see Paris; tries a bit of mild blackmail; is run out of town. Enter Melvyn Douglas. There are fresh twists to the story, and the dialogue is delightful. (Sept.)

GORILLA, THE—20th Century-Fox

This is the picture which the Ritz Brothers didn't want to make. The result of it all is a somewhat funny opus in which light is made of horror, and you laugh at what made you shudder in the former version. (August)

★ HEAVEN WITH A BARBED WIRE

FENCE—20th Century-Fox

A story of disillusionment. Glenn Ford is the New Yorker who works six years to buy a ranch, starts thumbing his way to his property and collects troubles along the way, among them: hobo Nicholas Conte; Spanish refugee Jean Rogers; and tramp Raymond Walburn. There's movement to the piece. (Oct.)

HELL'S KITCHEN—Warners

Ex-reform school kids, including the Dead Enders, are beaten and starved while Superintendent Grant Mitchell piles up a tidy sum. Racketeer Stanley Fields, with the help of Margaret Lindsay and Ronald Reagan, exposes the dirty work afoot. (Sept.)

HOTEL FOR WOMEN—20th Century-Fox

Shades of "Stage Door." You'll see a lot of models and chorus girls living in a hostelry presided over by Elsa Maxwell, and follow their troubles. New Linda Darnell should turn into a bright star, and Ann Sothern is very good, indeed. James Ellison is the romantic lead. (Oct.)

HOUSE OF FEAR, THE—Universal

The murder happens right at the beginning. An actor, Donald Douglas, is the victim. Detective William Gargan pretends he's a producer in order to reopen a theater where the murder happened, on the theory that the murderer will strike again. He does. (Sept.)

★ I STOLE A MILLION—Universal

Swell melodrama, with George Raft (capably abetted by Claire Trevor) portraying a man who, through circumstances beyond his control, is labeled a criminal and works out his peevish against the world by going really bad. Dick Foran, Henry Armetta and Victor Jory contribute to the emotional power of this film. (Oct.)

IN NAME ONLY—RKO-Radio

If you're a pushover for Cary Grant and Carole Lombard, you'll like this. Kay Francis is the wife who won't give Cary a divorce to marry Carole, despite the fact that she has never loved him. But Carole wins out in the end. Charles Coburn and Helen Vinson have routine roles. Katharine Alexander does fine work and Grant is magnificent. (Oct.)

IN OLD MONTEREY—Republic

There's a bonus tossed into this typical Gene Autry film—the Hoosier Hot Shots, the Ranch Boys, Smiley Burnette and Sarge and Sally. Gene's an army sergeant; the army wants some training grounds. Gene rides to the rescue. (Oct.)

ISLAND OF LOST MEN—Paramount

For no apparent reason, J. Carrol Naish establishes himself as king of an island and cracks the whip over escaped criminals, who in turn bulldoze the natives. The law comes to the aid of the innocent and the natives take care of the guilty. Anna May Wong is exquisite and Eric Blore adds the comedy. (Sept.)

IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU—20th Century-Fox

Have you ever imagined yourself in the position of an innocent person accused of murder? That's the fix Stuart Erwin's in when he finds a body in his car. He's held in jail but his wife, Gloria Stuart, comes to his rescue. Good suspense. (Sept.)

JAMAICA INN—Mayflower-Paramount

You're in on the secret that Charles Laughton is the leader of a gang who wreck ships for their cargoes in this free adaptation of Daphne du Maurier's novel. But neither the members of his gang, nor pretty Maureen O'Hara, know that he is the archvillain. Hairbreadth escapes, last minute rescues will satisfy those who like action. Mr. Laughton, as usual, dominates every scene. (Oct.)

JONES FAMILY IN HOLLYWOOD, THE—20th Century-Fox

Papa Jed Prouty is nominated to represent his hometown American Legion post at the California convention. While he parades, the entire brood, including Mother Spring Byington, poke around the studios. Gags funny. (August)

KID FROM KOKOMO, THE—Warners

The lid's off on this boisterous comedy in which Wayne Morris plays a yokel who can fight like a whiz, and who has a sentimental yen to find his long-lost mother. Things get complicated when Fight-Manager Pat O'Brien bails drunken May Robson out of jail and passes her off as the kid's Ma. Joan Blondell and Jane Wyman add feminine interest. Plenty of laughs. (August)

★ LADY OF THE TROPICS—M-G-M

Oriental Saigon provides the lush background for Hedy Lamarr and Robert Taylor in this story of a young American engineer who braves the dangers of far places; with Joseph Schildkraut as the smooth scoundrel who is killed by Hedy when she discovers his interest in her is business, not sentiment. Taylor and Schildkraut give performances to be proud of, while Hedy is her most beautiful self. (Oct.)

★ LAND OF LIBERTY—MPPDA

If you were a visitor at either Fair this summer, we hope you saw this. If you were a stay-at-home, watch for it now at your local theater. Here's the story of America—its heroes and heroines—welded together into a magnificent cavalcade. Edited by Cecil B. DeMille. (Sept.)

MAGNIFICENT FRAUD, THE—Paramount

The performances of Akim Tamiroff, Lloyd Nolan, Patricia Morison are effective, but the characters they portray are not. The film's about a mythical empire; the emperor is murdered and Tamiroff, an actor, impersonates him. Suspense and cast good. (Sept.)

★ MAISIE—M-G-M

There's humor in this, depending upon the way you observe it. Ann Sothern takes the rap when Rancher Robert Young's wallet is stolen. Complications ensue, and Bob is accused of murder. Ann rushes to his defense. Young carries on happily, but it's Miss Sothern's picture. (August)

★ MAN ABOUT TOWN—Paramount

Here's awfully good cinema, really. Producer Jack Benny, eager to win the hand of his star, Dot Lamour, decides to make her jealous of him. The scene is England and the basic story is surrounded by notable entertainment, lots of music, gags aplenty, delivered with the Benny timing and artistry. Eddie Anderson, who plays Rochester, almost steals the show. (Sept.)

★ MAN IN THE IRON MASK, THE—Small-U.A.

Dumas' famous novel sees Louis Hayward cast in the dual role of the twin Dauphins of France. You'll remember: One twin is given in the care of the Three Musketeers, while the other becomes Louis XIV. Circumstance brings Philippe into contact with his brother, the king, who devises a plan to keep the dangerous twin a prisoner. This has moments of horror. Joan Bennett plays Maria Theresa. (Sept.)

MILLION DOLLAR LEGS—Paramount

A college picture, dedicated in motif and action to the present generation. A football hero and a mathematical genius (respectively, John Hartley and Peter Hayes) help Betty Grable carry the slight burden of plot. (Oct.)

MIRACLES FOR SALE—M-G-M

The kids will love this since it's all about magicians. There's murder, too, and Robert Young, paired with pretty Florence Rice, to solve it. If you believe in ghosts, you'll be pretty annoyed at the exposé. (Oct.)

MR. WONG IN CHINATOWN—Monogram

Boo! It's Boris Karloff who makes a nice menacing Chinaman in whose home a Chinese princess is murdered. Marjorie Reynolds is the newspaper woman who rushes around and helps out. There's a romance angle between her and Grant Withers. And there's comedy to keep you chuckling. (Oct.)

NAUGHTY BUT NICE—Warners

A classic composition by staid music prof, Dick Powell, is modernized into "Hurray for Spinach!" The high-brow's personality also gets renovated by a screwy Tin Pan Alley gang. Among the funsters are Ann Sheridan, Allen Jenkins, Maxie Rosenbloom. The film has pace, laughs, good swing arrangements of classic bits.

NEWS IS MADE AT NIGHT—20th Century-Fox

There's conflict in this when Editor Preston Foster's best friend turns out to be a criminal and an innocent man is awaiting execution because of Foster's machinations. Lynn Bari plays a sob sister. Good pace throughout. (Oct.)

(Continued on page 92)

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?



In Paramount's "Rulers of the Sea," love rules over Doug Fairbanks, Jr. and English star, Margaret Lockwood

GRADE yourself five points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY. Check up on page 90.

1. Hollywood and Vine is:

A famous cross-roads *A club for actors*
A firm of agents *A hotel for girls in pictures*

2. One of these stars has never starred in screwball comedies:

Claudette Colbert *Carole Lombard*
Hedy Lamarr *Irene Dunne*

3. One of the following actors is half of a screen team appearing in a series:

Frank Morgan *Arthur Lake*
Lynne Overman *Akim Tamiroff*

4. This studio is located in a city which has been named after it:

Universal *Paramount*
United Artists *Disney*

5. The name of a picture in which Loretta Young appeared is contained in one of the following song titles:

Carry Me Back to Old Virginia
Sunrise Serenade
And the Angels Sing
My Old Kentucky Home

6. The correct name of the Hays office is:

Board of Censorship
Association of Motion Picture Studios
The Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America
Producers of Motion Pictures Society

7. This star was a concert pianist:

Ellen Drew *Ginger Rogers*
Anita Louise *Marlene Dietrich*

8. He gave up the starring role in "Having a Wonderful Time" in New York to play only a supporting role in a Group Theater production:

John Garfield *Fredric March*
Franchot Tone *Melvyn Douglas*

9. He will write, direct, produce, and act in his picture:

Bernard Shaw *Douglas Corrigan*
Orson Welles *Walter Damrosch*

10. Constance Bennett married the ex-husband of:

Binnie Barnes *Margaret Lockwood*
Kay Francis *Gloria Swanson*

11. Bette Davis won her first Academy Award for the following picture:

Jezebel *Dangerous*
Dark Victory *Of Human Bondage*

12. This star uses his real first name as his last name for pictures:

Paul Muni *Leslie Howard*
Spencer Tracy *James Stewart*

13. Ann Sheridan was brought to Hollywood in connection with one of these contests:

Scarlett O'Hara *Panther Woman*
The Search for Beauty *Gateway to Hollywood*

14. More than 5,000 police chiefs voted this actor their award for having done most to prevent crime last year:

Lewis Stone *James Cagney*
Gene Autry *Doug Fairbanks, Jr.*

15. This statesman was once a movie magnate:

Anthony Eden *John Cabot Lodge*
Joseph P. Kennedy *Carter Glass*

16. This Dead End Kid writes poetry, and good poetry, too:

Leo Gorcey *Billy Halop*
Huntz Hall *Bobby Jordan*

17. She formerly sang with Fred Waring's orchestra:

Alice Faye *Patricia Morison*
Mary Healy *Priscilla Lane*

18. Although his name is still part of the studio's name, he makes his own productions now:

Jack Warner *Louis B. Mayer*
Sam Goldwyn *Darryl Zanuck*

19. Her first husband was a member of a famous make-up family; her second is a composer:

Rochelle Hudson *Martha Raye*
Ann Sothern *Shirley Ross*

20. Only one of these studios is actually located in Hollywood:

Columbia *20th Century-Fox*
Hal Roach *Warners*



FRANK CAPRA'S
GREATEST
ACHIEVEMENT

OUT of the hearts of its people . . . out of the very soil of America . . . a great director creates his most stirring, human drama . . . of an unsophisticated young man with a dream in his heart . . . of a woman who helps make his dream come true . . . and of the laughter, the love, the pain, and the joy they share in this everyday business of living! Stirring . . . in the seeing! Precious . . . in the remembering! Enacted by one of the most perfect casts ever assembled!

FRANK CAPRA'S
"MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON"
co-starring
JEAN ARTHUR ★ **JAMES STEWART**
with **CLAUDE RAINS** • **EDWARD ARNOLD** • **GUY KIBBEE** • **THOMAS MITCHELL** • **BEULAH BONDI**
Directed by **FRANK CAPRA** • Screen Play by **SIDNEY BUCHMAN**
A Columbia Picture

Lady Esther says—

"Discard all Heavy, Waxy Creams and keep your Accent on Youth!"



Join the revolt against heavy, waxy creams that demand tugging and pulling at delicate facial tissues! Get in the trend with youth! Keep in tune with the times—use Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream to Keep your Accent on Youth!

THERE is a lot that younger women can learn from their seniors about cooking and the care of babies. But there is a great deal more, I find, that *older women* can learn from the younger women about the care of their skin—about keeping their beauty fresh and appealing.

For younger women have discarded those heavy creams symbolic of the 1920's and have preferred to entrust their skin to my more modern 4-Purpose Face Cream. The fact is that a great modern trend has set in and changed, *very radically*, the whole face cream technique of American women.

Talk to women under 25...go to the schools and the colleges...and you will find that heavy, waxy creams are "out"—that they are dated and passé and that the trend is definitely toward my 4-Purpose Cream.

In a blind test, women under 25 voted overwhelmingly (over 2 to 1) for Lady Esther Face Cream against the second most popular competitor.

That didn't surprise me particularly. But why on earth, I asked myself, didn't the older women vote even more overwhelmingly in favor of my 4-Purpose Face Cream?

Was habit holding them back? Were they wedded to some idea ten years old? Were their minds not receptive to a *new and better* technique? I do not know. But I do think that they, *even more than younger women*, should strive for the modern benefits of my 4-Purpose Cream.

'For no woman wants to look older than she really is and every woman

can be happier, more alluring, if she only finds the face cream that is *right for her*.

So I urge you to make my amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test." See for yourself why my 4-Purpose Face Cream will help you keep your Accent on Youth!

First, cleanse your complexion with your present cream. Wipe your face with cleansing tissue, and *look at it*. Now, cleanse your skin with my 4-Purpose Face Cream. Wipe it off with fresh cleansing tissue and *look at that*. What a shock it is to discover *more dirt*—to learn with your own eyes that my 4-Purpose Face Cream floats away pore-clogging dirt that many other creams FAIL TO GET OUT.

For, unlike many heavy "waxy" creams—Lady Esther Face Cream does a thorough cleansing job without harsh pulling or rubbing of delicate facial muscles and tissues. It cleans gently, lubricates the skin, and (lastly) prepares your skin for powder.



Prove this, at my expense. Mail me the coupon below and I'll gladly send you a 7-day tube of my Face Cream (and with it, my 10 thrilling new powder shades). Begin now, to use the one face cream that's right for you!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (49)
LADY ESTHER, 7118 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)



Tired of the way you look? Take a lesson from Joan Bennett, whose change in appearance marked a new personality as well

BLONDE AND BRUNETTE—Have you ever wished that you could change your type entirely, and turn yourself into a different personality? If you're a brunette, haven't you ever longed to be pale and blonde? If you're a blonde, haven't you ever been convinced that, as a brunette, you'd be a raving beauty? Joan Bennett was, until a short time ago, one of the screen's most glamorous blondes, but since her appearance in "Trade Winds," in which she had to wear a black wig, she has dyed her own hair a deep brown. She's found that this new color has not only made a radical change in her appearance, but in her personality as well. It's as if she'd suddenly become a new person.

"It's amazing how different you feel," said Joan, who is currently working in "The Housekeeper's Daughter." "You wear colors that you've never worn before, and, of course, your make-up is changed, and you even find yourself reacting to situations differently. I was

getting pretty tired of seeing the same face and coloring every time I looked into a mirror, and now I still receive a pleasant shock of surprise when, instead of the blonde I'd gotten so used to, I see a brunette staring back at me from the mirror."

Joan wears her hair quite long—almost to her shoulders—but it's cut so that it can be arranged in several different ways, for she firmly believes that a change in coiffure is stimulating, and is very good for the hair and scalp as well. As a blonde, she always parted her hair on the side. Since she's darkened her hair, however, she frequently parts it in the middle, with a loose wave and softly curled ends. Joan's hair is always soft and shining and perfectly groomed, but her routine for caring for it is a very simple one.

"Once a week," she said, "I have a shampoo preceded by a hot oil treatment to keep my scalp and hair in good condition. I brush my hair a lot each day, too, for I think constant brushing

PHOTOPLAY'S

own Beauty Shop

CAROLYN VAN WYCK
PROP.

is one of the most important factors for healthy hair, and I supplement the brushing by a gentle massaging of the scalp."

In changing to brunette from blonde, Joan discovered that her entire make-up needed revision. So she consulted Wally Westmore, of the famous Westmore brothers who know all about make-up, and he told her to change to powder, foundation cream and lipstick just one shade darker than those that she had previously used. This was because the brunette hair gave a darker cast to her ordinarily fair features. She also darkened her brows and lashes, with only her eye shadow remaining the same shade.

Joan had always avoided a sun tan, but, since she's darkened her hair, she's also set about acquiring a definite beige sun tan, and it's extremely becoming to her new color. Joan's skin is one of the loveliest in Hollywood, but her beauty routine for caring for it is one that every girl can follow to advantage.

BEFORE retiring at night, Joan smooths a light cleansing cream into her skin, then wipes it off. After this, she washes her face and throat with a pure soap, complexion brush and warm water. She scrubs her face gently and rinses it in tepid water; and follows this by patting on a thin layer of tissue cream, which she leaves on overnight to keep her skin soft and smooth.

"In the morning, I splash ice-cold water over my face and throat, and then I apply my foundation cream. I use the foundation cream very sparingly because if you use too much it gives you a very heavily made-up appearance; and I smooth it on my skin very lightly and carefully so it's blended evenly. Then my powder and rouge. I've used rouge only since I've been a brunette. I never used it as a blonde—never needed it; but now I seem pale without it. I use it very lightly, giving just a suggestion of color to my cheeks. Then I apply my lipstick. I have several lipsticks, all carefully chosen, as is my rouge, to blend with the color of my costume.

"I finish my make-up with a drop of perfume on my eyebrows, the lobes of my ears and the back of my neck. I'm mad for perfume, you know; it's one of my hobbies, and I'm always trying out a new one. I carry out the same scent in cologne, bath crystals, soap and dusting powder, because I think conflicting fragrances destroy each other. Perfume should never be applied to your clothing, though; instead I have sachets put in my lingerie, clothes hangers and hat

rests so all my things will be delicately scented.

"Incidentally, it's strange how all your preferences seem to change along with the change in your hair and make-up. I used to go in for very delicate and elusive scents and preferred the flower perfumes. But now that I'm a brunette, I like the heavier, more Oriental-type scents. I tell you, it's literally made me a new person."

In addition to this daily care, Joan has a facial and a pack about once every two or three weeks, if she feels that her skin needs toning. There are several excellent packs on the market now, and they really do wonders for your complexion. If your skin seems to have become dull, or not in the best of condition, try one of these packs and you'll find that it leaves your skin glowing and healthy.

Joan has one of the loveliest figures in Hollywood, but her regime for keeping it slim and firm is an extremely simple one. She spends as much time out-of-doors as possible, because she believes the sun is an unbeatable tonic for one's skin, hair and body. The time she spends with her kennel of prize-winning cocker spaniels, which are adorable, working in her garden and swimming in the pool keeps her in the sunlight frequently. Swimming, of course, is one of the best all-around exercises for any girl, and you should go swimming as often as possible. Every city has an indoor swimming pool, and if you could possibly arrange to go there, say one night a week, if you're working every day, I'm sure you'll find it very beneficial.

Joan always plays tennis two or three times weekly and says it's a big factor in keeping her weight at an even keel. These two sports stimulate practically all the muscles, and tone the whole body.

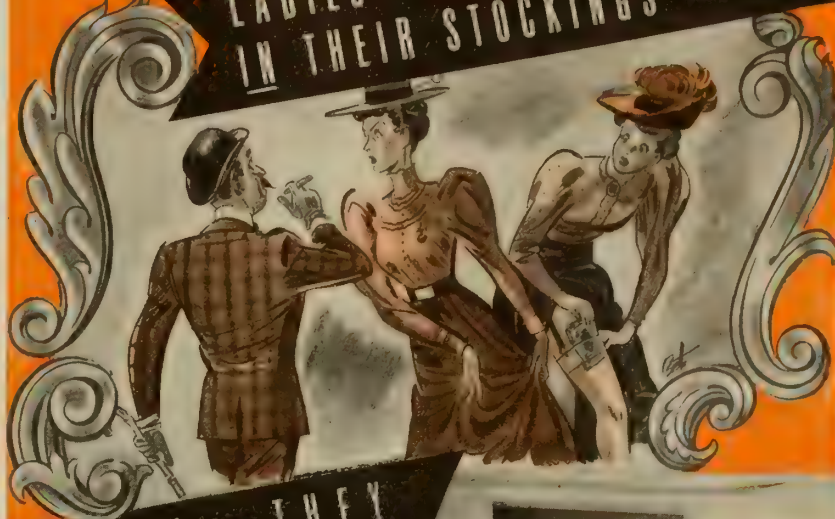
Aside from these sports, Joan does very little routine exercise, but there is one exercise she does faithfully for the facial and throat muscles. She blows a tiny feather into the air and then tries to keep it up. With her head thrown back, and turning from left to right, Joan keeps her lips pursed and her cheeks blown up with the air necessary to keep the feather afloat.

"I've become very adroit at this," she laughed. "When I started I could keep the feather in the air for only one minute. Now I've got a long-distance record for five minutes. It's a lot of fun, too. At first you feel awfully silly, chasing a tiny feather around, but it's

(Continued on page 89)

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*The most brilliant new
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A heart-warming drama
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Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS

Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown

Screen Play by Ernest Pascal • Story by Hilary Lynn and
Brown Holmes • Based upon an original idea by Lou Breslow



CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

BY RUTH WATERBURY

"CAN I interest you in a quart of good blood?" inquire all the Hollywood comedians these days, when they tell a joke that dies . . . "You've got egg on your face," yells the director to an actor who has not registered in a scene . . . "They wrote it straight across his teeth," studios now say when they mean a role was tailored to order for some star . . . these are just three examples of current Hollywood slang . . . and just three more reasons why the average Hollywoodite rarely dares leave town for long . . . in a city where the language changes that fast, fame and fortune change even faster and you can't keep up with things unless you keep running all the time. . . .

For instance, in two terrific preview weeks that included such big-investment films as "In Name Only," "The Wizard of Oz," "Fifth Avenue Girl," "Nurse Edith Cavell," and "The Star Maker," who would have dreamed that the most artistic, compelling picture of that group would be the British-made-in-America production, "Nurse Edith Cavell". . . and that Anna Neagle, who has never meant very much at the American box office, would give a performance that entitles her to serious Academy Award attention? . . . And who would have believed, unless they had seen him, that newcomer William Holden, as the "Golden Boy," could achieve such a fine, exciting characterization that he immediately enters the ranks of the rapidly thinning, unattached glamour boys . . . (with even Brian Aherne captured by Joan Fontaine, so that there is one bachelor less in the film colony) . . . and that also in "Golden Boy," a new character actor came into his own . . . an actor named Lee Cobb, who played William Holden's father so magnificently that it was a pleasant shock after the preview to learn that Mr. Cobb is himself in his twenties?

THE new girl everyone is talking about is Linda Darnell at Twentieth Century-Fox . . . even a month ago, when I saw this youngster's tests at Twentieth, the studio wasn't so excited about her, right there on her own lot . . . Twentieth thought, of course, that she was talented, but most of its attention was centered then on Brenda Joyce . . . meanwhile "Hotel For Women" has been released, and little Linda looks definitely like star stuff . . . but the pace that chills is the speed whereon, with that discovery, the studio that began to ignore Arleen Whelan when it found Nancy Kelly, now is ignoring Nancy Kelly in favor of Miss Darnell . . . you can tell that by the casting . . . Arleen Whelan gave up a role in a Tyrone Power picture in favor of Miss Kelly . . . that was "Jesse James"



Ruth Waterbury

Attention, Academy Award giver-outers! Don't overlook Anna Neagle, star of "Nurse Edith Cavell," when the Oscars are dispensed

It could happen only in Hollywood—that Dolores Frantz, an internationally-known concert pianist, is rated "Unknown"

There's danger in pinning a "second" tag on Linda Ware (below). She's the songstress you saw in "The Star Maker"

. . . and now Miss Kelly has given up, or, to be more tactful about it, has been cast in something else in order that Miss Darnell may be in Ty's next film . . . no wonder people are all nerves out here . . . pretty Linda dancing gaily along in the Cinderella slippers of fame must, nevertheless, be a little cold about the toes wondering if there may not be another glamour-girl threat to her coming around the next corner. . . .

If you go away from Hollywood for so much as a week end you may lose out on some of the most important moves going on in the background . . . for instance, if I had not gone to the very impressive tea Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond gave for Lily Pons and Andre Kostelanetz, I would never have met (or, most certainly, I would not have met for some time) Dolores Frantz, who was a co-guest of honor at that party . . . and thus have stumbled upon one of the most fascinating "grooming" stories in the industry . . . for in the person of Mr.

Frantz, who is very tall, very blond and potentially as full of fireworks as an arsenal, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer not only hopes it has discovered a new leading man, but also a medium by which it can bring great piano music to the screen . . . Dalies Frantz is, first of all, a great pianist, having played with all the leading symphony orchestras of this country . . . even though he has the body of a football player and a strangely sardonic face, Frantz, who for all his foreign-sounding name is as American as grid-dle cakes, is eager to do the great piano concertos by way of movies . . . I rushed down to Metro the day after Jeanette's party and there saw the scenes he plays in "Balalaika" . . . he has only a small role, but, to me, the burning Frantz temperament more than makes up for his lack of conventional male beauty in the Robert Taylor sense . . . handsomeness helps, as witness Messrs. Gable, Power, Taylor and even fine actor Cary Grant . . . but an actor can get along without it, too, as witness Tracy, Muni, Cagney and many others . . . as for his playing . . . when he is at the piano (and I got a private recital in the Frantz dressing room that lasted for nearly three hours and that went all the way from Bach to Ravel), Mr. Frantz has that same simplicity toward his music that distinguishes Deanna Durbin . . . and the same fidelity and beauty . . . but where else but in Hollywood would you find a person with such talents still an "Unknown"? . . .

AND speaking of Deanna and music, if you had missed the preview of "The Star Maker," by going away for a week end, let's say, how would you, as a member of the Hollywood patrol, have known that, in the person of Linda Ware, Paramount has not, as it claims, another Durbin? . . . a nice little girl she is, this Linda Ware, with a good voice, but it is unfair to her to tack that "second Durbin" label on her . . . let her develop along the lines of her own talent, as Metro is letting Judy Garland develop . . . don't "second" her . . . the exquisite Durbin stands alone, unique and heartwarming . . . as for the rest of "The Star Maker," this department can't give it a thing, despite Bing Crosby, that lazy smoothie, a couple of good tunes, and Laura Hope Crews, who proves anew that a good troupier can make the dullest lines sound funny, just by knowing how. . . .

WISHING won't make it so . . . but "The Star Maker" is just another proof that no matter what other elements a picture has, you must have a good story first . . . there is no story at all to "The Star Maker" and, therefore, it drags . . . and, similarly, there is no story, or what there is of it makes a jumbled, leaden mass, in "When Tomorrow Comes" . . . and, therefore, all the charm, the warmth and the lovely devices of Irene Dunne's and Charles Boyer's acting are wasted . . . why, why, does Hollywood do that? . . . Irene told me herself before the preview that every bit of that production was shot "off the cuff" . . . that is, nobody knew from day to day how the story was coming out . . . that two great, expensive, important stars got their dialogue the night before for the scenes the next

day, so that neither of them knew what the characters they were playing were all about or what they were doing or would do . . . conscientious stars wish studios wouldn't do that . . . stars take the blame when pictures fail . . . no picture with Dunne and Boyer, after their marvelous "Love Affair," can quite fail, but if they had had a real story they could undoubtedly have gone on to a greater triumph . . . the lunatic part of this situation is that every studio in town "shoots off the cuff" on occasion . . . yet there are some seven hundred good writers in Hollywood, experienced in the ways of scenarios, stars and budgets and yet some four hundred of them are unemployed. . . .

CLOUDS OVER HOLLYWOOD

"WAR declared!" The words struck like a bombshell in the midst of Hollywood, uniting in one great bond of sympathy the many nationalities in the Melting Pot of the entertainment world.

The crowds were laughing as they emerged from the premiere of "The Women," gay with the sparkle of watching a gay, sparkling picture, happy with that sense of well-being within the industry which comes from the knowledge that another hit is born. Then, as they reached the street, the newsboys' cries reached their ears.

A stunned moment before the full impact of the news struck home. Bitter silence as realization came. Then a growing murmur of restlessness and fear and heartache for the many strangers within the gates who for so long now had been no longer strangers.

"What of Boyer?" "What of Niven?" "And Richard Greene?"

What of Niven, indeed? David was to be star in Sam Goldwyn's production of "Raffles." The goal he had worked toward for so long was his at last. And the next day it was over. The British Consul had handed him the papers from England that said, "Stand by." Whereupon Mr. Goldwyn speeded up production on "Raffles," so that David's scenes could be completed before he leaves.

What of Boyer? Charles, a member of the officers' reserve in France and now in his native country, has offered his services.

And the others? We spoke directly to British Consul Holliday in Los Angeles and this was the word he gave us: "The only man summoned to service is David Niven, reserve officer. No other Englishman in Hollywood can be summoned to service as long as he remains in a neutral country. If he wishes to enlist, he must leave American soil for Canada or England to do so."

There's Richard Greene. Twentieth Century-Fox is going right ahead with the plans for his next picture, "Little Old New York," but—

There's Alan Mowbray, president of the British United Service Club in Los Angeles and now working unofficially as aide to the British Consul. Alan says, "At the moment England seems to have all the men it needs, but I have already offered my services."

And there are Canadian-born Walter Pidgeon and British-born Basil Rathbone, both veterans of the last war. There's Basil's son, Rodion. There are Donald Crisp and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, reserve officers, not yet summoned. Ronald Colman is past the war age and Herbert Marshall is still bearing the marks of his wounds in the previous great conflict. George Brent, Victor McLaglen, Ray Milland and Claude Rains all have their final naturalization papers. The status of Errol Flynn, who has not received his final papers yet, is not clear.

But there are Cary Grant, Leslie Howard, Laurence Olivier, John Loder, bridegroom Brian Aherne, Charles Laughton, Raymond Massey, and so many others who would be sorely missed.

Hollywood, so often a little world within itself, a little world of ambition and desire and a thousand internal problems peculiar to its own profession, is face to face with grim reality. Hollywood, like all the rest of an anguished world, can only wait—and hope.

Just at the moment that you get that "down" feeling about pictures, however, a couple of delights come along . . . two such varied pictures but each of them so very thrilling for very different reasons . . . the first, "The Under-Pup" with Joe Pasternak's new musical discovery, Gloria Jean, and Twentieth Century-Fox's gigantic spectacle "The Rains Came" . . . being deluged lately with musical child discoveries I wasn't too excited about seeing little Miss Jean but the very first glimpse of her, healthy, ebullient, smiling, and she was at once as much everybody's younger daughter or sub-deb girl friend as Mickey Rooney is everybody's son or boy friend . . . She is a delightful youngster and Pasternak has achieved with her the same trick he did with Durbin . . . she sings beautifully but truly as effortless as a bird and as naturally . . . when she breaks into song she does it apparently as spontaneously as a real little

girl would do it in real life . . . and her acting is so completely natural that it isn't until the picture is all over that you are aware of how very fine her performance has been. . . .

"The Rains Came" is at exactly the opposite pole of attraction . . . this is very worldly, very sophisticated, bitterly humorous at times . . . it has fire and earthquakes and floods . . . it has three very great stars in it . . . Tyrone Power, Myrna Loy and George Brent, the latter giving the very finest performance of his career . . . it cost a fortune . . . the kind of fortune that we won't be seeing for a while now while war hangs over the world . . . its greatness, however, lies not alone in the sum of all these assets so much as it does in the touching, spiritual message it contains . . . I'm sure "The Under-Pup" didn't cost a third of what "The Rains Came" cost . . . but it is a wonderful business that is capable of producing such variety . . . at such a variety of cost, too. . . .

NATURALLY Hollywood, in common with the rest of our troubled world, is disturbed over the horrible events in Europe . . . but do not take too seriously the reports that because filmland has, by this conflict lost most of its foreign earnings, pictures will be cut down, very cheaply produced, made second-rate . . . nothing of the kind is going to happen . . . Hollywood will have to cut costs . . . but it will not cut on entertainment values . . . but it, too, is conscious of its duty to the world . . . the producers, the writers, the actors of Hollywood feel today that more than ever it must produce entertainment to keep us, so luckily in this country, happy . . . and to keep those tragic people of Europe courageous by at least giving them the release of laughter and dreams. . . .

THUS in all the shifting, constantly changing world of Hollywood a few things remain constant . . . Garbo goes to Irene's fashion show at Bullock's-Wilshire . . . not as the other stars went, that is by invitation into a small group of Hollywoodites who wouldn't have molested a buttercup, but hidden behind the scenes, protected by three burly guards . . . thus the Garbo "mystery" remains set . . . and when she leaves, Hyman Fink

pursues her, and gets a picture of her, and as usual, he is the only cameraman who does get the picture, though they all wanted it (you'll see it on Page 61) . . . so the Fink "scoop" technique stays unimpaired over some fifteen years . . . and from England comes word that Norma Shearer, quite as usual, will get the one leading man most in demand by the world for her next picture . . . it will be Robert (Mr. Chips) Donat this time . . . but Norma got Gable when he was first being fought over by the film queens . . . that is, before he was the one who could give the orders on the casting . . . and got Tyrone Power ditto . . . so some things and some persons in this crazy town do act in a manner you can foretell . . . thank heaven, they do . . . or we on the Hollywood beat would never dare to get a moment's sleep . . . even though we've long since given up the idea of a real rest. . . .

A HOLLYWOOD DIARY by *Jane Grant***"JAMAICA INN"**

Your bright young correspondent's hands are quite black and blue from pounding on the Paramount doors, begging for a preview of "Jamaica Inn," the new Paramount release starring our special screen favorite Charles Laughton, and directed by the one and only Alfred Hitchcock. But every black and blue mark is a cherished possession now.

For I've seen "Jamaica Inn" and it is all that I'd hoped for. Laughton has an even grander role than his Captain Bligh, or Javert, as Sir Humphrey Pengallan, a glorious rogue in a top hat, who directs the thrilling activities of a crew of cutthroats who wreck ships on the English coast and turn over their spoils to Sir Humphrey. Maureen O'Hara, Laughton's own discovery, is all he claims her to be. In short, Pommer-Laughton Mayflower Productions have made this exciting Daphne du Maurier novel into an even better screen drama.

**"WHAT A LIFE"**

If you've seen the stage play "What a Life," or listened to the adventures of Henry Aldrich on the radio, you're prepared for the treat Paramount has in store for you in the new picture, "What a Life." Jackie Cooper is, of course, the perfect choice for young Henry. And Betty Field is so delightful as Henry's Best Girl that Paramount has already signed this young Broadway actress for the lead in Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen." Frankly, I haven't had so much fun since my last high school dance as I had watching Henry, his mother, and all his teachers tangle in the true-to-life schoolday adventures of "What a Life." Jay Theodore Reed deserves a lot of credit for making the finest school comedy brought to the screen in years.

**"HONEYMOON IN BALI"**

Suppose you were a very beautiful and very successful young New York career woman, with plenty of social and economic independence; would you think a husband necessary? Madeleine Carroll, as such a young lady in Paramount's "Honeymoon in Bali," gives a very definite "no" to that question. Even charming Allan Jones, as an opera singer who can make most girls' hearts go pit-a-pat, gets a cold shoulder from Madeleine. Then along comes Fred MacMurray, the adventurous charmer from Bali, boasting of the five Balinese beauties who love to mend his socks, gives Madeleine a Balinese kiss... and whammmmm! P. S. Little Paramount starlet Carolyn Lee, under the expert direction of Edward H. Griffith, is wonderful as that wonderful Babe from Bali.



Call your theatre and ask them when these Paramount Pictures, mentioned by Miss Grant, will play. Remember: If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town.



DATES GALORE . . .

for this new pocket-jacket of FEDERAL Silver Fox! Collarless, with bracelet-length sleeves it has everything you could ask of a fur coat. "FEDERAL" is so flattering that you want to wear it everywhere. And you may, for it's as chic by candle-light as it is under the winter sun. Good stores throughout the country are showing FEDERAL Silver Fox in thrilling new jackets, coats, stoles, always stamped on the leather side with the FEDERAL name

FEDERAL SILVER FOXES *Hamburg, Wisconsin*

FOR THE Picture's SAKE



BY

LLOYD C. DOUGLAS

Author of "Magnificent Obsession,"
"Green Light," "Disputed Passage"

An inspiring message in
which Mr. Douglas applies
the theme of "Disputed
Passage" to Hollywood—
and to your life as well

ILLUSTRATED BY

McCLELLAND BARCLAY



The prettiest girl in town, but she'd fail in pictures—she can't be taught what every star must know instinctively

I HAVE a weakness for the society of people who do their work with a feeling that "the ship is more than the crew." And it pleases me to believe that almost everyone likes a story about men and women whose personal relations are of less importance to them than the job that has brought them together.

With this in mind, I wrote a novel ("Disputed Passage," filmed by Paramount—Editor), about two surgeons—an arrogant old one, and an impudent young one—who were closely associated in the practice of a difficult specialty.

Each had a deep respect for the other's knowledge and skill, and when they were standing shoulder to shoulder in the experimental laboratory or the operating room, you might have thought that "Tubby" Forrester and Jack Beaven were father and son; which would have been incorrect, for they hated each other so bitterly that they wouldn't speak when they met at the club or on the street.

For years, they carried on that way, co-operating with each other in the business of restoring health and saving lives, but continuing to

hate each other's personalities. Their job was bigger than their feud.

A friend who read the story said to me, "Oh, of course—doctors—dealing with human lives—they couldn't let their silly animosity interfere with their work. But—there aren't many jobs like that."

I reminded him that the navigating officers on a ship have to work together in harmony, even though they may have plans to knock each other's heads off the first time they make port;

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HEDY LAMARR

And Other Dangerous

BY BARBARA HAYES



While Hedy Lamarr (top) is the newest uncontested glamour girl, two other brunette beauties, Patricia Morison and Dorothy Lamour, are having a battle royal that has to do with mathematics—strictly speaking, figures

JOAN BENNETT is in Hedy Lamarr's hair—but distinctly.

For while Hedy is the uncontested newest glamour girl, the allure woman of the present season and the oomph gamble of M-G-M, the youngest Bennett has a gleam in her eye and a part in her coiffure that is driving Hedy crazy.

To say that Hedy is piqued by the situation is putting it mildly. The only thing that prevents a violent feud actually developing between them is that pretty Joan won't play. Joan isn't having

any feud. She is merely sitting back, impudently smiling, acting the perfect lady that she always is—and if any attitude is more calculated to drive another woman wild, female research is yet to unearth it.

Actually Hollywood doesn't have many feuds any more, all things considered. Good old knock-'em-down, drag-'em-out fights such as Gloria Swanson and Pola Negri used to indulge in are all but outlawed today. As the town has grown larger, it has, perversely, become smaller

in its social doings. You simply can't keep a good feud burning if you have to meet your rival five times a week at dinner.

Of course, you can't call the passages at arms that went on between Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer during the making of "The Women" any little friendship binders. Nor are the engagements that currently are being indulged in by Dorothy Lamour and Patricia Morison of the type that exactly cement devotion, and all the catty things Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins are said to have said to each other during the filming of "The Old Maid" were not in the script. But still and for all, today's stars tend to keep their temperamental clashes to themselves, not nearly so much because they are angels, as because they have to. From picture to picture you can never tell whom you are going to be cast with and even a fine actor finds it difficult to do love scenes opposite a person with whom he has quarreled. (If you don't believe that, recall the chill that lay over the love scenes between Sonja Henie and Ty Power in "Second Fiddle.")

IT'S undoubtedly because Hedy is still rather a stranger around Hollywood that she is being as outspoken as she is about Joan, but at that, her situation is really irksome.

To begin with, Hedy was discovered and put into pictures by Walter Wanger, Joan Bennett's most devoted escort. She had, of course, been brought to this country by M-G-M after making the sensational "Ecstasy," but until Walter cast her in "Algiers," she was wasting her beauty on the desert air of Culver City. With the showing of "Algiers," she proved to be the biggest sensation to hit the movie business since Garbo, and everything looked set for her to become the greatest of new stars. M-G-M hurriedly put her in "I Take This Woman." The name "Lamarr" was used as synonymous with sex appeal, come-hither, charm and all the other desirable attributes of enchantment, but "I Take This Woman" was shelved and, after a long delay, "Lady of the Tropics" was started.

Meanwhile, Joan Bennett had changed her hair from the light blonde she had always worn it on the screen to a dark brown, and then she had proceeded to part that dark brown hair right smack in the middle. Certainly she had a perfect right to do so if she chose to, and you wouldn't expect anything so simple as that to start a revolution, except that when you looked at Joan, you saw that in dark hair she looked enough like Hedy Lamarr to be her twin. Also while Hedy, through no fault of her own, was

S. JOAN BENNETT

Hollywood Feuds

*Shades of the good old days—
glamour girl wars against glam-
our girl on the Hollywood front*

waiting around for a second picture, Joan made the highly successful "Trade Winds," and followed that up, still dark-haired, by the even more successful "Man in the Iron Mask." In other words, Joan looked like Lamarr and acted like the daughter of five generations of good actors which is just what she is, and a very neat combination that does make, too.

Right about then, Joan, who was interested in Hedy because Wanger had discovered her, proceeded to introduce Miss Lamarr to Gene Markey, who is Joan's ex-husband. Hedy called Joan up the next day to say that Gene was fascinating (which he is), and Joan called Gene to say that he had scored a terrific hit with Hedy (which he had), and the next thing you know Mr. Markey and Miss Lamarr were man and wife, with Reggie Gardiner, who had been Hedy's escort up until that time, left very much out in the cold.

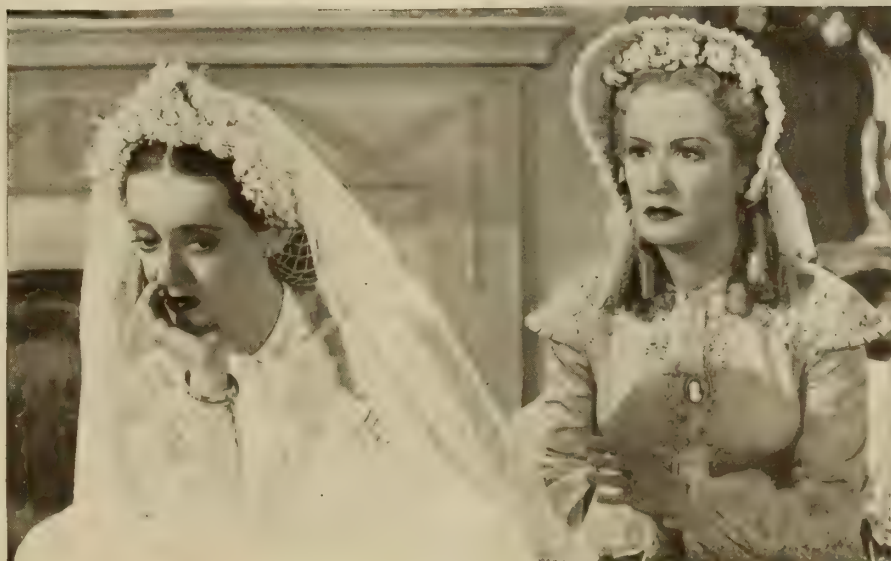
Enter, then, the person of Miss Melinda Markey, the very beautiful, very provocative and very small daughter of Gene Markey and Joan Bennett.

Now Joan Bennett is one of those girls who has a genuine passion for maternity. Give her the choice between love, wealth, a career or her daughters and she would not waver for an instant. She would take her children if she had to sacrifice the whole world for them. In fact it was to support her first baby and bring her up magnificently that Joan went out into the world—a divorcee, at eighteen—and literally went hungry until she got her first big break in pictures. There is not one detail of the lives of Ditty, the older daughter, or Melinda, the younger, that Joan does not supervise. Nothing from their diet, to their posture, their schooling, or their clothes is left to chance.

So, therefore, when Joan, in response to Gene's request, said that she preferred not to have Melinda visit his new home because she felt a five-year-old was much too young to understand about "Daddy's new

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La Bennett won't play. She's having no part in a violent feud. But worse revolutions have been started for less than what Joan has done. In the meantime, Hollywood's having its day



Norma—intelligent, calm, reserved. Joan—impulsive, generous, warm. Theirs is that eternal conflict between mind and emotions—and a bitter one, too

The trail is dark and hidden (by the publicity department) in the Bette Davis-Miriam Hopkins battle—but we were the profiteers in the feud that went on during the making of "The Old Maid"



Don't pull a Veloz and Yolanda Beware of the "Swallow Complex"

Hollywood's leading exponents of graceful ballroom dancing pull no punches in their dos and don'ts for Terpsichoreans

I MUST say I'm grateful for the chance to let loose about this ballroom dancing business. I've plenty to say. As a matter of fact, I think I've been working up to this for a long time, through what seems like endless years of sitting at floor tables watching the great American public put on its dumb-show of comedy and few enough manners—to dance music.

Heaven knows what Butch Romero is going to say over there on that other page. It's his job to advise the men so their partners on the waxed floor won't feel like biting the arm that guides them. I drew the females. And I hope they can take it.

Of course, the first thing to consider is choice of dates, if you have a choice. You may know an awfully sweet boy who is perfectly nice at other social exercises, but who turns into a "roamer" on a dance floor. I mean one of those fellows who brings his date in, leaves her at the bar, and starts asking other girls to dance with him. Or he may get a "Swallow Complex" as soon as he's had a few drinks, swooping all over the place and causing collisions. You cannot convince a boy in this state that he is not dancing in a manner to strike bitter envy into the breasts of Veloz and Yolanda, if they could but watch. So don't try.

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What's Wrong with

ATTENTION, GIRLS!

BY JOAN CRAWFORD

AS TOLD TO



Dance or get off the floor Don't step on his feet



Pull in your derriere



Don't flirt over his shoulder





Right position for man's arm

Don't jitterbug

Your Dancing?

ATTENTION, BOYS!

BY CESAR ROMERO

HOWARD SHARPE

I'VE just finished reading Joan's advice to the ladies (she would get her story finished first). And, Gentlemen, if the maidens read with humble eye, accept her admonitions and reform, we've got to show our appreciation in some tangible way. Such as a truckload of orchids, purchased by subscribed collection, or something.

Because imagine having a date with a girl who kept her hat out of our noses, her make-up off our coats, her heels out of the cuffs of our pants, and didn't ever try to lead. All at one and the same time!

It's going to take a bit of doing, though, living up to a dance partner à la Crawford.

That hour before you get into your roadster and barrel on over to pick her up is just as important with you as it is with your girl. For one thing, don't try to get by on your morning shave. I've asked a lot of Hollywood women for straight answers on this and they've admitted they're less irritated by the looks of a good honest stubble than by the way it feels. No shave, no love life.

You don't have to worry about clothes quite as much as the gals do, because men's clothes are more or less standardized, but if there's a choice, I'd say be as conservative as you can. Particularly, when you're going dancing, wear suits that make you look taller than you are. Women have the advantage of high heels, but we can make use of pin-stripes and well-cut jackets and even tails, if the dance is a swank affair.

If you've never danced with a particular girl before, it's a good idea not to wear white shoes. Women like to yell about men walking on feminine toes, just as we make a noise about female drivers. But half the time it's the girl who takes a little rest on our shoe tops, unless both sides of the couple are accomplished steppers or very used to each other.

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POSED ESPECIALLY FOR PHOTOPLAY
BY MISS CRAWFORD AND MR. ROMERO
AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY HYMAN FINK



Don't hang onto a man's neck

Don't get make-up on his coat

Wrong position for girl's arm

Hark you well, lassies, who would the belle of the ball be! Above, left, Joan illustrates the correct position for the girl's arm to rest on her partner's. But Cesar breaks one of his own cardinal rules (above) when he brings his arm too far under Joan's right arm. His left arm, however, is in the correct position. Read and learn, kiddies, then, in Joan's own words, "HappyProm" to you

WILL "THE GRAPES OF WRATH"



From "The Grapes of Wrath": "Cars . . . wrecks . . . abandoned . . . What happened to the folks?"



"I'll work for food. The kids. You ought to see them."



John Steinbeck



Nunnally Johnson

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The most discussed book in many years is "Grapes of Wrath." The fact that its author, John Steinbeck, deals with a phase of American life in which great social injustice is apparent has led to the rumor that when Darryl Zanuck bought the motion picture rights forces more powerful than Zanuck would prevent his making the picture—at least with all the power and vigor contained in the original book. Many people are shocked by the startlingly realistic dialogue and situations painted ruthlessly by John Steinbeck and so the story has grown that "Grapes of Wrath" will never be filmed. Therefore I went to Nunnally Johnson, famous writer and producer, who was entrusted with the task of adapting the book to the movies, and asked him to give the readers of PHOTOPLAY a frank and fearless statement of the real facts. I am proud to be able to present it herewith.

—E. V. H.

Even John Steinbeck, author of the year's most daring book, believed the picture would never be made. Here's the answer from this famous producer and writer who adapted it

BY NUNNALLY JOHNSON

LAST April, when Twentieth Century-Fox bought "The Grapes of Wrath," I went to New York to talk to John Steinbeck regarding its conversion into a screen play, and we had scarcely reached the olive in the first Martini when he asked me what the hell was this rumor that the company had got the story for the sole purpose of ditching it.

That was the first time I heard the report, but not the last by a long shot. The way it came to Steinbeck, the banks that finance the movies were putting the finger on the book by authorizing Darryl F. Zanuck, production head of Twentieth Century-Fox, to buy it and bury it and forget it, at any price and on the house.

Since the bankers who finance the movies were unlikely to let me in on any such Machiavellian maneuver as that, I hardly knew what to say. Odd things happen in Hollywood. But I doubted it. For one thing, my last recollection of Zanuck before I left the studio was that of a man shouting with excitement. For another, if the book were dead what was the point of adding to the cost of the funeral by assigning me and my pay to it? Once you've got the corpse set in the casket you don't go out and



Darryl Zanuck

BE SHELVED?



Give each habitation some kind of automobile"

Farm Security Administration Photographs



"Men who had never been hungry saw the eyes of the hungry"

treat it to a spring wardrobe. For still a third, it wasn't a Book of the Month, and so I didn't see how a banker could have heard of it, much less read it.

But that was all I could tell Steinbeck, and I admit it wasn't much. So I suppose it goes without saying that he remained skeptical—polite, to be sure, but clearly skeptical. Nor, incidentally, has his skepticism ever abated, even when he read and approved the script of the screen play. And he'll still be dubious until he has seen the picture on the screen—for which, God knows, I don't blame him.

A dozen times I came on the rumor in New York and for months afterward in Hollywood, until here at the studio we became resigned to it, as a man with a harelip becomes resigned to his affliction. Movie gossip writers, working with that crystal ball which is standard equipment for slightly incompetent journalists, fed the campaign with dark and mysterious hints of information straight from the old feedbox. Zanuck was bluffing. Zanuck had to assign a writer to the story simply to save his face. Zanuck was going to fenagle Will Hays into banning it, for the same reason. Zanuck was secretly begging the Governor of California to intercede.

Parenthetically, I must say that Zanuck loved it. "Show me a man who can prove that I spent \$70,000 for a book in order to shelve it," he said, "and I'll make a picture about him!" Nothing improves Zanuck's disposition like a good stiff rumor that he'll never do it. His spirits rise, soft drinks flow like water in his office, and it is a first-rate time to hit him for a raise or a vacation. Close parenthesis.

Since then, a number of agencies have indicated their antagonism to the book by passing resolutions against it and in some instances by barring it from public libraries. A woman writer, Ruth Comfort Mitchell, wife of former California State Senator Sangborn Young, has announced her intention to answer "The Grapes of Wrath" with a novel based on the odd premise that the California rancher is himself a tragic

figure in that he "faces a great problem in these homeless hordes of poverty-stricken dust-bowl refugees who camp on his property and beg for work." In her novel, she promises there will also be a pure love story. Behind her intention was the contention of many Californians, that Steinbeck's book was unjust to the conditions in that state.

FOR my part, I found only one implied charge in "The Grapes of Wrath" that was wholly indefensible. This was the wholesale recruiting of ignorant dust-bowl refugees by means of handbills and newspaper advertisements by unscrupulous labor agents. Who should bear the responsibility for these agents and their methods, I do not know. But I confirmed Steinbeck's charges regarding them by obtaining photostat copies of both handbills and advertisements. That they did lure many times as many men as they had jobs, as Steinbeck claimed, was clear on the surface.

But the company, purely as a matter of precaution and for its own satisfaction, engaged a private investigation to check on conditions in the counties where the Okies have settled in California. Without distrusting Steinbeck's material, it was felt advisable to have at hand, in cases of attack, something more specific by way of answer than a book of fiction, however well documented. This investigation, while it found summer conditions somewhat better than they have been and may again be during winter, disclosed no reason why we should modify the tell-

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"I seen a thing in the paper says they need folks to pick fruit" . . . "Look, it don't make no sense. This fella wants eight hunderd men . . . An' maybe two-three thousan' folks get movin' account a this here han'-bill." Here's proof of the ads and handbills which started the migration

THE DAILY OKLAHOMAN,
OKLAHOMA CITY, Sunday,
September 26, 1937.

Help Wanted—Male

5,000 COTTON PICKERS WANTED
Coolidge, Ariz. wanted near Phoenix and
Staple Cotton. Growers will large acreage;
per acre. Good pickers now yield 1 1/2 to 2
lbs. daily. Come soon for 300 lbs. to 400
work. Climate warm, dry, all several months
climate. Pickers last fall and winter days.
Free. Come to Houses or Tents provided
or Farm Labor Service, 28
son, Phoenix, Arizona.

EXPERIENCED radio repair
car and
permanence cor
and

800
PEA PICKERS
Wanted!

700 Acres of Good Peas
about 20 miles West of
Santa Maria, California,
near Longpolk, Calif.
Good Camp, Good Wat-
er and Store.

BUSY ALL SEASON
WILL START ABOUT
FEBRUARY 25th or
MARCH 1st.

THE DAILY OKLAHOMAN,
OKLAHOMA CITY,
SUNDAY,
OCTOBER 31, 1937

COTTON pickers—Several thousand still
wanted to arrive here before Novem-
ber 15th; growers paying 85c hundred for
short staple; first picking free; ideal cli-
mate; houses or tents; fall and winter days.
Farm Labor Service, 28 West Jefferson,
Phoenix, Ariz.
OKLAZ, daily, doing job print, needs; two
thirder for adn, job work; good ques
type employes.
unrock, 7

Today—top contender for old-time stardom

Yesterday—a blonde song-and-dance girl



Culver

Tenth Avenue Girl

THE RAGS-TO-RICHES NOVEL
ALICE FAYE ACTUALLY LIVED
BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

WOMEN are made and molded by love, by the quality of their love and the kind of man they love and the things of the soul love teaches them. That is the law of life. No woman, perhaps, has ever become a great actress without that heartbreak that makes her kin to the sorrow and glory of every woman.

The magic of it reaches out from the stage, from the screen, and touches other hearts, the magic of it turns to truth and beauty everything it touches.

It has been written of Alice Faye that she was never in love with Rudy Vallee. That, of course, is pure nonsense. Lucky for the girl who stands today at the very peak of stardom, who to the amazement of everyone has changed from a blonde song-and-dance glamour girl to a fine artist, that she was in love with Rudy. Without that love—not without Vallee but without those emotional adventures through which he led her—she might never have grown up.

Plain, too, that he loved her in a way he has never loved anyone else and that with her he



might have found that happiness in love which has always escaped him. But that, as the story shows, was his own fault.

1931. "The George White Scandals." Hit show of the town. Stage door open at last. "Good evening, Bill," to the stage doorman. Heels echoing through the dark, silent theater. The crowded dressing room, flooded with a white, hot light, the smell of grease paint, the girls rushing, giggling, shouting, their high young voices filling the room.

"Hi, there, Miss Alice, you're late. Get going." "He was a nice guy but he wanted to do the tango at the Stork Club and he couldn't find no place to park his feet but on my new slippers." "Who's got my lipstick? I wish you little girls would leave my lipstick be, that's all I wish." "Where you going tonight? There's a party at—" "Naw, my feller's in town. Say, do you think I'd like to live in Texas?"

The theater—the real theater—at last.

Tall girls, dark and blonde and redheaded. Among them, just one of them, the youngest and most inexperienced, Alice Faye of Tenth Avenue. Towel around her hair, eyes intent—cold cream, grease paint, lipstick, mascara. "Come on, girls—overture—" How wonderful. Overture. Everybody frantic, peering wildly at the long mirrors for the last time, scrambling down the iron stairs like a lot of puppies, breathless as the curtain went up and their feet began to keep time.

Alice Faye in the front row of the "Scandals." Heart beating fast with excitement—with triumph. This—why, this was Success.

WEST SIDE still—but a hotel now. Funny old hotel not very far from Madison Square Garden, not many blocks from where she was born, crowded with old-time vaudevillians, song-and-dance men, comedians out of work. Talk of the old days, talk that fascinated Alice, made her feel that she had entered a new world. "I was with George M. Cohan that year—" or "Unless you saw Lillian Lorraine—" and the haggard young woman who had been with Marilyn Miller in "Sally." Marilyn Miller—idol of little Alice Faye. If I could ever dance like Marilyn Miller—ever, ever, ever.

The days when worn-out, scuffed shoes for her and the boys had been a tragedy, the days when you were lucky to have a Sunday dress, when you stared into the windows on Fifth Avenue and could hardly believe some people could just walk in and buy such beautiful things, those days were receding. Little Alice was getting almost as much a week now as Papa used to get a month as a member of New York's finest.

The nice things she had always wanted—a bottle of perfume, a black evening dress with spangles, two pairs of shoes with high heels—they weren't impossible now. The mink coat she had dreamed about wasn't something forever out of reach.

But those things were only side issues, really.

Love and scandal walked hand in hand when Fate lifted Alice Faye (far right) from the front line of the chorus of "The George White Scandals," starring Rudy Vallee, to the ranks of featured singer with the band of radio's King. But it was Judge Hyman Bushel (below) who first recognized the talents of this child of the tenements, whose laughter was always too close to tears



She wanted to help Papa and Mama and give the boys a better break if she could, but the real joy lay in the theater itself, in dancing to blissful music, in hoping some day she'd get a chance.

Off the stage then, applause pattering behind, giggling in the dark wings, shoving each other, and maybe, "Oh, good evening, Mr. Vallee," as they passed the young radio star who had swept the nation with his crooning.

"I think he's kinda cute," one of them would say.

"Sure,—" from Miss Texas, "but he's high-hat, you ask me."

"I like the way he sings," Alice would say, watching the curlyhead out of the corner of her eye.

After all, she was only a chorus girl and he was the star of the show. Star, with his name in big lights. But, at that, she felt sort of sorry for him. He acted so nice and pleasant and he hadn't been in a big show before, either. Sometimes she thought, for all the way he could sing and his showmanship, that he was kind of scared himself. Why, when Willie Howard started to rib him, he'd turn scarlet and just stand there laughing—one night he laughed so hard it broke up the show. Poor lamb, Alice thought. I bet he's just like anybody else if you got to know him.

So she always smiled at him, shyly, because she had that funny idea of being sorry for him,

and it was pretty silly for Alice Faye to be sorry for the great Rudy Vallee.

Of course, she knew he was a bridegroom. He had just married that dark, exotic-looking girl from Hollywood, Fay Webb. Well, she was pretty lucky at that, getting a fine boy like Rudy Vallee, with all that money, too. Alice and the girls stared at her pictures sometimes—Mrs. Rudy Vallee—and Miss Texas would remark, "I guess she's all right, but I don't like that gloomy, black type myself. I bet she makes him plenty trouble before they're through."

None of them thought that Alice Faye would be in the very center of that typhoon of trouble which was to engulf Rudy Vallee and his wife.

ALICE was sixteen, then, and she had never been in love. Never even thought she was in love. Boys—oh, sure—there had always been boys hanging around, even when she was in grammar school, men when she was on the road with the Chester Hale dancing unit. But Alice somehow had never gone for any of them. Alice was terribly shy, so shy that her family kidded her about it. Even her brothers admitted she was kind of a pretty kid; you'd think a girl who looked like Alice wouldn't always be in a dither every time she met a new man. She was always ducking some guy on the phone. "Tell him I'm not in, Billy, will you?"

Sixteen. She was just sixteen when she met
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Happiness for Janet

DESIGNED BY
ADRIAN

To the tune of Hollywood's most romantic courtship, the little Gaynor adds marriage to her song of love

BY RUTH WATERBURY

IT IS necessary to your understanding of the love story of Janet Gaynor and Gilbert Adrian to know that the little Gaynor is not what she seems.

On the screen she looks naïve as a baby doll and about as mental, but in person she is not only intelligent but definitely sophisticated, not only a reader but a true student of psychology and the more involved philosophies.

As for Adrian, he is exactly what he looks: Sensitive, intelligent, artistic, worldly and utterly charming. For more than ten years he has been in Hollywood making clothes for glamour girls. He has long been one of Garbo's closest confidants and has never betrayed that confidence. He could tell you enough about Shearer, Crawford, MacDonald, Loy or any of the other Metro darlings to fill a book. But he doesn't. He makes a quip, once in a while, when he is among friends with one-way ears, but otherwise he stays silent, smiling just a shade cynically.

Therefore, inured as he was to femininity in the fitting room, the last thing he expected when Miss Janet Gaynor came to Metro to make "Three Loves Has Nancy," only a little over a year ago, was that in August of 1939 he would be married to her. For Adrian (everyone, even Janet, calls him merely by his surname, which is the only one he uses professionally) has never been in love before. Furthermore, during the "Three Loves Has Nancy" period, Janet, who has been in love again and again, was dashing about with no lesser heartthrob than the darkly romantic Tyrone Power.

By sheerest accident, Adrian and Janet had missed meeting each other up until that time. They had in common numerous friends who predicted, with great accuracy, that once they were introduced they would be very keen for each other. But Adrian goes to few parties and so does Janet. Even when Janet had been at Metro to make "Small Town Girl" a few seasons earlier, the studio hadn't considered her

important enough to turn her over to Adrian's fine talents, so they didn't run across each other then. But on the morning she reported to his studio to be gowned as *Nancy*, love walked right in, though neither of them could believe it at the time.

Now people go around saying they are "ripe for a cold," or "ready for a nervous breakdown," so I don't know why I shouldn't say that Adrian was undoubtedly at that very moment ready for his first serious love and that Janet, though she probably didn't realize it, was ready for a variation from the usual Hollywood male.

That latter is meant as not too much of a slam at the Hollywood males, either. They are the

most delightful of human creatures—so long as a girl doesn't take them seriously. But Janet, you see, is serious under that strawberry ice-cream exterior of hers, and furthermore, she had a terrific load of Hollywood males, starting with Herb Moulton way back in 1927 and carrying right on up to Mr. Power in 1938. Between those two romantic mileposts in her life there had been such sundry as Philip Thompson, Al Scott, Lydell Peck (she married and divorced him), Gene Raymond, Charlie Farrell (supposedly her big romance), Russell Birdwell and several others. Adrian, while he is of Hollywood and rich from Hollywood, is no more a

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The giddiest glamour girl could not have resisted the poetic courting of Adrian, and the ring Janet wears above spells its own story



... salt, massage your
... of your spine and work
... our head. When the first supp
... lt is exhausted have another at
... be rewarded for this heroic treat-
... it will start your circulation. It will
... od from your brain. And it will get
... h the day—even if you don't believe
... a start your massage. (Davies)
... you know in advance that the toasts
... ny, pour a drink before you leave
... make it two tablespoons of olive oil.

HOW

IT'S NOTHING SERIOUS

voice first. You'll Sister"

Hollywood's most recent marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Aherne

OLIVIA SEES *Her Sister's Romance*

"I save them to think about," she
says, "just like a piece of cake"

BY IDA ZEITLIN

OLIVIA and Joan were always saying the house was too small. Neither had enough closet space in her bedroom. And the connecting bathroom had definitely been a mistake. It seemed as if Joan were forever taking a shower at the life-and-death moment when Livvie had to get her make-up on.

Now Livvie can spread herself all over the place. She can hang her overflow in Joan's exclosets. She doesn't have to wail through her sister's splashings: "Joanie, I'm going to be late for my date."

She's finding it a little hard to get used to. Sometimes, she told me on the "Elizabeth and Essex" set a few days ago, sometimes catching a glimpse of the bed in which Joan won't sleep any more, she closes the door quickly, her heart

wrung by her first realization that the dear familiar patterns of life do change.

Then from the back of her mind, as a child takes a treasure out of a box, she takes Joan and Brian. "I save them to think about," she says, "just like a piece of cake. When I want to think of something that will make me happy, I think of them."

She was in bed with a cold when Joan came into her room one morning. "Brian and I are going to be married," said her sister calmly—so calmly that Olivia didn't quite take it in. She knew that Joan had been seeing a good deal of Mr. Aherne, but so had she seen a good deal of other men before him. She'd always brought her doubts and problems for discussion to Olivia who, though the elder by only a year, feels

motherly at times. "Funny," she was thinking now. "Joanie hasn't really talked to me much about Brian."

"Do you mean it?" she asked slowly.

"I never meant anything more."

"Is that why you went up to Saratoga together?"

"That's why. He wanted to see all the places and people I'd known as a child." She turned a little shy, and Olivia's throat tightened. "He said it was all part of me, so he wanted to know about it too—Livvie—" She sat down on the edge of the bed, and her eyes held a look that her sister had never seen before. "Livvie, we found the most beautiful little church in Del Monte, all ivy and peace. That's where we're

(Continued on page 80)

Miracle Men

The most obstinate bulge is a pushover for these prestidigitators of the massage table. A cure for everything

to a fallen arch.

on the stars

ets on to you

FLETCHER

health. And no

Throughout this series, unless you feel fit you can't give your best performance as an individual. You'll have headaches and crepey skin and hangovers, of course, unless you're a goddess. But you'll get rid of them, unless you're a goof—especially now that these miracle men from the film capital present you with their hitherto secret formulas, exercises, and advice.

If the stars galumphed around heavy-eyed, full of minor complaints, and with their bulges bulging, the skillful efforts of their make-up men, hairdressers, and dress designers would be of no avail. It is, actually, the transformations which the studio health experts work in Hollywood's gentry that give the make-up men, hairdressers, and dress designers something worthwhile to work with.

Consider our expert experts for this month. We're tremendously impressed with them. We admit it.

James Davies, who first performed his brand of miracles during the World War when he kept British soldiers in condition, insists we always should be in fighting trim, every last one of us. "What difference," he asks, "whether it's an approaching army, the critical eyes of social and business associates, or a family party you're about to face?" And who are we to disagree with a man before whom the most temperamental Paramount stars are as docile as baby lambs?

Sammy Waxman used to have a health clinic in Beverly Hills; and very fashionable it was, too. But when he did an amazing job getting a studio executive into shape he had to close his plate-glass doors. RKO told him to name his own figure. He did, laughing. But they took him seriously. For which the stars on that lot sing loud hosannas. They know wizards like Sammy are few and very far between.

Lewis Hippe not only keeps the stars from taking on the excess baggage of fat; he keeps them feeling top-hole too. Whether it's headaches, double chins, or hiccoughs that worry people on the Warner lot they make a beeline to Hippe. They know from experience that he knows from experience. And he effects his cures so quickly that you might expect him to

The night before

The morning after—take milk

AT WORK TO MAKE YOU LOVELIER

wear a turban and mutter mumbo-jumbo—if it wasn't for the cold, scientific gleam in his eyes. First of all our experts give their attention to:

THE MORNING AFTER AND THE NIGHT BEFORE

1. If you have reason to believe you might wake in the morning with that old feeling Robert Benchley describes as "butterflies on your stomach," drink half a pint of cold milk before you retire and another upon awakening. (Davies)

2. When you've been very, very indiscreet and you didn't drink milk night and morning, it's crushed ice and table salt you need. Not internally; externally! With a handful of ice and half that quantity of salt, massage your back. Begin at the bottom of your spine and work up to the base of your head. When the first supply of ice and salt is exhausted have another at hand. You'll be rewarded for this heroic treatment. For it will start your circulation. It will draw the blood from your brain. And it will get you through the day—even if you don't believe it when you start your massage. (Davies)

3. When you know in advance that the toasts will be many, pour a drink before you leave home—but make it two tablespoons of olive oil. (Waxman)

WHEN IT'S NOTHING SERIOUS

Backaches: Exercise first. Touch the floor with your fingertips, without bending your knees. Then bend sideways, raising your left heel as you bend to the right, and raising your right heel as you bend to the left. Then, limbered up, get heat on your back. Use bath towels soaked in one gallon of water and two pounds of Epsom salts. The first towels should be only comfortably hot but the last—the sixth and seventh—should be good and hot. Always change the towels immediately they begin to cool. (Hippe)

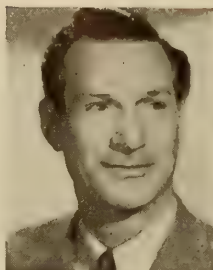
Headaches: Press against your temples with the balls of your hands. Then press against the center of your forehead. And last of all, press against that little lump you'll find high in the center of your neck, just under your brain. If you have someone to help you, so much the better for then pressure can be exerted front and back at the same time. Lastly, draw your fingers across your forehead from the center to the temples. Two minutes of this routine usually is sufficient. But if yours is a stubborn headache be equally stubborn with your treatment. (Hippe)

Headaches which come from eyestrain and produce a tightness in the back of the neck—such as those who sit over a desk or typewriter and retard their circulation are prone to have—require the base of the brain be massaged. Take a towel. Roll it lengthwise. And *pull* it from right to left at the base of your brain. Use it so it actually massages the muscles there. (Davies)

Hiccoughs: It isn't enough to excuse yourself, you must cure yourself. Have someone who is kindly disposed place the palms of his hands over your ears so no air can get into your eardrums. While he presses hard, drink a glass of water. Drink it down at once, or in two or three hard gulps, without taking a breath in between. When you've finished the water, the pressure over your ears should be continued for about twenty seconds, so that you feel a suction when it is removed. A glass of water, you see, is only half the cure for hiccoughs. You can't breathe

(Continued on page 34)

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SHERMUND



James Davies



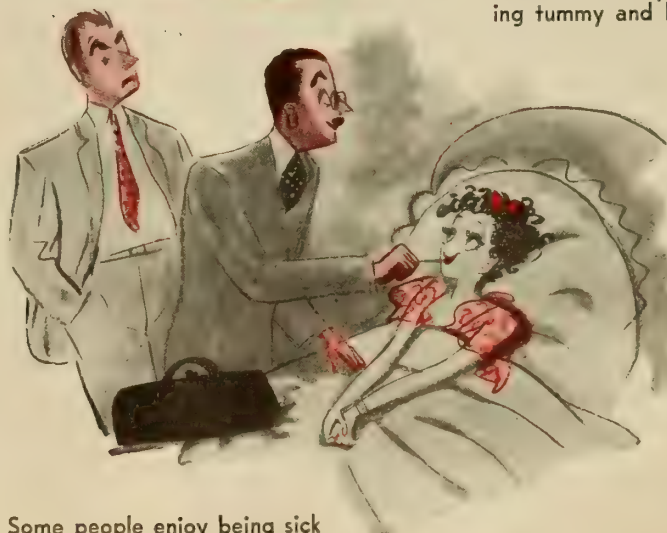
It's a cinch for these Hollywood legerdemainists to transform a heavy-eyed goof into a starry-eyed goddess



To give your best performance, you can't have a lot of minor complaints. Get rid of that widow's bump, those tired eyes, that headache, your bulging tummy and backache



Lewis Hippe



Some people enjoy being sick

They're Talking About...

BY

MARIAN RHEA



Guilty—of Scene Larceny

FOR all she is a character actress with a special flair for playing screen mothers, Barbara O'Neil knows the meaning of glamour. She knows it because her own life has been glamorous.

In the first place, she is the daughter of a poet, David O'Neil. She has traveled extensively in Europe and the Orient. She learned to speak several languages before she reached her teens; to design and make her own clothes; to dance like a small Pavlova; to paint with the sure touch of a born artist.

The O'Neils lived abroad many years and by the time they were ready to return to their home in St. Louis, Missouri, where Barbara was born, she had decided to stop off in New York and embark on a dramatic career. She had never had experience, but she did finally win a spot with the University Players. A break in the Broadway play, "Carrie Nation," led to other Broadway successes. Whereupon Samuel Goldwyn saw her and brought her to Hollywood to play a mother role in "Stella Dallas." A second mother role, *Scarlett O'Hara's* in "Gone with the Wind," has followed, but Universal producers gave her younger roles in "The Sun Never Sets" and "When Tomorrow Comes." In the latter picture she made her greatest hit. In fact, in her big scene with Irene Dunne, she steals the lime-light completely.

Barbara is twenty-eight years old. She has never married. Her interest in Hollywood is purely professional, and she "commutes" here for pictures. Her real home is in Greenwich, Connecticut, where she lives with her author-brother, William O'Neil. In Greenwich she has assembled one of the strangest hobbies imaginable. A collection of some two hundred merry-go-round horses! Another hobby is boxing. Ernest Hemingway, who taught her to box, says she has a left like Jack Dempsey's!

Cleopatra's Stand-In

HE is a former collar ad model. He even posed once for a magazine cover portrait of Cleopatra when the artist's feminine model failed to show up. He writes poetry. He's a sucker for a sob story. Like many another screen villain, he has an awful yen to play comedy or "straight" roles. Still, after "Union Pacific," and more specifically, "Beau Geste," it looks as if Brian Donlevy will keep on being a screen villain.

Brian has been around Hollywood since his hit role in "The Milky Way" brought him west to play the same part in Harold Lloyd's screen version. But the picture was delayed. Sam Goldwyn saw him and put him in "Barbary Coast," as a double-dyed villain. He clicked—and has been a villain ever since.

Brian, who is six feet tall, was born in Ireland, but has lived in this country ever since he was a baby. He went to school in various places, winding up in St. John's Military Academy in Delafield, Wisconsin, and later in the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis—interrupting his schooling, however, to serve as a bugler in the Mexican Punitive Expedition. During the World War, he joined the Lafayette Escadrille, and, attached to a flying corps, was wounded twice.

Back in this country and a student at Annapolis, he became interested in theatricals and finally left the Academy to try his fortune on Broadway. He wasn't too lucky at first but dramatic success came his way at last. Now, however, having cast his lot with pictures, he and his former-actress wife, Marjorie Lane, live quietly but very happily in Westwood, in an English cottage. Brian's leisure time is spent prospecting for gold. He is serious about it! He owns a mine near Death Valley. He means to make a million some day—and not in the movies, either!

Make Room, Deanna

UNIVERSAL STUDIOS seem to be child-singer minded since the advent of Deanna Durbin. And now, since "The Under-Pup," it looks as though they have found a second Deanna in the person of eleven-year-old Gloria Jean, who can sing like a Galli-Curci, and act as well.

Gloria, whose real name is Gloria Jean Schoonover, was discovered by Producer Joe Pasternak one morning when she was trying out for a radio engagement. He signed her the same day and brought her, with her mother, to Hollywood for five months' special training.

Gloria was born in Buffalo, New York, where her father was a welding instructor. But when he changed from welding instructor to piano salesman, the family moved to Scranton, Pennsylvania. She was quite a local celebrity there, taking part in school, church and civic entertainments. Her father insists she could sing at the age of eighteen months—and learned the words of songs before she learned conversation.

Gloria thinks being in pictures is exactly like an exciting game. And on top of her exciting career, she has learned to ride, and to swim like an expert. Gloria's biggest thrill, however, has been meeting Deanna. Deanna is her "truest ideal," she vouchsafes, quaintly.

In appearance, Gloria somehow doesn't resemble the average child movie actress. Certainly she isn't pretty, for all her lovely red-gold, naturally curly hair and sweetly curved little mouth. Like a good many other children she has to wear braces on her teeth. Still, she has a singularly sweet smile.

Gloria's money is being stowed away in the bank, "for when I go to college," she explained to me. She is in the sixth grade. She thinks that if she studies hard next semester, she can jump a grade. "If ol' arithmetic doesn't stop me," she amended.



Gloria Jean



Linda Darnell

Stardust Fell on Texas

THERE is nothing new about an actress concealing her age. But now, there is in Hollywood one who is doing this in a new way. Meaning Linda Darnell, that gorgeous young creature who made the big hit in 20th Century-Fox's "Hotel for Women." Linda is barely sixteen years old. Yet so mature is her beauty, her poise, and her histrionic talents, that her studio, wishing to present her in sophisticated roles, has actually added a couple of years!

Linda's real name is Monetta Eloyse Darnell. She was born in Dallas, Texas, the fourth of six children. She was precocious from infancy, her mother, Mrs. Calvin Roy Darnell, admits. In school she was an honor student, leading lady in practically every school entertainment, and a Camp Fire girl; in addition she was a member of Dallas' Cathedral Players and one of the best known photographers' models in the Southwest. She was chosen by McClelland Barclay as one of the models used in exploiting the Dallas Fair.

A 20th Century-Fox talent scout, Ivan Kahn, visited Dallas, was impressed by Linda and, a few weeks later, wired her to come to Hollywood for a screen test. That was early in 1938. She did, but the test was n.g. She was too young, they told her, so she went home again and back to school. A year later she submitted photographs to "Gateway to Hollywood," a screen talent search. She lost out in the contest, but 20th Century-Fox signed her. "Hotel for Women" was her first picture. Her next role is opposite Tyrone Power in "Daytime Wife."

Of course, she's excited about it all. She has few dates, and those studio arranged. She goes to school on the lot. And when she is working a manicurist has to follow her around with a supply of artificial fingernails, ready for emergency use. You see, she bites her own. No, it is not nervousness. Just youth.

In His Father's Footsteps

LINGUIST, musician and student; an actor who animates each role he plays with the force of his arresting personality—small wonder that Joseph Schildkraut is perennially among those whom movie fans applaud. As *Fouquet* in "The Man in the Iron Mask," or as *Bannerjee* in "The Rains Came," he scores consistently.

A naturalized citizen of this country, now, Joseph was born in Vienna some forty-odd years ago, the son of the late Rudolph Schildkraut, stage and screen star of two continents, and spent his boyhood in schools in Vienna, Berlin and Hamburg. After he was graduated from the University of Vienna, he became associated with Max Reinhardt. For eight years, with the exception of a term of service in the Fifth Imperial Dragoons of Austria, he appeared in a long succession of plays, sometimes in company with his father. Ultimately, Broadway producers discovered him and he was brought to New York in 1921 to play in "Liliom" and later hits. A screen career followed, high lighted in 1938 by "The Life of Emile Zola," in which his remarkable portrayal of Dreyfus won him a Motion Picture Academy Award.

Joseph is married to Marie McKay, a non-professional, and lives quietly in Beverly Hills. He has never mixed with the usual "Hollywood crowd;" seldom is seen "out." He prefers to spend his leisure at his piano or with his violin (he has a degree from the Imperial Academy of Music in Berlin), or browsing in his library.

He likes to be called "Pepi," the Austrian nickname for Joseph; he'd rather play chess than eat; he is an amateur movie photographer, but photographs only nature scenes; his mother is his severest dramatic critic. He isn't as tall as one would think, seeing him in pictures—only about five feet, nine inches. It is just that he is so very slender and erect—and imposing.



Joseph Schildkraut

JANEY-PANEY

What a nickname for a lambie-pie like Jane Bryan—but if she can take it, we can, too!



BY SARA HAMILTON

THE telephone was ringing throughout Warner Brothers Studio with an incessant din. "Where's Jane Bryan? Where's Jane Bryan? Where's Jane Bryan?" shouted the casting director to the publicity department, the photograph gallery, the studio dining room, the front gate box.

"Haven't seen her," was the reply to each query. "She hasn't been here."

Still the phones kept up their demanding inquiry, "Where's Jane Bryan?" echoing and re-echoing throughout the Burbank lot. Waitresses, clearing up the tables after luncheon, looked at one another with questioning eyes. Publicity girls raised eyebrows at the press boys. Each knew, without saying a word, that some momentous event had occurred in the life of the freckle-faced Bryan kid.

The telephone was ringing for the twentieth time as Jane entered her own front door in

Brentwood. Nice little *refeened* Janey had been across the way helping to paint a fence and practically had to be turpented to the bone before shaking the hand of Paul Muni. It was only fate, her friends claim, that she could meet the great actor without smelling to high heaven of paint.

"I am happy," said Muni, "that you are to be my new leading lady."

"Janey-Paney" had indeed rounded a corner of her career, and on two wheels at that. For just six hours after her arrival on the lot, she stood before the test cameras, in the quaint costume of a young German peasant girl of the year 1914, and, with a hurriedly assembled accent, tested far into the night with Muni for the picture, "We Are Not Alone." The removal of Dolly Haas from the role after six weeks' shooting opened the way for Jane to step into that holy of holies, the post of leading lady for Muni.

She has lived, this Jane O'Brien (her real name) exactly twenty-one years, which aren't many in which to attain Muni. "But shucks," her close friends say, "things will always happen early to Jane, for she's an old soul."

"An old soul," they say, meaning, I suppose, that her uncanny ability as an actress and the unerring genius within are too mature, too fool-proof to be acquired in her short term of years. These attributes, according to their theory, existed long before the Bryan ego, and have come only to make their home in Janey's being in order to live on as expressions.

If they told Jane their beliefs, she'd say but one thing—and I have five dollars to bet on it. She'd say, "It's spooky." Everything the least bit coincidental is spooky to Jane. Everything. That Irish strain that fevers the imagination with the idea of "Little Folk," that kindles the fancy with strange strains of the supernatural is vividly pronounced in this 1940 model of young womanhood. It's the outstanding characteristic of Jane Bryan and motivates her every thought and deed in real life and, subsequently, on the screen. A blending of this age-old capacity for fantasy with today's hurdy-gurdy of modern tempo. For an actress there could be no richer, rarer combination, and it reveals its presence in Jane by her everlasting, "It's spooky."
(Continued on page 82)

THE *Camera* SPEAKS

The place: The Gables' Valley ranch. The time: Any day between takes of "G.W.T.W." and "Vigil in the Night." The people: Leaders of Hollywood's fast-growing station wagon set—Clark and Carole

Carpenter



ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES
PHOTOPLAY BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD
AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST

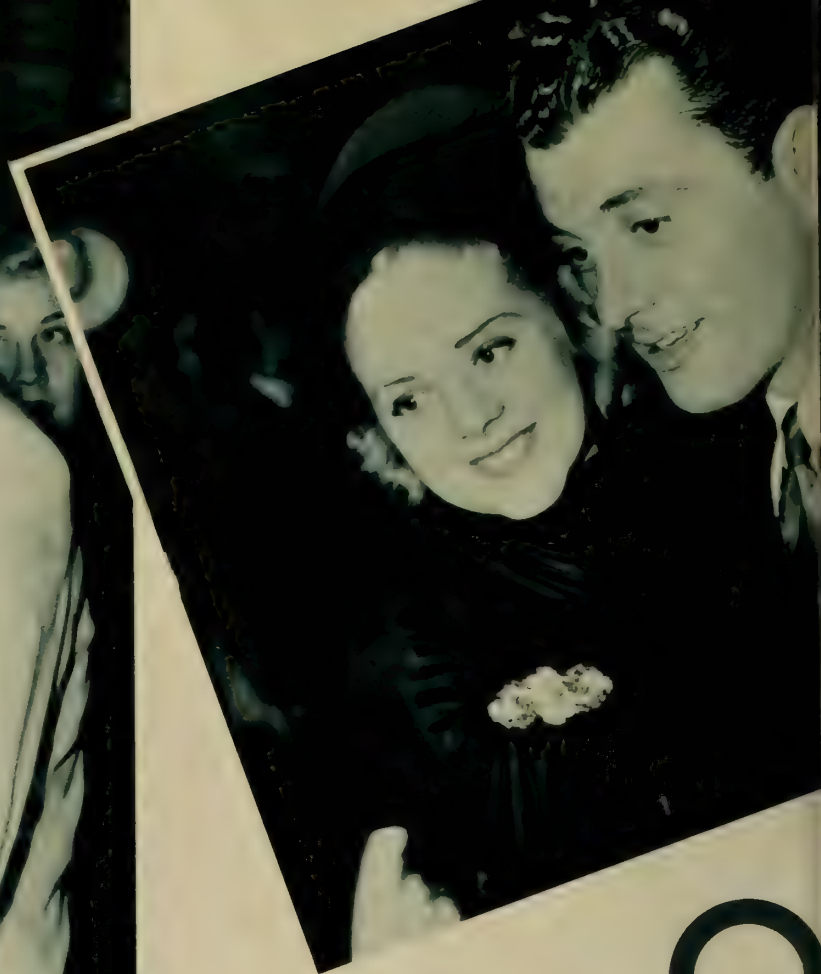
CAMERA MAGIC



*Miss Rosemary, quite contrary,
How can you fool us so?
Although it's true all five are you
They're not the Lane we know!*



Hurrell



Just a girl and a boy dancing at the Coconut Grove—while the whole world asks if they plan to join these happy married couples at the Trocadero. For the girl is a great star, Deanna Durbin, the boy is a 23-year-old assistant director, Vaughn Paul—and the question may be answered on December 4th, when Deanna becomes 18!

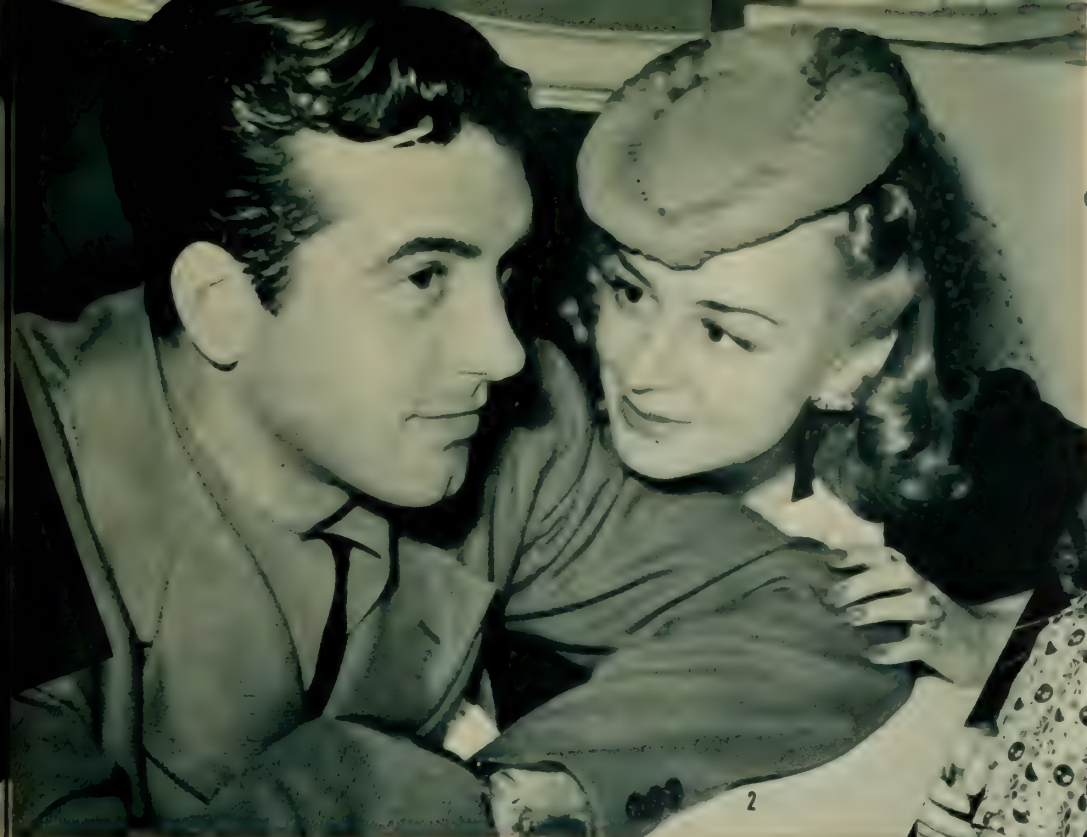
1. Alice Faye and Tony Martin, after two years filled with conflict between their careers, have tried to prove Hollywood marriages can overcome great handicaps

2. When they eloped, John Payne and Anne Shirley were almost as young as Deanna and Vaughn—now they're even more in love after observing their second anniversary

3. Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor spent two and a half years deciding on taking the fatal step. Will filmland's newest and youngest romance hesitate as long?

4. Neither her long illness nor his busy schedule has been able to shake the Fred MacMurray marriage, now more than three years old and getting stronger every day

5. Early in this year's flood of exciting marriages was that of Carole Lombard and Clark Gable—and we're hoping to see them celebrate their silver anniversary



With matrimony breaking out like an epidemic, all Hollywood wonders if Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul will be the next to succumb to the lures of marital bliss



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK



Look

Possibly their Latin blood—despite the blonde hair—accounts for this striking similarity. The first was born in Italy, the second in England—of an Italian mother. Left, Isa Miranda, and right, Binnie Barnes



No wonder the Iowa girl at far right was able to win a contract posing as an experienced British actress! That's the true history of the new dramatic sensation who resembles her so much! Left, Geraldine Fitzgerald—right, Margaret Lindsay



Born in such widely separated spots as Butte, Montana, and Tokyo, Japan, Andrea Leeds (at left) and Olivia de Havilland (at right) look so much alike you have to look twice at their candid shots—to see which is which, without benefit of make-up and costume

Alikes

Startling resemblances that will make you see double! No tricks, no mirrors—just pictures that prove what nature (and Hollywood) can do



You have to put a hat on one—like twins—to tell the two apart! Both British (and, if they're typical, we're taking the next boat to the Isles), Margaret Lockwood (at left) was born in India—Heather Angel (at right) in Oxford



The brunette trend (notice it on these pages?) may explain the likeness of these two, who came from opposite poles of our own continent to portray typical American girls—Marjorie Weaver (at far left) from Tennessee, Ann Rutherford from Canada

Once upon a time, one was the Tasmanian-born portrayer of exotic Oriental roles and the other a Texas schoolgirl. But nowadays, with both of them playing modern screen roles, even their friends are apt to greet newcomer Linda Darnell (far right) as Merle Oberon!



There's something of his ancestor, Sir Henry Morgan, pirate, in Ray Milland, who ran away to sea, served in the King of England's own guard—and zipped through a sizable inheritance in a single year. He just returned from England, where he did "French Without Tears" for Paramount. His next picture is "Untamed"

Riches





Young man with a future: Blue-eyed, brawny William Holden. Yesterday's screen find of the year by virtue of his sterling, first performance

SEEING

EYE TO
EYE



1



3



4

1. RUSSIAN (?) DUET

Rhode Island's Nelson Eddy (as a prince of old Russia) sings with Hungary's Ilona Massey (as a daughter of the Revolution), in "Balalaika"

2. WEDDING MARCH—STILL GOING STRONG

Their silver anniversary already in the past, Eddie and Ida Cantor, at the Troc, still find their greatest happiness in each other's eyes

3. "OTCHI TCHORNYA" A LA SOUTH SEAS

"Dark Eyes" indeed, as Mischa Auer pauses at Dorothy Lamour's Trocadero table with tidings that bring a gasp from the famous sarong girl

4. COLLEGE SONG WITH A ROMANTIC NOTE

In "These Glamour Girls," Idaho's Lana Turner (as a taxi-dancer) is the love light of Minnesota's Lew Ayres (as a university social lion)

5. COCKATOOTLE-TWO IN A PERSIAN GARDEN

Though David Niven nominally shares star billing with Loretta Young in "Eternally Yours," Mickey, the cockatoo, grabs one lavish scene

5



43

Lady Luck helped the four Youngs find their dream house in the Valley

A charming corner of the Youngs' soft-green and gold



The decorator's sketch of the Youngs' French Provincial bedroom—

—and of the living room, carried out exactly, as shown above

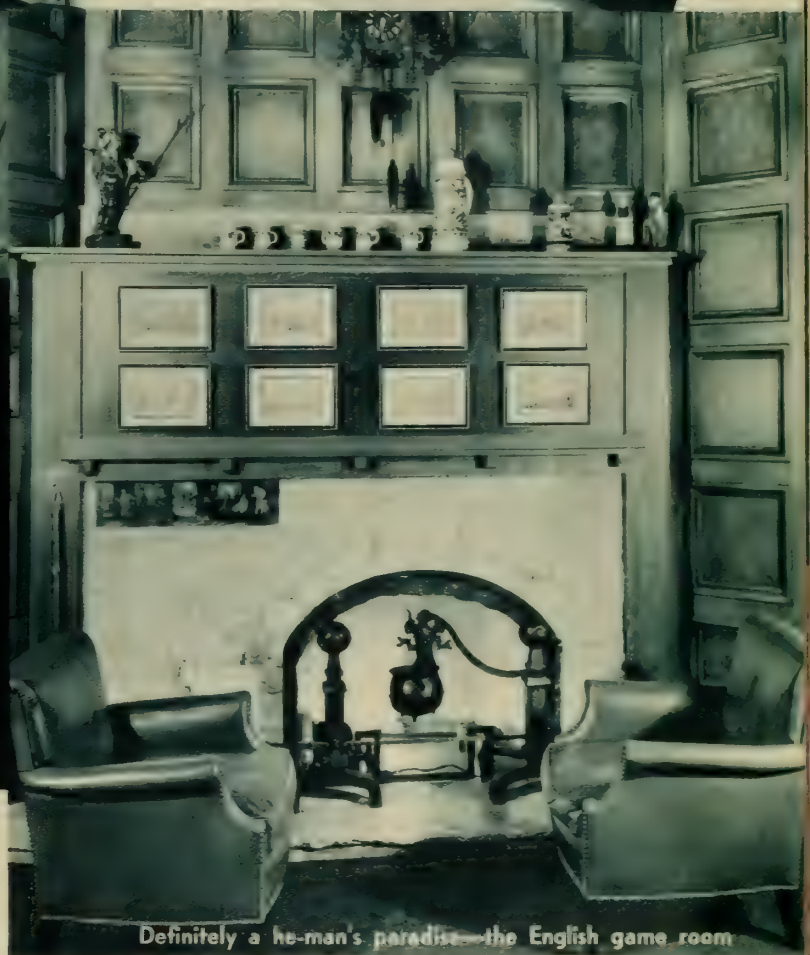


In the dining room, authentic copies of Sixteenth Century furniture, including a Welsh dresser of



HEAVEN *Made to Order*

BY JERRY ASHER



Presenting Sleepy Hollow Ranch—
the reason why the Bob Youngs be-
lieve "There's no place like home"

IT'S typical of the Robert Young good fortune, that the most beautiful ranch in all San Fernando Valley should literally be placed in his lap. Figuratively speaking, of course. By his own admission, Bob confesses that he and "Lady Luck" have carried on one of the most scandalous affairs in Hollywood. "Sooner or later, everything I've ever wanted has come to me," says Bob. "I've been so lucky

since the first day I started in pictures. Finding this wonderful ranch and being able to buy it, is just another example of the swell breaks I get."

Taking everything into consideration, it isn't too surprising that Bob Young, who wasn't looking for a ranch home, should stumble across the most desirable one in the country. Bob and his wife, Betty, owe their happy discovery to an insatiable curiosity. For some time they planned to move from their Beverly Hills home, to find more ground for the children. Bob liked the country. But Betty was afraid they were too spoiled with the conveniences of the city. They decided to compromise on Brentwood, which is a nice working combination of both.

For weeks they rode around with a real-estate woman, looking at homes. One day the woman stopped to make an inquiry. Bob and Betty re-

mained sitting in the car. Prompted by their own curiosity, they began snooping through books, maps and blueprints that rested on the back seat. In a side pocket, Bob noticed a large bulky envelope. Seeing no harm in exploring its contents, Bob almost shouted when he discovered photographs of the most beautiful estate he had ever seen.

"Why didn't you show us this place?" he asked excitedly, when the woman returned to the car.

"Because you said you weren't interested in the country," was her brief reply.

But Bob and Betty were very much interested in the country—from that moment on. Out to Tarzana they drove. Turning left off Ventura Boulevard, they headed down a winding road that eventually lost itself in the hills. In front

(Continued on page 83)

Dark and languorous Harriette Lake lent a highly decorative touch to Buster Keaton's "Dough Boys," in 1930. Now blonde and vivacious, we've known her by another name for several years, and—another hint—she's just signed a new lease on both life and career



She was a human dynamo of song and dance in the screen version of "Good News" (1930), but played only sparkling bit rôles until she forsook the name of Dorothy McNulty. Today she stars in a highly successful series

WHO

ARE THEY *now*



Surely you know little Jane Peters, who made her screen bow at twelve in "A Perfect Crime" in 1921? Numerology gave her a new cognomen which she exchanged in her recent marriage for another equally as famous

Daughter of the dancing Cansinos, she played exotic atmosphere in such films as "Dante's Inferno," in 1935; is only now on her way to dramatic success after discarding her Latin name for a simple English one





In "The Four Devils" (1928), Anita Fremault and Dawn O'Day grew up to be circus stars. In real life, they have become two of Hollywood's best-known young stars



*They aren't the obscure
bit players they used to
be! If our hints don't
help you, turn to page 81*



When she was an unknown dancer in "I Loved You Wednesday," in 1933, her lovely figure made her a popular model for publicity stills, even with the handicap of a hard-to-pronounce name like Vlassek. Today, her last name and her first are easy to pronounce and to remember



Her name was Kiesler (left) when she made a European picture called "Ecstasy," in 1933, which was so sensational that, when she came to America, studio executives permitted her to keep her first name, but ruled that she must change her last

Above, top: Just a glimpse of Terry Ray is all you had in "Murder Goes to College," just two short years ago. Last year, under an appellation just as brief, she was a "new find" and, today, is a Golden Circle starlet

He started out with "Charlie Chan in Shanghai," in 1935, under his real name—Charles Locher; changed it to Lloyd Crane for his next three pictures; now we know him by another—the shortest of all

Mlle.

SANDY

After two roles as baby-boy scene stealer, Sandra Henville discards the title of youngest male impersonator, and comes into her own as Universal's cutest heart-breaker and leading lady



PHOTOPLAY

Fashions

BY GWENN WALTERS

Bette Davis, who stars in the Warner Brothers films, "The Old Maid" and "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex," poses in a black and white evening ensemble selected from Bernard Newman, Beverly Hills. The fitted bodice and long-sleeved bolero are of silver-shot chalk-white crepe—the flowing skirt is of flat-surfaced black chiffon. Bette wears a pendant necklace and bracelets of synthetic rubies set in antique gold—these unusual pieces of costume jewelry were created by Joseff, Hollywood

Figuer

Studies in BROWN



Loreita Young wears the Irene costumes on these two pages in Walter Wanger's "Eternally Yours," in which she co-stars with David Niven. The two-piece imported woolen model features a skirt of caramel brown and a dolman-sleeved blouse of caramel and beige. Bronze butterfly clips with jewel-studded wings, a bronze lamé turban and a sable scarf lend rich contrast

ND BEIGE



This exquisite woolen frock is diagonally striped in varying shades of caramel and beige. The diagonal closing of the neckline is high lighted by gold lead clips. Loretta's muff and hat are of beaver to match the broad-shouldered topcoat that is lined with wool to repeat the diagonal motif of the dress. For further details about Loretta's costumes write to Irene of Bullock's-Wilshire, Los Angeles

Keyes

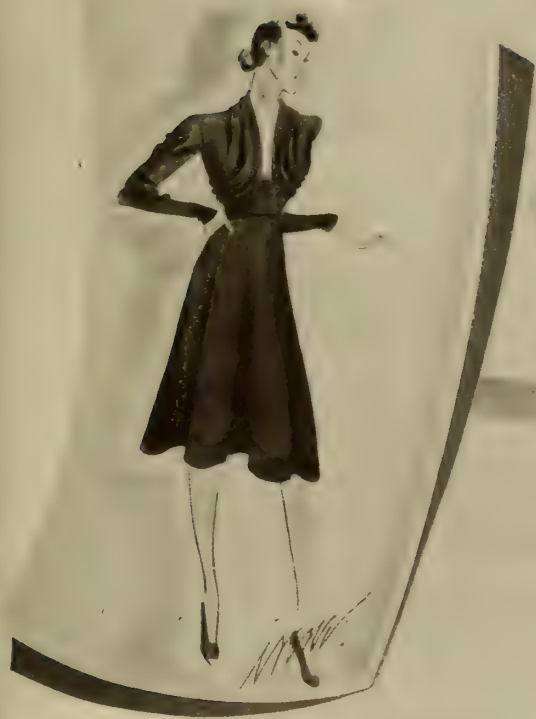
Luxurious



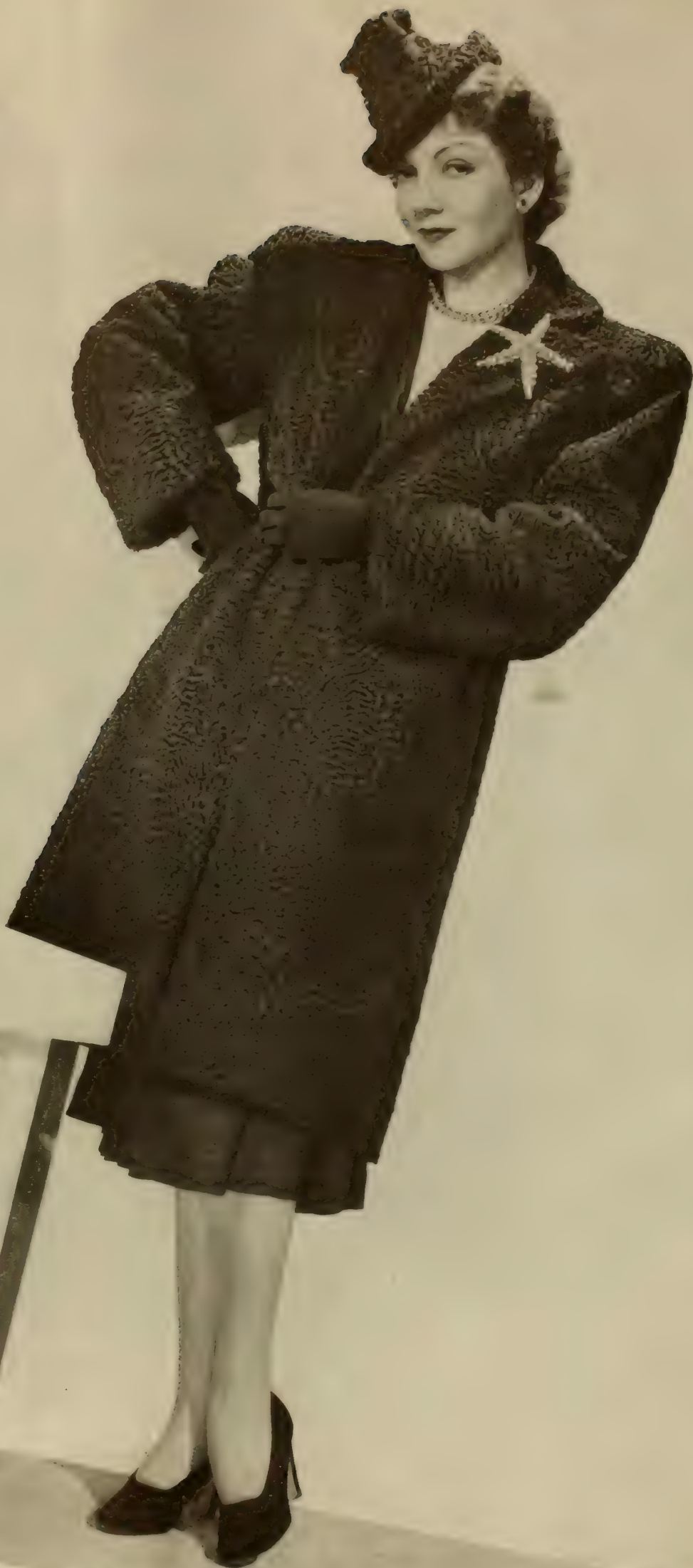
Safari brown Alaska sealskin fashions Loretta Young's swagger coat cut with broad shoulders, open sleeves, a collarless neckline and slash pockets. Beneath it Loretta wears a two-piece shirt-waist frock of beige woolen (sketched above). Note the skirt yoke and novel pockets. The coat is from Willard George, Los Angeles; the dress from Irene of Bullock's-Wilshire, Los Angeles

FURS

AFFECT
SIMPLE
LINES



Claudette Colbert, appearing in the 20th Century-Fox film, "Drums Along the Mohawk," chooses Persian lamb* for her hat and boxy coat with notched collar and open sleeves. Her frock of black crepe (sketched above) has a flaring skirt and a softly draped blouse. Claudette's choker is of gold links and her lapel clip a starfish of gold rubies and amethysts. Her coat and hat are from Willard George, Los Angeles; her dress from Irene, Bullock's-Wilshire, Los Angeles



* Hammer Brand

Dyar-Engstead



Fall

Howard Shoop designed this blue and green changeable metallic jersey dinner costume for Brenda Marshall to wear in Warner Brothers' "Espionage Agent," in which she plays the leading feminine role opposite Joel McCrea. The softly shirred blouse is finished at the neck-line with a cluster of hammered silver leaves. Brenda's draped turban is of the dress fabric. Her cape is of cross fox. This studio designed costume is not available in the shops.

© 1935 Warner Bros.

SUGGESTIONS FOR

Formality

A subtle elegance characterizes this evening gown designed by Adrian for Hedy Lamarr to wear in M-G-M's "Lady of the Tropics." A rich embroidery of brilliants, silver paillettes and emeralds fashions the deep girdle, and edges the cape yoke and sleeves of the beige soufflé bodice. The full skirt of white mouseline de soie falls over a crisp taffeta slip. This studio designed gown is not available in the shops

Color Contrast

FOR TOP INTEREST

Ellen Drew, who appears in Paramount's "Geronimo," models dark frocks that are dramatized by color contrast above the waist. "There's something about a soldier" that makes us borrow his dress uniform for our very own. Here's a gay example of fashionable treason, in a bolero frock (left). Vivid color for the blouse (below left), as well as for the amusing leather buttons and matching buttonholes, shows up well in acetate and rayon crepe. Black with Robin Hood red, Knockout blue or mist blue. Fashion's darling, the Bow Tie dress (center circle), with a new twist. This time it's a flattering splash of color at the throat, in the form of a yoke that's part of the shirred front. So wearable in either black with red, plum with dahlia or Anaconda with brown acetate and rayon crepe. A full, circular skirt makes it a perfect date dress. Glimmering metal embroidery enlivens the two-piece Autumn dress (below and right). Made of "Crepe Suzette," a supple acetate and rayon fabric, the simple dress has a touch of embroidery at the high neck, to match that on the epaulette shoulders of the jacket. All frocks worn by Miss Drew on this page are from Jeanne Barrie

Walling



This tag identifies an original
PHOTOPLAY Hollywood fashion.
Look for it

WHERE TO BUY THEM

If you would like to know the name of the shop in your community that carries these PHOTOPLAY fashions write to Jean Davidson, Fashion Secretary, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City. Be sure to enclose clipping or description of the merchandise desired.



Imagination preferred! The youthful "style interpreters" of Hollywood prefer it to sable and square-cut emeralds, so here we have Nancy Kelly, who will next be seen as *Light* in 20th Century-Fox's production "The Bluebird," showing the interesting possibilities of one dress plus the right accessories. Nancy chooses a basic evening gown of black velvet that is sufficiently formal for wear with her silver fox jacket (bottom), but casual enough for a complete change by addition of the lipstick red chenille evening sweater (below) that comes as a unit with Kalmour's gown. The gown is styled with an inset waistband, horsehair trim, and a skirt that has front fullness and vertical slash pockets. Nancy selected her gown from Macy's Little Shop, New York

Kornman





Almost as typically American as the silver dollar is the polo coat especially beloved by college girls and career women. Dressed so, too, for it keeps on improving in cut and practicality. This one worn by Brenda Joyce (below) is Londonderry's famous "Fair-Trotter" model that is styled with narrow notched lapels, a shoulder yoke extending into sleeve width, and roomy hip and breast pockets. Of natural camel's hair and wool, the color complements Brenda's suit (left) with olive green circle skirt and tailored collarless jacket of brown, green and rust. The moderately priced coat and suit were selected from Roos Bros., Hollywood



Brenda, who left college for the screen, appropriately co-stars with Richard Greene in 20th Century-Fox's story with a college background, "Here I Am a Stranger." You'll also see her as Fernin "The Rains Came"

Hood's

Fashion LETTER

BY GWENN WALTERS

IF Elizabeth Tudor, who sat on the throne of England from 1558 to 1603, were alive today she would probably knight Designer Orry-Kelly and give Bette Davis one of her priceless pearls for the way the two have conspired to revive the fashions that she adored when the first toast of every true Briton was to "Our Good Queen Bess."

England was caught in the tide of the art Renaissance during Elizabeth's reign and never in the history of the country were court gowns so sumptuous, so elaborate. All of this grandeur in costume is caught by the Technicolor camera in the Warner Brothers film, "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex," which co-stars Bette Davis and Errol Flynn.

Orry-Kelly, who did research on the period for a year before he ever drew a sketch, all the time was visualizing not only the clothes of the period, but their adaptability to present times. He saw the long, fitted bodice with its petite waistline; the full skirts standing out from the hips; the heavily detailed virago sleeve; the padded shoulder wings; the stomacher; the luxury fabrics; the bold, rich colors; the expensive embroidery—all as modern possibilities.

Apparently the time was just ripe for a return to the fashions of Britain's famous queen, for by the time Orry-Kelly had executed modern versions for Zorina and Gloria Dickson to wear in the Warner Brothers picture, "On Your Toes," Paris designers were copying from the same period source.

The day I called at the Warner Brothers lot to look over Bette in her royal raiment, and to discuss this whole Elizabethan sweep with Orry-Kelly, I found the Queen giving a tongue-lashing to her erstwhile lover, the Lord of Essex. Orry-Kelly whispered that the gown she was wearing was one that inspired a modern dress for Gloria Dickson in "On Your Toes."

The gown, a model of elegance in spite of the fact that it is the simplest in the Queen's wardrobe, combines an overdress of rust-colored velvet and a petticoat—or underdress—of red, rust and gold moiré metal cloth. The virago velvet sleeves are heavily embroidered in gold, and are split to reveal a tight metallic cloth sleeve beneath, and are caught by gold bands to form a series of diminishing puffs from shoulder to wrist. At wrist and neck are fluted ruffs of white cellophane net. The long, molding bodice ends in a long, slim waistline which is marked by a wide girde of gold and jewels. Topping her chestnut wig was a tiny cap of velvet elaborately embroidered in jewels.

The wide skirt was held out by a hoop and padded bolster at the hipline, but Bette, who joined me for a few moments between "takes," declared the style was far more comfortable and wearable than the hem hoops of the Civil War period which she wore in "Jezebel," "Juarez,"

and "The Old Maid." When Bette returned to her throne to make further scathing remarks to her arrogant lover, Essex, Orry-Kelly suggested a quick trip to the "On Your Toes" set where we could see the stars of that picture wearing Elizabeth-inspired modern togs.

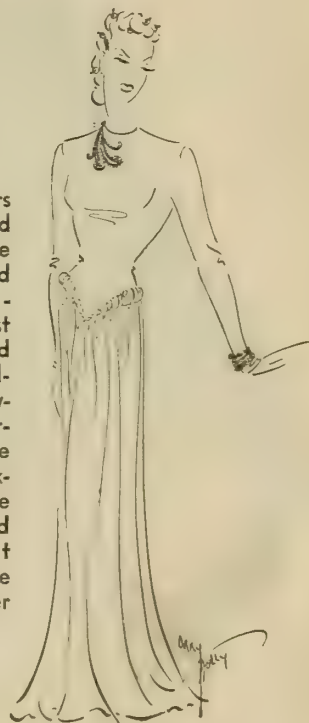
GLORIA was one of the smartest creatures we've seen this season in a dress of rusty-rose crepe, fashioned with that same long, slender bodice with pointed front extending a good ten inches into the full gathered skirt. Instead of the virago sleeves, Gloria's were long and fitted, but the shoulderline was marked by a thick, padded roll of a self-fabric, neatly stitched. The high neckline was outlined by a stationary embroidered choker necklace of huge cabochon stones.

Orry-Kelly pointed out that in the Sixteenth Century this padded wing was used extensively on masculine clothes and somewhat less frequently on feminine. Usually it marked the place where a leg o' mutton sleeve joined the tight bodice. This unusual epaulette treatment gives the shoulderline such a new look that the designer expects it to be one of the most widely used points of the revived silhouette. He also asked us to take particular note of Gloria's little hat which was very much like the gem-encrusted velvet one we had seen on Bette, except that it was made of crepe and had a waistlength streamer-scarf of self-material.

The dress Zorina wears in "On Your Toes," which has that Elizabethan feeling, is of burgundy-colored faille. It follows similar lines except that it buttons down the front and has a widely flared skirt instead of a gathered one, giving a slimmer hipline. A topaz-studded sunburst pin ornaments the bodice.

When this new-old silhouette is carried out in stiff and heavy fabrics like faille, upholstering cloths, taffeta, or moiré, it achieves what Orry-

(Continued on page 87)



Bette Davis (above) wears an Orry-Kelly designed gown in "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex" that is a forerunner of the newest winter styles—pointed bodices, ruffs, embroidery, heavy jewelry. Orry-Kelly has adapted the narrow ruff (sketched above left) for a modern neckline; and the snood, made of gold cord, studded with pearls; the street frock and dinner gown are described in this Letter

BUSTLE, BUSTLE!

WHERE WILL YOU WEAR *YOUR* BUSTLE?

Asks FRANCES HUGHES, *New York Fashion Editor*, Assisting GWENN WALTERS, *Fashion Editor*

"Hustle into a bustle dress," says pretty Gale Page of Warner Brothers "Four Daughters" and "Daughters Courageous," whose next vehicle will be—you guessed it!—"Four Wives."

Don't let 'em tell you you've got to have the "figger" for it. Bustles will camouflage your bumps and bulges if you haven't. Timid souls who can't quite take the hurdle of a bustle-dress at once can satisfy their urge to be the *new* old-fashioned girl—and inexpensively, too—with a bustle hat, bustle shoes, a bustle bag or belt or bustle necklace. Gale shows you here, in six easy lessons, how it's done. . . .

First lesson, for advanced pupils . . . The bustle dress—in self-fringed petunia woolen. This is what started the bustle fashion on its merry way.

Second lesson . . . The bustle hat—a squared-off pillbox with a swashbuckling moiré ribbon bustle.

Third lesson . . . The bustle bag—grosgrain bracelet-handle, circular suède pouch and—underneath it all—the pert little tail of suède that forms the bustle.

Fourth lesson . . . Glensder's bustle belt—wonderful way to do over last year's basic dress. Gale shows you one in moiré, to match the moiré bustle on her hat. The tailored girl might choose the Criterion belt below, in suède, worn high in front and low in back to build the bow into a bustle.

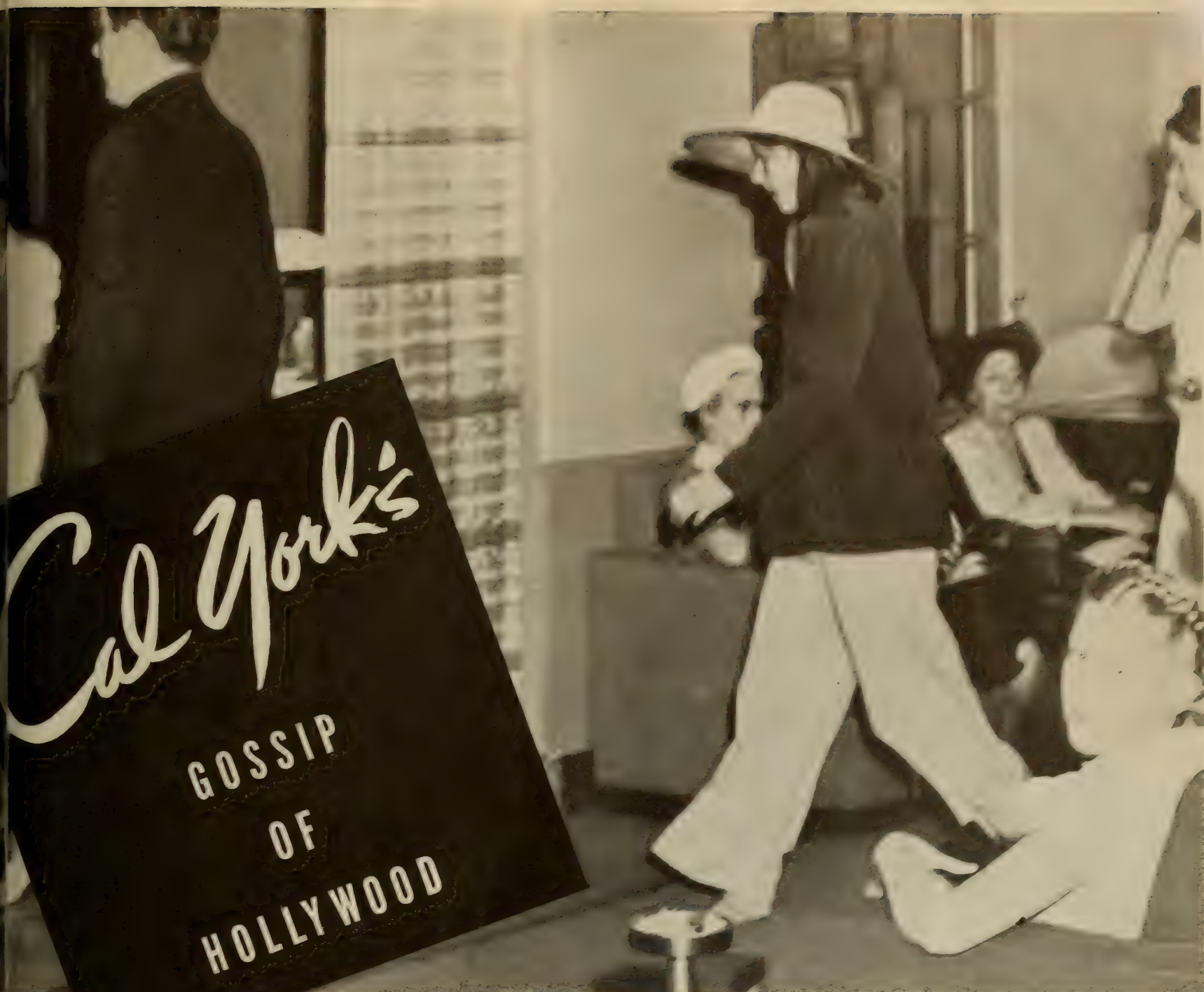
Fifth lesson . . . Silson's bustle necklace—copper leaves and a copper chain to form a glittering collar for your basic dress, and smack in front, a bustle of gold and silver and copper balls. Decidedly new!

Sixth lesson . . . Customcraft's bustle shoes—svelte suède V-line pumps. Coming, a grosgrain inset vamp and collar. Going, a fluted bustle. Something to remember you by.

Welbourne

All bustles by Best & Co.,
New York, Brookline, Detroit





SCOOP!! Here's the Garbo picture which does our Hymie proud and has Miss Waterbury (page 14) and Cal in such a dither. Not even Dr. Gaylord Hauser, who attended the fashion show with Miss G., could protect her from that Fink fiend

Rivaling the legends of the Arabian Nights is this month's folklore from our own Bagdad-on-the-Pacific

In Line of Duty

OUR demon photographer, Hyman Fink, is still recovering from the joyful shock of getting the camera scoop of the year pictured here. It came about, as such surprises usually do, at the most unexpected time, in the most unexpected place. The stylist, Irene, gave a fall fashion show at Bullock's-Wilshire in Los Angeles, which Hymie attended in line of duty. Things were going along very calmly and uneventfully until the last number went on. Then, suddenly, from a tiny dressing room behind the main salon, emerged three men followed by a

woman in slacks with a big hat on her head who, in Hymie's own words, "looked like a New York White Wing gone Hollywood." As they headed for the exit, past Hymie, the thought flashed through his mind—Garbo! He grabbed his camera, sprinted like a greyhound for the front entrance, and snapped her as she whizzed by at a record-breaking clip. In spite of the fact that his camera was set at twelve feet, he succeeded in getting a recognizable print of the elusive, camera-shy Garbo from a twenty-foot distance, and, we think, is entitled to some sort of special Academy Award for the feat.

Some afterchecking revealed the fact that one of Garbo's escorts on the eventful day was Doctor Gaylord Hauser, eminent diet expert, who is currently helping Hollywood's mystery woman to gain health and happiness. Garbo's surprising interest in the latest modes would indicate that perhaps the love bug has bitten hard.

Making His Way for Tomorrow

THE guard at the Goldwyn studios gate emerged from his box to peer at the visitor. "Oh, it's you," he called, heartily. "Come on in. You're

early, aren't you?" The visitor smiled and passed on into the studio.

"Hello, Gene," two men called from the cutting room as the visitor appeared, and Gene Reynolds, the little boy of so many hit pictures, and lately of "They Shall Have Music," began his evening's work.

The story is this: Gene had confided to a fellow worker on the Heifitz picture, that he yearned to be a cutter. Because, as he explained, cutters often get to be directors, and he wanted, one day, to direct pictures more than anything else in the world. But he wanted to know all about pictures, first.

Touched by the boy's sincerity, the worker retold the story to a higher-up, and without letting the boy know, arrangements were quietly made for Gene to report every evening to a Goldwyn cutting room, to observe and absorb and learn.

While other children play or go to movies, Gene studies, happier than any child in Hollywood. A fine actor today, and surely a finer director tomorrow, because his sincerity has touched the hearts of men who have recognized it at a glance and who are lending a hand.



All photographs on these two pages were taken at the Trocadero except that of Priscilla Lane and Oren Haglund, snapped at Sunset Plaza.

A new twosome: Warner star and director—Ann Sheridan and Anatole Litvak (Miriam Hopkins' ex)

Man-to-man table talk at Bob Taylor's birthday celebration—

Shave and a Haircut

WELL, I don't know, girls, but they do say you can pretty well judge a man by his barber shop behavior. At any rate, Twentieth Century-Fox's barber, Louis Pacific (no relation to the ocean), has this to say concerning a few of his clients.

Tyrone Power is a talker. Loves to discuss baseball and is a Cincinnati Red rooster. Is always good humored, has a new joke every week, and always calls the barber "Butch." "Give me a once over, Butch, and get me out of here," is Ty's usual greeting.

Don Ameche is just as talkative and cheerful, but Don talks about horses and his Valley ranch. Don shaves himself, but bobs up once every week for a haircut when a picture doesn't interfere.

Little Mr. Moto, alias Peter Lorre, always ribs Louis about cutting his throat and loves to bet on the football games. Will bet every game during the season with Walter, the colored porter, and it usually ends up with Walter shining Mr. Lorre's shoes for months, to pay back his losses.

Richard Greene is a good guy, too, only Richard doesn't pay much attention either to the baseball or football scores that the others do. But then he's an Englishman and naturally wouldn't be so interested.

"For fifteen years," Louis says, "I had a shop

in downtown Los Angeles, and I can honestly say business men are tougher to get along with than actors. They don't tip as well as actors, either, although actors don't exactly throw their dough away. There's a lot more fun around actors, too."

So there you are, girls. It looks as though the actors win over the business men hands down.

Fish Story

WHEN Adrian was too busy to do her clothes for "Fast and Furious," Ann Sothorn insisted on having Bernard Newman. The first day of shooting Ann received a beautiful corsage of orchids from "Berny." The corsage was sent down to the studio commissary and put in the kitchen refrigerator.

That night Ann attended the Helen Hayes opening at the Biltmore Theater. Ann wore her orchids. All the way down to the theater Ann noticed a strange odor of fish. She didn't think much about it until she got inside and started to watch the play. Then she noticed that people around her were sniffing the air suspiciously. During the first intermission Ann just happened to smell her corsage. It reeked of sea food. The next day Ann checked to find out where the chef had kept her flowers during the day. She learned they had lain for eight hours next to a big barracuda!

Tell Me, Pretty (Homely?) Maidens—?

ALL of a sudden Hollywood is in a dither over whether it's wiser to destroy deliberately one's beauty for the sake of art or forget one's good looks and shoot the works.

A year ago there wouldn't have been even a discussion over it. Hollywood would have said, "Nuts to glamour (tsch, tschh, such language), give us reality." But now, all of a sudden, the reality is backfiring in everyone's face. Hollywood is discovering there can be an overdoing of the thing.

The complaints began first when fans tore into Carole Lombard for deliberately pulling back her hair from an overly high forehead or cramming it behind her ears in unsightly fashion in "In Name Only."

"She can be so beautiful," they moaned. "Why won't she let herself be lovely and turn in a good performance, too? We'd still believe her and enjoy her work so much more."

The contrast between Miriam Hopkins' loveliness and Bette Davis' deliberate plainness in "The Old Maid" also brought in a storm of protest. In fact, Bette is said to realize more than ever that a kindness to the eye is just as important as food for the heart.

So maybe this is the year for a union of beauty and art. The happy medium, as it were. How do you feel about it, by the way?



—and Fred MacMurray won't let Bob have the last word, it seems!

They Do Say That:

George Raft is so pleased over the friendship of Norma Shearer, he forgets what's trump in bridge. All of which means George is starstruck for a fare-the-well. . . .

Priscilla Lane and Oren Haglund are married; that Haglund himself admitted it, lucky dog. . . .

Adrian will see to it his bride, the former Janet Gaynor, is the smartest dressed woman in all Hollywood. That, already, her *shocking* pink stockings are taking the town by storm. . . .

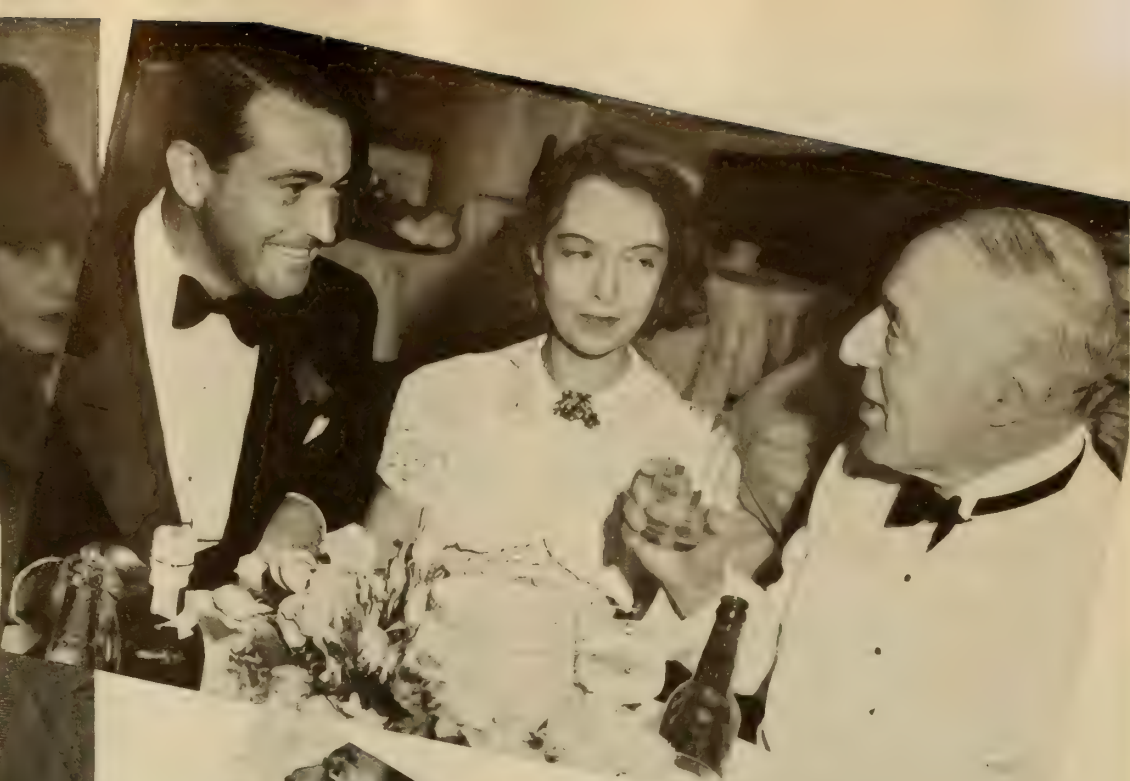
Binnie Barnes will become Mrs. Mike Frankovich as soon as his divorce is final. . . .

Marjorie Weaver has really found her true romance in "Shipwreck Kelly," who once went to school with Marjorie. . . .

Sandy's Public

HEADS at Universal ache these days, and with reason. Baby Sandy's fan mail is beginning to come in thick and fast and with it have come innumerable requests for her autograph—of all things! And now the front office would like to know what to do.

Should they send footprints, or handprints, or perhaps thumbprints, or should they let "X" mark the spot and let it go at that? It may seem funny to you, but take it from the Powers over there, the problem is serious!



Dick Barthelmess, Lillian Gish and D. W. Griffith stage a "Do you remember?" reunion party



The Doug Fairbanks, Jr., rejoin film-land's café society set, after a visit at society's famous resort—Newport

Contented Cow

FOR a scene in her new picture with Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck falls asleep under a tree while a cow comes along and eats her hat. Director Mitch Leisen is an ingenious soul but his masculine charm was completely lost on Mrs. Cow. After trying every possible ruse, Barbara suggested they have her hat copied in something that would appeal to a cow's palate. So Edith Head, the Paramount designer, made four hats of spinach, lettuce, corn husks and wheat. The bovine star turned up her pretty nose until they tried out the corn husk chapeau. This she went for with such enthusiasm—she almost included Barbara's head.

Starting Young

IRENE DUNNE has decided she must have been pretty insufferable at the age of fourteen. It was then that she owned the bracelet dedicated exclusively to silver and gold hearts shamelessly demanded from her boy friends. Each heart was inscribed with the name of its donor. She took
(Continued on page 70)



Place bets on the Pat Lane-Oren Haglund marriage after reading Cal's words on it



★ NURSE EDITH CAVELL—RKO-Radio

ENGLISH Herbert Wilcox produced this, and it has dignity, originality and moving performances by the entire cast. You may remember that the execution of Edith Cavell, English nurse, was the greatest psychological mistake Germany made in 1915. Living in Belgium, she discovered the Huns were shooting prisoners and started an undercover system of helping wounded Allies to safety. Despite representations of American and British ministers at her trial, the Central Powers said she was a spy and shot her. Anna Neagle plays Nurse Edith with restraint and understanding. Edna May Oliver is a sympathizing baroness, and ZaSu Pitts portrays interestingly a canalboat woman who helps soldiers escape. May Robson does a fine job, too.



★ MARX BROTHERS AT THE CIRCUS—M-G-M

IN their latest epic, the Marx Brothers team up with a whole menagerie. Margaret Dumont plays Kenny Baker's wealthy aunt who disowns him when Kenny decides to own and manage a circus. Fritz Feld threatens to take back his circus, including the contract of Florence Rice. Kenny has other ideas about Miss Rice, and while strong-man Nat Pendleton tries to help the villainous Mr. Feld, Kenny has the three Marx Brothers to help him. When Auntie gives a party for the Four Hundred, attorney Groucho manages to switch the circus for her symphony orchestra as entertainment. From then on—chaos. Harpo and Chico give their usual funny-to-look-at solos. Plenty of circus acts, a midget, camels, elephants and a lovely gorilla.

The Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE
NEW PICTURES

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURE



★ NINOTCHKA—M-G-M

FOLLOWING the fashion of so many of Hollywood's more serious actresses who are turning to lighter roles, Greta Garbo, in her newest picture, brings a smile to her face and a rare buoyancy to her step. With the attractive and capable Melvyn Douglas as her leading man, and the sophistication of Ina Claire as a foil, Miss Garbo turns out a splendid and amusing performance under the admirable direction of Ernst Lubitsch. In the title role, Garbo takes the part of a lieutenant in the Russian Army, and is sent to Paris to find out why the sale of government-owned jewels has not been consummated. Miss Claire, who was a duchess in pre-revolution Russia and the owner of the jewels before they were confiscated by the Soviets, learns that her former baubles are in Paris and asks her friend, Melvyn Douglas, to get them for her. Greta finds that the three Russian gentlemen commissioned to dispose of the jewelry have neglected their mission in favor of the gaieties of Paris. Mr. Douglas meets the rather drab, but strangely charming envoy-extraordinary and tries to convince her that love, which emotion she views with a coldly dispassionate disbelief, is more important than the benefit of the masses. He is so convincing, as a matter of fact, that Ina is jealous, and when Garbo becomes careless, the former duchess gets possession of the jewels. Garbo holds onto the rather obvious story with both hands and drags it hurriedly behind her to its also obvious conclusion. The supporting cast, including Bela Lugosi, is quite excellent.



★ ETERNALLY YOURS—Wanger-U.A.

THE "Private Lives" formula has always offered one swell extra benefit. It allows for awfully suggestive dialogue and situations without asking for Mr. Hays' scissors. This is really the story of two people who once were married, separated and thrown once more in the way of each other. Loretta Young, looking very beautiful, plays a bishop's granddaughter who marries David Niven, a master magician, and becomes David's associate in his magic act, is materialized in the vapor of a huge retort, tumbled out of trick trunks, and scared half out of her wits when she finds that David has promised to free himself from handcuffs after leaping from a plane 15,000 feet over London. The leap is successful, but married life is not quite the same after that. David has too much lip rouge on his collar, too many women friends, and too many dreams for Loretta. In Rio she does a disappearing act that is a dilly, and hurries to Reno to divorce David. Then she marries Broderick Crawford. At a benefit show David meets Loretta and Crawford and gets a little sarcastic. You see, he still believes Loretta loves him and he so informs Crawford. He gets a punch on the chin. Realizing that he will not win back a lost love with tricks, David signs to do a second parachute jump over the New York World's Fair. If your nerves are any good by the time this gets to the screen, perhaps you can take the climax, too, which is quite unexpected. Billie Burke, ZaSu Pitts, Raymond Walburn and Virginia Field all rustle up a brace of laughs. You'll like this.



★ THE RAINS CAME—20th Century-Fox

MAGNIFICENT is the word for "The Rains Came." Here, in a troubled world, is a film that will take you completely away from today's agonies and exalt you into a consciousness of the strength love has in human regeneration. Louis Bromfield's story of a group of people caught in the flood and earthquake of India has been transferred to the screen with compelling fidelity and extreme visual beauty. Seven people, against the pageant of thousands, are most involved: Lord and Lady Esketh, the latter a willful, voluptuous English beauty; Tom Ransome, a drunkard and Lady Esketh's former lover; Fern Simon, Brenda Joyce, a missionary's daughter who gives Ransome the first pure love he has ever known; Major Safti, an Indian doctor; and the Maharajah and Maharani, H. B. Warner and Maria Ouspenskaya, rulers of the native province. The effect upon each of them when disaster, disease and death touch them is blended into an always powerful, and frequently poignant, narrative. The three stars, Tyrone Power, Myrna Loy and George Brent, give the top performances of their individual careers. The love scenes between Power and Loy are so real that they become like a screening of the dream that lies at the heart of all of us. As for George Brent, it is as though you had never seen him before, so freshly touched is he with humor, charm and the tired cynicism of the eternal romantic. Joseph Schildkraut is excellent, and Clarence Brown has directed so that every shade of value is keyed to intense emotional height.



HAWAIIAN NIGHTS—Universal



★ **DUST BE MY DESTINY—Warners**

THERE'S no doubt about it: in her gay, not-quite-too-arch way Ginger Rogers has become one of the two or three best comediennes on the stage or screen. There isn't much of a story here, yet the whole thing is cute as punch. A man who is being ignored by his wife runs into a down-at-her-pretty-heels girl and discovers she makes his wife jealous. So he pretends romance with the girl to foster the jealousy. You can imagine the complications, especially when the man is Walter Connolly, the wife is Verree Teasdale and the innocent peak of the isosceles is Ginger. Connolly is absurd and funny; James Ellison, Tim Holt and Franklin Pangborn follow apace in the stellar wake. Put it down as swell fantasy and rush right off to see it.

MATTY MALNECK has one of those instrumental groups that won't let your dance impulses alone. It was a fine idea to get them into the movies. Here they are, playing in cahoots with Sol Hoopi's Hawaiians, and built around the music they make is a happy little story dedicated to good cheer among all audiences. Johnny Downs plays the son of a hotel owner. He doesn't want to manage hotels but is crazy for music; so he gets a band together. The old man fires him. Johnny takes his organization, goes to Hawaii, and makes a success of his father's rival. Comes sweetness and light, and romance in the personable person of Constance Moore. Eddie Quillan works hard as the band's agent. Downs is all right. Malneck is wonderful.

IN this depressing, although gripping study of social problems, John Garfield again portrays a young have-not who has been imprisoned unjustly and whose attempts at readjustments are thwarted by current conditions. As a result, he hates everything—except Priscilla Lane. So they are married in a theater. Such mockery gives the strong love story a haunting undercurrent of tenderness that hurts because of its blind survival. John is accused of a murder shortly after the wedding, but out of this tragedy comes readjustment. Garfield turns in the performance you've come to expect of him. Miss Lane is always good. Moroni Olsen, Alan Hale, Henry Armetta, Billy Halop and Bobby Jordan are part of the formula.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

Nurse Edith Cavell
Marx Brothers at the Circus
Ninotchka
Eternally Yours
The Rains Came
Dust Be My Destiny
Fifth Avenue Girl
Mr. Smith Goes to Washington
Babes in Arms
The Women
Golden Boy
The Under-Pup



★ **MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON—Columbia**



★ **BABES IN ARMS—M-G-M**

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Anna Neagle in "Nurse Edith Cavell"
The Marx Brothers in "Marx Brothers at the Circus"
Greta Garbo in "Ninotchka"
Loretta Young in "Eternally Yours"
David Niven in "Eternally Yours"
Myrna Loy in "The Rains Came"
George Brent in "The Rains Came"
Tyrone Power in "The Rains Came"
John Garfield in "Dust Be My Destiny"
Ginger Rogers in "Fifth Avenue Girl"
James Stewart in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington"
Jean Arthur in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington"
Mickey Rooney in "Babes in Arms"
Rosalind Russell in "The Women"
Joan Crawford in "The Women"
Norma Shearer in "The Women"
Gloria Jean in "The Under-Pup"
Kenneth Brown in "The Under-Pup"
Billy Lenhart in "The Under-Pup"

THIS is a kind of "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town," with Jimmy Stewart as the naïve hero. It's a Frank Capra epic with Jean Arthur in love with Jimmy, so you know what to expect. Honestly, it's a honey of a movie! Lank young Stewart ambles about Washington like a streamlined 1939 version of Lincoln. You see, Guy Kibbee, Governor of Jimmy's home state, has appointed him a senator. Now Jim's just a nice clean-cut forest ranger and he doesn't know that the party boss, Edward Arnold, and the other senator, Claude Rains, have plotted to have a dam built with graft rearing its ugly head. Jim decides to do something for the youth of his state by proposing a bill creating federal summer camps for boys. The location he selects is the one Arnold and Rains have chosen for their dam. They warn him to drop his bill, but in the meantime Jim's hard-boiled secretary, Jean Arthur, has fallen for his sincerity and his idealism and she urges him on. Before the boy gets a chance, Rains accuses him of owning the property where he proposes to put the camp. A hearing is held and evidence is forged by Rains' and Arnold's machine. There's a rousing climax in the Senate with Miss Arthur screeching from the gallery and people waving guns in the true American fashion—at least according to Hollywood. They've even got H. V. Kaltenborn giving comments. Stewart plays his ingenuous, sincere character with finesse, and others, including Beulah Bondi and Harry Carey contribute fine performances. But it's Capra's direction that makes the picture what it is.

HOLD your hats, boys, and anything else that might shake off your lap while you're laughing. They don't come any funnier than this, and when you add a good plot, good music and Mickey Rooney—well, it may not be tremendous or colossal, but it's certainly good!

Mickey, as the son of an old vaudeville artist, Charles Winninger, tries to change the downward trend of the family fortunes by organizing the younger generation and producing his own show. Naturally, the parents of the kids, all old troupers themselves, look with amused tolerance on the whole thing. But Mickey, with his girl friends, Judy Garland and Betty Jaynes, puts on a routine that has 'em in the aisles. Judy and Betty do some nice things with their singing, and June Preisser, as the spoiled darling who used to be a baby star, gives a good performance. Guy Kibbee is the judge whose sympathetic understanding of kids helps keep the whole young troupe out of the state work school. Just when things are blackest, a big-time producer comes to the rescue and brings the entire show to Broadway, with all the trimmings.

From beginning to end, "Babes In Arms" is swell, and this reviewer is having a laurel crown made for Mickey in recognition of his excellent imitations of Lionel Barrymore, Clark Gable and Franklin D. Roosevelt. Adult young Rooney runs away with the picture, which, considering the fine cast, is another way of saying that he's terrific.

(Continued on page 93)



WE COVER the Studios BY JACK WADE

M-G-M's new comedienne, Ann Sothorn, looks on with a quizzical eye, while Franchot Tone, her co-star of "Fast and Furious," makes the most of a golden opportunity

Hollywood knows no boundaries as we meander from a bit of old Paris, to the South Sea Isles; from Capetown, South Africa, then back to reality

TIME was when "Hollywood" meant one cozy little town where the world's movies were made. But with the location craze we find sweeping the studios this month you can apply "Hollywood" to plenty of places in these United States without risking a suit by the Chamber of Commerce.

Three of the biggest pictures in production are camped thousands of miles from the regulation film factories. M-G-M's "Northwest Passage" grinds away in wildest Idaho; RKO's "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" shoots in Eugene, Oregon; Columbia's "Arizona," away over in old Tucson. Even Deanna Durbin has gone to Hawaii for a film. Before long, to cover the studios we'll have to cover the world.

Meanwhile, we get in plenty of practice tracking down shy stars and elusive epics here and there in the open country of Southern California—like Charles Laughton and "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," way out on RKO's ranch in the San Fernando hills.

The great Laughton has turned very Gar-

boesque and coy since he came back from England, we discover. In spite of Charlie's no-peekie decree, we get a good look. He has a blond wig, the feather pillow hump, a snub nose, a regulation assortment of moles and wens, and one bum eye. But for our money, Laughton's not half the sight the set is. The Cathedral of Notre Dame, Hollywood version, rearing out of a desert ranch site is a breath-taking reproduction of the famous old cathedral in Paris, with all the stone friezes, gargoyles, medieval statuary, and the massive carved doors. A great stone-flagged courtyard stretches before it, bounded by picturesque false-front buildings with long wooden props behind.

The courtyard buzzes with a thousand extras, decked out in gaudy costumes. Roasting beeves turn on giant spits. It's the opening shot of the picture—the big Carnival scene on All Fool's Day when poor *Quasimodo*, the bell ringer, is crowned King of Fools because he is so ugly—an amazing pageant of movement and color beneath the blazing California sun, beating down at around 100 in the shade—and there isn't any shade. Big, rawboned Director William Dieterle has his hands full with this mob.

Laughton sprawls mildly snoozing in a big chair through it all, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke calmly reads a London newspaper. We chat with a lovely redheaded, green-eyed lady in

gypsy rags and bangles—Maureen O'Hara—"No relation to *Scarlett*," she smiles.

Maureen is Laughton's Irish Abbey Players protégée, the loveliest, we think, of all the crop of new feminine faces. "Jamaica Inn" was her first picture. She plays *Esmeralda* here, gypsy dancer, and object of *Quasimodo's* forlorn love. Right now Maureen is in a slight state of nerves, as she taps her tambourine on her knee. Her big dance scene is due as soon as the extras get lined up. It's her first in Hollywood. "I'll probably fall flat on my face," broods Maureen, with Irish melancholy. But when Dieterle beckons, she hops up and flounces bravely through the mob. A fiddle squeaks, the crowd roars and she whirls into a wild dance, her copper hair shining in the sun, her full skirts flying.

When it's over, Dieterle himself leads the applause that swells from the whole set. Maureen falls panting into her chair, fanning her face with her tambourine. Her first Hollywood scene is over, and no one has to tell Maureen she's a big success. "You were marvelous,"



Basil Rathbone and Sigrid Gurie take orders from Director Brahm (right) on the "Rio" set, but there was one command Sigrid would have preferred to ignore

Laughton says. "May I have the next dance?"

Maureen shakes her head weakly and grins. "I think," she says, "I'll sit this one out!"

RKO's Gower Street lot certainly is sitting things out, we find, when we drop in there. Everything's on location or called off. Maybe if we had come a little sooner, we might have caught Raymond Massey in his putty nose and rubber ears testing out for "Abe Lincoln in Illinois"—but by now he's way up in Eugene, Oregon, while John Wayne and Claire Trevor are a little closer by, making "Allegheny Uprising" at Sherwood Lake in the Malibu mountains. We pack in for a look one night, and run into more fireworks than at the Firemen's Circus on Fourth of July.

Bombs are bursting in air, as Johnny boy and his Pennsylvania settlers cook the hash of the bad British and their murderous Indian pals. Tall, rangy John Wayne looks like Daniel Boone in his coonskin cap, buckskin and long rifle. As for Claire Trevor, she's in buckskin pants too (feminine model), knitting

busily as the rockets' red glare.

(page 78)



An amazing pageant of color and action—this set rising out of a California desert, where Maureen O'Hara and Charles Laughton are making "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"

PLAY

Truth and Consequences

WITH

NORMA SHEARER

Hurry, hurry, hurry! Right this way, folks, for the month's best fun. Answer without hesitation any question we ask, we command the stars, or pay the penalty by doing whatever nonsense we think up for you to do. Did that faze Norma Shearer? Read her answers and laugh at the consequences she paid, and you'll meet a brand new side of this star—her real self!

1. (Q) What do you think is your servants' opinion of you as an employer?
(A) I am sure they think I am rather exacting, and that I expect a lot from them. But they don't seem to mind—perhaps because I always try to be kind and pleasant to them, too.
2. (Q) Which film made during the last year most appealed to you?
(A) "Marie Antoinette."
3. (Q) Do you believe in following sudden impulses?
(A) Yes, I do, because I feel we often make mistakes when we deliberate too long. A little recklessness is good once in a while.

We might have known that Norma would take the penalty on question 11, but curiosity got the better of us and we fired away. We're glad we did. Norma had to give us this ridiculous picture of her in fantastic disguise.



Game Conductor: KATHARINE HARTLEY

4. (Q) Are you an easy mark for a joke?
(A) I love to be "ribbed"!
5. (Q) Are you squeamish about unpleasant sights—pictures of operations, war photos, etc.?
(A) I am sensitive to such things and react emotionally, but can "take" them.
6. (Q) Are you inclined to confide your worries to your friends, or do you keep them to yourself?
(A) I always regret it, if I confide my worries to my friends, because I am afraid I have bored them. I always resolve never to do this, but I fear I break my resolution once in a while, with my closer friends.
7. (Q) Do you like jitterbug music?
(A) I love it. I think it is very healthy and invigorating.
8. (Q) Do you wish that you had gone to college?
(A) Yes, and I intend to go to college later, if I ever get around to it. Then, I can learn all those things I pretend now to have forgotten.
9. (Q) When have you ever been in awe of someone?
(A) Whenever I meet a person I admire tremendously, as I was when I met Mrs. Roosevelt.
10. (Q) What kind of handshake have you?
(A) I have a grip like a man and often make people cringe unintentionally.
11. (Q) Do you plan to get married again?
(A) Miss Shearer took the consequences. (Pose for us in one of your most fantastic disguises.)
12. (Q) What false impression do you believe you give?
(A) I believe that I give the impression of being more self-assured than I am, and of being eternally optimistic—whereas I am inclined to be quite morbid and melancholy at times.

(Continued on page 90)

SITUATION WANTED—As personal maid. By experience I am qualified to bring a number of talents to the job. I am a capable hairdresser and have had extensive experience in the art of facial make-up. Am regarded an adequate conversationalist and for this reason would make a fitting companion, in the event the position entailed any amount of travel. Also am experienced in handling social engagements and could be useful as a social secretary. My voice is trained and I have done much reading and speaking of dramatic lines, therefore enabling me to be of service should the job require my reading aloud. Likewise this should be of use in answering and handling telephone messages. I have a great liking for lovely clothes and would be sure to give them the kind of care I feel they deserve. It gives me pleasure to wait on others and make them happy, so I am sure that in several respects I would make a capable personal maid.

Norma turned thumbs down on question 19, so we asked her: "If you were forced to get a job outside of the theatrical world, how would you advertise for employment?" We'd say she'd be worth her weight in platinum!

Question 35 is one that Norma would rather forget—so is this penalty. A costume test resulted in this photograph she most dislikes of herself

Not for publication—will Miss Shearer talk about her two children. Rather than answer question 39, she took this penalty: "Let us publish the most 'sirenish' still for which you have ever posed"



Well, now, after all. Question 45 is like having your love letters read in court. But we demanded our pound of flesh, a ny how, when Norma balked. So she forfeited this picture, taken when she was a commercial model in New York. The amusing hair-do and middy blouse put this in the funny-picture class when contrasted to the beautifully gowned and groomed Norma of today



Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 63)



Jane Wyman, lucky (?) winner of the vintage car donated by Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom at his preview to end all previews, invited Ronald Reagan and the host for a ride

a particular delight in reciting to her various swains the rivals thus represented.

Slaphappy Time at Slapsie Maxie's

THE wave of super-super film premières has hit its peak. When Warner Brothers failed to open his new short with sufficient fanfare, Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom gave himself what he called a "world premier preview" (sic). Scene of the colossal undertaking was his own café, which is also the scene of much of the action of the movie dealing with Slapsie Maxie's night club and prize ring career. This café, of Maxie's is a zany enough place at any time. To give you a rough idea, when a waiter spots a bald head in the crowd, he sings out: "Hey! How about some Westmore

service at this table?" Then another waiter rushes over to slap a wig on the unprotected pate.

But this night it surpassed itself. Maxie had everything, including a guard rail to hold back the lines of watching fans (Maxie got so excited he stood behind the rail himself with Gloria Dickson to watch the celebrities come in—he forgot it was his own show).

That is, Maxie had everything except faith in his picture, which was really a lot of fun. To bolster up his starring epic, he gave away a "beautiful" 1908 touring car, won by Jane Wyman—who was that pleased, despite the shouts of "Frame-up," until she found it had to be towed home. He had a Bank Nite, too, won by Binnie Barnes—who was paid off in pennies all evening long until the waiter, with a sigh of relief, counted off a grand total of five hundred coppers. There were dark glasses by the dozen for those who couldn't bear to watch the picture. And headache tablets, bicarbonate of soda and such as antidotes for those brave souls who did.

To top it all, the host gave out with songs and poems from time to time—in such intervals when he was not being interrupted by Master of Ceremonies Benny Baker and his own waiters, bearing signs ranging from "Motion pictures are your best entertainment, *after all*," to complete charts for community singing. In short, a perfectly hilarious time was had by all. Or should we say by all those who had the nerve to go—?

Just One Big Heartthrob!

THE fact that he was on a deferred honeymoon in no way diminished the lure of Tyrone Power for thousands of London girls who literally mobbed the slim, black-haired star when he made a personal appearance at the Tivoli Theater in the Strand last summer.

Eighteen people were injured, six girls fainted, the door of Tyrone's car was torn off its hinges and Ty himself was darn near denuded in the crush outside the picture house as women pawed at him, trying to rip buttons from his dinner jacket for souvenirs.

Like a Greek chorus, the mob gave voice to the unanimous sentiment: "Isn't he marvelous? Just one big heartthrob!"

Annabella stayed in Paris while Ty took two days out from his European holiday-honeymoon to boost British interest in "Jesse James" with five personal appearances.

Tyrone and Annabella spent their six weeks' wedding trip motoring from Naples to Rome (where they were received by the Pope) to Venice, Genoa, Cannes (where they shared the spotlight at a prize fight with the Duke and Duchess of Windsor), Paris and La Pilat, near Bordeaux, where Annabella's family live.

Hollywood-on-Vacation

DESPITE the continued war scare, more American film stars visited Europe this summer than ever before. The registers at Claridge's and the Savoy in London read like a page of a Hollywood telephone book, and the beaches at Cannes and Antibes boasted almost as many picture personages in bathing suits as Santa Monica.

Myrna Loy and husband, Arthur Hornblow, Jr., Paramount producer, stopped in Oslo, Norway, on a quick circle of continental capitals and caused more comment than ex-King Zog, who passed through the same city a few days later, lugging his crown around in a suitcase with a broken strap. Sonja Henie went home to Oslo long enough to redecorate her summer place on the fjord with pink satin wallpaper and fly to the Land of the Midnight Sun for some fishing.

Norma Shearer lolled in the sun at Cannes and visited Charles Boyer and



After a Rosenbloom patron has been given "Westmore" service, his own mother wouldn't recognize him

his wife Pat Paterson in their villa near by. Edward G. Robinson took a look at the famous Apaches of Paris and decided they weren't nearly as tough as American gangsters and George Raft rhumbaed and roulletted at Monte Carlo. Gene Autry took "Pal" to the Dublin Horse Show.

Madeleine Carroll passed up her native England for the Riviera. Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks held hands in a gondola in Venice.

Bob Hope, who left England at the ripe old age of two, paid his first visit back to native soil and added to his radio earnings of 1939 by doing a skit for the British Broadcasting Company. His fee was the munificent sum of two guineas (about ten dollars)!

Geraldine Fitzgerald and her handsome horse-racing husband, Edward (Continued on page 72)



Ever the thoughtful host, Maxie provided his preview guests with smoked glasses—the better to see his movie



Gloria Dickson and Slapsie Maxie joined the crowd of fans outside the entrance, but they couldn't fool Binnie Barnes! She stopped and got their autographs, anyway

**HAVE THE CHARM
OF SKIN THAT'S
SWEET!**

*June
Lang*

ANY GIRL CAN
AFFORD THE LUXURY
OF A **LUX TOILET SOAP**
BEAUTY BATH

YOU'LL FIND IT A
WONDERFUL WAY
TO MAKE SURE
OF **DAINTINESS**

THIS WHITE SOAP'S
ACTIVE LATHER LEAVES
YOUR SKIN REALLY
FRESH-**FRAGRANT**



The Complexion Soap

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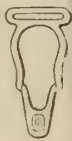
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Lindsay-Hogg, bought a beautiful old Georgian country home half way between Geraldine's native Dublin and the Curragh, famous Irish race course; and Constance Bennett, Roland Young, Donald Crisp, Marlene Dietrich and Bruce Cabot were among the others who showed their passports to French and English officials this summer.

Bob Bows from the Waist

BUT it was Robert Montgomery who created the greatest stir of all the American movie folk in Europe this summer. One week after they arrived in London, Bob and Mrs. Montgomery were asked to aid at a charity bazaar held at swanky Claridge's to exhibit the work of disabled British war veterans.

Bob and his charming wife presided at a booth, selling hand printed fabrics, handkerchiefs and neckties. They had been there about an hour, busier than assistants at an Atlantic City gift shop, when a hush fell over the big ballroom and, attended by a single equerry, Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth entered to inspect the exhibition.

After touring the other booths, Queen Elizabeth stopped at Bob's stand and spent a pound of her royal allowance on two neckties and four handkerchiefs. Bob and Mrs. Montgomery were formally presented and the Queen, with a little smile, departed. A few minutes later she retired to a special room where tea was to be served her, and then sent out word that she would like to have Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery join her.

For forty-five minutes the Queen chatted brightly with Bob and his wife, the longest private audience, if not, indeed, the first, any American film star has ever had with either of their Britannic Majesties.

The talk was concerned chiefly with the King's and Queen's recent visit to America, and movies were mentioned only incidentally when Queen Elizabeth told the Montgomerys of King George's interest in taking films of the trip.

"Mrs. Montgomery and I feel she is the most gracious person we've ever met," said Bob next day, his face still moulded in the beaming smile.

Long Overdue

FOR twenty years, theatergoers have had Burns Mantle's "Best Plays" to read and reread for those dramas from which they got the most pleasure. And, at long last, comes Frank Vreeland, dean of the New York film reviewers, to do for the screen what his confrère has done for the stage. In a book titled "Foremost Films of 1938," the first of an annual series, he has given you a condensed form of his choice of the year's ten best pictures. The author's analysis at the end of each condensation is more than interesting and justifies his selection of each film. Under "Unusual Films," are listed some which you may think should have made the list of "Best." And to make this yearbook complete, he has given you a synopsis of some four hundred pictures filmed during the year.

Among the most interesting features of the book is the discussion of film trends of the past year. We're a fickle lot, we movie fans! Those zany comedies we adored the year before were gone with the wind, and in their place came unaffected naturalism, which led to the rise of family pictures and—more important—series. All the studios were quick to capitalize on this vogue with M-G-M taking the box-office lead with their *Hardy Family*. And, where there're families, there are children, too, so it was a heyday for the younger gen-

eration in films. We gave grand opera the go-by, but history, propaganda, aviation all came in for their share of glory.

We commend Mr. Vreeland for his very fine book, for it's one that is long overdue.

Marriage Crossroads

IT'S no secret in Hollywood and no surprise that Errol Flynn and his wife, Lili Damita, have finally reached a definite crossroads in their marriage.

"Errol and Lili," a close friend of the Flynns' reports, "are merely waiting for Errol's family to return to Ireland before legally terminating their marriage."

Of course, Cal realizes the tempestuous Flynns have teetered on the verge of separation several times, but this time it looks like a real you-go-your-way-and-I'll-go-mine proposition.

Of course, if the unexpected should happen and the Flynns decide to give marriage one more whirl, no one would be more pleased than Photoplay's Cal for, to our notion, there is no handsomer couple in all Hollywood than Errol and Lili.

But don't be surprised if our prophecy comes true and it's the single road for Errol from now on.

Society Note

"IT'S a shame, it's a shame, it's a shame," we overheard one young thing moan to another, after a Hollywood preview the other night. And naturally Cal couldn't pass that up. We just had to listen.

"Look at her—how lovely she is," the young thing went on, nodding at the new Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., emerging on the arm of her husband, "and just look what Hollywood has done to her. Once a Newport socialite, and now she chews gum faster than anyone."

She was still moaning as we passed on.

Hollywood, Beware!

MOVIES that don't look like any movies you ever saw before have made their appearance on Broadway. Free, too, since they form an advertisement in the world-famous Times Square district. Through the medium of photocells, translated in terms of 2,000 electric lights, scenes of actual movies are flashed on one of Douglas Leigh's animated cartoon signs, advertising a well-known brand of whiskey. The first release was "Hot Shots from 'The Hot Mikado,'" high lighting the nimble feet of Bill Robinson, now tap-dancing in the "modernized" version of the Gilbert and Sullivan opera. At present, the twinkling mazdas feature funny-man Bobby Clark and acrobatic Ben Dova of the current Broadway hit, "The Streets of Paris," along with chorus and solo dance numbers. Looks as though Hollywood has other competition to fear, besides television!

A Killing Ordeal

VISITORS on the "Tower of London" set watched Basil Rathbone, as Richard the Third, order executioner Boris Karloff to cut off his victim's head.

Take after take was made, with Basil growing paler and paler beneath his make-up as the gory scene was enacted.

The scene finally completed, Rathbone staggered from his seat and called his victim to him. "Good work," he smiled, a little wanly, "but it was getting me down fast."

The victim smiled back at his father. He was Basil's own son, Rodion.

Attention, please, to—

WILLIAM HOLDEN, the "Golden Boy," who leaped to stardom in the Barbara Stanwyck picture with all the speed of a skyrocket. A lad of twenty-one, Holden was discovered in a Pasadena Junior College play, when he portrayed an old man and did it well for a boy of twenty. Paramount tested him, signed him, and forgot him. Columbia, eagerly searching for a boy to play the lead in "Golden Boy," ran the test and grabbed him. He hasn't caught his breath yet. Is just too darned grateful for words and worked like a dog with Director Mamoulian and Barbara between scenes. Lives in Pasadena with his retired dad, his mother, and three younger brothers.

Was never in New York in his life (who was it said try New York stages first?), and is so excited over his personal appearance tour there he can't eat.

He's a regular, average American boy, loves sports of all kinds, and thinks there must be a Santa Claus, for look what happened to him—two contracts, Columbia and Paramount, all at one and the same time.

(See him on page 41.)

Bette Sees Red

BETTE DAVIS would like to get her hands on the publicity man who sent out a story saying she wanted to buy some red hair to have her "Queen Elizabeth" wig copied for her own use. Literally hundreds of boxes of every kind and color red hair have arrived at the star's house. Some of it is so revolting Bette swears it was taken from a horse's tail. Bette isn't interested in wigs and she isn't interested in red hair. She hopes all red heads will hang on to what they've got.

You Can Bank On It—

THE Kay Francis-Baron Barnekow marriage will never take place—at least not in the immediate future. . .

Fred Astaire's dance version of "Begin the Beguine" in "Broadway Melody of 1940" will be the next dance sensation to sweep the country. You should see Fred and Eleanor Powell swing it. Get your partners now, kids. . .

The plaintive tones in Loretta Young's voice when she telephones William Buckner in New York tells that her heart still belongs to the indicted stock broker. All Hollywood is with her in sympathy. . .

Cal's Little Preview of the Month

FRIENDS, we want you to meet *Belle Watling*, the shady lady of "Gone with the Wind." We know everyone is going to scream for news about her when they see her on the screen, so why not be first with the facts?

Her name is Ona Munson. She's a musical comedy star who tried pictures before, gave them up, and returned to New York. But here's the catch. She looks the *least* like *Belle* of any one person in Hollywood, and she hadn't even read the book when she made her first test. She was grabbed up the minute they saw her in costume. Out of costume no one on the lot recognizes her. When she walks into a room now, people point at her, gasping, "But you're—oh, no, you couldn't be—"

You see, she's just five feet three, has a long blonde bob, and baby blue eyes. In costume she wears four-inch soles on her shoes and a startling red wig with red gowns to match. And she becomes, as if by magic, *Belle*, exactly as Margaret Mitchell conceived her.

Active in Society—Busy Keeping House

—BUT
they're both
quick to
grasp this
Exciting
new
"SKIN-VITAMIN"
Care*!

In Cartier's—Mrs. C. Henry Mellon, Jr., looks at a magnificent collection of diamond bracelets. Mrs. Mellon is popular in New York and Long Island society.

Shopping for the Week End—Mrs. James W. Moore, of Mt. Lebanon, Pa., takes advantage of the Friday food bargains. Her two young children have healthy appetites!

QUESTION TO MRS. MELLON: Mrs. Mellon, would you mind saying how you keep your skin so smooth and clear?

ANSWER: "It's no secret. I've found the use of Pond's 2 creams all I need for my skin care. But I do like to use both—the Cold Cream for thorough cleansing and the Vanishing Cream to smooth my skin for powder."

QUESTION TO MRS. MOORE: Can a busy housewife find time to give her skin proper care, Mrs. Moore?

ANSWER: "Yes. Pond's 2 creams make it very easy—inexpensive, too! I can get my skin really clean and fresh with their Cold Cream. Besides that, this famous cream now contains Vitamin A, which is certainly important to know."

Home Again!—On return from Paris, her favorite of European cities, Mrs. Mellon waits at the French Line dock while the customs inspector goes over her luggage.

Everybody out! A family of football fans. Big game of the season to Susy, Bill and their parents is between Pittsburgh and West Virginia, where Mr. Moore studied engineering.

QUESTION TO MRS. MELLON: Do you find it difficult to protect your skin against sun and wind when you're traveling or outdoors a lot?

ANSWER: "Oh, no—my regular use of Pond's Vanishing Cream helps take care of that. I can smooth little roughnesses away with just a single application!"

QUESTION TO MRS. MOORE: Why do you think it's important to have Vitamin A in your face cream?

ANSWER: "I studied about vitamins in feeding my children. That's how I learned there's one that's especially important to the skin—Vitamin A. Skin lacking it gets rough and dry. And now I can cream it right into my skin with Pond's Cold Cream!"

After the Theatre—In Mrs. Mellon's lovely New York apartment, friends often gather for a late supper.

*Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods.
Copyright, 1939, Pond's Extract Company

QUESTION TO MRS. MELLON: Does using more than one cream improve the general effect of your make-up?

ANSWER: "Yes—when my skin is cleansed with Pond's Cold Cream and then smoothed with Pond's Vanishing Cream—make-up goes on evenly—sparkles longer!"

(Below) Icebox raiding—Climax to an evening of ping-pong. Mrs. Moore pours coffee, while her husband slices ham.

QUESTION TO MRS. MOORE: Do you think the average husband notices his wife's complexion and make-up?

ANSWER: "Indeed I do! That's why I'm careful to keep my make-up attractive by cleansing my skin with Pond's Cold Cream and smoothing it with Pond's Vanishing Cream."

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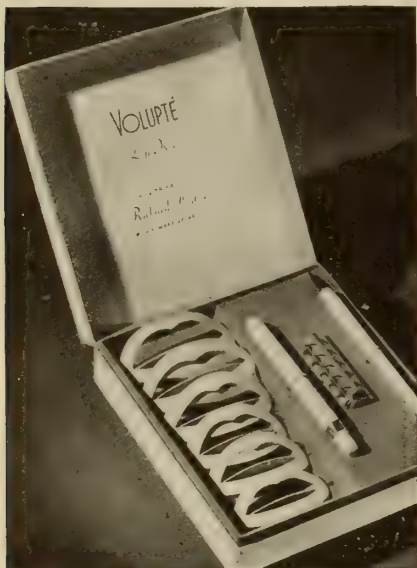


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*Patent pending



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VOLUPTÉ

Lip Kit

VOLUPTÉ, INC., 347 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y.

Tenth Avenue Girl

(Continued from page 25)

Vallee, and therein lies much of the mystery of this chapter in her life. For Vallee was twice her age, he was a worldly young radio star, he was exactly the wrong age to find sixteen attractive, he was fantastically busy with the "Scandals," the radio, night clubs, and he was in the toils of an infatuation that was to bring him almost to ruin. He had no time for any sixteen-year-old blonde chorus girl, even if she did have big, appealing, blue eyes and an adorable smile.

He was polite, he knew Alice Faye by name, sometimes he stopped and laughed with her in the wings, and once he actually took her to supper when they happened to meet after the show. That was all. Neither her voice nor her looks invaded his consciousness.

THE other man was different.

Everyone in New York knows Hymie Bushel. Everybody loves him. Behind the Rudy Vallee success, there has been one man—a shrewd, sentimental, artistic, hard-boiled, little Jewish lawyer, Judge Hyman Bushel. His hand has steered Rudy through every storm, steadied him in every crisis, advised, inspired, watched over Rudy.

Hymie of the twinkling eyes, the boundless enthusiasm for art, the tender heart and the love of life. Bad man to get mixed up with in a row. Knows his New York, knows every phase of it. A very, very, tough customer in a bargain, in a courtroom, in a contract. But the best guy in the world to have in your corner when you're in trouble.

Ask anybody in New York about Hymie Bushel.

The little man came often to the theater to see Rudy in the "Scandals"—he was Rudy's best, almost his only, friend, as well as his lawyer and business adviser. But Hymie came because he loved the theater, he liked being a part of it. Liked the lights and the music—above all the music. He never said much about it, but you would find Hymie at Carnegie Hall or the Metropolitan as often as you would at "21" or the Hollywood. His hard, shrewd eyes would fill with tears, unashamed tears, when he heard Heifitz, when John Charles Thomas sang.

There must have been something deeply akin between him and Alice Faye. Perhaps he saw the dreams in her eyes, the touches that a hard childhood and many denials had left. Perhaps, by some insight that his own sensitiveness had given him, he realized all that lay within this ordinary little blonde chorus girl.

His heart went out to her then—and it has stayed in her keeping ever since. His little Alice. That's the way he speaks of her, even now. "My little Alice." As though she were still a baby, still that shy, frightened sixteen-year-old he first saw in the "Scandals." "That little Alice Faye," he would say to Vallee, "she is different, eh? There is a big heart. I have a feeling about that child. Have you seen, Rudy, how when she laughs there are tears in her eyes, and when she cries her mouth turns up at the corners? Tears and laughs all mixed up. That is most unusual. Oh, yes—she is young. Very young. But she has not the cruelty of youth, and she is beautiful but she does not know it."

"Nice kid," said Rudy.

"More than that," said Hymie. "I

think she can sing."

"You always think everybody can sing," said Rudy.

"Sometimes," said Hymie, slyly smiling at him, "I am right."

So began their friendship. The shrewd, hard-boiled, New York lawyer and the kid from Tenth Avenue. He had been discouraged about youth, about women, had Hymie Bushel. Middle-age had found him disillusioned about too many things, clinging desperately to his own special dreams. His own life seemed a little empty, except for the vicarious life he lived in Rudy's success—Hymie who had himself wanted to be an artist and was instead a New York lawyer.

In Alice, he found something that was akin to his own heart, and he began to watch over her with a wise and fatherly eye. They went out together, sometimes alone and sometimes with Alice's mother, and he talked to her of many things, of books and poetry and life in New York and Rudy.

"You must sing," he said.

"I can't sing," Alice said. "I'm a dancer."

"You're always singing, Alice," her mother said. "I think you're right, too, Judge Bushel. She can sing very well, if she only would. But you know how Alice is. She never thinks she can do anything. I never saw such a girl."

It was a big party at Hymie Bushel's the night Alice Faye made her first recording. The story has been told many times—how they all went into the library and everybody sang or made speeches to hear their own voices later on the wax.

What has not been told is that plenty of people suspect that the whole thing was a frame-up on Alice Faye, for Hymie has deep and devious methods, and he believed in Alice and her future as even Alice herself did not.

What has not been told is how well Alice remembers that party. Now that she has her own lovely home in Beverly Hills, now that she is planning a beautiful house in the Valley near Clark and Carole, and Bob and Barbara, now that she is a movie star, it's hard to realize that there was a time when part of her shyness came from the fact that she'd actually never been in a home filled with fine furniture and deep, soft rugs and all the things that spell luxury. Sometimes people thought little Faye was a bit snippy and stuck-up, but it was only that she didn't always know what to do and how to conduct herself and which fork to use. How could she?

RUDY Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees. With Alice Faye.

Swiftly it happened, for Alice. Yet, as a matter of fact, it was some months before Rudy, when he had heard the record, made up his shrewd showman mind to give the kid a chance. Sure, she had a voice—a rare heartwarming voice. But she didn't know how to sing, how to put over a song; she had no stage personality.

"But she will learn," Hymie said, gently, "as you had to learn. Only you can teach her and help her, as no one taught or helped you."

So there were hours in Rudy's office in Steinway Hall, while the little Faye worked and sweated and sang, and went home to cry herself sick because Rudy was a hard taskmaster. But her Irish was up at last and besides—she wanted to please Rudy. She wanted to show him that she could do what he wanted.

Hours of practice, hours of trying, days of worry and fear, moments when she went cold all over as the piano started and her voice seemed frozen forever in her throat.

Getting nowhere. Never be able to sing. Even with Rudy telling her things, showing her, she didn't seem to herself to achieve anything. Then, Rudy went on the road, and she was alone in New York again—without a job, and without any future. The gates had opened—and closed—and she was sixteen and only today was important. Two years—five years—why, they were eternities.

Then came the telegram. She was to join Rudy and the band in Boston, to have her chance, to sing on the road where he was playing one-night stands.

Her first appearance sold the audience—more important, it sold Vallee. Once sold, he put all that drive and determination in back of her, he rehearsed her until she drooped with exhaustion. He yelled, screamed, pleaded, coaxed—endlessly. Now he knew what he had—now he knew what she could do. And she was going to do it!

Rudy had then, as he always has had, a one-track mind. But life doesn't operate like that.

There were other tracks, other emotions, other sides to this new business association.

There was Fay Webb Vallee and his own boiling and unhappy domestic troubles, for one thing.

IN January of 1933, Fay Webb Vallee went back to California to visit her family. The marriage had not been a success—it had never been a success from the beginning. But the trip was not a separation, it was only a temporary visit. Rudy was on the road again—traveling through the South—Tampa and Jacksonville, Memphis and Atlanta, one-night stands in Columbia and Winston-Salem, Charlotte and Greensburg. Hard work, long hops, bad living conditions often, nasty weather, and all the hurried, uncomfortable things that go with that kind of a tour.

Mrs. Vallee didn't like traveling and she refused flatly to troop around the country under such conditions.

Alice Faye went with the band. Of course. She was singing.

But, as the year went on, and Mrs. Vallee came back and then returned to California, this time with an admitted break and a probable divorce in the offing, Alice entered into the great romantic and emotional adventure of her young life.

For Rudy needed her and needed her desperately. On these long trips, they had grown very close. When they made the jumps by car, Alice rode in the car with Rudy, who liked to drive himself. When they ate at little hotels or roadside restaurants, Alice ate with Rudy. They were always together because they never had any time to see anyone else, and it was only natural and chivalrous that Rudy should share the best with the only girl in the troupe. Nobody thought anything of that.

Later, when Fay Webb Vallee named Alice Faye as the other woman in her complaint against Vallee, she was mistaken. Completely mistaken. There was nothing in the relationship of Alice and Rudy upon which a wife could base any suit for divorce or separate maintenance or anything else.

(Continued on page 76)

SOMETHING has happened to HOSIERY!

PHOENIX has found an
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Look at an ordinary silk thread under a microscope and it looks loose and shaggy like this
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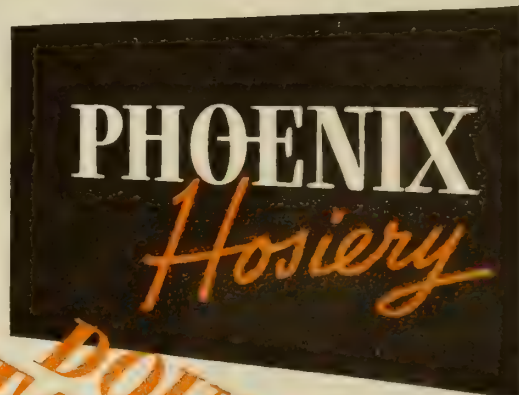
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But that these two had come to love each other deeply and greatly, it would be foolish and disloyal to deny.

You see, Alice was that peculiar combination of wisdom and ignorance that can happen to girls brought up on Tenth Avenue. She had seen life in the raw. She had lived with those who had to worry about the next day's dinner, and the rent, and new shoes for the kids. She knew the tragedy of a lost job, of kids playing in the streets, of terrible battles brought on by too small houses and too many people and too little to eat.

But she was peculiarly innocent as far as her own life was concerned.

Her love for Rudy had grown in daily association until it was the biggest thing in her life. Compound of adolescent romance, of gratitude, or the worship of pupil for the maestro, of unbearable pity and maternal heartache—it swamped her completely.

To the outside world in those days, when every front page carried new tales of his personal life, of Mrs. Vallee's accusations, of his own statements against his wife, Rudy presented his usual arrogant demeanor. He held his head up and, as far as he could, kept his mouth shut.

But little Alice Faye, the girl with the band, the biggest-hearted kid from Tenth Avenue, saw another man entirely.

On Alice's shoulder he cried out the dreadful pain and anguish and longing. His wife didn't love him, she wouldn't come back to him, she had been unfaithful to him. The dream of glory he had built around the woman who was his physical ideal of beauty was breaking up, crushing him, filling him with a despair that kept him in torment. He still loved her—but he knew now that she did not and perhaps never had loved him.

SO Alice Faye's first great love never flowered at all. She might have loved him as a woman loves the one man. For a time, at first, he had seemed to her the Prince Charming she had dreamed about. But too soon she found herself the comforter, the one and only confidante, the one thing in the world that might keep Vallee going during those awful days.

It wasn't an easy thing for a teen-age girl to go through. It wasn't easy always to be ready to listen while Rudy talked endlessly, wildly, about Fay Webb and poured out his torment. It wasn't easy to know what to say and how to comfort him and just when to speak and when to be silent.

"She will come back some day," she would say.

"I don't want her back," Rudy would cry out. "Yet I'll never be happy without her."

The boys in the band knew, of course. They had been with Rudy too long not to know. They knew, too, that he couldn't bear to have Alice out of his sight.

His comforter. She did everything for him. He wanted to be alone, and she protected him. He couldn't bear to be bothered with details and so Alice, now seventeen and new to all this, took care of everything. He was moody and depressed and she cheered him, and clowning with him, and turned his mind onto his work and his future as much as she could.

By this time, she was on the air with him, because he had insisted. Always she was frightened and twice she had fainted after broadcasts from sheer terror—but only afterwards. She looked, in those days, like what she was—a singer with a band, a singer in the Hollywood Restaurant, a radio blues singer.

She looked as if she came from Tenth Avenue. She was blonde and she had been a chorus girl and she sang hot numbers, with swing to them.

Probably most people who saw them together in those days and knew of the separation between Rudy and his wife thought that she was Vallee's girl.

Alice didn't care—she never thought of it. She went up to the lodge Rudy had built in his home state of Maine, and she wore cute little white boating costumes, and she was the life of the party. What people thought or believed never entered her mind and she wouldn't have cared if it had. She took her life and her future and her reputation and flung them all overboard, took every possible chance, because she knew Rudy needed her.

She wasn't in love with him anymore—her little sixteen-year-old romance had died. But she loved him with all her tender young heart. She and Hymie knew how near he was to a crack-up. They alone knew how he was suffering, how his pride and his passion were dragged in the dust.

No man in this world ever had as good, as true, as fine a friend as Alice Faye was to Rudy Vallee. If he gave her her chance and taught her a great deal, she saved him in those days from depths of hell from which he might never have returned.

And so Alice Faye grew up.

IT was in August of that year, that dark year of 1933, that she had her strange reward, that she knew how great a place she held in her hero's heart.

A damp, rainy day. A big car, speeding between Atlantic City, where they had played, and Virginia Beach, where an engagement waited them. Vallee at the wheel, a magnificent driver but always inclined to speed and now in his desperate frame of mind too often reckless. The big car skidded, hung a moment, and went over into the ditch—and when Rudy and the other two men crawled out they saw a small figure lying very still against a crumpled fence. Very still, so still that they wondered if she would ever move again.

When she opened her eyes, Alice was held in Rudy's arms, and she heard him say, "Alice—Alice—you've got to speak to me. I couldn't live without you—I need you so damn much."

If it hadn't been for Rudy's strange

complex about women—his complex about dark, exotic women as the only type who can rouse his emotions—they might have found in each other the love based upon great friendship that would have made marriage perfect.

They never did. There was too much against them.

But in those long months, Alice Faye came to know so much about life, and men, and love and sorrow and pain.

Rudy will tell you today that when she came to in the hospital after that frightful accident, and didn't know whether or not her beauty was scarred, her chances of a career gone forever, she didn't utter one word of reproach. She only patted his hand and said, "Don't worry, I'll be all right. You couldn't help it."

But there could also be no doubt that Alice's reputation had suffered. Her mother was nearly always with her—after the accident she was always with her. Hymie watched over her, saw to it that she was careful, that she thought a little of herself. Still, it was a band—it was night clubs—the Hollywood Restaurant on Broadway—and no one looked for an ideal devotion, for a selfless love and affection, a real man-and-woman friendship in such surroundings.

The Hollywood trip was, to Alice, just another of those trips—they made them all the time. It was all right—she was going along as usual with Rudy and the band.

Less than a month after they arrived in Hollywood, the storm broke.

Mrs. Fay Webb Vallee filed a flaming complaint against her husband for separate maintenance, and in it she named Alice Faye as the cause of their separation and claimed that Rudy had deceived her and lied to her in order to get a divorce so that he might marry his singer. She named times and places and she didn't mince words.

PERHAPS injustice is of all things the most terrible to bear. Alice knew—and only Alice—how untrue those accusations were. Alice knew how many hours she had listened to Rudy talk only of his wife. She knew how Rudy had begged and pleaded with his wife to join him, to come back to him. And she knew that Fay Webb knew those things, too.

Now she was faced with this charge, made publicly, made on every front page, and tearing down the thing she held dearest. That was what hurt most. She felt utterly helpless. She wept in secret, over the ugly mud that had been thrown at the most beautiful thing in her life.

More than that, she realized, and Hymie Bushel realized, that the thing might injure her beyond repair in radio, with the sponsors, in her chances of a future.

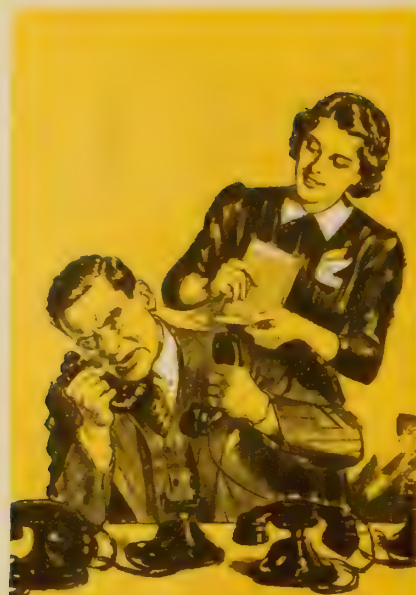
Could she lick it? Could little Alice Faye, night-club singer, ex-chorus girl, survive this vicious attack? At eighteen, she was the center of a scandal that made headlines everywhere. At eighteen, she was blazoned on every front page in America as the other woman.

Could she win out—and how? What could she do with the future, what would Rudy do to help her, would any man ever believe in her and love her after this, would anyone ever give her a job again?

So began the real battle of Alice Faye's life, and the next few months were to tell a strange story of the thing within Alice Faye that in the end made her an actress and a star. DECEMBER—PHOTOPLAY.



Dancing, but not romancing (each is happily wed) at Felix Young's Troc—Ann Sothorn and Ray Milland

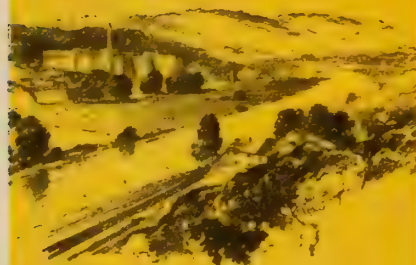


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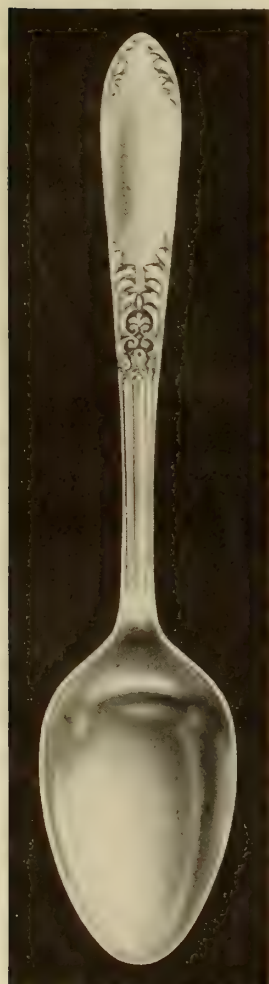
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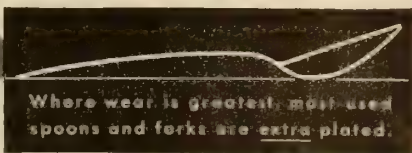


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We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 67)

"Allegheny Uprising" springs from a dramatic incident in American Colonial history around 1760. Unscrupulous British traders smuggled guns to the hostile redskins. They promptly turned them on the Pennsylvania settlers. The settlers didn't like it one bit—and that's what all the shooting's about that we see. They're storming the pesky redcoats in Fort Loudon.

Sherwood Lake is a popular Los Angeles summer resort, and although everywhere you look mammoth signs warn: "Keep Out—No Visitors!" the lake shore is studded with vacationing kibitzers.

Right at the height of the battle, Director William Seiter peers far into the glow and yells "Cut!" and the usual "Save your fire!—Save your lights!" echoes. The assistant director is summoned at a trot.

"It looks as if you've got too many settlers in the background," says Seiter. The assistant director runs over for a look. He comes back crestfallen.

"They aren't settlers, Mr. Seiter," he reports. "They're people who live around here!"

INQUISITIVE natives may be one of the troubles of shooting on location, along with box lunches, mosquitoes, and sleeping on cots, but sometimes a location can be a real holiday paradise—like Paramount's "Typhoon," doing business on the blue bay of the Isthmus of Catalina Island.

"Typhoon" was originally "South of Samoa," which shows you how titles can change their stripes nowadays.

Dotty Lamour, complete with sarong, is in this with Robert Preston, who, by the way, since "Beau Geste," is Paramount's very fair-haired young man-of-the-hour.

"Typhoon," in Technicolor, is another of those native girl plus stranded sailor numbers. Only it's dressed up with a sunken submarine, a deep-sea battle with an octopus and all kinds of thrilling things.

They've rigged up a marvelous jungle penthouse in one of the palm trees, with an elevator contraption hoisting a basket up and down on woven vine cables. It's worthy of "Tarzan." Dorothy is trying to keep Bob up in her love-nest away from his ship. So every time he steps in the elevator to go down, she sends her pet chimpanzee to haul it back up. They seesaw, up and down, for several takes, as Dotty croons seductive tunes. The monkey thinks it's a lot of fun, but Bob's not so sure. He grew up in the tough district of Los Angeles and he's a little worried.

"What'll the guys over in Lincoln Heights say when they see me wrapped up in this tea towel, playing elevator boy to a monk?" he frowns.

Back on the mainland, Paramount's feminine favorite in the star future book, Patricia Morison, is getting the Technicolor test, too, in "Untamed" with Ray Milland and Akim Tamiroff. Years ago, Clara Bow and Percy Marmont did this same picture, but under its original Sinclair Lewis title, "Mantrap." Pat Morison isn't exactly the flaming "It" type, so they've remodeled her part considerably. But it's still the north woods romance of a young vacationing doctor and a trapper's pretty wife. They're lost in the north woods of Southern California, however, the day we pick to call. So, instead, we look in on George Brent and Isa Miranda, John Loder and Nigel Bruce, making "Dia-

monds Are Dangerous."

If we thought we'd get a peek inside the Paramount lot for this one, we're quickly disillusioned. They shunt us right off to another location at the ritzy Midwick Country Club in Pasadena, where we encounter—of all things—an ostrich race!

It seems that in Capetown, South Africa, where most of this drama takes place, the favorite outdoor sport is racing ostriches instead of bangtails. So they've laid out a quarter-mile track on the polo sward. Eight of the oversized chickens are hopping about nearby, hitched to funny little sulkies.

It's all very exciting as the ostriches line up at the post. Director Fitzmaurice gives the signal. He doesn't say "Action!" He whoops, "They're off!"

Only they're not. Or rather, they're off all over the place! The combination of green racing ostriches and even greener ostrich drivers is a little disastrous. There's a big flurry of dust, an octet of angry squawks, and the ostriches take off in the weirdest race we've ever seen. One hurdles a reflector and crashes through a fence. Another climbs into the grandstands. One wheels and almost knocks over George and Isa. One just backs up and sits down, possibly to lay an egg!

They're still chasing a flock of feathers over the course when we leave, and George and Isa are rolling with laughter.

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX is resting up for the big efforts of Shirley Temple's next color classic, "The Bluebird," and Linda Darnell's co-starring debut with Tyrone Power, "Daytime Wife," when we get back from the location circuit. The vast lot is deserted by vacationing TC-F stars, except the perennial Jane Withers. "High School" starts Jane out on a new adolescent program. She's shooting up like a weed, so, from now on, kid stuff is out.

Jane Withers doesn't seem to be worried about anything so abstract as that, however, on the "High School" set. What bothers Jane is a twisting, squirming gopher snake. She's supposed to pick it up and wrap it around her neck, and there's a professional snake woman on hand to sell her the idea. But Jane balks. We've been waiting years for this moment. After seeing Jane undaunted by anything that runs, swims, flies or crawls, it's almost a pleasure to see a little snake give her the business. Her squeals and frightened tremors may be a part of blossoming into young womanhood, we wouldn't know. But when people say, "Now, Jane, don't be a sissy!" and still live! Well—the old order certainly do changeth—yes, indeed!

We're right on hand to watch the order change for another star, Sigrid Gurie, the day we personally inspect Universal's process of glamorizing the girl shaded by Hedy Lamarr in "Algiers." "Rio" is the first step in the process—and a high, wide and handsome one it seems, too.

"Rio" is lavish and stark at the same time. The story: A European industrial king (Basil Rathbone) marries a night-club singer (Sigrid). Then his kingdom crashes. When he goes to a prison camp in South America, she follows. But young engineer Robert Cummings is on hand near-by in Rio, and then it's a case of real love—until Basil escapes.

The scene we see is before Basil's

world goes to pot. He and Sigrid are celebrating their first wedding anniversary in the night club where they met. As a lark, she steps out on the floor to sing.

The song is supposed to be a new one called "Love Open My Eyes," but when Sigrid opens her mouth, it's strictly from wonder. What the orchestra plays is Mendelssohn's "Wedding March"—and the whole set cheers! We catch on, then. That very night Sigrid changes her name to Mrs. Laurence Spangard, teaming up for better or worse with Hollywood's popular Dr. Spangard. Everybody comes around for a preview kiss from the bride, and work is out. "But don't forget," Director John Brahm warns Sigrid, "you've got a call for five in the morning!"

"O-h-h-h," wails Sigrid. Then she turns to the orchestra. "Now I'll tell you what to play," she says. But they're way ahead of her. They strike up, "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning"!!

AT Warners', "Oomphie" Annie Sheridan, John Garfield and Burgess Meredith are struggling through a remake of Warden Lawes' "20,000 Years in Sing-Sing," under the new title of "City of Lost Men." But after a look at the depressing prison set, bulls, finks, screws and so forth, we decided Warners' will have to do better by Annie than that if they want to keep up the hotcha Oomph publicity. In our humble opinion, she needs something with sex, not sadness. As for John Garfield, we'd like to see him out in the open for a change, with maybe a smile on his face.

But the big moment at Warners' right now is "We Are Not Alone"—for Paul Muni is still head man in those parts.

James Hilton ("Mr. Chips") authored "We Are Not Alone," and Edmund Goulding is directing this tragic story of an English doctor's bout with justice. Flora Robson and Jane Bryan have the next best parts. But it's really all Muni.

Paul is playing his violin in his little surgery for the scene we see. Luckily that's one of his diversions in real life—so he's convincing. The shot is through a window at passers-by—extras. They're supposed to be staring in, attracted by the rude noises. Muni doesn't show in the shot. "Just an off-stage fiddle squeak," he sighs. "Back where I belong." He taps his bow like Toscanini and turns to Goulding with a haughty glance. "Okay," says Paul, "Heifetz is ready." A cute kid, Muni.

Frankly, however, for cute kids we'll take the flock of curvaceous bathing beauties we find on the set of "Fast and Furious" at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Franchot Tone, Ann Sothern and Lee Bowman are knee-deep in Miss Atlanta, Miss Texas, and various other hits and misses, including Margaret Roach, Hal's plump young daughter. There's also a sexy little new siren named Mary Beth Hughes—remember the name, you'll see more of her later.

Against this parade of pulchritude, Ann, Franchot and Lee are working out a rollicking farce about a young married man (Franchot) who acquires an interest in a bathing-beauty parade and aims to take care of his interests. But when he takes on the job of judge and starts tape measuring the fair young bodies, that's when his loving wife (Ann) steps in.

This is the second step of the Sothern build-up at Metro. Ann is heiress to Jean Harlow's stories there. Since "Maisie," too, she's also the top-ranking comedienne on the lot. As for Franchot, it's his first picture since he "deserted" Hollywood. He tells us he never said he was quitting the screen for keeps, and never intended to. But

he will go back to the stage after one more picture. Meanwhile, "I like Hollywood, and everybody in it," Franchot states, just for the record.

We find busy Bob Taylor on the very next set we visit, "Remember," with Greer Garson and Lew Ayres. That mildly surprises us, for Greer was booked originally for "Susan and God."

"Remember" is wistful comedy—the story of two people who love, marry, and see their marriage go on the rocks. Then a quirk of fate gives them a chance to do it all over again. Do they change? They do not. The same mistakes repeat themselves! It's a clever idea.

Greer Garson looks a very different person from the Kathie of "Mr. Chips": This part is modern, New Yorkish, young and gay. She's in smart clothes and her gorgeous thick red hair, quite a problem, has been subdued à la Guilloff. Even the remnant of her English accent is gone. But not the taste for tea.

She has corralled Bob, Lew and Director Norman McLeod around her dressing room where a large kettle simmers over an electric stove. "Movies can wait," laughs Greer, "but not tea."

But McLeod is impatient, like all directors. "Let's take the scene first," he suggests. "By that time it'll be hot."

So they take their places and go into a scene—the one where Greer and Bob Taylor meet, pretty important, too. Everything is proceeding perfectly when a shrill whistle pierces the sound track. "Cut!" cries McLeod. "What in the world?"

Greer looks guilty. "I forgot," she explains. "It's my teapot. It whistles when the water's hot!"

McLeod throws up his hands. "I guess you're right," he grins. "Movies can wait for the British. But tea—never!"

BOTH movies and movie stars, however, are waiting to see what happens for them in radio this winter. Hollywood is conspicuous by its absence right now, we find, visiting the studios of Radio City. But it's only the lull before the winter storm of star-static.

Now that the summer filler shows and the swing bands—Goodman, Kyser, Shaw and company—have let go of the Hollywood air waves, Sunset and Vine is turning again for the talent it must have to that perpetual gold mine—the movie lots.

DeMille, back from his annual yacht trip, is busy lining up new stars for the Lux Radio Theater... The Screen Guild Theater has signed Roger Pryor as a permanent master of ceremonies... Ona Munson is set to replace Claire Trevor with Edward G. Robinson in "Big Town"... Judy Garland is joining Bob Hope on the Pepsodent show... Frank Morgan is considering giving up the screen and M-G-M to stay with Good News... Wendy Barrie, Edmund Lowe and Anita Louise are back from a "Gateway to Hollywood" tour, making tests with new talent... Richard Arlen is plotting a football show for the air... Nelson Eddy has rejoined Chase and Sanborn...

On the personal side of Sunset and Vine: A store on Radio Row is now advertising "Don Ameche collars"—that high kind... Rochester's race horse—Edox—came in as a long shot at Bing Crosby's Del Mar the other day... The Wynn Rocamora-Dorothy Lamour romance is strictly business; he's her manager... Hanley Stafford (Father Snooks) will marry Vyola Vonn in December; she's been singing on the Joe E. Brown show... And since Edgar Bergen has given up fishing for horseback riding, he's doing his Charlie McCarthy act standing up.

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How Olivia Sees Her Sister's Romance

(Continued from page 27)

going to be married—because we discovered it and fell in love with it together."

Olivia swallowed a gasp. She knew that church. As children, she and Joan had dreamed of being married there some day. But Joan had forgotten. Because she'd come upon it with Brian, it was new to her. It had blossomed like magic out of the earth at their summons. This must be what they call rebirth by love, Livvie found herself thinking. Wisely she held her tongue, and opened her arms.

"I'm really beginning to believe it. Turn your face away while I hug you. Your groom would undoubtedly slay me if I gave you the sniffles. Have you told Mummy?"

"Mhm. She always liked him, you know—ever since the black eye."

They giggled rather shakily, welcoming the release from emotional tension. The black eye had been a feature of their mother's first meeting with Mr. Aherne. She had acquired it by falling down a staircase in London, and had it still when she and Olivia reached New York. Brian, sailing next day, had asked Olivia to dine with him that night. They'd been friends since working together in "The Great Garrick." When he called for her, of course he met Mrs. Fontaine.

"I like him," that lady told her daughter firmly next day. "He left me with the distinct impression that black eyes were being worn by all the smarter matrons this season."

When Joan had gone, Livvie dug her cheek into her pillow and tried to compose her whirling thoughts. What had happened to her sister, that suddenly she'd been able to take this momentous step with a quiet assurance that baffled Olivia? No questions, no hesitations. Heretofore they'd always talked and talked—both of them—and had never been able to make up their minds. "Now Joanie's twenty-one, and she's done it," thought the old lady of twenty-two with something like awe. "She hasn't wasted time, wondering should she or shouldn't she. She just whipped out and did it."

But why hadn't she, Livvie, suspected something? She tried to trace back the steps by which it had happened, only to discover how little she knew—she who'd imagined Joan was her open book.

They had met at Palm Springs, she'd been told that story. Brian had heard a voice—"Aha! Olivia!"—and turned a corner, to be confronted "by a rascal, to be sure, but a blonde and green-eyed rascal, instead of the dark one I expected to see."

"Oh!" he said. "You're not Olivia. Then you must be Olivia's sister."

HE began calling on Joan soon after that. He took her to a party at the Lightons. Bud Lighton, the producer, was his close friend, and both girls were favorites with Mrs. Lighton. She asked Brian to bring them to her party. Olivia couldn't go, so Joan and Brian went without her.

Looking back, she remembered that she'd been very busy with golf lessons at that time. With elaborate carelessness, Joan would inquire: "You're not going to be in this afternoon, are you, Livvie?"

"I don't know. Why?"
"Well, don't come home till six. I'm having a guest to tea."

"Who?"
"Oh—just a guest."
The identity of the guest who had tea

so frequently with young Miss Fontaine couldn't be kept a secret for long. But did that mean it was serious? Even if they went to Saratoga at the same time? Joan wanted to visit her old home. Brian wanted to play golf. He was staying at the Golf Club twenty-five miles from town. They were good friends. It would be nice for them to spend their evenings together.

They spent their days together, too. Aherne, the formal Englishman, asked Joan's mother for the honor of her daughter's hand in marriage. They visited her childhood haunts. They discovered the old church. They called on her friends. Brian was particularly pleased to meet Uncle Hugh Studdert-Kennedy, and to learn it was Uncle Hugh who would give Joan away to him in marriage. For Hugh Studdert-Kennedy was the brother of England's famous wartime clergyman, Geoffrey Studdert-Kennedy, nicknamed "Woodbine Willie" by the soldiers whom he had kept supplied with cigarettes. Woodbine Willie had once given a talk at Brian's school, and had made an indelible impression on the youngster's mind.

IT was after Saratoga that Joan broke the news to Olivia. She told her they wanted to be married soon, but they wanted a honeymoon, too, and Brian was working in "Vigil in the Night." Suddenly Carole Lombard was rushed to the hospital, so the picture was postponed, and the wedding day set.

To Olivia's amazement, Joan managed everything herself. First, she devoured Emily Post on weddings, then she started operations. She engaged the Tower Room at the Del Monte Hotel for the reception. She ordered the menu and the flowers. She made out the invitation list, and asked a friend in Saratoga to arrange the seating. She delegated her mother to precede the wedding party and see to the church decorations. She selected her wedding gown alone. Also the gown for her maid of honor. She would have taken the maid of honor along on that errand, but the maid of honor was still in bed.

"Not that it really matters," said the

bride kindly. "I find that things get done faster without advice."

That would have startled Olivia a week earlier. Now she took it in her stride. A week ago Joan had been her little sister. Now she was a woman who went about with a new grace in her movements, and a new serenity in her eyes. It was as if life, that bewildering jigsaw, had suddenly grown very clear and simple to Joan. "She's learned something I don't know yet," Olivia thought. "It's as though I were the younger now."

Brian had chartered a plane to take the wedding party to Del Monte. The atmosphere of departure was kept strictly matter-of-fact—no loophole allowed for a tear to squeeze through on Joan's last morning at home. Brian and a friend came to breakfast. He and Olivia talked straight through it on the all-absorbing topic of the fourth dimension. By way of balance they all buried themselves in the funnies on the two-hour plane flight. Late in the afternoon they rehearsed the ceremony, and that evening Joan's friends gave her a beautiful party. As the only unattached girl, with more dance partners than she knew what to do with, the maid of honor had the time of her life.

SHE and the bride spent the night together, and Livvie woke next morning to find Joan sitting up beside her, eyes wide with dismay.

"My heaven, Livvie, you know that aisle in the church? It's terribly narrow. D'you suppose there'll be room for Brian and my hoops too?"

Livvie turned pale. "What'll we do if there isn't?"

"Well, I could walk up that aisle hoopless, I suppose, but definitely not Brianless."

"Maybe you can have 'em both. Let's phone someone to go and measure the aisle."

The aisle turned out agreeably to be just wide enough, so the young ladies had their breakfast in bed and in peace.

Soon—almost too soon, Livvie thought—came the stirring business of dressing the bride. Save for her stockings, every-



Pretty Mary Healy, discovered for movies in 20th Century-Fox's own New Orleans office, is one Cinderella getting a big rush in Hollywood—this month from Franchot Tone, as seen at the Lamaze

thing was white. Her mother and sister slipped the folds of soft satin over her head and arranged the long train. In the hooped skirt, the puffed sleeves, the tight-fitting bodice, the tiny lace collar embroidered in tiny pearls, she looked faintly Elizabethan and wholly delicious. The veil was fastened with a cluster of white stephanosis, and a little muff, from which butterfly orchids sprayed, completed the picture.

Into her shoe they tucked the good-luck sixpence Mrs. Lighton had worn at her wedding, and her mother before her. A tiny blue bow had been stitched to her underskirt, and for something old, she carried in her muff a handkerchief of Olivia's.

Mrs. Fontaine went off to dress while Livvie got into the chartreuse net Joan had selected for her, and fastened round her throat the triple strand of pearls Joan had given her. She wore a small velvet hat with velvet streamers that matched the ribbons on her bouquet of apricot begonias. Those who saw her say that she didn't look bad, either.

The ceremony was scheduled for one. They were about to leave when Joan cried: "Where's Mother?" Mother hadn't been seen since she left the girls to dress. Someone went flying to her room. She wasn't there. Scouts were sent scurrying through the hotel. She couldn't be found.

THE Episcopal service requires the groom and his best man to be in their places five minutes before the arrival of the bride. "They're supposed to meditate," groaned Olivia. "So there stood Brian and Bud Lighton meditating like fury for half an hour while the guests gaiped, and Brian began to think he knew what a jilted man felt like.

"Finally, Mother arrived. And I tell you, the woman looked so stunning that, with our mouths open to storm, we kept them open to gape. Regal, that's what she was, in a long grey affair with a magnificent plum-violet hat and glorious plumes sticking way up and little mitts to match. She never said a word—just swept to the car, stately and triumphant, for all the world as if we were the guilty ones, and we followed meek as mice."

A few minutes later they were standing in the church entry. Softly the organ rolled into the wedding march, and down the narrow aisle paced a demure rascal in chartreuse net, dark eyes aglow. Exactly three yards behind, on the arms of her Uncle Hugh, followed a vision in white, and if you'd ever referred to her as less than an angel, you wondered now how you'd dared.

Livvie had no intention of weeping. Nobody wept at weddings any more. So, hardly had the beautiful service been started, when she felt a lump rise to her throat and the tears welling. "Stop it," she told herself furiously, and couldn't stop it. This wasn't just a wedding. It was Joan and Brian, plighting their troth to each other for better, for worse; for richer, for poorer; in sickness and health; till death did them part.

The tears flowed faster.

"It's all very well to be dewy-eyed at your sister's wedding," thought the frantic Livvie, "but look at your nose. It's getting dewy, too."

She made a stern effort at self-control. And just as she felt there was no succor, succor came. She remembered her handkerchief, stowed safely away in Joanie's muff. So, while bride and groom exchanged vows, the maid of honor dabbed secretly at her nose and thanked heaven for traditions.

THE Tower Room was gay with asters and begonias, with champagne and laughter. A hundred old friends sat down to the breakfast Joan had ordered, and drank toasts to the wedded pair. Olivia discovered that people do weep at weddings, but never at receptions.

Presently she caught Joan's signal and slipped out. Back in their room, she helped her sister change into her going-away clothes—a green ensemble, brown hat and brown suede shoes and bag and gloves. The wedding gown and veil, the shoes and stockings were carefully put away. "I want to save them all," said Joan softly. "I'd like my daughter to wear them some day."

There was a knock at the door, and Brian came in. He and his wife were going to telephone his parents in England. Livvie beamed approval. "That shows me you're right for Joan," she told him, with a maternal pat on the sleeve. Joan followed her to the door to whisper: "You and Mummy come out to the car and say good-by."

The car stood purring behind a big column at the front of the hotel, luggage piled high, Brian's chauffeur at the wheel, ready for a quick getaway. The guests waited, armed with handfuls of limp rice. Mr. and Mrs. Aherne appeared on the stairway, and the bride was carrying the little white muff with its orchids. Of course, she should have thrown it. But all the women were married except Olivia. Dodging rice, she thrust the flowers at her sister. This was one thing she couldn't save for her daughter. She needed it now to wish Olivia happiness like her own.

They ran through the hail of rice out to the car. Joan flung her arms round Livvie, her mother, and Livvie again. Tall Brian smiled down at small Miss de Havilland. "Good-by, little sister," he said and kissed her cheek.

"Little sister," she thought. "I've never been little sister before. It's nice."

Shortly after the wedding came news of the war in Europe. Joan, of course, is worried sick that Brian may be called for military duty, for he is an expert pilot. However, Olivia told me, that eventuality is not in the too immediate future, for the fact that Brian has had no military training would seem to indicate that he would be summoned only if war continued for a long time. So, like the sensible, courageous people they are, they are not letting the war spoil their new happiness, this happiness which Olivia saves to think about, "just like a piece of cake."

Cross out the Bensons, Honey—he's all right but she . . .



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THE remark about the Bensons was never finished. It didn't have to be, for all the neighbors knew about them! "They *could* be a grand couple," everybody thought. "Why doesn't she *know* Mum would prevent any trace of underarm odor?"

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WHO ARE THEY NOW?

Photoplay reveals the identities and new names of the film stars whose pictures appear on pages 46 and 47.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. Ann Sothorn, formerly Harriette Lake | 6. Jon Hall, formerly Charles Locher and Lloyd Crane |
| 2. Penny Singleton, formerly Dorothy McNulty | 7. Ellen Drew, formerly Terry Ray |
| 3. Carole Lombard, formerly Jane Peters | 8. June Lang, formerly June Vlasak |
| 4. Rita Hayworth, formerly Rita Cansino | 9. Hedy Lamarr, formerly Hedy Kiesler |
| 5. Anita Louise, formerly Anita Fremault; Anne Shirley, formerly Dawn O'Day | |

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Janey-Paney

(Continued from page 32)

That the first shot in "Confession" showed the top of Jane's head and the first shot in "We Are Not Alone" also revealed the Bryan pate is "spooky." That she should be speaking of someone who just then enters the Warner Brothers dining room is "spooky." That she should have played the daughter of Bette Davis in "The Old Maid," and her sister in "The Sisters" is "spooky."

It kills her friends, who adore it in her.

TO me, the only spooky thing about Jane herself is that she began displaying this unusual talent of hers at an age when most kids are all hands and feet, and boy-conscious up to their eyebrows. In high school, after she was graduated from Marymount Convent, she was chosen to play *Touchstone* in "As You Like It," and was given careful coaching by the dramatic teacher. But just before she went on for the part, something zipped into the O'Brien bean and she saw (this is spooky) the character in an altogether new light. Something had spoken within (this gets spookier), and Jane leaped onto the stage, as original and as amazing a *Touchstone* as ever lived. Of course, all it accomplished was to stupefy the cast into openmouthed astonishment and knock the dramatic teacher, to say nothing of the audience, into loop after loop. Surveying the havoc about her and listening to the buzz of Shakespeare whirling in his grave, either in anger at her or at the others for not understanding (she couldn't tell which), she relapsed into the original conception of the role. It's the last relapse she ever indulged in, for, a little later in Jean Muir's Work Shop Theater, Jane played the lead in "Green Grow the Lilacs" as she saw it and as Bette Davis out front also saw it. For three weeks thereafter, at Bette's urgent suggestion, Warners attempted to sign Jane to a studio contract. And there's a hot one for you—a studio *trying* to sign up a newcomer.

But, you see, Jane Bryan is a Hollywood girl by birth, with none of the usual longings to go to Hollywood. Jane was already there. What she wanted was to go to New York and play on the stage. What Jane still wants and always will want is to go to New York and play on the stage. And someday, somebody (not casting any hints) had better let her do it or *something* is going to pop. *Something* terribly stage-struck, with a face full of freckles, plain brown hair, nice blue eyes, too-wide ears, brown brows and lashes, a wide friendly mouth that answers to the name of Jane.

Know how Warners finally got her to sign that contract? They went back and asked her if she wouldn't aid her leading man, Mr. Prince, in taking a test.

"No," said Jane. "No, I won't. It sounds as if I were being too noble. But as long as he's taking a test, I'll take one with him."

So she took it and Warners took her. She can get herself more mixed up in bubble gum and lollipops and art in banana skins than anyone I know.

"What kind of sherbet will you have?" the waitress inquires at luncheon.

"What colors have you?" Janey asks. The waitress looks around with a slight case of daze and says, "You wouldn't like it—it's orange."

"Oh, well," Janey says, "bring me a banana."

The banana gobbled, her eyes look

down on the skin left on the plate. "Look," she says, "it's beautiful. Notice how the skin forms a circular pattern. Like a flower."

"He's crazy," she says when we tease her about Eddie Albert, who had just stopped by the table. "Just cuckoo."

By this we know Janey thinks he's all right. We listen to them later on the Muni set when Eddie, who zoomed to the top in "Brother Rat," drops in between takes.

"The ice-cream man is outside," Eddie says. "What flavor do you want, Jane? All he has left is chocolate."

"Has he no other colors?" Janey wants to know.

"No. Where will you be about six o'clock?" Eddie asks her.

"Oh, I don't know. Maybe several places."

"Jane, that's a silly answer. How can I phone you—"

The argument fades out as Jane is called to face Paul Muni in as heavy and as dramatic a scene as any young or old actress has ever faced.

Today's youth, we think. Ice-cream men and dates at six and wringing our hearts out on the screen, all mixed up in a bundle. She's lonely. Inside. No one ever told me and for that matter probably no one in the world believes it but me. But I know as well as I'm living, that the beginning and end of all things that happen to her are inside Jane. Locked up. Hers is not a physical but a spiritual loneliness, for, Heaven knows, with that family of hers she couldn't be physically lonely, what with Dad O'Brien, who's a lawyer in Los Angeles; mother O'Brien, who tends strictly to her home keeping; and the three O'Brien boys; to say nothing of the three dogs and Svengali the duck. With the dogs barking, the boys yelling, the phones ringing and Svengali hissing his head off, it's pretty much the average American family.

Such is Janey's family. There is not the slightest reference by one of them to Jane's work as an actress. As far as the family is concerned, she could be starting out to an office each morning instead of to Paul Muni's genius.

The slightest reference to movies from Jane brings a united snort of "Well, my word, the Duchess."

We watched her reaction to a compliment the other day and noted her painful shyness. Mr. Muni, in passing our table, laid an affectionate hand on Jane's shoulder and said, "Congratulations on winning the poll, Jane." Jane had just been voted the best supporting actress of the month for her work in "The Old Maid."

I watched her eyes fly upward to look at Mr. Muni, but she didn't say a word. She couldn't.

The one person to whom she can spill the beans, as it were, is Bette Davis. A telephone call from Jane to Bette, then in New York, revealed the good news. It was Bette's flood of congratulations that fed Jane's hungry heart.

"Don't tell me those things," Bette will often say to Jane, clutching her ears to shut out the sound. "I've been all through them. The same problems. Don't tell me."

Only, of course, Jane does. And Bette advises.

She's a card, Jane is, for nicknames. Marie becomes "Maroo." And Jeanne Cagney, Jimmy's sister, becomes "Jenny" Cagney. Eddie Albert will be "Skeets" one week and "Skates" the next. Not even Jane knows why.

She is romantic, too—Oh, my gosh, is she romantic—and gets awful crushes on actors and doctors and people. All at the same time. Loves and adores good music, and thrills to the music of Tchaikovsky. And, as she says, Gypsy music simply rolls her on the floor. She has always collected tales of Irish folklore, poems and stories of the supernatural, "because it's such fun to believe in them."

She's a strange mixture of childhood and maturity, and is hungrily searching for some philosophy of life to live by. "Say that again," she'll say to a friend who has spoken some words of wisdom.

"I'm twenty-one," she ponders. "And yesterday was only three years ago and tomorrow is the Fourth of July."

"Yes, and by the way you keep dates, arriving two hours late," a friend will taunt, "it's New Years right now."

Jane laughs. She's vice president of the Hollywood Vague Club, you know, because her mind and attention wanders off to some far-off land in the midst of an interesting conversation, leaving the talker aware he's all alone in the world, with little Bryan off to distant ports in the land of mental make-believe.

SHE loathes the idea of screen make-up and almost has to be hog-tied to have false eyelashes put on. Or any make-up, for that matter.

During a visit to New York, Noel Coward, meeting her on Fifth Avenue, told her that he and Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt considered her the finest young actress in Hollywood. Two blocks later, Jane, who could not contain herself, let out a wild whoop of joy that startled the passers-by out of a year's growth.

She loathes hats and never wears them. Only in pictures, of course. She's the prize fuss-budget about taking care of friends. She adores feeling responsible for people, admonishing them about their diets and taking their medicines. Dear, dear, how she fusses and bosses and loves it.

She has very little style, doesn't know two hills of beans about smart clothes but is learning. But then she's gone pretty far without knowing. She thinks nothing of stopping off in Chicago with a girl chum and driving a new car back across the country.

Flowers sent to her on the Muni set by the "City of Lost Men" cast, wishing her well, melted her into a flood of tears. But you should hear her mutter to herself (mumble, mumble, mumble) when she gets hopping mad. It's a panic.

And here's something about Jane that reveals her perfectly. When asked by James Hilton, the author of "We Are Not Alone," what she thought of her role, she replied, her Irish face gleaming,

"It's like moss on a rock with the sun gleaming over it. I—" her voice trailed away.

And then, next day, she attempted in 1939 fashion to laugh off her explanation to Mr. Hilton.

"A horrible mistake," she groaned to me later, "in presuming he wouldn't understand. I should have known he'd understand."

Youth and age in one! Fantasy and reality! That's Jane Bryan. And somehow, to me at least, it isn't spooky. It isn't spooky a bit.

Instead it's like "moss on a rock with the sun gleaming over it." And it's kinda very wonderful.

Heaven—Made to Order

(Continued from page 45)

of electrically controlled gates they stopped. Above their heads they read: "Sleepy Hollow Ranch."

"Wouldn't it be funny if this turned out to be our future home?" Bob mused.

AFTER the contract was signed and the title closed, Bob, Betty, Carol Ann and Barbara Queen moved in. Had the Youngs built from scratch, they would have preferred a French Normandy type of house. But Bob is a practical soul, and took what he found. With the exception of fresh milk and meat, they live right off their own land. The artichoke beds, the walnut and lemon crops, the fruit trees and grape arbors, make the ranch self-supporting the year round.

Bob's and Betty's idea was to strike a happy medium between a ranch and a city home. Tom Whalen, an old friend and one of the best decorators on the Sunset Strip, was called in as counsel.

The beamed Spanish ceilings and the arched doorways were too expensive to remove. So they decided to ignore them completely. With the exception of the bedroom, the one-story home is done in English farmhouse style. There is a fireplace, once heavy and black with Spanish wrought iron, in every room. "Now, each is re-covered in marble and natural wood.

Instead of antiques, Bob decided to copy their beautiful styles in sturdy practical woods. Everything was made to order. The cool, twenty-six by forty-two living room took six months to complete.

A myriad of blending colors sets off the beauty of this charming and restful room. Soft greens and gold seem to predominate. There are fluted-back chairs and Charles of London chairs. Two low old-style horsehair sofas stand at the far end of the room. They are covered in solid color yellow rep. There is a huge divan; two flowered, glazed-chintz covered chairs, and a reproduction of an old wine cooler (used as a table) standing before the closed fireplace. Shelf spaces feature a collection of pewter and Wedgwood. A beautiful mirror-doored secretary (the original cost a small fortune) almost covers one wall.

ALL told, there are ten livable rooms for the Bob Youngs and their young ones. Yet the house is comparatively small. For sheer comfort and social livability, the English game room is the most popular of all, the walls of which are paneled in rich dark wood. Painted on every other panel, right on the wood, are scenes of English country life. Framed over two hundred years ago, and hanging over the fireplace, are ten original Cruikshank prints. Above the mantel hangs an old, old cuckoo clock, now held together by wire. It belonged

to Bob's grandfather and, strangely enough, ran perfectly, up to the day the grandfather died. When Bob returned home from the funeral, he found the clock on the floor, where it had tumbled into a hundred pieces.

Low kelly-green leather chairs, old kerosene lamps wired for electricity, piecrust tables, Sheffield cigarette boxes and trays, and blocked linen draperies (design of English hunters and hunting dogs) complete the unusual décor.

Bob and Betty Young share a French Provincial bedroom, which is carried out in peach and green. By careful planning in the selection of furniture and colors, the room is in excellent taste for both personalities. They each have a separate dressing room and bath.

A copy of a Sixteenth Century dining room set makes the dinner hour pleasant and comfortable. There's even a fireplace in the dining room, a Welsh dresser that holds a rare collection of odd dinner plates, hand-carved wood wall brackets with more urns of growing ivy, commodes and candelabras.

ORDINARILY, it would take from fifty to a hundred years to establish the feeling of permanency that pervades throughout the rambling eight and a half acres. Actually, the place is not yet four years old. The original owner, expecting to remain there for the rest of his life, spent a fortune on landscaping. One great transplanted oak is over six hundred years old. It covers the space of a whole city lot. There are trees, flower gardens, servants' recreation quarters; a barbecue pit, guest-house, outdoor English teahouse, outdoor hotdog stand, gatekeeper's cottage, children's playhouse, stable, riding ring, and four horses and Great Dane kennels.

To really appreciate this rare spot Bob was so lucky in finding, you have to devise some means of slipping by the voice that controls the entrance gates and see the place for yourself. It must be seen to realize its intrinsic value. Bob, who was recently made Mayor of Tarzana, now knows that it isn't all a dream. Still he has to pinch himself, occasionally. And, philosophically, he thus sums up his good fortune:

"I've heard other actors beef about the raw deal they get in Hollywood. They kick and carry on, and some of them get annoyed with me because they say I'm too easily satisfied. I have my discouraged moments. Who doesn't? But when I come home at night and see all this around me, and realize it's all mine—I'm sorry, but I can't feel sorry for myself because I'm in an occasional bad picture. I've always been lucky, and I've no cause to be unhappy. 'Sleepy Hollow' is a legend that really came true. What more could I ask of life?"

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conducts various non-profit enterprises: The Macfadden-Deauville Hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, one of the most beautiful resorts on the Florida Beach, recreation of all kinds provided, although a rigid system of Bernarr Macfadden methods of health building can be secured.

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Miracle Men at Work—To Make You Lovelier

(Continued from page 29)

through your mouth while you drink, but you can—and do—breathe through your ears. But when you stop air going through your ears at the same time you stop it going through your mouth, there's nothing for your hiccoughs to do but to retire gracefully. (Hippe)



Take a Brisk Rub

You're Exhausted? And You Have a Difficult Day Tomorrow?: When you reach home tonight have a warm bath, so you'll relax and sleep well. (A hot bath would sap you of vitality—and it's vitality you need.) Then, in the morning, have a tub or a shower. Start with the water warm and let it get colder until it's just as cold as you can stand it. And follow this with a good, brisk rub. And we mean brisk! (Davies)

DON'T BE A FLAT FOOT

If your feet incline to be flat, exercise your arches. Like mad! The surest and quickest way to do this is to ride a stationary bicycle. You don't have one? Well, well! Pretend you have! Go through the motions, anyhow! (Davies)

THE SKIN GAME

James Davies (an expert on the subject) tells you how to enjoy the benefits of a massage—without a massage: If you want the skin on your body to be healthy, bright and of good texture—and who doesn't?—give it plenty of cold water. This doesn't mean you're to jump into cold tubs or cold showers. It means you're to take sponge baths; that you're to have the cold water sluice over you slowly.



Sluice Yourself with Cold Water

Crepy Skin Isn't Allowed: It's ugly and age-making. And unnecessary!

For ice will act like a tonic on your face skin. And it will not break the little blood vessels, as some believe, unless it's applied directly to your face. Which isn't what we're about to recommend. We tell you to dip a cloth in ice water and spread it over your face and neck like a mask. Then take an ice cube and work around your contours . . . around the top of your eyes, over the top of your eyelids, underneath your eyes. Doing this, always work the ice out towards your ears. Then move the ice down your nostrils and out, across your lips and out, and, still pushing outward, down your neck. Ten minutes a day will take care of this matter—if you do it every day. You'll be delighted with the results. Your face will be toned up. Blood will be drawn to the surface. And your skin will have no opportunity to turn crepy.

EYE TROUBLE

Discoloration Around the Eyes: It indicates poor circulation and comes from lack of sleep, among other things. With your index finger, press where the bone that surrounds your eyes curves to the temples. Begin a circular massage. Go around and around. Work your way from front and center to the end of your eyebrows. Close one eye for a minute or two. Then look off at a distance of about twenty feet. Focus on the distance only; not on any detail. And do the same thing with your other eye. (Waxman)

Bags Under the Eyes: Require cloths that are cold and cloths that are fairly warm. Pat these cloths on your eyes at night and in the morning. Alternate. Use two or three cold cloths to one warm cloth. And while the cloths cover your eyes, massage over them, gently. Remember the tissues around your eyes will bruise easily. (Waxman)

When Little Blood Vessels Go Berserk: It is cold packs on your eyes that are needed. Have a bowl of ice or ice water beside you so the packs can be replaced often during the five minutes of treatment that is recommended. (Davies)

Tired Eyes: Should be bathed with a good solution. Then, cloths should be dipped in cold water and laid over them—to draw out the burning. (Davies)

SO YOU WANT TO BE A PERFECT 36?

You don't ask the impossible at all, even if you have long despaired over your too-boyish form. Here's an exercise that will develop your bust or raise it: Move your arms away from your sides and hold your hands on a level with your eyes. Press your fingers together. As you do this you will feel a pull on your pectoral muscles. Relax. Press again. And so on. And have no qualms that your arms or any other part of your body will be developed at the same time. (Davies)

YOU WANT TO REDUCE AND CAN'T AFFORD A MASSEUSE?*

* That's perfectly all right—you really don't need one!

Watch Your Liquids: Take no liquids with meals, or for one hour before

or after meals. Liquids and solids taken together create an element which produces fat. (Hippe)

Why Have a Double Chin?: It doesn't cost a fortune to get rid of a surplus chin; neither does it require any magic. First, apply hot towels to soften the fatty tissues. One hot towel after another. Then, with your fingertips, begin a kneading massage. Be gentle but firm. Begin at the point of your chin and work down your neck. Continue this massage, applying hot towels at intervals, for about ten minutes every day. And conclude always with an application of some strong astringent—to tighten up your skin again. (Hippe)

Abdominal Avoirdupois: We're purposely important with that subhead. Because if you have embonpoint, it's important that you get rid of it. And you can, simply enough. You don't even have to get out of bed to do it! Lie down with your arms under your head. Pull in your stomach by breathing in. Until it hurts! Until your stomach almost touches your spine! Then breathe out. And let your stomach out. Pull in. Let out. Twelve times every morning. **WARNING!** If you don't pull in enough to feel the strain, it will do you no good; you're wasting your time. (Davies)

Smaller and Better Hips: You can have them! Stretch out on the floor where there's room enough for you to move. Face the ceiling. Fold your arms across your chest. Now then, raise your feet and your shoulders about four inches from the floor. Roll over, turning to the left, until you face the floor. Come back to your starting position. Roll over, turning to the right, until you face the floor. And come back to your starting position. To the left . . . To the right . . . Check on your feet and shoulders. They must be off the floor. You must roll only on your hips. Your hips will rebel for a few days. They'll be downright sore. But this won't last and the proud-making results will. (Davies)

Knee Bumps: Here is interference no modern woman should endure. What can you do about it? Well, with one hand, support your right knee on the outside so the flesh is pressed inwards. And with your other hand apply a firm circular motion, beginning inside your leg and working upwards from your knee. After about five minutes concentration on your right knee, go to work on your left knee in the same way, for a similar length of time. (Davies)

Ankles and Calves—and That Fine Thoroughbred Look: A simple massage will give you that look. For ankles and calves are the easiest things in the world to slim down. Cross one leg over the other. Place your fingers firmly in back of your ankle joints. Work up and around, always pressing the weight up . . . up . . . up . . . And the same method will slim your calves, too. (Davies)

A Widow's Bump: Have you one at the back of your neck? If so, lie on your bed face down. Have someone beat that bump. With a firm but gentle tattoo. The masseuse's hands should be in a vertical position, with the fingers spread, so only the little fingers

strike your flesh. This light tattoo should continue three or four minutes. Then, when your flesh is soft and warm, the fingers should start between your shoulder blades and, using a circular motion, push your flesh toward the left shoulder and toward the right shoulder—as if they meant to push it right over your shoulders. It isn't the expensive and complicated treatments which work the greatest wonders—it's faithfulness to simple treatments which get at the very root of the trouble. (Davies)

Farewell to Overweight Arms: You have underarm fat? Reach out your arms as far as they will go. Shake them. Harder! Faster! So the flesh will vibrate and disappear instead of tightening into permanency. (Davies)

This Is Good For What Ails You—Or For What Might Ail You: All right, we sound like an old medicine man . . . But here's a perfect all-round exercise which the Hollywood stars swear by. Not only will it keep you fit—it's splendid for stomach, chest, back, hips and thighs—but it will bring you new coordination and grace. Lie flat on your back. Hold something that is approximately the same width as your shoulders. When you're new to this exercise, this weight should be about three pounds and gradually it should be increased to eight pounds. Fair enough . . . Begin with your arms on the floor back of your head. Then, simultaneously, bring your arms and your legs towards the center of your body. They should move stiffly and slowly. They should not pop up. Return to your starting position. And repeat. Five times a day is enough at first. But slowly double that number. (Waxman)

YOU'VE LOST YOUR OLD PEP?

Add the yolk of an egg and a little salt to a glass of orange juice. Beat the three with an egg beater. And for a



You've Lost Your Old Pep?

week or ten days, as your individual case requires, call this breakfast. (Davies)

It's those who have charm and graciousness who capture life's first prizes—every time. Not for the world would we say anything against the practical and sterling qualities, but we do insist, most emphatically, that sterling qualities—like a sterling teapot—are far more beautiful and desirable when they wear a luster and a polish.

Next month the experts—those who show the stars how to shine their brightest—will tell you how you can conduct yourself with the poise of a queen . . . and work a dozen other transformations. Someone has to be the belle of the ball, why shouldn't it be you?—DECEMBER PHOTOPLAY.

Attention, Girls! What's Wrong with Your Dancing?

(Continued from page 20)

If your current heart is the "roamer" type, suggest a movie. If he has the "Swallow Complex," you might conveniently sprain your ankle or hack a heel off your shoe with your dinner knife, under the table.

Personally, I'm lucky. I can always go to the nearest phone and scream for Cesar Romero.

He's the perfect dance partner. I'd rather go dancing with him than eat. I'll tell you why later; first I must give you a little compulsory advice on your own personal preparations before leaving the house with your date. No matter what your impulse, don't wear a hat that will tickle your man's nose all evening. It may be a new hat, it may be a Hattie Carnegie or Suzy model that makes you a ringer for Hedy Lamarr; but if it gets in the way it's just so much superfluous straw. Choose your dress for the way it looks on the floor, not at a table or in a car. Your audience will see your back; it should be faultlessly covered. No flounces, no involved bows. Restrain your urge to be sexy if your back is bony or the tan on it is peeling. Peeling tan looks like the creeping Chinese death.

Wear high heels always, even if your mother did tell you they are bad for the insteps. If you die in them, wear them anyway. Girls in low heels seldom get felt out on the subject of matrimony or anything else. That's a maxim.

And at the last minute remember all the fine advice in the magazine advertisements. You know, "Better give up, Mary, that phone won't ring tonight. . . . Poor Mary, if only she weren't so careless about personal cleanliness—"

Dancing is exercise. In a word.

NOW when you are actually at it—dancing, I mean—there are things to consider. If you're tall, and the boy you're with isn't, don't try to match his size by slumping. When you do, your shoulders go concave and that business at the rear of you waves in the breeze, looking twice its size. By the way, you may have been off-diet for awhile which probably means you've more derriere than is alluring. In which case something has to be done.

Butch and I were at the Trocadero not long ago, and a very famous star got up with her escort to do a rumba. She's notoriously on the starchy side anyway, and this evening she wore a white satin dress that would have shown the lines of an undergarment. Wherefore, she wore none whatever.

Well, you know what happens when you rumba. The woman's escort wasn't getting any of the benefit, but the floor tables were. Oops!

Don't disdain the lowly girdle. It may feel like medieval torture, but it can save you a line of unwelcome gentlemen-in-waiting when you reach your door at the end of the evening.

Never drag on your partner's shoulder. It wears him out completely, so that he not only quickly tires of dancing, but of you too, eventually.

If you've learned to dance in a girl's school and have a tendency to lead, you'll either have to develop some will power or go to a regular dancing master to be cured. Because if there's any-

thing that maddens the male, it's starting in a northerly direction only to find himself firmly being pushed south-east. Furthermore, he'll be so confused he'll crunch your toes with a size twelve shoe. And modern evening sandals just aren't any protection.

I feel I must sound off in an unequivocal manner on one aspect of ballroom dancing. And that's the viewpoint maintained by some that since dancing is a pretty intimate occupation anyway, further intimacies on the floor are permissible. You may be in love with your partner, you may be a little dizzy on champagne, you may feel in your soul that the man has never had a better haircut or tied his tie with such ineffable finesse; and you may well want to let him know about all this in the manner that is usual when words are inadequate.

So at this point you get a good clutch on your emotions and go right on dancing like a lady. Necking in a public café is inexcusable. You don't have to dance stiffly or keep any distance between you and his waistcoat. You can put your face up so that the soft lights do what soft lights always do to the line of your throat, and you can suggest your affection in other, subtler ways. But when your left hand starts roaming the broadcloth, when your powder pales his lapel and your lip-salve leaves telltale red hieroglyphics on his neck beneath the ear—then, my dears, you have made not only a spectacle of yourself, but a fool of the man.

AND so to the windup:

If everyone's doing a new step, and you don't know it, stall until you can watch the others. Learn the theory of it first.

When you go into a café for the first time, try, before you dance, to catch the "feel" of the place—whether it's tails-and-white-tie in atmosphere, therefore calling for special decorum; or whether you can relax.

If you are at a table with a crowd of people, and most of them get up to dance, and your departure would leave one person alone, refuse. There is nothing so pathetic as the one guest sitting in solitude at a table, trying to look brightly interested, inspecting her nails, looking into a compact mirror, lighting her own cigarette. It's a matter of kindness—even of the Golden Rule.

After a few drinks you may discover, to your annoyance or otherwise, that you're a little tight. Then it's best to underplay. Dance about two-thirds as fast and with about one half the agility the music suggests.

Make sure your slip doesn't show.

And, finally, keep your mind on your dancing.

Now for Butch, who is the best ballroom dancer in Hollywood because: (A) his dance-floor technique is superb; (B) he is a gentleman, and (C) he has the grace never to mention it when I break one of my own rules as set forth in this article. We both agreed beforehand not to pull our punches—so you'd better read his piece carefully before tearing it out to mail to your favorite friend.

Happy prom, kiddies. . . .

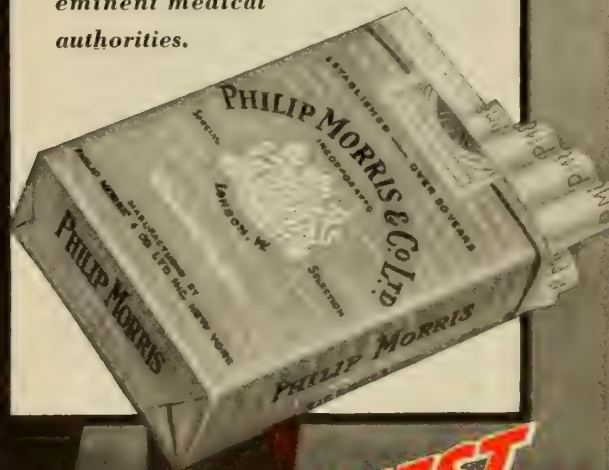
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Contents

THREE MORE ACTIVE DAYS

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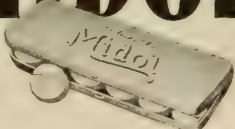
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Attention, Boys! What's Wrong with Your Dancing?

(Continued from page 21)

Furthermore, you can't dance with rubber heels. I saw a man take a header at the Clover Club the other evening, and when we picked him up I glanced at his shoes. They had leather heels but the bootmaker had put in a rubber insert at the back, to take the jar out of walking. That had been the poor fellow's downfall, or at least the cause of it.

The best shoes for dancing are light, comfortable, well-worn, with thin soles.

NO one actually teaches you how to be a good dancer. He can show you the basic steps but after that you teach yourself, by practice. So long as you think: "Now I am dancing," and are aware of the movements you make, you'll be awkward in some degree. It should be second nature.

To be perfectly honest, if posture weren't important to ease in dancing, I'd say ignore it—because you go dancing for the fun you get out of it, not for the benefit of those who watch you. But it is just as true that if you stand straight, keep your shoulders back and your balance on your toes, you'll do smoother steps and you'll have a more intrinsic feel for the rhythm.

A Puerto Rican cook in my family's household taught me how to dance. Have you ever watched a Cuban or a Puerto Rican do a rumba? They seem to catch the beat of the music by short wave and they transmit it as faithfully as the vibrator in a radio set. That ability, that innate sense of rhythm, is what makes a dancer; you don't have to listen or count, then. You just soak in the music and your feet do what they should do, automatically.

There's a flair for whimsy in popular dancing today. I mean the steps being done at the best cafés and clubs everywhere. That thing the jitterbugs do is based on the simplest of all steps, the square—right foot forward, left foot forward, right back, left back, so that you've stepped on each corner of a square from right to left. They just do it with a bobbing rhythm, skipping an occasional beat, giving a slight Charleston swing of the heels, and interpolating fancies of their own.

The "Under The Spreading Chestnut Tree" gag is fun. And, of course, since the Beer Barrel song brought the polka back, you'd better practice up on it. For heaven's sake, learn to do it well. It's not hard, although I won't attempt a lesson in it here. Just watch some good professionals do it once, and work it out for yourself. The only thing is, try not to be one of the group on every floor who murders the step by doing a dipping fox trot.

Any man who wants to be known as an adequate dancer must waltz well. That's basic, since the waltz keeps coming back, and whether or not you like waltzing, the women do. They love it. It makes them think of Vienna and the Danube and one girl tells me she can't help pretending she has a court dress on.

In every step, posture and smoothness are the two main qualifications. Your girl has to hold herself correctly, too, but if she doesn't, consider whether or not it's your fault before you suggest sitting out the rest of the dances. It can be your fault, you know. If you hold her too closely or with your hand in the wrong place on her back, she may be forced to bend herself all out

of shape in order to match the length of your steps.

You should hold her just below her shoulder blades and about an inch above the small of her back, and you should hold her in the center of her back, not clear around under her right arm the way a lot of men do.

If her posture's bad on her own hook, through no fault of yours—well, you've got that guiding hand there. The worst thing she can do is to "bulge," so to speak, in the rear. Put your hand down on her back and pull. Put a little muscle into it.

Joan and I agree on that last point, and, furthermore, on the fact that you should lead like a man, too; not as if you were undecided. A girl has to follow a very intangible suggestion in the movement of your body and in the pressure of your right hand on her back. She's no mind reader. If you want to twirl left, let her know what you're going to do. Otherwise, she'll have to make up your mind for you, or think she must.

If a girl just doesn't follow you, no matter how well you lead—if she's just a bad dancer or has that boarding-school tendency to lead which Joan mentioned—don't fight with her. Give up, relax completely, and follow her. It'll give you a rest and won't be as obvious to the other dancers as it would be if you stumbled all over, trying to make her go your direction.

I went out with a girl only a few weeks ago, an athletic female who, by golly, was going to run our evening of dancing the same way she ran her house, her family, and her collection of Persian kittens. After the first three minutes of struggle, I let her lead me. I don't mean we changed positions—but she let me know where we were going by her hand on my shoulder. And I had a fine time, because she led beautifully.

What's more, at the end of the evening she said, "Cesar, you're the only man I ever danced with who was strong enough to lead me. And so smoothly!"

I said, "Thank you, my dear. It was the easiest thing in the world."

WHILE you're dancing, there are a few minor points to remember: Never leave your coat unbuttoned. For one thing, it looks like the dickens, and it gets in the girl's way.

After you've been on the floor awhile, your hand is almost certain to get

sticky from the heat and exercise. It's bad enough against your partner's dress, because the material wrinkles, and women hate that. But what a hot, moist hand must feel like against a bare back is pretty easy to imagine. There are two things you can do. One is to whip out your pocket handkerchief and palm it. The other is simpler and serves a double purpose. Just turn your hand up, so that your thumb and the base of it lie against her back while the palm sticks out at right angles, parallel with the floor. You can guide well enough; your hand gets a chance to cool and dry; and, more important, you can ward off other couples who are about to crash into you.

If your date doesn't smoke or drink, and you do, it's only common courtesy to remember that a smoke or liquor-laden breath is unpleasant to her. It's like both people having to eat onions, or else neither can. Of course, you don't have to go on the wagon or forego those important cigarettes; but keep some little breath pills or cloves or even mints in your pocket, tell her why you're nibbling them, offer her one (which she'll probably refuse) and remember not to get engrossed and champ them. Don't get the kind that are reminiscent of an Egyptian flesh-pot in flavor or those sickly violet things that taste like talcum powder.

When that inevitable misstep comes along, even if it's the one where both of you catch yourself before an accident happens, then lose the rhythm and stand there looking foolish, blame yourself. It may have been her fault. Blame yourself anyway. If she argues, change the subject, because those discussions can go on until you drop from boredom. The point is, if it really was your mistake and you immediately take the blame, she'll think perhaps you're just being nice about it and that she should have done something different, anyhow.

The ineffable Crawford has given me a swell plug in her story, and I'm grateful. She always follows her own advice—don't let her kid you. She has grace, courtesy and good taste when she's dancing as well as all the rest of the time. And she knows the mechanics of dancing the way she knows her ABC's; she doesn't have to think about them.

That's the criteria for girls. The point I want to make is—it's the criteria for men, too.



Two of the nicest people in town—agent Walter Kane and starlet Lynn Bari (whose resemblance to Claudette Colbert is becoming a Hollywood legend), now Mr. and Mrs.—snapped at the Victor Hugo

For the Picture's Sake

(Continued from page 17)

but he said that was just another peculiar case of a job that involved people's lives. "See if you can think up another one," he drawled.

So I asked him if he had ever thought about the self-restraint of the men and women who work in motion pictures, and, when he said he hadn't, I made him a little speech about it.

These interesting people are as human as you are. They have the same pet vanities, jealousies and aversions that every honest person admits. They receive a great deal of attention, and it would be natural if they came to think of themselves as of tremendous importance. But when they go on the set to help make a picture, nothing matters but the success of that picture.

Gallant John Jones and glamorous Jane Smith, who have been as deadly poison to each other for many months, cooperate with the finest of courtesy, careful about giving cues, each mindful of the other's value; for John and Jane are not there to work off a peeve, but to work on a picture. And, if they haven't the stuff in them to do that, it isn't long before the pictures arrange to get on without their help.

No other group of people, at any time in history, has excited such wide and deep public interest and curiosity as the men and women who work in pictures.

They are followed by adoring multitudes wherever they go. They largely set the styles in dress and deportment for millions of people. There isn't a town in the land without its quota of handsome boys and pretty girls who would give ten years of their lives for a chance to be in pictures. Hosts of them feel that if only they could have a screen test it would be readily seen that they belonged in Hollywood.

Of course, when they think of a screen test, it means an appraisal of face and figure, carriage and posture, voice and manner.

There is another screen test equally important to one's success in this profession, and every young person who hankers for a place in pictures can easily try it out on himself. If he passes with high marks, he may be that far on his way to Hollywood; or, if not that, he can be sure that he is en route to success in his business at home,

which may be almost as good.

You are an extraordinarily handsome young fellow, and you have a fairly promising job in a gentlemen's furnishing store. Another young salesman, who rates the same wages, got two days of vacation more than yours, some weeks ago. And it made you sore. If that's the way the old man values your services, you'll just mark time until you find another job. Any customer can see, at a glance, that you aren't contented; that you don't care whether he buys anything; that you wish he would go away and not bother you while you sulk. Hollywood couldn't use you, boy. You haven't what it takes to be successful in pictures.

Dolly is the most beautiful girl in town. She works in an exclusive beauty shop. But she has had a tiff with Gladys, and the atmosphere is heavy with condensed malice and a hauteur that would freeze a duchess. Patrons are bored. They observe the feud, and find it tiresome. After all, it isn't the only beauty shop in town. They can go elsewhere.

Dolly is amazingly pretty, but she wouldn't do in pictures. She couldn't impersonate anyone else but Dolly. She wouldn't care what became of the picture, any more than she cares what becomes of the beauty shop. The first time the director barked at her, she would walk off the set, and that would be the end of Dolly.

Let me recommend this screen test: Whatever business you are in, is the job more important than you are? Can you put your little vanities and jealousies and dislikes aside, for the sake of the work that you and your companions have been employed to do?

If so—perhaps you might do quite well in Hollywood. If not—you may never do very well—anywhere.

Keep it in mind, when you find yourself envying the people in pictures, that with all their big salaries and their widely advertised extravagances, there is one thing they can't afford. They can own half a dozen gaudy cars and a hundred and forty suits of clothes. They can have orchids by the peck, two swimming pools and a private golf course. But they can't afford to carry a peeve into their business. Can you?

Fashion Letter

(Continued from page 59)

Kelly calls "that wooden look," without the use of hoop or bolster. However, there is already a tendency in Hollywood among the girls who like the style for evening wear to do it in softer materials draped over hip extensions. Orry-Kelly's original sketch (page 59, bottom right) shows a new dinner gown of sheerest bronze metallic jersey styled with the pointed bodice and hip bolster which releases skirt fullness. The feather-spray shoulder motif is embroidered in bronze thread and studded with multi-color jewels. Orry-Kelly uses the same pointed bodice sans hip bolsters for the street dress of sheer black woolen shown in his original sketch (page 59, center).

"ALTHOUGH the Queen wore a red wig most of the time, she did not believe in setting it off with subdued ensemble colors," Orry-Kelly told me on the way back to his office. "She liked purple, rust and red. She adored gold trimming and lots of glittering embroidery.

During her reign, oddly enough, black was popular in certain circles, but was generally set off by red, gold or white accents. A deep green was also frequently seen. Coincidentally, there is the same feeling for color this winter.

"There will probably be considerable interest shown in the fluted ruffs and stiffly starched, standing ruffs of England's Renaissance period.

"Other points which will doubtless be caught up from the Elizabethan era in this big revival are coiffures, jewelry, and the rich jeweled and beaded embroidery. Necklaces were heavy and richly jeweled. The Queen liked many ropes of pearls, gold belts set with costly gems and rings with tremendous stones. If she did not wear a jeweled cap, she thrust into her hair hairpins topped by pearls or other stones."

When "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex" is released the fashion-conscious will glean even more modern ideas in the clothes that designers set before this famous Queen.

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Happiness for Janet—Designed by Adrian

(Continued from page 26)

typical Hollywood male than I am Carole Lombard (though I wish I were).

In those eleven years, from the start of her career to the present, Janet has grown up, even if she doesn't look it. Also, although she doesn't flash it, Janet has become a very wealthy woman. Throughout her entire career she has been a cautious spender and a canny saver. In other words, she has managed her life so keenly that she is now able to do exactly as she pleases.

THE other big factor on that historic day when she and Adrian met was that, though she wasn't mentioning it, Janet was aware that the pleasant twosome of Gaynor and Power had suddenly resolved itself into a triangle due to the presence of a flirtatious young person named Annabella. As for triangles, little Miss Gaynor, who is wise and witty, wasn't having any. So thus, at that very moment when she was doubtless feeling a little tired and bored, entered Adrian who proposed to design a whole new personality for her.

Adrian, prior to Janet's arrival, had been having an attack of costume pictures, and for a creative clothes designer, costume pictures, no matter how lavish, can be a bore. Adrian wanted to do something new and modern and here, in the figure of this tiny, red-headed girl, was a challenge.

Adrian started in to huddle with Miss Gaynor about her dresses and her coiffures. To his surprise he discovered that after talking about those, he was suddenly talking books to her (he, who reads a book a night before going to sleep). When they got through books they were talking philosophy. The picture went into production, but instead of forgetting her Adrian found himself wandering down to the set to see how Janet's hats looked, or to show her a piece of jewelry he had designed.

"THREE Loves Has Nancy" finished, the papers proclaiming the Power-

Gaynor dating as being all over, Gilbert Adrian went officially to call on Miss Gaynor for dinner and then invited her to dinner at his house, which is one of the most beautiful in the whole film colony. That went on for several weeks, and then Janet announced that she was leaving for New York with her mother, just for a vacation, and coming back, lazily, by way of the Panama Canal.

Whereupon Adrian discovered he had to go to New York, too. He stopped only long enough on the way to have his jewelers make up a ring he had designed. In New York, he and Janet, chaperoned by her mother, went to night clubs and art exhibits and antique galleries and operas and then sailed down toward the semitropics. One night when there was a perfectly gigantic moon sailing across the sky, Adrian took out the ring he had designed and handed it, very shyly, to Janet. It was of very yellow gold, with a scroll across the top of it on which was engraved in his handwriting, "Janet, I love you, Adrian."

They waited a whole year after the night that Janet accepted Adrian's ring. They wanted to be very sure of their love, and they didn't actually intend to elope. They are people of good taste and dignity, both in their middle thirties, and they wanted to behave in a properly sedate manner. But instead they found themselves laughing the days away, having more sheer fun than either of them had believed possible.

LAST Christmas was typical. Janet found a big package, addressed in Adrian's handwriting, under her Christmas tree. Opening it, she found it contained a most beautiful evening dress, with jewels to match, all especially designed for her by her suitor. It delighted her, until she found a second box, with another gown and more jewels, and then a third box with a pair of golden bracelets, and then a fourth, which was full of hair ornaments.

By this time when she was gasping with the lavishness of it all, Adrian showed her what he called his 'real' gift. That was a room simply loaded with the most beautiful antique furniture, which he had been picking up for months, to put in the wing that he has added to his lovely house, the wing he calls "Janet's wing." Even the giddiest of glamour girls couldn't have resisted such a courtship as that—and Janet, who isn't at all giddy, didn't even try. She just gave in to it, and returned Adrian's love with all the great sweetness and charm and warmth which she so vastly possesses.

Yet actually when it came to marriage, it was Adrian who was shy and who wanted to run away from the standard razzle-dazzle of a typical Hollywood wedding. And that was why that afternoon in late August they slipped away in separate cars to meet at Janet's doctor's home and there got in a car together with one of the boys from the press department at Metro and sped toward Yuma.

That drive from Hollywood to Yuma is ordinarily an uncomfortable one, over desert wastes where the temperature is frequently above a hundred. But once again Adrian had thought of everything. He had brought dry ice and a fan arrangement that could blow over it so that the car was cooled. He had canteens of water and jugs of iced wine and in one big hamper were freshly cooked vegetables and fruits from his own garden, and in another, freshly killed and fried chicken from his own farm. Thus, when they arrived at the San Carlos Hotel in Yuma, instead of being hot and tired they were very gay and refreshed, and with their press agent and Janet's chauffeur—who has worked for her for fifteen years—as witnesses they were married by Judge Ed Winn and they honestly expect to live happily forever after. And to be able to do that is, as anyone knows, simply heaven on earth.

Will "The Grapes of Wrath" Be Shelved?

(Continued from page 23)

ing of Steinbeck's story on the screen in any way.

In writing the screen play, I failed to find any important matter that seemed to me to call for much trouble in the form of censorship. It goes without saying that neither profanity nor obscenity is possible on the screen of today. It may be that the loss of this saltiness would have made "The Grapes of Wrath" a lesser book than it is. That's a matter of opinion. But I do not feel that censorship can possibly lessen the great drama and emotion of the picture. Steinbeck wrought too greatly for such a minor modification to damage his American epic.

What pressure and how much was actually brought to bear on Zanuck, I know only vaguely, for none of it was passed on to me. My guess is that he wheedled and mollified a lot of people who were on the point of busying themselves with trouble. All I do know is that not once during the writing of the script, or before it, did he offer me any directions as to my treatment of the story in the book. His one suggestion, in the event I was planning otherwise, was that I start the script with Tom Joad

thumbing a ride in the truck. That was the way the book started and that was the way he wanted to see the picture start. Beyond that, his instructions were simply that I get as much of the book as I could into a screen play.

Three or four times during the two months I needed to write the screen play, he called me in to see if certain scenes from the book which clung in his mind were being included in the script. That was all.

For the second draft we made only one revision of any importance. We held *Uncle John* down. His moody melancholy over the long-ago death of his wife seemed to hamper the drama of the family's flight and fight for life. It was this second draft that was given to Steinbeck, who made a courteous effort to conceal his relief that the story had not been converted into a backstage melodrama, and okayed it with a promptness that was all the reward that I could wish as the adaptor. This is the script from which John Ford will direct the picture.

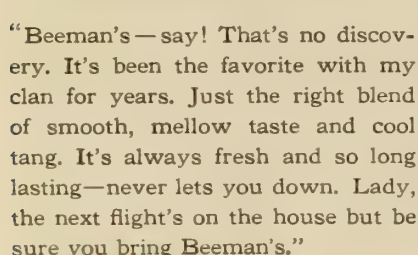
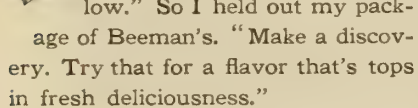
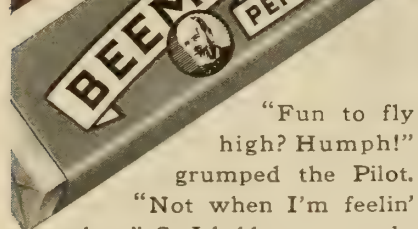
How well it will satisfy Steinbeckians I can't say. I don't know. I should say that nine-tenths of the dramatic action

of the book is in the screen play, and, to the best of my purpose and ability, the same sociological emphasis. Ninety-five per cent of the dialogue is from the book and the remainder, obligatory in instances of transition of sequences, is as shy and unpretentious as it should be. The ending, which is from the book but not as that, is one that Steinbeck himself suggested in New York, before any word of the script had been set down on paper.

I like to hope that the chief difference between the book and the picture will be the difference in the two mediums. Admittedly, the screen, as long as it is governed by its present rules and conditions, would be inadequate for all that Steinbeck had to say.

For that, a book was the natural and incomparable medium. But there may be a measure of compensatory satisfaction in the opportunity, in a picture, to see the country he described and the people he created; the dust country, Highway 66, the camps, the Hoover-villes, and the long roads of California; and, above all, the members of that tough and magnificent American family, the Joads.

SO I GAVE
THE PILOT A
LIFT



BEEMAN'S
AIDS DIGESTION

Photoplay's Own Beauty Shop

(Continued from page 11)

really a wonderful exercise for you."

Joan is one of those fortunate individuals whose weight remains almost constant—about a hundred and fifteen pounds—and she's five feet, five inches tall. She has worked out a wonderful diet that keeps her always feeling well, her weight the same, and her skin healthy and glowing. The important fact about her diet is that, while her meals are never the same, there is always an abundance of in-season vegetables and fruits on Joan's daily menu.

Her breakfast often consists of fruit juice, or stewed or fresh fruit, a poached egg and a thin slice of whole wheat toast and black coffee. If she becomes hungry before lunch when she is working and has had an early breakfast, she has a large glass of orange juice or a cup of bouillon sometime during the mid-morning.

"What about lunch?" I asked her.

"Well, it varies somewhat depending upon the seasons," she said. "In the spring and summer, I usually have a large fruit or vegetable salad, a glass of cold milk or iced coffee, and sherbet or gelatin for dessert. In the fall and winter, a small vegetable or fruit salad, scrambled eggs and bacon, or lamb chops or some other lean meat and a cooked vegetable. A glass of milk or tea, also.

"When I'm working, dinner has to be very simple because I go to bed so early, so I generally have a fruit salad, broiled steak or some other meat, and at least two vegetables."

The predominance of fruit and vegetables in Joan's menus is a factor that should be copied by everyone in order to insure a healthy, well-balanced diet, which is one of the most vital roads to good health, beauty and, last but not least, a happy disposition.

Joan has a distinct flair for wearing

clothes smartly and is one of the screen's best dressed women. You know, of course, that it's impossible to wear clothes well unless your posture is excellent. Practice holding yourself correctly, making yourself as tall as possible, and walking with ease and grace, so that your clothes will become a part of you and you'll carry them well.

JOAN'S fair skin makes it possible for her to wear almost any color to advantage and now that she is a brunette, she can wear more varied shades of green and reds than she could as a blonde.

"I've always liked chartreuse and the warm terra cotta shades, but I avoided wearing them because I felt they were not becoming to me as a blonde. Now many of my clothes are in these shades. I never wore much white, either, but now that I'm a brunette I wear it frequently."

Joan says that there is no set formula for glamour, but she believes that an interest in all that's going on in the world today, travel, good books, and interesting hobbies, all combine to broaden one's personality and contribute to the achieving of that ever-elusive quality.

Why don't you follow Joan's example and try changing yourself into a new personality? You needn't change the color of your hair if you don't wish to, but getting yourself a new make-up or a new coiffure or wearing different types of clothes will do much to make you a different person. After all, if you find yourself getting tired of the way you look, you'd better do something about it before other people get tired of it, too. And it's so easy to change yourself—just one variation in your usual ensemble will make you look and feel different, besides giving your morale a definite lift.



Reunion in Hollywood (place, Felix Young's Trocadero). Anna Neagle and Sir Cedric Hardwicke first scaled screen heights together in such British costume dramas as "Nell Gwyn" and "Peg of Old Drury." Now they're starring—but not together—at the same Hollywood studio, RKO, where Anna just enacted "Nurse Edith Cavell," to the plaudits of the industry, and where Sir Cedric is putting the finishing touches on his important characterization in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"

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Play Truth and Consequences with Norma Shearer

(Continued from page 69)

13. (Q) When have you ever been accused of being high-hat?
(A) I don't know—fortunately. Perhaps when I first came to Hollywood. One is apt to give this impression when one is shy.
14. (Q) Are you a long telephone talker?
(A) No—except on rare occasions
15. (Q) How much of your career success do you credit to publicity?
(A) Publicity is only helpful when you are successful.
16. (Q) Of what performance in your life are you most proud, and with which were you least pleased?
(A) I think "Marie Antoinette" was my best. I was least pleased with "The Student Prince."
17. (Q) Do you believe women can fill political jobs as well as men?
(A) Not usually, as we are too personal and emotional.
18. (Q) Do you enjoy wearing extreme fashions?
(A) I like smart clothes that one can wear with ease—but not fashionable ones. I like clothes that are appropriate for the occasion.
19. (Q) What physical or emotional handicap have you had to fight to overcome for the sake of your career?
(A) Miss Shearer took the consequences. (If you were forced to get a job outside the theatrical world, how would you advertise for employment? Write an advertisement of self-recommendation.)
20. (Q) Do you have a weakness for punning?
(A) No.
21. (Q) When and of what have you ever been terrified?
(A) I am terrified when I find myself confined in small places. Even pulling a tight dress down over my head gives me this feeling of hysteria now. Consequently, I always step into my clothes when I can.
22. (Q) Aside from this complex, how do you rate your physical courage or daring?
(A) I have a tendency to dare to do things just because I am afraid. I hope this is courage. For instance, when I used to do a lot of diving, I would force myself to dive from high places, simply because I knew I was scared.
23. (Q) Have you ever had your family tree traced?
(A) No.
24. (Q) What experience in your life do you believe most strengthened your character?
(A) Finding out, at the age of fourteen, that my family had lost its money, and that I had to get out and work.
25. (Q) Is your hair naturally curly?
(A) No, naturally straight.
26. (Q) Do you consider yourself very modest?
(A) My theory is that people are immodest if they are conscious that they have something to be modest about.
27. (Q) Would you ever agree to being hypnotized, if a hypnotist were performing as entertainment at some party, for example?
(A) No. I would be afraid.
28. (Q) Are you inclined to be critical of social errors?
(A) No. There are very few that one can make these days.
29. (Q) Can you do any acrobatic feats?
(A) Yes, cartwheels and standing on my head. Fancy diving of a modest nature, if the board is not too high. Placing a glass of water on my forehead while in a standing position going to a reclining position, and returning to the standing position—provided somebody will watch, and not tell jokes at the same time.
30. (Q) What disappointment in your early life most upset you?
(A) An offer that I had counted on, to come to California under contract to Universal. The offer fell through, and I was stranded in New York without any money.
31. (Q) When have you ever cried, viewing a sad scene of your own on the screen?
(A) I should not admit it, but I have. For instance, in "Marie Antoinette," when Count Fersen visits Antoinette before her execution.
32. (Q) How many times did you see that picture?
(A) About four times.
33. (Q) Have you ever had a protégée?
(A) When I see a photograph of a beautiful or interesting face, I send it to the studio as a screen possibility.
34. (Q) Are you inclined to call people by their first names shortly after you meet them?
(A) Yes, especially if I can't remember their last ones.
35. (Q) What boner have you recently made which embarrassed you?
(A) Miss Shearer took the conse-

quences. (Let us print the photograph you most dislike of yourself.)

36. (Q) Do you diet?
(A) No.
37. (Q) Do you always remove your make-up before retiring?
(A) Always. I wash my face with soap and hot water, then cold.
38. (Q) Do you own a dictionary, and how often do you refer to it?
(A) I own one, but never look at it.
39. (Q) In what ways do your children take after you?
(A) Miss Shearer took the consequences. (Let us print the most "sirenish" publicity still for which you ever posed.)
40. (Q) As a child, what were your outstanding characteristics?
(A) I was very happy and good-natured, I am told.
41. (Q) Who was the most dominating of the three children of your family? Perhaps I was the most ambitious and aggressive, but I don't think any of us could have been called dominating.
42. (Q) When did you first discover that you were pretty?
(A) I always thought my sister was the pretty one in the family, but when I first tried to get into pictures someone told me that I was pretty when I smiled.
43. (Q) What was your poorest subject in school?
(A) I don't remember; they all seemed easy then.
44. (Q) What is it now?
(A) They all seem difficult now.
45. (Q) What is the most endearing phrase which has ever been given you?
(A) Miss Shearer took the consequences. (Let us publish a picture of you from your days as a commercial model in New York.)
46. (Q) What thing, characteristic of Hollywood, most aggravates you?
(A) I love Hollywood, but perhaps one of our sins is the worship of success; gravitating toward those who are successful. Success seeks success in Hollywood.
47. (Q) Do you make up your mind quickly about people, purchases, etc.? About people and purchases, yes. But I find it awfully hard to decide what to eat in restaurants, and when it arrives I usually like what the other person has better.
48. (Q) What talent of yours do you rank second to your acting?
(A) I don't want to insult my acting by answering this. (Pose for us in character as you looked in your first starring picture, "Lady of the Night.")
49. (Q) What bores you?
(A) Having to attend to business matters.
50. (Q) What are your picture plans for the future?
(A) I have contracted to make three more pictures for M-G-M after "The Women": First, "Pride and Prejudice"; then, perhaps a modern romantic comedy; after which I should like to do a sentimental, spiritual love story similar to "Smilin' Through."

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 9 with these correct ones:

1. A famous crossroads
2. Hedy Lamarr
3. Arthur Lake ("Blondie" series)
4. Universal
5. My Old Kentucky Home ("Kentucky")
6. The Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America
7. Marlene Dietrich
8. John Garfield
9. Orson Welles
10. Gloria Swanson (Marquis Henri de la Falaise)
11. "Dangerous"—Miss Davis' 1934-35 Academy Award role
12. Paul Muni—his real name is Muni Weisenfreund
13. The Search for Beauty—a Paramount contest
14. James Cagney
15. Joseph P. Kennedy
16. Leo Gorcey
17. Priscilla Lane
18. Sam Goldwyn (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)
19. Martha Raye (Buddy Westmore; David Rose)
20. Columbia

Hedy Lamarr Vs. Joan Bennett— and Other Dangerous Hollywood Feuds

(Continued from page 19)

wife," but that Gene and Hedy, too, were most welcome to come to Joan's home at any time to call upon Melinda, her attitude, even if it is a little over-cautious, becomes perfectly understandable. But it is also quite understandable that this caution should annoy the beautiful Hedy, just as it must annoy her that Gene's very yacht is named "The Melinda." And it is, obviously, sheer bedevilment that makes Joan dance with Reggie Gardiner at parties and hang on his every word with the most flattering attention.

Of course, Hedy may very well come to understand the great honesty that is Joan's and that quality of intellectual charm and great humor she possesses which makes Gene Markey still her friend, even though they were divorced a good two years before he even met Hedy. It is a safe prophecy that the visits of Melinda will get worked out amicably, for Joan and Gene and Hedy are all charming, civilized people. As it is, Gene does see Melinda every day, either at the studio or at Joan's house. Father and daughter lunch together several times a week and each Saturday they go on a shopping spree with each other. But the same peaceful ending can scarcely be expected of the feud between two of M-G-M's leading ladies—Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer. That is a truly bitter one.

To some extent there has always been antagonism between Joan and Norma, for no two people could be more opposite in temperament—Joan, all passion, impulse, warmth and boundless generosity, and Norma, all intelligence, calm, reserve and cool poise. Theirs is that eternal conflict between the mind and the emotions.

Joan has always smarted under the fact that despite her enormous box-office strength she has never had the glittering million-dollar pictures of the type that have been wrapped around Norma. A "Mannequin" is all very well but no comparison, certainly, to a "Marie Antoinette" from the point of view of prestige, investment or actual production value. But "The Women" was the first time that, star next to star, they played together and almost at once the friction between them began to manifest itself.

It began with hair—or, more exactly, a hairdresser, M-G-M's Sydney Guilaroff. Norma had first claim on his services, but Norma, like scores of Hollywood girls, has no sense of time whatsoever, whereas Joan is amazingly punctual. This meant that while Norma might call for Guilaroff at six o'clock, she often wouldn't keep the appointment until ten or even later, and meanwhile Joan would have to wait, quite naturally burning up the while.

The girls skirmished about clothes, lines, positions and everything else during the actual shooting of "The Women," but it wasn't until nearly the final day that the war broke out in earnest. Joan wasn't in the scene. It was Norma's scene, done in close-up, which is always nerve-wracking. Joan had to be present, to stand in, outside of camera range, but where Norma could see her, so that when the scene was timed Norma would be looking at the right height to be seeing Joan. Also, Joan had to answer Norma's speeches. Joan was called to be present at nine o'clock. She came at nine but Norma didn't ar-

rive until one. Joan kept her temper and all might have passed satisfactorily but Joan was knitting when she got up to rehearse the scene. That made it Norma's turn to burn. She said Joan was being deliberately distracting. Joan put the knitting behind her back. That didn't help either. The two girls faced each other, both elaborately pretending they didn't quite know who was bothering whom. It took all of Director George Cukor's wily diplomacy to get the scene recorded at all, and then not until Joan had fled to her dressing room and cried and Norma had expressed in graphic words her general opinion of other women stars. When, upon completion of the picture, Norma gave a party for the whole cast, Joan (and Paulette Goddard) pointedly stayed away.

THE feud that is going on between Dorothy Lamour and Patricia Morison is neither so worldly and humorous as the one between Lamarr and Joan Bennett, nor so bitter as that between Crawford and Shearer, but it is right there, nonetheless. This is not so much a battle of wits as it is one of figures and crowning glories. For up until La Belle Morison came along, Sarong Lamour was Paramount's leading glamour girl. Her hair was always longer than any costume she wore. Her sultry personality and crooning voice were regarded as most unique and very negotiable.

But then just as everything for Dorothy was glowing like your fourth cocktail before dinner, Patricia was discovered—Pat who has a husky voice, too, and a dark cloud of long hair (thirty-nine inches in length as compared to Dot's thirty-six-inch tresses), and a chassis such as would make all women hope she would trip and break a leg. What's more, Miss Morison could really act. Miss Lamour, looking at her, was, like Queen Victoria—not amused. Here, a la Crawford, was a girl, who is all quick emotion and spontaneity, being confronted by a new and rival beauty, who not only knew what she wanted but showed every promise of getting it. It was enough to bring out the most feminine in Dorothy—and so far it definitely has.

When it comes to the Davis-Hopkins battle, the trail is dark and hidden (mostly by the Warner publicity department). By way of throwing everybody off the scent, Betty and Miriam actually posed in boxing gloves, glaring their hate. That was supposed to be so funny, you would never think it was real. It was funny and it wasn't real. The set battles were, however, but they were subtle ones, and the net result of them was that two brilliant performances grace "The Old Maid," so perhaps it was all to the good.

For the Hollywood girls know how to fight for their place in the camera by means of daggers, harpoons or merely dirty looks. And, considering all they have at stake, they'd be stupid if they acted otherwise. Survival of the fittest is the first law of Hollywood human nature. It has to be, and since one touch of Hollywood human nature is about the only thing left in this darkening world that makes us all grin, let's be thankful for it. Almost anyone can go along sedately, being Nice Nellie all over the place, but it takes girls with dash and fire and wiliness to meet competition at fifty paces—and knock it dead.

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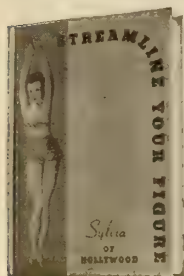
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Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 4)

seal to California in place of the pigeons. William S. Hart never answered his letter; at least, the letter never came, so I don't know. Anyway, Charlie and Wilma came back yesterday and the coop is gone. If you want to publish this letter in the hope that Uncle Herman sees it, I shall be grateful. As it is, he doesn't know the two married pigeons are home. He might want to change his mind about the seal and come back to raise another generation of pigeons, and get into the movies about 1956.

GEORGE H. FREITAG,
Canton, O.

APOLOGY

I'M one of those individuals who seldom sees good in things enjoyed and persons admired by other people. Our American screen actors, I felt, were mostly hams who could do little better than smirk into a camera, and marry and divorce every few weeks.

Clark Gable, in particular, roused my ire and resentment. This prominent-eared individual, as I liked to term him, was only a trumped-up bag of wind, in my estimation. But, against my will, as I see more and more of his pictures and read of his activities, he is forcing me to admit that he is a genuine actor and a real man. His capture of a thief in his home was the climax. I apologize for my former slurring thoughts.

JOSEPH PHEIFFER,
Des Moines, Ia.

"AFRICA SPEAKS"

OVER there in Hollywood, you have many glamorous girls and good actresses, too, but there is only one Bette Davis! I like to see many of them on the screen and dislike only a few, but a new picture starring her means a feast for me. Seeing her true-to-life acting, her expressive eyes, hearing her wonderful voice, makes me happy or sad, just as she wants her audience to be, according to her role. She alone is able to stir up my feelings and even bring the proverbial lump into my throat. It's really a great pity that she hasn't got the role of *Scarlett O'Hara* in "Gone with the Wind," a part crying for Bette Davis.

HANS H. FRIEND,
Geduld Township Springs,
South Africa.

WHAT'S THAT YOU SAID?

I HAVE read recently a criticism mentioning the difficulty of hearing what stars with an English accent say in a movie. I must say that it is often hard to understand many of the stars in the pictures today. Thus we lose both great speeches in the dramas portrayed, and the humor that so frequently passes by the attention of the audience. Can't we have excellent diction in the movies, as well as excellent acting?

OLIVE KELLEY,
Salem, Mass.

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 8)

★ OLD MAID, THE—Warners

A fine movie, good drama—but so long, so dreary. Bette Davis plays the young girl who loves George Brent, the man Miriam Hopkins discards. After Brent is killed in the Civil War, Bette gives birth to his daughter. Bette allows Miriam to adopt the child and turns herself into a sour old maid. The baby grows up (Jane Bryan), hating Bette. Miss Davis gives a superb portrayal, but Miriam Hopkins almost succeeds in matching the star's work. (Oct.)

★ ON BORROWED TIME—M-G-M

The strange and gentle tale of an old man who gets Death up a tree, and keeps him there until the moral about keeping people alive when dying would release them from pain is brought forcibly home. Lionel Barrymore and Bobs Watson are superb as *Gramps* and *Pud*, as is Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as the personable *Mr. Brink*. (Sept.)

OUR LEADING CITIZEN—Paramount

Bob Burns tries hard in this, but it's certainly not fare for the intellectual audience. There's a lot of stuff about strikes, and more flag-waving than entertainment. Susan Hayward supplies the romantic interest. Elizabeth Patterson, Kathleen Lockhart and Charles Bickford give creditable performances. (Oct.)

PARENTS ON TRIAL—Columbia

A sleepy bit of celluloid in which the marriage of Jean Parker and Johnny Downs is annulled by her father. The boy is sent to reform school, but escapes and runs away with the girl again. (Oct.)

RANGE WAR—Paramount

Strictly formula, with one exciting change—*Hopalong Cassidy* rides a new range. Bill Boyd, as *Cassidy*, buckety-buckets across the prairies to find out why mysterious forces are holding up the construction of a railroad. Russell Hayden, Britt Wood and Pedro de Cordoba add their bit. (Oct.)

★ REAL GLORY, THE—Goldwyn-U.A.

Another blood-and-thunder epic. Locale: Philippines. Year: 1906. When the Moros, resenting the intrusion of the new government, use the dreaded cholera as their lethal weapon, Gary Cooper does an excellent job as doctor, soldier, organizer, and still has time for some tender love scenes with Andrea Leeds. David Niven and Broderick Crawford give fine performances, too. (Oct.)

SAINT IN LONDON, THE—RKO-Radio

In this, the *Saint* (George Sanders) starts right out by stealing papers from a safe, blundering into a beautiful blonde and a dying man, and taking them along with him. It's all one grand chase. And Sally Gray, the blonde, is swell. (Sept.)

SECOND FIDDLE—20th Century-Fox

Assets: Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power; Rudy Vallee's music; a few laughs. Debts: phony dialogue and situations; no suspense. The idea is a burlesque on the *Scarlett O'Hara* search, with Power playing the press agent and Sonja the winner of the sought-after role. Sonja's too few skating numbers are enchanting. (Sept.)

SHE MARRIED A COP—Republic

Phil Regan's a cop who thinks he's going to get into the movies. Falls in love with and marries Jean Parker, producer of cartoon strips. The blow-off comes when he finds she has used his voice to dub one of her cartoon characters. It's funny. (Sept.)

SHOULD HUSBANDS WORK?—Republic

Here's the *Higgins* bunch again, played by James, Lucile and Russell Gleason. All the fuss is about *Pa's* job, because there's going to be a merger and *Ma* messes things up. Marie Wilson is her usual dumb-bunny character. (Oct.)

6000 ENEMIES—M-G-M

Walter Pidgeon, suave as usual, plays a politically ambitious prosecutor, who convicts on evidence that is often faked. When he is railroaded to the pen himself, he takes a terrific beating from his enemies, but Rita Johnson is in the jailhouse, too, to show him the error of his ways. (August)

SOME LIKE IT HOT—Paramount

Not even Gene Krupa's drums, at work with Bob Hope, Shirley Ross and Una Merkel, could turn this into anything but a disappointment. The story: a midway barker tries to outrun the proverbial doorstep wolf. There are a couple of good songs, and Hope tries hard throughout. (August)

SOS—TIDAL WAVE—Republic

Remember Orson Welles' *Mars* invasion? That gag has been put together with current interest in television, to make a film with novelty and entertainment in it. Ralph Byrd, Kay Sutton and George Barbier are the principals. (August)

SPELLBINDER, THE—RKO-Radio

A natural for Lee Tracy. He's a fast-gab lawyer verging on the shady side. Plot: Tracy defends murderer; freed rascal woos and weds Tracy's daughter, Barbara Read; Tracy kills him. Patric Knowles, Allan Lane and others struggle hard. (Oct.)

★ STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE—20th Century-Fox

Inspiring and dignified, this story of Henry M. Stanley's safari into darkest Africa in search of Dr. Livingstone, famous British missionary. Spencer Tracy and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as *Livingstone*, are

sensitively the title roles. Nancy Kelly and Richard Greene are seen briefly as lovers, while Charles Coburn and Walter Brennan furnish wisps of comedy. (Oct.)

STRONGER THAN DESIRE—M-G-M

Melodrama—that settles around Walter Pidgeon and his wife, Virginia Bruce. They're in love, but he gets compromised, and she goes indiscreet. Lee Bowman turns blackmailer, Ginny shoots. But it's Ann Dvorak, Bowman's wife, who is accused of the murder. Suspense holds well throughout. (August)

STUNT PILOT—Monogram

A film company takes over the airport where *Tailspin Tommy*, the comic strip guy, works. Somebody puts real lead in the blank cartridges and there's a murder. Everyone thinks Tommy did it, but an accidental photograph shows the real murderer. John Trent plays Tommy and Marjorie Reynolds is his sweetheart. (Sept.)

SUN NEVER SETS, THE—Universal

Basil Rathbone and Douglas Fairbanks play brothers who belong to a family famous for its service to the empire. Basil and his wife, Barbara O'Neil, carry on the tradition, but Doug is engaged to Virginia Field and wants to enjoy life—that is, until Lionel Atwill plays merry with a secret radio station in Basil's district. Then, Doug rallies to the cause. Impressive, but overlong. (August)

SUSANNAH OF THE MOUNTIES—20th Century-Fox

This is intended to please Shirley Temple's little fans—such gory detail! Such massacre! Randy Scott is the Mountie who takes over the job of bringing up Shirley when her parents are killed by raiding Blackfoot Indians. You'll like Martin Good Rider, the small Indian Brave who treats Shirley like a squaw. (Sept.)

★ TARZAN FINDS A SON!—M-G-M

Oh, boy, another Tarzan! This time Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan cavort through the jungle with young John Sheffield. The sole survivor of a plane crash, the boy is brought up as their own, until relatives arrive to claim him—but Tarzan has taught the child his own tricks to keep him. Gorgeous underwater swimming scenes. A thriller! (August)

TELL NO TALES—M-G-M

The story of a hundred dollar bill, part of a kidnaper's loot, traced down by Newspaper Editor Melvyn Douglas, who saves his bankrupt paper as a result of a scoop he gets. Louise Platt helps him. Good suspense. (August)

★ THESE GLAMOUR GIRLS—M-G-M

Youth scintillates against a college background. Anita Louise, Jane Bryan and Ann Rutherford are three lovely debs, and you know Lew Ayres is a college senior without being told. A crack shows in his sophisticated coating, however, when Lana Turner, honky-tonk hostess, shows up at his school's veddy exclusive houseparty. Marsha Hunt makes a fine college widow. (Oct.)

THEY ALL COME OUT—M-G-M

This started out as a short, but the documentary material about Federal prisons was so dramatic, the studio made it into a feature. It's the story of two kids, Rita Johnson and Tom Neal, who belong to a gang, are captured early and given regenerative influence in corrective institutions. Something to think about. (Sept.)

★ THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC—Goldwyn-U.A.

The singing violin of Jascha Heifetz carries this picture. When Walter Brennan's music school for

underprivileged children is threatened with foreclosure, young Gene Reynolds solicits Heifetz' influence and saves the day. The romance between Andrea Leeds and Joel McCrea is lost in the shuffle. The music is grand. (Sept.)

TIMBER STAMPEDE—RKO-Radio

A formula Western—but a good one. A lumber king pretends he wants to build a railroad; fakes right-of-way papers and government grants to get the land he wants. But George O'Brien fixes him. Lots of fighting and shooting. (Sept.)

UNEXPECTED FATHER—Universal

Reminiscent of Shirley Temple's "Little Miss Broadway," this, with Sandy Henville playing Shirley's role of a child in danger of being put in an institution and vaudeville folk rallying round. Shirley Ross, Dennis O'Keefe and Mischa Auer stooge for the charming Sandy. (Oct.)

WAY DOWN SOUTH—Principal—RKO-Radio

Bobby Breen's latest has better interest than its predecessors. Everything happens in Louisiana when Ralph Morgan, playing Bobby's father, is killed and Edwin Maxwell, the attorney, tries to rob the boy of his inheritance. (Oct.)

WHEN TOMORROW COMES—Universal

Tragedy and trouble stalk Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer in this. It all starts when Charles, a famous pianist, drops into the restaurant where Irene is a waitress. It takes a hurricane to show them that they love one another, but love is not for them. Charles can't desert his irrational wife, Barbara O'Neil. You may like this, if you enjoy suffering in charming company. (Oct.)

★ WINTER CARNIVAL—Wanger-U.A.

Here's a new Ann Sheridan, in her first starring role. She's a streamlined young duchess, fleeing notoriety over her divorce, who finds herself at the Dartmouth winter carnival, where she meets Richard Carlson, a sweetheart she once jilted. While they are redeveloping their romance, news-hawks and photographers descend upon them. Things pop merrily. And you'll have fun. (August)

★ WIZARD OF OZ, THE—M-G-M

This superb fantasy of a little girl transported by cyclone to a magic wonderland is a "must" for children and adults alike. The cast alone—Frank Morgan in the title role, Judy Garland as Dorothy; Bert Lahr, the Cowardly Lion; Ray Bolger, the Scarecrow; Jack Haley, the Tin Woodman; Billie Burke, the Good Fairy; and Margaret Hamilton, the Wicked Witch; might have been dreamed into being just for this picture. In Technicolor. (Oct.)

WOLF CALL—Monogram

Jack London wrote a pretty good movie when he set "Wolf Call" on paper. Joan Carroll is a playboy who goes up to a radium mine to get perspective on life and love. He does. Movita, playing an Indian girl, provides romance. (August)

★ YOUNG MR. LINCOLN—20th Century-Fox

Henry Fonda, exponent of the lanky farm-boy characterization, will make you forget any previous Fonda portrayals. You are offered Lincoln in the formative phase of his career and the picture culminates in his defense of two brothers, seemingly scheduled for the gallows. Romance hangs on the story of Lincoln's love for Ann Rutledge (Pauline Moore). Alice Brady is excellent as the frontier woman. Don't miss this. (August)

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 65)

★ THE WOMEN—M-G-M

WHILE newsboys outside the Chinese Theater screamed that fighting had broken out in Europe, Hollywood's smart première audience sat and rocked with laughter at another kind of war—the eternal battle of women for males and money. It is brutal, uncompromising, cruel; but somehow tender, too, especially when the camera turns to Norma Shearer, playing the devoted wife and mother who trusts in love and marriage—trusts in them, that is, until a babbling manicurist tells Roz Russell that Norma's husband is having an affair. Then the feathers fly.

Clare Boothe's superbly bitter play, so successful on Broadway, has been brought to the screen with no cushion for its shock content and sharp humor. Joan Crawford, taking her career in her hands, plays *Crystal*, the hard-bitten, perfume-counter clerk, who uses every feminine wile to catch Norma's man. From fitting room where she first faces Norma, to glass bathtub after she has married her prey, Miss Crawford is right in there slugging. Norma carries her role with sweet dignity, just a trifle on the wide-eyed side. However, the

fat part fell in Roz Russell's lap and she made capital of it. Mary Boland trundles about as the rich old dame who is just grabbing off her sixth young husband. Joan Fontaine, playing a naïve young bride, is quite convincing. Virginia Weidler is Norma's daughter. There are lots more women, no men—but both sexes will have fun.

★ GOLDEN BOY—Columbia

CLIFFORD ODET'S famous play introduces, in its screen presentation, a young man named William Holden. He portrays the emotionally unstable musician who forsakes a career in the arts for one in the prize ring, because of the money involved. Of course, after his initial entrance into the boxing world, he is caught up by unscrupulous racketeers who shove him along the path to eventual downfall. The boy is good. Barbara Stanwyck has been given the role of a sophisticated woman and handles it with finesse. Joseph Calleia, Adolphe Menjou, Edward S. Brophy and Sam Levene all help the definitely "A" mood of the production with their work. It's excellent drama throughout.

Young Glamour [★] stepped-up this new exciting way "SKIPPIES" by Formfit [★] Schiaparelli inspired

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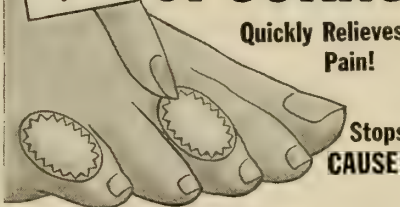
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THE STAR MAKER—Paramount

BING CROSBY'S newest vehicle is no bargain. Darn it. Because Bing's so swell, generally. There's no conflict and no emotion, and all of a sudden it stops, leaving you with a sense of pure deflation. It's the story of Gus Edwards, kiddie impresario. Bing plays the poor young songwriter who marries Louise Campbell, refuses to take an ordinary job, and conceives the idea of offering children to the public as entertainment. He makes an enormous success, and then runs afoul the child labor laws. Faced with defeat, he "discovers" radio. This picture introduces Linda Ware. She's fourteen, pretty and has a nice voice. Walter Damrosch leads a symphony orchestra, Bing sings, Ned Sparks and Laura Hope Crews contribute comedy, and dozens of children go through tap-dancing routines, none outstanding. The songs, old and new, are nice to hear.

CHICKEN WAGON FAMILY—20th Century-Fox

ORIGINALLY scheduled as a Will Rogers production, this has been adapted to the talents of Jane Withers. Jane's swell, but somehow the piece is not right with Leo Carrillo playing the greatly subordinated part first intended for Rogers. He's supposed to be a husband and father who makes his living by exchanging merchandise for the chickens of Southern families. Spring Byington and Marjorie Weaver contribute a lot.

GIRL FROM RIO—Monogram

MOVITA'S a good singer, and when she's pouring forth with song you don't mind the monotonous story or the indifferent production of the rest of this. Gist of the plot is that Movita has to leave Rio just on the verge of her debut, in order to help her brother out of a jam with the police. She gets a job in a night club and hunts down the real meany, for whose crimes the brother is suffering. Warren Hull and Alan Baldwin do not perceptibly help out.

CHARLIE CHAN AT TREASURE ISLAND—20th Century-Fox

ROUTINE Chan fare, this, with philosophical Charlie poking around at the San Francisco Fair. He discovers some hokey-pokey going on behind the front of one mysterious Dr. Zodiac, a mystic. Of course, it's all a good chance to expose fake mediums, which Sidney Toler, as Chan, does admirably. Cesar Romero, Pauline Moore and Wally Vernon are the other important cast members. You'll be surprised at the dénouement.

THE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES—20th Century-Fox

IT'S Sheer-luck Holmes versus Professor Moriarity when the latter decides he'll rob the Tower of London and run off with the Crown Jewels. The Prof kills a few people before making the attempt so Holmes will be distracted, but Moriarity just hasn't figured on Sheer-luck's uncanny deductions. Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce play Holmes and Dr. Watson, Alan Marshal and Ida Lupino are the lovers, and George Zucco menaces as the Professor. Somehow, there's not a great deal of suspense or any pace to the action.

FULL CONFESSION—RKO-Radio

YOU can't help thinking the studio had "The Informer" in mind when it cast Victor McLaglen as a criminal who, thinking he is expiring, confesses a murder to Joseph Calleia, a priest. Then

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Victor recovers. Calleia can't tell, because of his vows, but he feels duty-bound to make McLaglen confess voluntarily to the law. Sally Eilers has a small role in which she is romantically attached to the loud-voiced Irishman. Dialogue carries little emotion.

STOP, LOOK AND LOVE—20th Century-Fox

THAT problem of "marrying daughter off" is exploited here in such a clever manner as to make for fun and laughter. Minna Gombell plays the mother who, married to William Frawley and responsible for three children, expends all her energy in the effort to find a husband for daughter Jean Rogers. Jean gets fed up and sets out to find herself a beau. She does. He is Bob Kellard. However, Mama immediately makes such a fuss, trying to hurry the marriage, that the romance is nearly ruined. Helping out in the cast are Cora Sue Collins and Jay Ward, as the other offspring, and Eddie Collins.

THUNDER AFLOAT—M-G-M

WALLACE BEERY'S new picture is about German submarines and U. S. sub-chasers during the World War. Beery is the captain of a tugboat on which he and his daughter, Virginia Grey, live until a Boche submarine puts them off in a lifeboat and sinks the tug. Mr. Beery joins the Navy so he can get revenge, and finds his superior officer is Chester Morris, his former rival in the tug business. Beery doesn't respond well to discipline, so he takes his sub-chaser off on a solo hunt for the enemy. The war isn't played up so much as is the personal battle between Beery and the submarines.

IRISH LUCK—Monogram

THOSE of you who like Frankie Darro will find him more mature in characterization as the leading character in this little picture. It's all about a bell-hop whose father was a cop, mysteriously slain. Frankie sets out to discover the murderer, despite his age and the objections of practically everybody concerned. The film isn't at all bad, really, with the boy being quite engaging and Mantan Moreland, a colored fellow, turning in an interesting performance.

THE MAN THEY COULD NOT HANG—Columbia

WHEN you were in grammar school you probably liked to read gory thrillers of this type. Boris Karloff is supposed to be a mad scientist who has an invention to bring the dead back to life. When he's interrupted in the midst of an experiment, the police think his victim is dead and convict Karloff of murder. He doesn't like this and sets out to kill off the judge, jury and the district attorney. Roger Pryor, Lorna Gray and Robert Wilcox try to cope with it all.

TORCHY PLAYS WITH DYNAMITE—Warners

THIS is supposed to be the last of the Torchy Blane series—and guess what? Torchy isn't Torchy any more. That is to say, she isn't Glenda Farrell. Jane Wyman has taken her place. Comes the romantic finale, with an entirely different girl, masquerading under the same name, walking off with the prize—if you want to thus label an uninspiring and not-too-successful detective played by Allen Jenkins. There's prison stuff, and a chase, and so forth. Tom Kennedy, Bruce MacFarlane and others trot along with the story, resting when it rests, which is often.

★ THE UNDER-PUP—Universal

IT'S so exciting to see a great new screen property for the first time and know that you are witnessing part of cinema history. This introduces Gloria Jean, Joe Pasternak's new singing discovery. Eleven years old, she shows at once more acting ability, poise and charm than any other youngster had in the beginning. The story is a simple one, that of a poor girl who wins an essay contest and is taken to a rich girls' camp. All the pampered darlings belong to a secret club and snoot Gloria—all of them except little Virginia Weidler. Gloria works out her personal problems with the aid of Billy Gilbert, camp gardener, and his two Katzenjammer sons. These kids, by the way, are great finds. Their names are Kenneth Brown and Billy Lenhart. Nan Grey and Robert Cummings supply romance, C. Aubrey Smith delivers a classic performance as Gloria's beloved grandfather, and the rest of the cast is individually excellent.

THE RETURN OF DR. X.—Warners

THIS gets under way as an ordinary murder-mystery, but soon the studio transfuses a bit of Frankenstein; then they bring in Humphrey Bogart as further nightmare material. Wayne Morris, reporter, set for an interview with actress Lya Lys, finds her murdered, but, later, the police can find no body or evidence of the crime. While Morris is getting fired, the actress appears to sue the paper. Bewildered, he leaves, puzzled by the unwholesome lack of color in her face. Then another person is found murdered by the same sort of wound as reporter Morris had described in his story about the actress, and, as in that case, there is no evidence of blood. Bogart, as *Doctor Xavier*, turns out to have been electrocuted two years ago. Boo!

EVERYTHING'S ON ICE—RKO-Radio

VERY small Irene Dare goes zipping across the ice like a miniature Henie in this amusing but not very important film. Roscoe Karns plays a fourflusher who takes his nieces, Irene and Lynne Roberts, to Florida, where he lives in high style in the hope of marrying off Lynne. Of course he chooses another fourflusher. Irene is really quite good.

DANCING CO-ED—M-G-M

ARTIE SHAW warms the atmosphere of this college story with his clarinet, while youngsters jive and oldsters find their shoulders going through odd rhythmic. When Lee Bowman, movie dancer, discovers his dancing-partner wife is in an interesting condition, it's necessary to find another partner for his next picture. Roscoe Karns, publicity agent, decides to build up interest in a new girl by having her win a co-ed contest. Lana Turner, a Broadway hooper, goes to Midwestern as a student, with Ann Rutherford, Karns' secretary, tagging along. Then there's Richard Carlson, newshound for the school newspaper, who's a cynic. He begins an investigation. There is a surprise at the end when Ann Rutherford, who doesn't know she can dance, enters the contest to kill time. Top honors for performance go to the Misses Turner and Rutherford.

THE COWBOY QUARTERBACK—Warners

IT must be admitted that Bert Wheeler's first try at going it without the late Bob Woolsey is little more than waste film. The dated story deals with a hick football player who gets into the big time

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professional games. Gamblers try a frame-up and it looks bad until Bert's girl-friend, Marie Wilson, comes along. Gloria Dickson helps a little.

EVERYBODY'S HOBBY—Warners

JUVENILES may find this new family-cycle picture terrifically interesting, but for adult consumption it has all the pith of a can of strained baby food. Irene Rich, a stamp-collector, is the mother of a family of hobbyists. Jean Sharon, the daughter, collects phonographic records; brother Jackie Moran is an amateur radio bug; uncle Aldrich Bowker collects statistics; father Henry O'Neill is given a candid camera, which settles him with a hobby. He and Jackie go to the mountains, where Jackie's radio is responsible for averting a forest fire disaster. All the others help, too.

Casts of Current Pictures

"ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, THE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Edwin Blum and William Drake. Based on the play "Sherlock Holmes" by William Gillette. Directed by Alfred Werker. Cast: *Sherlock Holmes*, Basil Rathbone; *Dr. Watson*, Nigel Bruce; *Ann Brandon*, Ida Lupino; *Jerrold Hunter*, Alan Marshal; *Billy*, Terry Kilburn; *Professor Moriarty*, George Zucco; *Sir Ronald Ramsgate*, Henry Stephenson; *Inspector Bristol*, E. E. Clive; *Bassick*, Arthur Hohl; *Mrs. Jameson*, May Beatty; *Lloyd Brandon*, Peter Willes; *Mrs. Hudson*, Mary Gordon; *Justice*, Holmes Herbert; *Malco*, George Regas; *Lady Conynham*, Mary Forbes; *Dawes*, Frank Dawson; *Stranger*, William Austin; *Tony*, Anthony Kemble Cooper.

"BABES IN ARMS"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Jack McGowan and Kay Van Riper. Based on the play by Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart. Directed by Busby Berkeley. Cast: *Mickey Moran*, Mickey Rooney; *Patsy Barton*, Judy Garland; *Joe Moran*, Charles Winninger; *Judge Black*, Guy Kibbee; *Rosalie Essex*, June Preisser; *Florie Moran*, Grace Hayes; *Molly Moran*, Betty Jaynes; *Don Brice*, Douglas McPhail; *Jeff Steele*, Rand Brooks; *Dody Martini*, Leni Lynn; *Bobs*, John Sheffield; *Madox*, Henry Hull; *William*, Barnett Parker; *Mrs. Barton*, Ann Shoemaker; *Martha Steele*, Margaret Hamilton; *Mr. Essex*, Joseph Crehan; *Brice*, George McKay; *Shaw*, Henry Roquemore; *Mrs. Brice*, Lelah Tyler.

"CHARLIE CHAN AT TREASURE ISLAND"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original story and screen play by John Larkin. Based on the character "Charlie Chan" created by Earl Derr Biggers. Directed by Norman Foster. Cast: *Charlie Chan*, Sidney Toler; *Rhadini*, Cesar Romero; *Eve*, Pauline Moore; *Jimmy Chan*, Sen Yung; *Pete Lewis*, Douglas Fowley; *Myra Rhadini*, June Gale; *Thomas Gregory*, Douglas Dumbrell; *Siella Essex*, Sally Blane; *Bessie Sibley*, Billie Seward; *Elmer Kelter*, Wally Vernon; *Chief J. J. Kilvaine*, Donald MacBride; *Kedley*, Charles Halton; *Abdul*, Trevor Bardette; *Paul Essex*, Louis Jean Heydt.

"CHICKEN WAGON FAMILY"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Viola Brothers Shore. Based on the novel by Barry Benefield. Directed by Herbert I. Leeds. Cast: *Addie Fippenny*, Jane Withers; *Jean Paul Baisie Fippenny*, Leo Carrillo; *Cecile Fippenny*, Marjorie Weaver; *Josephine Fippenny*, Spring Byington; *Matt Hibbard*, Kane Richmond; *Henri Fippenny*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Auctioneer*, Hamilton MacFadden; *Mrs. Buzzi*, Inez Palange.

"COWBOY QUARTERBACK, THE"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Fred Niblo, Jr. From a play by Ring Lardner and George M. Cohan. Directed by Noel Smith. Cast: *Harry Lynn*, Bert Wheeler; *Marie Williams*, Marie Wilson; *Evdy Corey*, Gloria Dickson; *Handsome Sam*, DeWolf Hopper; *Rusty Walker*, William Demarest; *Steve Adams*, Eddie Foy, Jr.; *Hap Farrell*, Charles Wilson; *Col. Moffett*, William Gould; *Mr. Slater*, Fredric Tozere; *Mr. Gray*, John Harron; *Mr. Walters*, John Ridgely; *Airplane Pilot*, Eddie Acuff; *Lem*, Clem Bevans; *Cozy Walsh*, Sol Gorss; *Joe Wade*, Don Turner; *Lon Ring*, Max Hoffman, Jr.; *Gyp Galbraith*, Dick Wessell; *Berries O'Leary*, Dutch Hendrian.

"DANCING CO-ED"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Albert Mannheimer. Based on a story by Albert Treynor. Directed by S. Sylvan Simon. Cast: *Patty Marlow*, Lana Turner; *"Pug" Braddock*, Richard Carlson; *Artie Shaw*, Himself; *Eve*, Ann Rutherford; *Freddy Tobin*, Lee Bowman; *H. W. Workman*, Thurston Hall; *"Pop" Marlow*, Leon Errol; *Joe Drews*, Roscoe Karns; *Miss May*, Mary Field; *President Cavendish*, Walter Kingsford; *"Toddy"*, Mary Beth Hughes; *"Ticky" James*, June Preisser; *Professor Lange*, Monty Woolley.

"DUST BE MY DESTINY"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Robert Rossen. From a novel by Jerome Odlum. Directed by Lewis Seiler. Cast: *Joe Bell*, John Garfield; *Mabel*, Priscilla Lane; *Mike Leonard*, Alan Hale; *Caruthers*, Frank McHugh; *Hank*, Billy Halop; *Jimmy*, Bobby Jordan; *Pop*, Charley Grapewin; *Nick*, Henry Armetta; *Charlie*, Stanley Ridges; *Prosecutor*, John Litel; *Slim Jones*, Moroni Olsen; *Doc Saunders*, Victor Kilian; *Abe Connors*, Frank Jaquet; *Delicatessen Proprietress*, Ferike Boros; *Venetti*, Marc Lawrence; *Magistrate*, Arthur Aylesworth; *Warden*, William Davidson; *Judge*, George Irving.

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"ETERNALLY YOURS"—WALTER WANGER-UNITED ARTISTS.—Original screen play by Gene Towne and Graham Baker. Directed by Tay Garnett. Cast: Anita, Loretta Young; Tony, David Niven; Benton, Hugh Herbert; Aunt Abby, Millie Burke; Bishop Hubert Peabody, C. Aubrey Smith; Lola De Vere, Virginia Field; Don Barnes, Broderick Crawford; Mr. Bingham, Raymond Walburn; Mrs. Bingham, ZaSu Pitts; Gloria, Eve Arden; Morrissey, Ralph Graves; Howard, Lionel Pape; Waitress, Dennie Moore; Dowager, May Beatty; Phillips, Douglas Wood; Captain Vickers, Leyland Hodgson; Herman, the rabbit, Himself; Doctor, Frank Jacques. Master of Ceremonies, Fred Keating; Butler, Paul Le Paul; Waiter, Ralph Norwood; Stage Manager, Billy Wayne; Lawyer, Edwin Stanley; Croupier, Franklin Parker; Housekeeper, Mary Field; Ship Captain, Granville Bates; Pilot, Tay Garnett. Officer, George Cathrey; British Pilot, Lieut. Pat Davis; Ralph, Walter Sande; Blonde Theatre Patron, Hillary Brooke; Detectives, Jack Green and Richard Allen; Guests, Luana Walters, Patricia Stillman, Doreen Mackay, Evelyn Woodbury. Eleanor Stewart; Officers, Broderick O'Farrell, Jack Perrin and Ralph McCullough; Gloria's Baby, the Kettering Triplets.

"EVERYBODY'S HOBBY"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Kenneth Gamet and William W. Brockway. From an original story by William W. Brockway. Directed by William McCann. Cast: Mrs. Leslie, Irene Rich; Tom Leslie, Henry O'Neill; Robert Leslie, Jackie Moran; Unde Bert, Leslie, Aldrich Bowker; Evelyn Leslie, Jean Sharon; Morgan, John Ridgely; Bunny, Peggy Stewart; Chuck, Jackie Morrow; Halffield, Fredric Tozere; Ramon Castillo, Albert Morin; Jim Blake, Nat Carr; Tervis, Sidney Bracy; Captain Ogden, Jack Mower; Murphy, Don Rowan.

"EVERYTHING'S ON ICE"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Adrian Landis and Sherman Lowe. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. Cast: Irene, Irene Dare; Felix, Roscoe Karns; Joe, Edgar Kennedy; Jane, Lynne Roberts; Leopold, Eric Linden; Elsie, Mary Hart; French, Bobby Watson; Gregg, George Meeker; Miss Tillyer, Mary Currier; Marie, Maxine Stewart; White, Wade Boteler; Jerry, Paul Winchell.

"FIFTH AVENUE GIRL"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Allan Scott. Directed by Gregory La Cava. Cast: Mary Grey, Ginger Rogers; Mr. Borden, Walter Connolly; Mrs. Borden, Verree Teasdale; Mike, James Ellison; Tim Borden, Tim Holt; Katherine Borden, Kathryn Adams; Higgins, Franklin Pangborn; Dr. Kessler, Louis Calhern; Olga, Ferike Boros; Terwilliger, Theodor Von Eltz; Maître d'Hotel, Alexander D'Arcy.

"FULL CONFESSION"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Jerry Cady. Story by Leo Birinski. Directed by John Farrow. Cast: McGinnis, Victor McLaglen; Molly, Sally Eilers; Father Loma, Joseph Calleia; Michael O'Keefe, Barry Fitzgerald; Norah O'Keefe, Elisabeth Risdon; Laura Mahoney, Adele Pearce; Frank O'Keefe, Malcolm McTaggart; Weaver, John Bleifer; Moore, William Haade; Mercantonio, George Humbert.

"GIRL FROM RIO"—MONOGRAM.—Original screen play by Milton Raison and John T. Neville. Directed by Lambert Hillyer. Cast: Marquita, Movita; Steven, Warren Hull; Carlos, Alan Baldwin; Vicki, Kay Linaker; Mitchell, Clay Clement; Annette, Adele Pearce; Lola, Soledad Jimenez; Montgomery, Richard Tucker; Collins, Dennis Moore; Wilson, Byron Foulger.

"GOLDEN BOY"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Lewis Meltzer, Daniel Taradash, Sarah Y. Mason and Victor Heerman. Based upon the play by Clifford Odets. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. Cast: Lorne Doon, Barbara Stanwyck; Tom Moody, Adolphe Menjou; Joe Bonaparte, William Holden; Mr. Bonaparte, Lee Cobb; Eddie Fuseli, Joseph Calleia; Siggie, Sam Levene; Roxy Lewis, Edward S. Brophy; Ann, Beatrice Blinn; Mr. Carp, William H. Strauss; Borneo, Don Beddoe.

"HAWAIIAN NIGHTS"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Charles Grayson. Directed by Al Rogell. Cast: Ted Hartley, Johnny Downs; Lonnie Lane, Constance Moore; Millie, Mary Carlisle; Ray Peters, Eddie Quillan; T. C. Hartley, Thurston Hall; Lane, Samuel S. Hinds; Alonzo Dillman, Etienne Girardot; The Band, Matty Malneck's Orchestra.

"IRISH LUCK"—MONOGRAM.—Screen play by Mary C. McCarthy. Based on the story, "Death Hops the Bells" by Charles Molyneux Brown. Directed by Howard Bretherton. Cast: Buzzy O'Brien, Frankie Darro; Lananah, Dick Purcell; Mrs. O'Brien, Lillian Elliott; Kitty, Sheila Darcy; Jim, Dennis Moore; Jefferson, Mantán Moreland; Hotel Manager, Howard Mitchell.

"MAN THEY COULD NOT HANG, THE"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Karl Brown. From the story by Leslie T. White and George W. Sayre. Directed by Nick Grinde. Cast: Dr. Henryk Savaard, Boris Karloff; Janet Savaard, Lorna Gray; "Scoop" Foley, Robert Wilcox; District Attorney Drake, Roger Pryor; Lieutenant Shane, Don Beddoe; Betty Crawford, Ann Doran; Dr. Sioddard, Joseph De Stefano; Judge Bowman, Charles Trowbridge; Lang, Byron Foulger; Kearney, Dick Curtis; Watkins, James Craig; Sutton, John Tyrrell.

"MARX BROTHERS AT THE CIRCUS"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Irving Brecher. Directed by Edward Buzzell. Cast: Attorney Loophole, Groucho Marx; Antonio, Chico Marx; "Punchy," Harpo Marx; Jeff Wilson, Kenny Baker; Julie Randall, Florence Rice; Goliath, Nat Pendleton; Mrs. Dukeshbury, Margaret Dumont; Jordinel, Fritz Feld; Peerless Pauline, Eve Arden; Whitcomb, Barnett Parker; Little Professor Atom, Jerry Mar- enghi; John Carter, James Burke.

"MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Sidney Buchman. From the story by Lewis R. Foster. Directed by Frank Capra. Cast: Saunders, Jean Arthur; Jefferson Smith, James Stewart; Senator Joseph Paine, Claude Rains; Jim Taylor, Edward Arnold; Governor Hubert Hopper, Guy Kibbee; Dix Moore, Thomas Mitchell; Chick McGann, Eugene Pallette; Ma Smith, Beulah Bondi; Senator Fuller, H. B. Warner; President of the Senate, Harry Carey; Susan Paine, Astrid Allwyn; Mrs. Hopper, Ruth Donnelly; Senator MacPherson, Grant Mitchell; Senator Monroe, Porter Hall; Senator Barnes, Pierre Watkins; Nousey Charles Lane, Bill Griffith; William Demarest; Carl Cook, Dick Elliott; The Hopper Boys, Billy Watson, Delmar Watson, John Russell, Harry Watson. Gary Watson, Baby Dump- ling.

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"NINOTCHKA"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Charles Brackett, Billy Wilder and Walter Reisch. Based on the original play by Melchior Lengyl. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch. Cast: Ninotchka, Greta Garbo; Leon, Melvyn Douglas; Swanva, Ina Claire; Buljanoff, Felix Bressart; Iranoff, Sig Rummann; Kopalski, Alex Grenach; Waiter, Gregory Gage; Mercier, Edwin Maxwell; Hotel Manager, Rolfe Sedan; Doorman, Paul Ellis.

"NURSE EDITH CAVELL"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Michael Hogan. From the story "Dawn" by Capt. Reginald Berkeley. Directed by Herbert Wilcox. Cast: Nurse Cavell, Anna Neagle; Countess de Mavon, Edna May Oliver; Capt. Heinrichs, George Sanders; Mme. Rappard, May Robson; Mme. Moulin, ZaSu Pitts; Hugh Gibson, H. B. Warner; Sister Watkins, Sophie Stewart; Nurse O'Brien, Mary Howard; Bungey, Robert Cooter; Pierre, Martin Kosleck; Cobbler, Gui Ignon; General Von Erhardt, Lionel Royce; Jean, Jimmy Butler; Francois, Rex Downing; Li, Schultz, Henry Brandon; Sadi Kirschen, Fritz Leiber; Brand Whit- lock, Gilbert Emery; Li, Schmidt, Lucien Prival; Li, Wilson, Richard Deane; George Moulin, Bert Roach; Prosecutor, Ernst Deutsch; Dr. Gunther, Egon Bracher; Baron Von Weser, Will Kaufman; President of Court, Gustav Von Seyffertitz; Char- lotte, Bodil Rosing; Albert, William Edmunds.

"RAINS CAME, THE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Philip Dunne and Julien Joseph- son. Based on the novel by Louis Bromfield. Directed by Clarence Brown. Cast: Lady Edwina Esketh, Myrna Loy; Major Rama Saffi, Tyrone Power; Tom Ransome, George Brent; Fern Simon, Brenda Joyce; Lord Albert Esketh, Nigel Bruce; Maharami, Maria Ouspenskaya; Mr. Bannerjee, Joseph Schildkraut; Miss MacDavid, Mary Nash; Aunt Phoebe (Mrs. Smiley), Jane Darwell; Mrs. Simon, Marjorie Rambeau; Rev. Homer Smiley, Henry Travers; Maharajah, H. B. Warner; Lily Hogget-Egbury, Laura Hope Crews; Raschid Ali Khan, William Royle; General Keith, Montague Shaw; Rev. Elmer Simon, Harry Hayden; Bates, Herbert Evans; John, the Baptist, Abner Biberman; Mrs. Bannerjee, Mara Alexander; Mr. Das, William Edmunds.

"RETURN OF DOCTOR X, THE"—WARN- ERS.—Screen play by Lee Katz. From an original story by William Makin. Directed by Vincent Sherman. Cast: Wall, Wayne Morris; Cane, Humphrey Bogart; Joan Vance, Rosemary Rice; Angela Lockwood, Lya Lys; Dr. Francis Flegg, John Lile; Michael Rhodes, Dennis Morgan; Detective Ray Kincaid, Charles Wilson; Sergeant Moran, Jack Mower; Pinky, Huntz Hall; Mrs. Sweetman, Vera Lewis; Hotel Manager, Creighton Hale; Editor, Russell Hicks.

"STAR MAKER, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Frank Butler, Don Hartman and Arthur Caesar. Based on a story by Arthur Caesar and William Pierce. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. Cast: Larry, Bing Crosby; Mary, Louise Campbell; Jane, Linda War; Speed King, Ned Sparks; Mrs. Gray, Laura Hope Crews; Siella, Janet Waldo; Walter Damrosch, Himself; Mr. Proctor, Thurston Hall; Joe Gimmick, Ben Weldon; Steel Worker, Billy Gilbert.

"STOP, LOOK AND LOVE"—20TH CENTURY- FOX.—Screen play by Harold Tarshis and Sada Cowan. Based on the original play "The Family Upstairs" by Harry Deaf. Directed by Otto Brower. Cast: Louise Haller, Jean Rogers; Joe Haller, William Fravelle; Dick Gray, Bobe Kellard; Dinky, Eddie Collins; Emma Haller, Minnie Gombell; Dora Haller, Cora Sue Collins; Willie Haller, Jay Ward; Harry Neville, Roger McGee; Rita, Lillian Porter.

"THUNDER AFLOAT"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Wells Root and Commander Harvey Haislip. Based upon a story by Ralph Wheel- wright and Commander Harvey Haislip. Directed by George B. Seitz. Cast: Jon Thorson, Wallace Beery; "Rocky" Blake, Chester Morris; Susan Thorson, Virginia Grey; District Commander, Douglas Drumbrille; U Boat Captain, Carl Esmond; "Cap" Finch, Clem Bevans; Mo, John Qualen; Ines, Regis Toomey; German U Boat Officer, Henry Victor; Admiral Ross, Addison Richards; U Boat Petty Officer, Hans Joby; Ensign Dyer, Henry Hunter; Admiral Girard, Jonathan Hale.

"TORCHY PLAYS WITH DYNAMITE"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Earle Snell and Charles Belden. From an original story by Scott Littleton. Based on characters created by Frederick Nebel. Directed by Noel Smith. Cast: Torchy Blane, Jane Wyman; Lt. Steve McBride, Allen Jenkins; Gahagan, Tom Kennedy; "Jackie" McGuire, Sheila Bromley; Maxie, Joe Cunningham; Denver Eddie, Eddie Marr; Jim Simmons, Edgar Deering; Inspector McTavish, Frank Shannon; Bugsie, Bruce Mac- Farlane; Harp, George Lloyd; Police Court Judge, Aldrich Bowker; First Reporter, John Ridgely; Second Reporter, Larry Williams; Motorcycle Cop, John Haron; Kelly, Cliff Clark; The Bone Crusher, Tiny Toebuck; Thrasher's Handler, Pat Flah- erty; Hotel Clerk, Creighton Hale; Book Store Clerk, Nat Carr.

"UNDER-PUP, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by G-over Jones. From the original story by I. A. R. Wylie. Directed by Richard Wallace. Cast: Pip-Emma, Gloria Jean; Dennis King, Robert Cummings; Priscilla Adams, Nan Grey; Grandpa, C. Aubrey Smith; Miss Thornton, Beulah Bondi; Janet Cooper, Virginia Weidler; Mrs. Cooper, Mar- garet Lindsay; Mr. Layton, Raymond Walburn; Lelly Lou, Ann Gillis; Mr. Cooper, Paul Cavanagh; Tolo, Billy Gilbert; Toto's Sons, Kenneth Brown and Billy Lenhart; Unde Dan, Frank Jenks; Cecelia Layton, Shirley Mills; Doctor McKay, Samuel S. Hinds; Mr. Binns, Ernest Truex; Mrs. Binns, Doris Lloyd; Jerry Binns, Dickie Moore.

"WOMEN, THE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Anita Loos and Jane Murnin. Based on the play by Clare Boothe. Directed by George Cukor. Cast: Mary (Mrs. Stephen Haines), Norma Shearer, Crystal Allen, Joan Crawford; Sylvia (Mrs. Howard Fowler), Rosalind Russell; The Countess de Lane, Mary Boland; Miriam Aarons, Paulette Goddard; Edith (Mrs. Phelps Potter), Phyllis Povah; Peggy (Mrs. John Day), Joan Fontaine; Little Mary, Virginia Weidler; Mrs. Morehead, Lucie Watson; Nancy Blake, Florence Nash; Jane, Lucie Hutch- inson; Ingrid, Esther Dale; Exercise Instructress, Ann Morris; Miss Walls, Ruth Hussey; Olga, Dennie Moore; Maggie, Mary Cecil; Miss Trimmer- back, Mary Beth Hughes; Pat, Virginia Grey; Lucy, Marjorie Main; Mrs. Van Adams, Cora Withers- spoon; Dolly De Peyster, Hedda Hopper.

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Here's How To REDUCE The Hollywood Way



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HERE's the great, new Sylvia of Hollywood book that is jammed full of definite, practical suggestions that will enable you to acquire a beautiful, glamorous figure. In *Streamline Your Figure* the author tells you how to take off excess fat safely and surely. There's nothing impossible about it. In fact, it's fun to reduce this modern Hollywood way.

In this grand book, *Streamline Your Figure*, Sylvia of Hollywood goes right to the heart of your figure troubles and tells you simple ways to mold your body into beautiful proportions in double quick time. One of the many reviews lavishly praising Madame Sylvia's book states: "Its excellent photographs, clear directions and careful charts, sensible diets for reducing, make the way to beauty simple for the woman determined to have it."

Fall Fashions Demand Alluring Figures

Again this Fall fashion does the unexpected. Smart, New York shops are featuring the new cigarette-thin silhouette. And here's more fashion notes. Hips should be rounded . . . bosoms high and wasp waists and stem-lined midriffs will be the vogue. This, Miss and Mrs. America, means that Tomboy fashions are out and a new era of lovely figures is here. Now, more than ever before, your figure should be graceful, romantic, alluring.

Your favorite Hollywood screen star will be glamorous in her frills and bustles.

Streamline your Figure

BY SYLVIA OF HOLLYWOOD

Naturally, her figure will be most alluring in these fashionable new gowns. But you need not envy these perfect figures of the Hollywood stars—for you, too, can have a glamorous figure! Yes, you can, by following Sylvia of Hollywood's suggestions as contained in her new book, *Streamline Your Figure*, acquire a lovely Hollywood figure and wear the Fall's latest creations with the utmost of charm.

Madame Sylvia doesn't talk in circles. She starts right out on page one and tells you how you can develop beautiful legs. Then without any fuss or frills she explains how to preserve the loveliness of your breasts. From there on she goes after the bulges in your waistline . . . then she shaves down your hips. But that is not all. In six more

chapters she reveals secrets that cover you with beauty.

Streamline Your Figure contains 32 full page photographs from life. And remember, you can carry out Sylvia's instructions in the privacy of your boudoir without the aid of extra equipment. The price of this great new book is only \$1 at all booksellers. If not obtainable at your book or department store use coupon below.



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DECEMBER



MYRNA LOY
By Paul Hesse

Winning **ANOTHER THIN MAN**—Read the **MYRNA LOY-BILL POWELL** story

"I'M FOR RENT!"—Astounding Adventures of a Hollywood

A LOVE WORTH FIGHTING FOR—The Romantic Truth about **VIVIEN LEIGH**

Better start gargling with Listerine, Lady!



WHEN you've got the sniffles, a chill, and your throat feels irritated, it's a sign that germs are probably at work in mouth and throat.

Sometimes they can be killed in sufficient numbers or kept under control so that Nature can halt the infection . . . throw off the cold.

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Actual tests showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7% even 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle. Up to 80% one hour later.

In view of this evidence, don't you think it is a wise precaution to use Listerine Antiseptic systematically during fall, winter, and spring months when colds are a constant menace to the health of the entire family?

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NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS!



The two drawings at left illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.

**FOR COLDS AND SORE THROAT
USE LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

Christmas Shopping

FOR YOU AND THE STARS

By FRANCES HUGHES, NEW YORK FASHION EDITOR
ASSISTING GWENN WALTERS, FASHION EDITOR

1. SAY IT WITH FLOWERS!

Quick like a flash! Constance Spry's sentimental cabbage rose whisked to the lady of your heart by F.T.D. (Florists' Telegraph Delivery), in a Cellophane basket tied with glittering golden ribbon. Around \$3.00.

2. REACHING FOR THE STARS

"Adastra" does it! A heavenly perfume. Caron's Christmas present to America. Judge its splendor by the golden sphere and the stopper that looks like a blazing sun surrounded by celestial rays. Price still unknown—but whatever it is, "Adastra" will be worth it!

3. FOR THE BRIGHT LIGHTS

A baby basque evening sweater, designed by Shepherd, with multi-colored sequins-circles twinkling brightly on the bosom. Note the sentimental heart-neck and the family-album puffed sleeves. Wear it with a velvet day-length skirt for tea or cocktails, and a whirling dervish of an evening skirt in faille or taffeta. Around \$6.00.

4. SONJA HENIE'S SKATES

Don't ask any questions! It's enough, isn't it, that Sonja Henie, Hollywood's skating queen, approves these streamlined, chromium-plated skates, and anchors them to high-lacing white buck shoes. This is the way to say "Merry Christmas" to your favorite outdoor-girl for just \$8.50.

5. MUSIC ON THE MARCH

You sling your Majestic radio over your shoulder and you're off, carrying in the palm of your hand the news of the world . . . music . . . Uncle Don! 100 hours of entertainment on batteries that cost only \$2.25 to replace—the whole contraption complete, in colored leathette, for \$14.95. How many, please?

6. SONJA HENIE'S LITTLE RED HOOD

That Sonja Henie! Not only does she skate rings around the world, but she can even take a simple red wool Parka-hood and make it into a fashion masterpiece that everyone is clamoring for, for winter sports. In fireman red Australian zephyr with deep white fringe. Around \$2.00.

To your fashion editors, it's been Christmas since August! We've spent months snooping in the shops and haunting the little secret places where Christmas ideas are born. We've cheered out loud over some and turned thumbs down on others. And now that the chaff is fully separated from the wheat, we're passing these Christmas treasures on to You and the Stars. You'll find approximate prices on everything here, but for the name of the store nearest you that carries the gifts you want, please write to Fashion Secretary, Photoplay Magazine, 122 East 42nd St., New York City. Pity the poor mail man and *do it now!* And a Merry Christmas to you all!

7. CHRISTMAS ANGEL

The trappings of a saint, but underneath it all—a siren, hiding a bottle of Helena Rubinstein's Apple Blossom Cologne under her glistening cellophane skirts. A breath of spring in darkest midwinter—for just \$2.50.

8. BORROWED FROM BABY-BIBS!

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9. STARTING THE DAY RIGHT

This morning miracle begins with a 2-slice electric Toastmaster and ends with buttered toast and jam in a jiffy! Nothing up your sleeve, either. Just what you see on the polished walnut tray—the Toastmaster, a pottery bowl for jam, another bowl for butter or marmalade—and it's all yours—or your favorite housewife's—for just \$8.50!

10. A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING—EVERYTHING IN ITS PLACE

Volupté's Christmas "Sophisticase"—with a nook for this, and a niche for that—cigarettes, extension comb, "Hussy" or "Lady" lipstick, powder-ell, cigarette compartment, tiny purse, big mirror and a jeweler's top of gold etched with prancing Arabian stallions. Priceless elegance for \$15.00.

11. DOUBLE DEBUT

Parker presents, for lady-literateurs, a new streamlined "vacumatic" pen and matching pencil, the "Parker Debutantes." Take it out of the plastic gift box, and there's a tiny leather "penvelope" for toting them around in safety. The pen alone, \$8.75; the set, \$12.75.

12. HANDS UP!

And believe us—hands nurtured on the polishes and lotions, and groomed with the implements in this "20th Century" Revlon manicure kit can well come up and out into the open—for Christmas or at any other time of year! The Facile-fastened checked tweed case does double duty as a sporting handbag when the manicuring-innards are out! \$5.00.

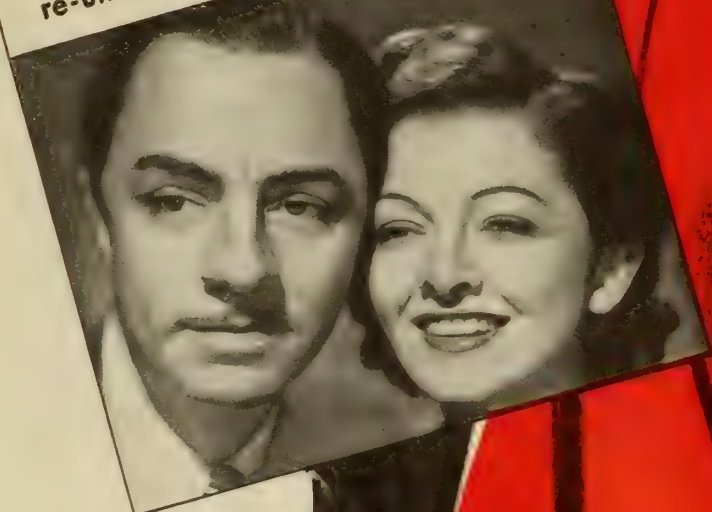
(For More Christmas Presents See pages 82-83)

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MYRNA LOY
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Good news, America! Nick and Nora
are back in their newest, merriest,
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Produced by HUNT STROMBERG
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

PHOTOPLAY



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On the Cover—Myrna Loy, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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New Notes

THREE new notes on the cinema scale:

First, a new actress—and an important one—born in "Intermezzo." Ingrid Bergman has in common with Greer Garson the quality of making every woman feel that this could be she, and every man feel that this could be the woman he loves.

Gregory Ratoff, the director, knew he was dealing with humans, not with movie characters, and that is why Anita Hoffman is a great portrait of a woman in hopeless love and why Ingrid Bergman becomes what Hepburn might have been and what Garbo was in silent days.

Second, a crackling good musical, "Babes in Arms," launches a new legend (I prophesy) that will take its place beside the Chaplin legend. I find fun in the Hardys, but much of Andy has embarrassed and annoyed me, heresy though it is to admit this. But the Mickey Rooney in "Babes In Arms" is definitely a Chaplinesque adolescent, fully sympathetic, frequently touching. His imitations of Clark Gable, Lionel Barrymore and Eddie Leonard are first rate comedy, but minor achievements compared to the uproariously funny scenes with the erstwhile baby movie star for whose preposterous dinner he dresses in clothes far too large and smokes a cigar far too fast.

Third, and most important, I think, is the appearance on the American screen of Hollywood's greatest, most uncompromising, and humanly patriotic document. Frank Capra has allowed himself hokum where he has needed it, but where the essential theme of "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" is concerned—a sincere and honest young man fighting a "lost cause" against political chicanery—Capra has allowed himself no compromise except the legitimately theatrical happy ending.

I like to think that James Stewart as Jefferson Smith may inspire some as yet unawakened Abe Lincoln to a responsibility most of us are much too busy to bother with.

Ernest V. Heyn

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"Every month in my diary has three new days"



Dear Diary: What a difference Midol has made in my life! Not so long ago I was only a "possibility" on party lists; now I'm the "girl who never says no"! What fun—not worrying about regular pain, never breaking dates, really having three gloriously active new days in every month! How I do it is a secret among us, Diary—you, Midol and me!

IF YOU haven't tried Midol to relieve functional pain of menstruation—to release you for active living during the several dreaded days of your month—you may be passing-up comfort which more than a million enlightened women enjoy.

It is common medical knowledge that much of this pain not only is needless, but can be relieved. And Midol proves it. For unless there is some organic disorder calling for the attention of a physician or surgeon, Midol usually brings relief. It is made for this special purpose—to ease the unnecessary functional pain of the natural menstrual process, and to lessen discomfort.

Give Midol the chance to redeem your lost days for carefree living. If your experience is average, a few Midol tablets should see you through even your worst day. All drugstores have Midol in trim aluminum cases which tuck easily into purse or pocket.

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Midol is a special formula recently developed for its special purpose. Midol contains no opiates and no amidopyrine. The new Midol formula is plainly printed in full on the label of every package and is approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

GENERAL DRUG COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.



PHOTOPLAY INVITES YOU to join in its monthly open forum. Perhaps you would like to add your three cents' worth to one of the comments chosen from the many interesting letters received this month—or perhaps you disagree violently with some reader whose opinions are published here! Or, better still, is there some topic you've never seen discussed as yet in a motion-picture magazine, but which you believe should be brought to the attention of the movie-going public? This is your page, and we welcome your contribution. All we ask is that your contribution be an original expression of your own honest opinion. PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to use gratis the letters submitted in whole or in part. Letters appearing in PHOTOPLAY become the property of the magazine. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boos and Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

"Untamed" puts a parka on the long hair—and boots on the pretty legs—of Patricia Morison. But glamour can't be hidden

BOOS AND Bouquets

AGREEING—TO DISAGREE

CONGRATULATIONS to Dorothea Staffan of Augusta, Georgia, for her suggested schedule for Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald in the October issue. I would like to see each of these and many more pictures made by this immortal team.

However, I don't agree that, separated, they are not so good. Seems that "San Francisco" did right well at the box office. Certainly, "Let Freedom Ring" is Nelson's best picture to date. If anyone could sit through it just once and not leave the theater feeling humble and proud of this, our nation's freedom of worship, speech and press, there isn't an atom of patriotism in his nature.

I say, reverently, God grant that such freedom as we know may soon reign throughout the nations of the earth.

C. M. AGNEW,
Greenville, S. C.

OH, BABY!

I've got it bad. The love bug, or Cupid, or some dratted critter, gave me a double dose and I've gone under for the third time. There is positively no hope for recovery, but, dad-blame it, who cares? This is a wonderful feeling! Well, here's how it happened. I'm a normal Texas lug who stays in his own back corral and bothers no one. Then, one afternoon, just as I'm leaving the office where I do my grazing, the Editor calls me over and gives me a verbal pat-on-the-back for some extra-fancy news wrangling (I'm not at all bad!), and darned if I don't step out onto the main drag feeling like the prize horse at a stock show. I mosey into the corner drug for a pint 'r so of ice cream and then, just to top the evening and to make it a real celebration, I decide to take in a show. I step up to the theater, check my gun, plunk down my spondulix and pick myself a choice seat. Then—pow, it happens. I'm in the middle of nowhere, with stars in my eyes and a pounding around the ticker. Like a bolt from the blue, I've been roped, hog-tied and hobbled, and I know I'm a branded maverick. Gawsh, I, who never pitched woo or snuggled to anything in a theater other than a sack of popcorn, was plain gaga. Yep, she's a blonde, and just a little chit of a thing, too, but then I've always heard that dynamite comes in small packages. Wotta smile, wotta personality! I think her monicker is Henville, but she's "Sandy" to me. Sandy, the new oomph-oomph girl. I'm gonna write 'er a mash note, too, soon as she's old enough to read it.

ATRELLE ESTES,
Baird, Tex.

VIVE LA FRANCIS!

THE Kay Francis banner still waves on high and, in the recent turn of events, Miss Francis has more fully established her position in motion pictures. Her performance in the RKO picture, "In Name Only," left nothing for Carole Lombard in the way of credit for acting or personal appearance. Indeed, Miss Lombard, since she appeared with Kay

Francis, has been greatly criticized by the press and public for her lack of chic in dress and make-up, and for her insufficient grasp of her role as the other woman.

This case of a star taking a secondary role in a picture proves that sooner or later the work of a capable individual will speak for itself. Alone, Carole Lombard has held her own in many a picture, but, given every advantage in star privileges, she was a poor second to Kay Francis. She is not to be blamed, either, because it was not her fault. It is just that the producers should never have exposed her to comparison with Miss Francis, who is an experienced actress with an innate sense of good showmanship.

DOROTHY BROOKS HOLCOMBE,
Shorewood, Wis.

THE LITTLE DOG LAUGHED—?

THIS is neither a "boo" nor a "bouquet," at least to a star. It is directed at one Jack Wade—the "We Cover the Studios" Wade. He states in the September issue of Photoplay that a certain scene in a Leslie Howard picture was retaken several times because the director, Gregory Ratoff, insisted the puppy smiled. He concluded with: "Ratoff is either nutty or a genius, we don't dare guess which."

Now, if this worthy gentleman (Mr. Wade) does not believe a dog can smile, he is very much mistaken. It is true they do not all smile, but I have a great Dane who smiles very sweetly, in a coy sort of way. Not with her mouth open, which some folks are wont to refer to as a smile on a dog; her mouth pulls back at the corners and about four wrinkles appear at each side. The smile is usually used to get around me or some member of the family, but is a smile, nevertheless.

MABEL STAIGLE,
Rapid City, S. Dak.

JUSTICE FOR JOEL

SHAME, Hollywood, shame! Are you crazy, or do you "just don't care"? Good heavens! You take the star of "Union Pacific"—Joel McCrea—and slam him right into "They Shall Have Music"! I'm sure the picture could have gotten along without him. Why, after such a stirring bit of close-lipped acting in "Union Pacific," Joel McCrea could have played anything and gotten away with it. Then you turn around and cast him in a picture starring So-and-So—also Joel McCrea. We want Westerns! Good ol' horse opries! We want more of the real McCrea from "Wells Fargo" and "Union Pacific"!

EUNICE MCCOY,
Warrington, Fla.

DEAR JACK HALEY:

NEVER thought I'd be writing a fan letter to you, of all people. You've always been just another comedian. Oh, your bright eyes were rather cute, but who'd ever remember you? Or go to a picture because your name was on the marquee?

And then I saw you in "The Wizard of Oz." I sat there as popeyed as you were when you first beheld the mighty Wizard. Could this appealing Tin Woodman, searching so wistfully for a heart, really be Jack Haley? Heart or no heart, his tin countenance clearly registered real emotion: the openmouthed fear that made his tin knees clank together, the overpowering desire for a heart, his affection for Dorothy. Then, when he had found his heart, only to feel it break when Dorothy was leaving, our hearts broke with his for a moment. When an actor's breaking heart causes a temporary fracture in

our own, then we call that actor great.

So, Jack Haley, I salute you—a new dramatic star. If M-G-M doesn't star you in some serious roles worthy of all the pathos you brought to the Tin Woodman, then you'd better find a boss who will. Because you certainly have what it takes!

A new Haley fan,

ALICE OMAN,
Kalamazoo, Mich.

CONFESSION

I JUST got through reading "Boos and Bouquets" in the September PHOTOPLAY, and I am very much ashamed of myself. I'll admit I did ask for it. No, I didn't see Mr. Power every minute of that day at Treasure Island. How I wish I had! And I do regret having said anything about his not smiling. Following him through the magazines, I've seen just dozens and dozens of pictures of him smiling as only he can. I do wish I could do something to make up for what I wrote. Of course, he didn't smile when I was around. He was looking the other way. And thanks for writing up the duties and qualifications of a Power fan. I'll make use of them, for I really am a Power fan. You ought to see my room! If you see anyone else's picture beside Tyrone's, you have to use a microscope. And don't ask me how I felt when I read that Tyrone had wed. I can't describe the feeling. But now I'm rather glad that he is married, because I won't let myself write anything about Mr. Power's not smiling. I've a better hold on myself. You see, when he was single, I imagined him as my dream prince, for being young, as I am, I still have a broad imagination. When he didn't even look at me at Treasure Island, I put my feelings into writing, an action which I very much regret. Thanks very much for putting me in my place, you other Power fans, and I assure you it won't happen again. I'm for Tyrone Power 100 per cent and I mean every word of it. Please do forgive me!

TYRONE POWER'S SAN FRANCISCO FAN,
San Francisco, Calif.

OPEN LETTER TO M-G-M

DO you want a really suitable story for Hedy Lamarr—a published novel by a writer of established reputation? I refer to "Glitter," an early book by Katherine Brush, but one having the same screenable qualities that made "The Red Headed Woman" and "Young Man of Manhattan" (by the same author) such entertaining pictures.

May I go further and suggest that Lew Ayres appear opposite Hedy, and that Edward Arnold and Jane Bryan play the other man and girl, respectively, for perfect casting?

Make this picture, call it "Fascination," and you'll have a film in the "hit" class . . . And you don't owe me a cent for the suggestion!

MENAHN GAYMES,
Charleston, W. Va.

ALL IN FAVOR, SAY "AYE"

I WISH to call favorable attention to Sonja Henie's work in "Second Fiddle." There was much talk, at first, of the seemingly ridiculous idea of Miss Henie's giving up her ice skating. Well, I will say this: In my estimation, the little skater from Norway has proven herself a very capable actress, as well as being a wonderful athlete.

Before ending my letter, I want to say something about Tyrone Power. WHY haven't we heard that he could sing, as well as act? Let's hear more of Tyrone Power's singing and see more of Sonja Henie's acting.

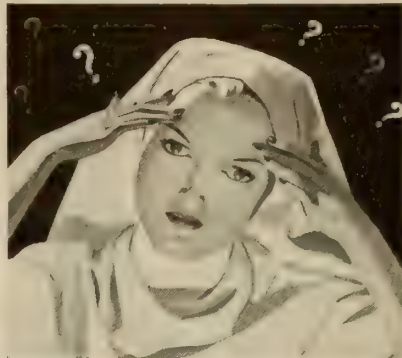
MARCIA SEIDEL,
Inglewood, Calif.

Lady Esther says—

"Forsake all Heavy, Waxy Creams to keep your Accent on Youth!"



Go ask youth—and a whole chorus of youthful voices will tell you to stop using heavy, "waxy" creams. In a blind test, young women under 25 voted overwhelmingly—over 2 to 1—for Lady Esther Face Cream!



Why let heavy creams defeat your loveliness—make you look older than you really are? Give up those "waxy" creams that demand pulling of delicate facial muscles . . . and turn, with youth, to my more modern cream!



Modern life with its fast tempo challenges your face cream—calls for a completely different kind of cream from the heavy types popular ten years ago. Modern girls realize this, and have adopted my 4-Purpose Cream.



A glamorous complexion points the way to tender glances . . . to romance! Why miss life's gayest moments? Give your skin "young skin care"—with my 4-Purpose Face Cream—and see each day bring fun . . . more happiness!

Just one month will show you that Lady Esther Face Cream is a modern cream that keeps your Accent on Youth. It goes on lightly . . . thoroughly removes imbedded dirt . . . leaves your skin feeling gloriously fresh. Why not compare the face cream you have been using with Lady Esther Face Cream? Just make the simple test I suggest below, and see if Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream isn't the one cream for you?



See the difference . . . make this amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test" NOW!

FIRST, cleanse your complexion with your present cream—and remove it thoroughly. Then do the same with Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Wipe it off with fresh tissue, and look at the tissue.

Thousands of women have been amazed to see dirt on their second tissue. For Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream removes pore-clogging dirt that many other creams FAIL TO GET OUT.

Unlike many old-fashioned creams, Lady Esther Face Cream does a thorough cleansing job without any harsh pulling of delicate facial muscles and tissues. It cleans gently, lubricates the skin, and (lastly) prepares your skin for powder.

Prove this, at my expense. Mail me the coupon and I'll send you a 7-day tube of my Face Cream (with my 10 new powder shades). Start now to have a lovely skin!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (50)

LADY ESTHER,
7118 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

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ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)



Brief Reviews

ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, THE—20th Century-Fox

When *Professor Moriarty* decides to steal the Crown Jewels from the Tower of London, he doesn't figure on Sheer-Luck *Holmes'* uncanny deductions. Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce play *Holmes* and *Dr. Watson*. Alan Marshal and Ida Lupino are the lovers and George Zucco, the *Professor*. Lots of murders but little pace. (Nov.)

★ ANDY HARDY GETS SPRING FEVER—M-G-M

Easily the best of the series. Mickey Rooney faces disillusionment when he falls in love with his pretty teacher, new Helen Gilbert. There's a mild counterplot to keep the *Judge*, Lewis Stone, busy. But your throat will ache with wanting to bawl over Mickey's heartbreak, the while you laugh at him. (Oct.)

★ BABES IN ARMS—M-G-M

They don't come any funnier. Mickey Rooney, as the son of ex-vaudeville artist Charles Winninger, tries to change the family fortunes by organizing his own show. With the aid of Judy Garland, Betty Jaynes, June Preisser, he puts on routines that will have you in the aisles. Guy Kibbee is the kindly judge who keeps the kids out of the state work school. Don't miss this. (Nov.)

★ BACHELOR MOTHER—RKO-Radio

Here's a honey—smart, subtle, sophisticated. There's a laugh a line, a line a second. Ginger Rogers is a shopgirl who has an unwanted baby thrust upon her by the boss' son, David Niven. It's a case of no baby, no job. When Niven's papa, Charles Coburn, thinks it is his own grandson, no one wants to disillusion him, so Ginger and David fall in love. A "must." (Sept.)

BAD LANDS—RKO-Radio

This is pretty bewildering. It's about nine men sitting around waiting to die. A sheriff and a posse go out to search for a killer, and the killer traps the hunters. No females in the cast, either. Robert Barrat, Noah Beery, Jr., and others are uninspired. (Oct.)

★ BEAU GESTE—Paramount

Remember Ronald Colman as *Beau Geste*? This time it's Gary Cooper who, with his loyal brothers, Ray Milland and Robert Preston, rushes off to the Sahara when accused of stealing the giant sapphire. It's a man's film, since romance is limited to a few yearning glances between Milland and Susan Hayward; and since blood and thunder comprise the remainder of the offering. Brian Donlevy is excellent. (Oct.)

BLONDIE TAKES A VACATION—Columbia

Dagwood takes the rap while *Blondie* takes a vacation, and it's all just as amusing as the other films in this comic-strip hit series. Larry Simms, as *Baby Dumpling*, keeps disappearing, but he's cute when on the screen. Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake rattle along as the *Bumsteeds*. (Oct.)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S BRIDE—Paramount

At long last, *Drummond's* married! Oh, yes, there's some mystery—a thief hides the stuff in *Drummond's* radio, then keeps walking into the sleuth's hands—but it's slight. Heather Angel is John Howard's long-awaited bride. Reginald Denny's in again. (Sept.)

Youngsters Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland, Betty Jaynes and Douglas McPhail set a pace in "Babes in Arms" that's more than a challenge to the oldsters

CHARLIE CHAN AT TREASURE ISLAND—20th Century-Fox

Routine *Chan* fare, with philosophical *Charlie* uncovering the hocus-pocus of one *Dr. Zodiac*, mystic. An exposé of fake mediums, which Sidney Toler, as *Chan*, does admirably, Cesar Romero, Pauline Moore and Wally Vernon help the plot. (Nov.)

CHICKEN WAGON FAMILY—20th Century-Fox

Originally scheduled for Will Rogers, this has been adapted to the talents of Jane Withers. She's swell, but the piece isn't quite right for Leo Carrillo, who makes his living by exchanging merchandise for chickens. Spring Byington and Marjorie Weaver contribute their bit. (Nov.)

★ CLOUDS OVER EUROPE—Columbia

This is sparkling mystery, with Ralph Richardson in the role of sleuth. Scotland Yard is set to work when some British bombers disappear. Test Pilot Laurence Olivier takes an interest in Richardson's investigations, and also his sister, Valerie Hobson. The climax is fantastic, but the witty lines compensate. (Sept.)

COWBOY QUARTERBACK, THE—Warners

Bert Wheeler's first solo without the late Bob Woolsey is a dated story of a hick football player who gets into big time. Gamblers try a frame-up and it looks bad until Bert's girl, Marie Wilson, comes along. Gloria Dickson helps a little. (Nov.)

DANCING CO-ED—M-G-M

When Lee Bowman, movie dancer, finds he will need a new partner, publicity agent Roscoe Karns tosses a co-ed contest. Lana Turner, a Broadway hooper, turns college girl for the stunt; Richard Carlson, newshound for the school paper, starts an investigation. There's a surprise ending when Ann Rutherford enters the contest. Artie Shaw gets hot with his clarinet. (Nov.)

★ DUST BE MY DESTINY—Warners

A depressing, although gripping study of social problems, with John Garfield again imprisoned unjustly. As a result, he hates everything—except Priscilla Lane. But, finally, out of tragedy comes readjustment. Garfield turns in the performance you've come to expect of him. (Nov.)

★ EACH DAWN I DIE—Warners

There's a quiet brutality, a believable horror about this film in which Jimmy Cagney portrays an innocent victim who is sent to prison by crooked politicians. His newspaper friends, particularly Jane Bryan, take up the fight. There's murder and a jail-break riot done in a superlative manner. George Raft, as a fellow convict, has never done a better job. Add George Bancroft, Maxie Rosenbloom and John Wray to the list who make this picture a must. (Oct.)

★ ETERNALLY YOURS—Wangers-U. A.

You'll like this story in which Loretta Young marries master magician David Niven and becomes his associate in a magic (Continued on page 8)

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

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★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED



IT'S GOT EVERYTHING!

IT'S ZENSATIONAL!

IT'S ZINTILLATING!

IT'S ZUPERB!

DAY DOOFY BAGS!

TORRID TEMPTING TUNES!

RADIANT RAPTUREOUS ROMANCE!

LOUD LINGERING LAUGHS!

TO BE SPECIFIC IT'S TERRIFIC!

TWICE AS SPICY, TWICE AS FUNNY, TWICE AS GAY AS THE BROADWAY PLAY

IT'S

Corina

SHE'S HEAVENLY!

She's the gal who put romance into dance — direct from the role in 'I Married an Angel' that made her the toast of the stage!

IN WARNER BROS.
ENTERTAINMENT WHIRLWIND

ON YOUR TOES

On your toes... it's on the way
with loud, long laughs provided by

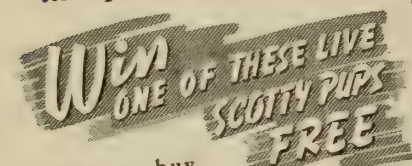
EDDIE ALBERT

The sensation of 'Brother Rat'—he's a super-sensation in this!
and **ALAN HALE** • **FRANK McHUGH**
JAMES GLEASON • Directed by Ray Enright

Screen Play by Jerry Wald and Richard Macaulay • Adaptation by Sig Herzig and Lawrence Riley • Based on the Musical Play by **RICHARD RODGERS, LORENZ HART** and **GEORGE ABROTT** • A First National Picture



Win freedom from cramping shoes, from nipping wind and chilling slush! Relax, doubly comfortable because you know these fuzzies flatter your feet. Ideal for lounging... bed wear... travel. Give them as gifts—one size only, spares asking embarrassing questions about size. Washable. Eight colors at better department stores.



Nothing to buy, nothing to write! Merely fill in on coupon the name you'd choose for one of these smart, plucky, loyal dogs. Twelve winners will receive male Scotty pups, aged 3 to 8 months, housebroken and trained to walk on lead, with pedigree papers certified by American Kennel Club. Also month's supply of RED HEART Dog Food and RED HEART identification tag. Contest limited to U. S. and open to all except employees of Slipperette Co., their advertising agency, and families. Duplicate prizes in the event of a tie. Subject to Federal, State and local regulations. Each contestant allowed only one entry. Judge's decision is final. Entries must be postmarked before midnight, Jan. 2, 1940. Winners will be notified by mail, and prizes sent by prepaid express not later than Jan. 15, 1940.



THE SLIPPERETTE CO.
5216 IRVING PARK ROAD, CHICAGO
Gentlemen: If I owned a male Scotty pup I'd call him

My Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 6)

act. However, David's femme fans are too fond of him, so Loretta does a disappearing act that is a dilly; divorces David and marries Broderick Crawford; but David won't give up. Billie Burke, ZaSu Pitts and Raymond Walburn rustle up a brace of laughs. (Nov.)

EVERYBODY'S HOBBY—Warners

A new family-cycle picture—with stamp-collector Irene Rich the mother of a family of hobbyists. Daughter Jean Sharon collects photograph records; brother Jackie Moran is an amateur radio bug; father Henry O'Neill is a camera fiend. Fun for juveniles. (Nov.)

EVERYTHING'S ON ICE—RKO-Radio

Little Irene Dare zips across ice like a miniature Henie in this amusing, but unimportant, film. Fourflusher Roscoe Karns takes his niece, Irene and Lynne Roberts to Florida where he lives in high style, hoping to marry off Lynne. Of course, he chooses another fourflusher. (Nov.)

★ FIFTH AVENUE GIRL—RKO-Radio

Ginger Rogers has another hit, and it's as cute as punch. A man who is being ignored by his wife pretends romance with a pretty down-at-the-heels girl to make his wife jealous. You can imagine the complications, especially when the man is Walter Connolly, the wife is Verree Teasdale and the innocent peak of the isosceles is Ginger. (Nov.)

FIVE CAME BACK—RKO-Radio

Out of the old story about a forced landing comes a tale of strange psychological effects. The pilots can fix one motor which will return five to safety. Which to choose—a murderer, a child, two lovers, a professor and his wife, a shady lady, two pilots? Chester Morris, Lucille Ball, C. Aubrey Smith, Allen Jenkins, Wendy Barrie, Kent Taylor and others form the party. (Sept.)

FORGOTTEN WOMAN, THE—Universal

Sigrid Gurie returns in a rather good little movie. She and her husband want to go to Florida, advertise for companions to share expenses. Two gangsters answer. They stage a holdup in which her husband is killed and Sigrid is convicted as an accomplice. (Sept.)

★ FOUR FEATHERS—Korda-U.A.

Filmed in Technicolor, this is unmatched for sheer spectacle. John Clements resigns from the army on the eve of sailing for Kitchener's campaign in the Sudan. Three brother officers and his fiancée, June Duprez, send him the white feather of cowardice. How he redeems himself makes this a fine movie. (Sept.)

★ FRONTIER MARSHAL—20th Century-Fox

You can guess from the title what this is about. Tombstone, Arizona, is the locale where silver is discovered. The bad element comes in and Marshal Randolph Scott sets out to quell the lawlessness. Cesar Romero, Nancy Kelly and Binnie Barnes all help to make this good cinema. (Oct.)

FULL CONFESSION—RKO-Radio

Victor McLaglen, in another "Informer" role, plays a criminal who thinks he is expiring, confesses a murder to priest Joseph Calleia, then confesses. It's Calleia's job to make him confess voluntarily to the law. Sally Eilers has a small role. (Nov.)

GIRL FROM RIO—Monogram

An indifferent production, in which Movita is forced to leave Rio on the eve of her debut as a singer, in order to help her brother out of a jam. She gets a job in a night club and hunts down the real meanie. Warren Hull and Alan Baldwin contribute. (Nov.)

★ GOOD GIRLS GO TO PARIS—Columbia

Here's as funny a comedy as you have witnessed in many moons. It teams Melvyn Douglas and Joan Blondell again, with Joan as a waitress who has a yen to see Paris; tries a bit of mild blackmail; is run out of town. Enter Melvyn Douglas. There are fresh twists to the story, and the dialogue is delightful. (Sept.)

★ GOLDEN BOY—Columbia

Clifford Odett's famous play introduces William Holden as the emotionally unstable musician who forsakes a career in the arts for one in the prize ring. He is caught up by unscrupulous racketeers who shove him to eventual downfall. Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou and others help the definite "A" mood of the production with their work. It's excellent drama. (Nov.)

HAWAIIAN NIGHTS—Universal

A happy little story dedicated to good cheer. Johnny Downs plays the son of a hotel owner who loses his job when he organizes a band. He takes his musical lads to Hawaii and makes a success of his father's rival. Comes romance in the person of Constance Moore. Matty Malneck's orchestra is swell. (Nov.)

★ HEAVEN WITH A BARBED WIRE FENCE—20th Century-Fox

A story of disillusionment. Glenn Ford is the New Yorker who works six years to buy a ranch, starts thumbing his way to his property and collects troubles along the way, among them: hobo Nicholas Conte; Spanish refugee Jean Rogers; and tramp Raymond Walburn. It has movement. (Oct.)

HELL'S KITCHEN—Warners

Ex-reform school kids, including the Dead Enders, are beaten and starved while Superintendent Grant Mitchell piles up a tidy sum. Racketeer

Stanley Fields, with Margaret Lindsay and Ronald Reagan, exposes the dirty work afoot. (Sept.)

HOTEL FOR WOMEN—20th Century-Fox

Shades of "Stage Door." You'll see a lot of models and chorus girls living in a hostelry presided over by Elsa Maxwell, and follow their troubles. New Linda Darnell should turn into a bright star, and Ann Sothern is very good, indeed. James Ellison is the romantic lead. (Oct.)

HOUSE OF FEAR, THE—Universal

The murder happens right at the beginning. An actor, Donald Douglas, is the victim. Detective William Gargan pretends he's a producer in order to reopen the theater, on the theory that the murderer will strike again. He does. (Sept.)

IRISH LUCK—Monogram

Here we have Frankie Darro playing a bellhop whose father is mysteriously slain. Frankie sets out to discover the murderer. He's quite engaging and Mantan Moreland, a colored fellow, turns in an interesting performance. (Nov.)

★ I STOLE A MILLION—Universal

Swell melodrama, with George Raft (capably abetted by Claire Trevor) portraying a man who, through circumstances beyond his control, is labeled a criminal and works out his peeve against the world by going really bad. Dick Foran, Henry Armetta and Victor Jory contribute to the emotional power of this film. (Oct.)

IN NAME ONLY—RKO-Radio

If you're a pushover for Cary Grant and Carole Lombard, you'll like this. Kay Francis is the wife who won't give Cary a divorce to marry Carole, despite the fact that she has never loved him. But Carole wins out in the end. Charles Coburn and Helen Vinson have routine roles, Katharine Alexander is good, and Grant, magnificent. (Oct.)

IN OLD MONTEREY—Republic

There's a bonus tossed into this typical Gene Autry film—the Hoosier Hot Shots, the Ranch Boys, Smiley Burnette and Sarge and Sally. Gene's an army sergeant; the army wants some training grounds. Gene rides to the rescue. (Oct.)

ISLAND OF LOST MEN—Paramount

For no apparent reason, J. Carrol Naish establishes himself as king of an island and cracks the whip over escaped criminals, who in turn bulldoze the natives. The law comes to the aid of the innocent and the natives take care of the guilty. Anna May Wong is exquisite and Eric Blore adds the comedy. (Sept.)

IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU—20th Century-Fox

Have you ever imagined yourself in the position of an innocent person accused of murder? That's the fix Stuart Erwin's in when he finds a body in his car. He's held in jail but his wife, Gloria Stuart, comes to his rescue. Good suspense. (Sept.)

JAMAICA INN—Mayflower-Paramount

You're in on the secret that Charles Laughton is the leader of a gang who wreck ships for their cargoes in this free adaptation of Daphne du Maurier's novel. But neither the members of his gang, nor pretty Maureen O'Hara, know that he is the archvillain. Hairbreadth escapes, last minute rescues will satisfy those who like action. Mr. Laughton, as usual, dominates every scene. (Oct.)

★ LADY OF THE TROPICS—M-G-M

Oriental Saigon provides the lush background for Hedy Lamarr and Robert Taylor in this story of a young American engineer who braves the dangers of far places; with Joseph Schildkraut as the smooth scoundrel who is killed by Hedy when she discovers his interest in her is business, not sentiment. Taylor and Schildkraut give performances to be proud of, while Hedy is her most beautiful self. (Oct.)

★ LAND OF LIBERTY—MPPDA

If you were a visitor at either Fair this summer, we hope you saw this. If you were a stay-at-home, watch for it now at your local theater. Here's the story of America—its heroes and heroines—welded together into a magnificent cavalcade. Edited by Cecil B. DeMille. (Sept.)

MAGNIFICENT FRAUD, THE—Paramount

The performances of Akim Tamiroff, Lloyd Nolan, Patricia Morison are effective, but the characters they portray are not. The film's about a mythical empire; the emperor is murdered and Tamiroff, an actor, impersonates him. Suspense and cast good. (Sept.)

★ MAN ABOUT TOWN—Paramount

Here's awfully good cinema, really. Producer Jack Benny, eager to win the hand of his star, Dot Lamour, decides to make her jealous of him. The scene is England and the basic story is surrounded by notable entertainment, lots of music, gags aplenty, delivered with the Benny timing and artistry. Eddie Anderson, who plays Rochester, almost steals the show. (Sept.)

★ MAN IN THE IRON MASK, THE—Small-U.A.

Dumas' famous novel sees Louis Hayward cast in the dual role of the twin Dauphins of France. You'll remember: One twin is given in the care of the Three Musketeers, while the other becomes Louis XIV. Circumstance brings Philippe into contact with his brother, the king, who devises a plan to keep the dangerous twin a prisoner. This has moments of horror. Joan Bennett plays Maria Theresa. (Sept.)

MAN THEY COULD NOT HANG, THE—Columbia

Boris Karloff, a mad scientist who can bring the dead back to life, is interrupted in the midst of an experiment; the police think his victim is dead and convict Karloff of murder. He sets out to kill the judge, jury and district attorney. Roger Fryor, Lorna Gray and Robert Wilcox try to cope with it all. (Nov.)

★ MARX BROTHERS AT THE CIRCUS—M-G-M

The Marx Brothers team up with a whole menagerie this time when they come to the rescue of Kenny Baker, who is about to lose his circus and pretty Florence Rice to the villainous Fritz Feld. Harpo and Chico give their usual funny solos. There are plenty of circus acts, camels, elephants and a lovely gorilla. (Nov.)

MILLION DOLLAR LEGS—Paramount

A college picture, dedicated in motif and action to the pre-war generation. A football hero and a mathematical genius (respectively, John Hartley and Peter Hayes) help Betty Grable carry the slight burden of plot. (Oct.)

MIRACLES FOR SALE—M-G-M

The kids will love this since it's all about magicians. There's murder, too, and Robert Young, paired with pretty Florence Rice, to solve it. If you believe in ghosts, you'll be pretty annoyed at the exposé. (Oct.)

★ MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON—Columbia

This is a kind of "Mr. Deeds," in which lanky Jimmy Stewart ambles about Washington like a streamlined version of Lincoln. He gets mixed up in dirty politics, but sticks to his ideals through the urgings of his hard-boiled secretary, Jean Arthur. There's a rousing climax in the Senate. Edward Arnold and Claude Rains are the political villains. The entire cast contribute fine performances, but it's Capra's direction that makes this. (Nov.)

MR. WONG IN CHINATOWN—Monogram

Boo! It's Boris Karloff who makes a nice menacing Chinaman in whose home a Chinese princess is murdered. Marjorie Reynolds is the newspaper woman who rushes around and helps out. There's a romance angle between her and Grant Withers. And there's comedy to keep you chuckling. (Oct.)

NEWS IS MADE AT NIGHT—20th Century-Fox

There's conflict in this when Editor Preston Foster's best friend turns out to be a criminal and an innocent man is awaiting execution because of Foster's machinations. Lynn Bari plays a sob sister. Good pace throughout. (Oct.)

★ NINOTCHKA—M-G-M

Greta Garbo brings a smile to her face and a rare buoyancy to her step in the role of a lieutenant in the Russian army who is sent to Paris to find out why the sale of government-owned jewels has not been consummated. The attractive Melvyn Douglas convinces her that love is more important than the benefit of the masses. The sophistication of Ina Claire is a perfect foil for the amusing performance Garbo turns in. (Nov.)

★ NURSE EDITH CAVELL—RKO-Radio

Remember the execution of Edith Cavell, the English nurse who started an undercover system of helping wounded Allies to safety during the World War? As that nurse, Anna Neagle turns in a performance worthy of Academy Award attention. Edna May Oliver, ZaSu Pitts and May Robson contribute fine work, too. (Nov.)

★ OLD MAID, THE—Warners

A fine movie, good drama—but so long, so dreary. Bette Davis plays the young girl who loves George Brent, the man Miriam Hopkins discards. After Brent is killed in the Civil War, Bette gives birth to his daughter. Bette allows Miriam to adopt the child and turns herself into a sour old maid. The baby grows up (Jane Bryan), hating Bette. Miss Davis gives a superb portrayal, but Miriam Hopkins almost succeeds in matching it. (Oct.)

★ ON BORROWED TIME—M-G-M

The strange and gentle tale of an old man who gets Death up a tree, and keeps him there until the moral about keeping people alive when dying would release them from pain is brought forcibly home. Lionel Barrymore and Bobs Watson are superb as Gramps and Pud, as is Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as the personable Mr. Brink. (Sept.)

OUR LEADING CITIZEN—Paramount

Bob Burns tries hard in this, but it's certainly not far for the intellectual audience. There's a lot of stuff about strikes, and more flag-waving than entertainment. Susan Hayward supplies the romantic interest. Elizabeth Patterson, Kathleen Lockhart and Charles Bickford do credible work. (Oct.)

PARENTS ON TRIAL—Columbia

A sleepy bit of celluloid in which the marriage of Jean Parker and Johnny Downs is annulled by her father. The boy is sent to reform school, but escapes and runs away with the girl again. (Oct.)

★ RAINS CAME, THE—20th Century-Fox

Louis Bromfield's story of a group of people caught in the flood and earthquake of India; the effect upon each when disaster, disease and death touch them, is transferred to the screen with compelling

(Continued on page 91)

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?



Ann Sothorn, star of "Fast and Furious," is setting just such a pace for herself

GRADE yourself five points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY. Check up on page 89.

1. Two of these actors have played the role of **Philo Vance** in the movies:
Warren William John Barrymore
Ronald Colman William Powell

2. An Oscar is the colloquial name for:

An actor who blows up in his lines
A type of motion picture camera
A bit player
The gold statuette given Academy Award winners

3. Two of these actors were once married to the same actress:

Herbert Marshall Ralph Forbes
George Brent Basil Rathbone

4. She started her career as a brunette; and her name at that time was Harriette Lake:

Joan Blondell Ann Sothorn
Carole Lombard Jane Wyman

5. This glamorous star is making her comeback in a Western picture in which she discards all her glamour:

Gloria Swanson Evelyn Brent
Marlene Dietrich Nancy Carroll

6. Two of these movies are picturizations of successful stage plays:

The Old Maid Stanley and Livingstone
The Gorilla The Rains Came

7. This star's father will appear with him in his next picture:

Eddie Cantor Mickey Rooney
Jackie Cooper William Holden

8. She tops the fan mail list at her studio:

Ann Sheridan Bette Davis
Priscilla Lane Olivia de Havilland

9. He will soon have his adventures appear in a daily comic strip:

Gene Autry Gary Cooper
Tyrone Power Errol Flynn

10. This actress has never appeared on the stage:

Rosalind Russell Jean Arthur
Loretta Young Glenda Farrell

11. The Studio Club is:

A drive-in restaurant
A resident club for picture girls
A club for producers and directors
A night club

12. Two of these stars have been married more than twice:

Claudette Colbert Constance Bennett
Joan Crawford Kay Francis

13. He invented the kinetoscope, which was the forerunner of the modern motion picture machine:

Thomas Edison Guglielmo Marconi
Robert Fulton Alexander G. Bell

14. The first Academy Awards went to two of the following stars:

Charles Chaplin Janet Gaynor
Emil Jannings Norma Shearer

15. Two of these stars were born in California:

Wayne Morris Jane Bryan
Spencer Tracy Ginger Rogers

16. He will be seen in a Maxwell Anderson play, "Key Largo," in New York this season:

Melvyn Douglas Franchot Tone
Cary Grant Paul Muni

17. "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever" is this number in the series:

Ninth Eighth
Seventh Sixth

18. She never blows up in her lines:

May Robson Shirley Temple
Greta Garbo Deanna Durbin

19. Two of the following movies were picturizations of novels:

The Real Glory Dust Be My Destiny
Love Affair Golden Boy

20. Two of these songs were chosen as most representative of the era portrayed in "The Roaring Twenties":

Among My Souvenirs
Melancholy Baby
Collegiate
I'm Just Wild About Harry

WHAT LOVELY HOSE!

...so beautifully sheer and such a divinely smart shade. Darling, I'm afraid you've been terribly extravagant—but I think you're the sweetest man in the world.



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Yes madam, we have some lovely sheers at 69¢

What! do you mean that these exquisite stockings are that inexpensive? Why from the way they look and wear, I thought they cost at least \$1.

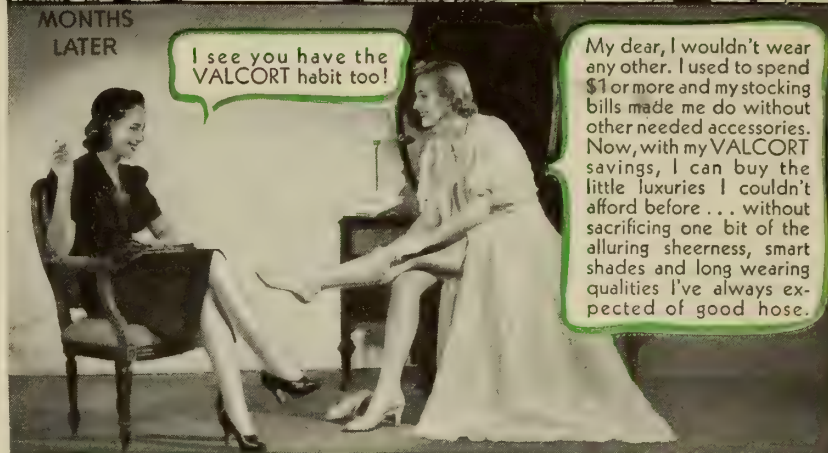
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Perc Westmore (right), Warner's make-up expert, has a loyal follower of his "twenty-four hour road to beauty" in Jane Wyman. Described in detail below, Jane gives us a pictorial lesson (opposite page) in a few of the tricks he has taught her. Top: How to apply a cream powder base so it will spread smoothly. Right: How to prevent a made-up look. Center: An antidote for skin dried by sun and wind. Bottom: A lesson in pin curls, so your hair will be soft and curly when brushed in the morning



AROUND THE CLOCK WITH BEAUTY—Beauty doesn't consist just of putting on your make-up and looking lovely for a couple of hours; it's a twenty-four hour road you have to travel to reach your goal of loveliness. Perc Westmore, head of the make-up department at Warner Brothers, has been directing people toward a more natural make-up for years, and he declares that it requires much more care than did the old put-it-on-thick method that covered up all the defects in your skin by applying a couple of inches of heavy make-up. The make-up aim today is for casual loveliness at all times—which is a much more difficult thing to acquire.

All the young stars at Warner Brothers are free to take their beauty problems to Adviser Westmore who solves practically all of them by recommending his twenty-four hour routine which features playing up your natural attractiveness.

Jane Wyman, the pert little star of "Lady Dick," follows Westmore's set of rules—and the result is very well worth-while. A natural, unaffected make-up is attractive only when your skin itself is clean and glowing and healthy, so one of Mr. Westmore's basic rules concerns skin care.

The first thing Jane does when she hops out of bed in the morning is wash her face—and she does it with great gusto, too. She whips up a rich lather of warm water and her favorite soap, dips her complexion brush into it and gives her face a brisk scrubbing. The brush must be stiff enough to stir up circulation and bring color to her cheeks, but not stiff enough to scratch the skin. In a rotary motion Jane

spreads the suds over her forehead, cheeks and neck, giving special care to her chin and the skin around her nose. Then she rinses her face thoroughly with warm water, only to have it ready for another soaping. This time she uses a soft washcloth. Her final rinses are in gradually cooling waters until she finishes off with water into which she has tossed a few ice cubes. The icy water acts as a mild astringent to Jane's scrupulously clean skin.

Teeth are next on the program and Jane brushes hers with a toothbrush recommended by her dentist as the right type for her teeth. She always follows her regular dentifrice with a lime juice brushing, which sweetens her mouth and acts as a mild bleach.

If Jane has a game of tennis scheduled, she now follows the Westmore rule of a light make-up for sports. "First I pat the entire surface of my face and throat with cotton soaked in a refreshing and mildly astringent skin tonic. After this has dried I apply a cream powder base very lightly. Mr. Westmore has taught me to apply it by putting tiny dabs of it on my forehead and cheeks and then spreading it smoothly all over my face. After that comes a very little bit of cream rouge."

Westmore's theory is that rouge has only one purpose—that is to create an illusion of contour. It should be applied so no one can tell that it's not your natural coloring—which takes practice to do correctly. Since Jane's face is round and the illusion we all try to create is an oval, she shades the rouge into the roundest parts of her cheeks, carefully blending it with her fingertips, it fades into her skin.

Then Jane dusts her face lightly with powder and finishes off with lipstick. She uses only a trace of powder before engaging in active sports because there is always a possibility of its streaking, and she wants to look as fresh after she's finished as she does when she starts.

For a street make-up the procedure is the same up to the powder stage. Then Jane applies powder generously, patting it over her face and throat with a big puff. "There's a technique to this, too," says Jane. "I begin by powdering my throat, then my chin and cheeks, and work up to my forehead. I take care that there are no lines of demarcation and that the powder is spread evenly by using a soft powder brush and brushing away any surplus powder from my face or brows or hairline."

BECAUSE her hair is blonde, Jane uses brown mascara on her lashes and brown pencil on her brows. For day wear she applies both mascara and pencil sparingly. She puts on her lipstick generously with a lip brush, but blots most of it off because a mat finish is more natural for street wear.

"I build my lips up slightly with the brush the way Perc Westmore showed me, then I blend the coloring over the entire surface with my finger to be sure it's all even. A good trick is to smile widely when you've finished to see if there are any pale portions left, then fill them in, too. When I'm sure the outlines are clean-cut and my mouth is completely covered, I remove the excess color by pressing my lips against a piece of cleansing tissue."

For evening, Jane's make-up is essentially the same except that she uses a little more rouge and a brighter lipstick. Her eye make-up is also more definite after dark. She deepens the color of her brows with tiny strokes of the pencil as though each individual hair were being drawn on. This gives a much more natural effect than just drawing a heavy line to extend your brows.

Jane uses light brown eye shadow and blends it very carefully, so that it is almost imperceptible. It is darkest at the lashes and delicately shaded off up to the brow. Jane applies her mascara with a clean brush and, after the mascara has dried, she strokes her lashes with another little brush to be sure that none of them is sticking together to give a made-up, harsh appearance to her eyes. The second little brush is also used to smooth her brows.



"Oh, another precaution I take against a made-up look is to pat my completed make-up with a piece of cotton wrung out almost dry in ice cold water. This sets the make-up and seems to make it more permanent."

If she is going out formally in the evening, Jane uses liquid powder on her arms and shoulders, applying it with cotton. As every girl should, she is particularly careful that the liquid powder exactly matches the powder and base she uses on her face. If she is wearing an upswept coiffure, she also uses liquid powder on her ears, touched off with a bit of dry rouge on the lobes.

Ordinarily, Perc Westmore never countenances trying to patch up a make-up which has been on several hours. However, if you're a busy working girl you don't always have the time to cleanse your face and start all over again, he has a suggestion to make things easier for you. That is to wipe your face off with a clean square of chamois skin. But under no circumstances does he believe it's possible to patch up your lip rouge to good effect. Since it's so easy to keep a small size of cleansing cream in your purse or desk drawer, you should remove every trace of your old lipstick before applying the new color.

JANE has an interesting trick for keeping lipstick intact throughout a meal. After she has removed the surplus rouge with tissues, she powders her lips lightly, compresses them and then moistens them. This sets the lip rouge so it won't come off on your glass.

Westmore has a definite beauty routine that he recommends for every girl to follow before she retires at night. If you value the loveliness of your complexion, you'll follow these rules as faithfully as Jane does.

First she removes her make-up with cleansing cream, but she doesn't stop at just a single application. The first application, gently smoothed over the face in small, rotary movements merely loosens make-up and dust. Jane removes it with cleansing tissue and then slathers on some more cream. The cleansing process continues until no more color shows up on the tissues. After this thorough cleansing process, Jane examines her face closely in a magnifying mirror to see what sort of treatment may be necessary.

If her skin seems to be a bit oily she follows the cream cleansing with a soap mask or an egg mask, either of which she rinses off with warm water. And if



the sun and wind have dried out her face a trifle, she massages it gently with a good lubricating cream which she leaves on overnight to keep her skin smooth and velvety.

Next, she takes her little brush, dips it in warmed castor oil and brushes her lashes and brows to make them long and luxuriant. And if her lips are even slightly dry she smooths them with cream to keep them soft. Jane has also learned how to put up her hair in pin curls at night so that it will be soft and curly when she brushes it out in the morning.

This all may sound like a lot of trouble especially when you're tired, but if you'll follow this routine as faithfully as Jane does, you'll have the same faultless complexion that she values so highly. This basic care of the skin insures the glowing freshness that is so important to today's natural beauty.

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CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

BY RUTH WATERBURY

While the icy blast of Oblivion is chilling some of Hollywood's greatest stars, the gentle breeze of Success is already blowing on the dainty heads of (left to right) Lana Turner, Rosalind Russell ("The Women" worked a miracle for her) and Brenda "The Rains Came" Joyce

tures (and being very nice, too, as witness her work in "Thunder Afloat"). . . .

After the premiere of "The Rains Came," you heard precious little talk about Myrna Loy . . . but a great deal about Brenda Joyce, who made her debut therein . . . a refreshing and sincere personality, a really beautiful face, and (whisper it) a small salary make Miss Joyce look very good indeed to the heads of Twentieth Century-Fox. . . .

In the leading role opposite Tyrone Power in "First Kiss" is little Miss Linda Darnell, undoubtedly a talented young comer . . . but her wages, in contrast to what the studio would have to pay a Sonja Henie, must look very nice to the bookkeepers. . . .

To me, the realest threat that Shirley Temple has ever had is little Gloria Jean at Universal . . . these little girls are most unlike . . . the flirtatious enchantment that is Shirley's is not in the other baby, apparently . . . but she has something of which those who guide Shirley's career should be aware . . . she is being presented as a much more real little person right now than Shirley is . . . instead of Shirley's being permitted to grow up . . . mentally, that is, because she is, all too obviously, growing up physically . . . her roles still make her immature . . . perhaps "The Blue Bird" will be very wonderful . . . with all the millions who adore Shirley, I certainly want to be numbered as hoping so . . . but there is no stopping your heart

"purge" will be the quiet elimination of many a present big star. . . .

By way of making this possible, the youngsters are coming up . . . and a very interesting crop they are, too. . . .

Take "The Women" for example . . . that's doing very nicely at the box office, but it isn't doing as well as Metro hoped, at that . . . it stars, as you know, Shearer and Crawford and Russell . . . but the first two stars, who are the bigger ones, are not the girls who are getting the most out of it . . . "The Women" seems to have worked a miracle for Rosalind Russell . . . Columbia borrowed her immediately for "His Girl Friday," a role for which it had originally tried to get Irene Dunne . . . after that opus there are many pictures lined up for Roz . . . next to Miss Russell as a winner comes Joan Fontaine . . . that lovely creature won the leading role in "Rebecca," opposite current heat-wave Laurence Olivier, as a result of "The Women". . . Paulette Goddard, except for being tied up with Chaplin's "The Dictator," would be in terrific demand . . . little Virginia Grey, spotted only in a bit scene opposite Crawford, is being pushed into leading roles in other pic-



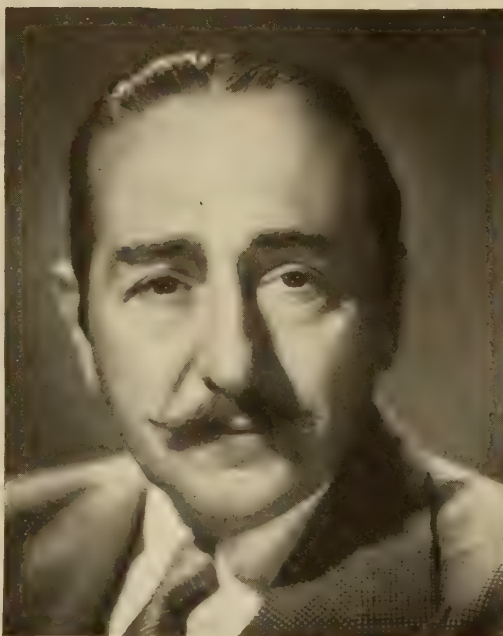
Ruth Waterbury

THERE is a "purge" on in Hollywood . . . an attempt to cut down the overhead on pictures, now that the foreign market is so uncertain . . . the "purge" so far . . . typically Hollywood . . . hasn't netted much more than a few score stenographers, laboratory workers and the like, whose salaries all added together wouldn't equal that of one executive . . . but behind the scenes of those same executive offices (and, after all, it is unfair to expect the business to drop its top men overboard unless it becomes a matter of sheer necessity . . . no business, pictures or otherwise, ever does that), the way for a real "purge" is being prepared . . . that



Privilege of approving the story is not enough before signing a contract, in the judgment of Irene Dunne—

—an opinion which Adolphe Menjou also supports. Both have had unfortunate experiences with recent movies



from going out to Gloria Jean, who is as real as the child next door . . . tumbling around in the dust of a typical girls' camp . . . getting into very typical girl's difficulties . . . scuffing her shoes and dirtying her cute face . . . gorgeous, human material . . . not being a little girl lost in a fairy story . . . or mascot of a faraway Indian regiment . . . or lost little slavey of a strange English school . . . or the like, such as Shirley has been recently portraying . . . Twentieth Century-Fox will fight with all its skillful ammunition to protect its great investment in Shirley . . . but Universal has no such gamble on Gloria Jean . . . where Shirley's salary runs into thousands, Gloria Jean's runs only into hundreds, and not many hundreds at that. . .

The point of this is that none of these newcomers is being presented with any great flare of trumpets . . . no phony "build-ups" are being put behind them . . . Metro has a very great bet, it believes, in Lana Turner . . . I think you'll agree when you see "Dancing Co-ed" . . . but M-G-M has given Lana none of that "oomph" routine (though she has plenty of "oomph" to justify it) any more than Twentieth has poured out a lot of phony stuff about Darnell and Joyce, or Universal has about Gloria Jean . . . the studios are letting us discover these personalities for ourselves . . . even Warners with all its campaign on the undoubtedly charming Ann Sheridan has more pictures ready for its lesser-publicized but very talented and young Priscilla Lane. . .

EVEN those very great discoveries, Vivien Leigh and William Holden, can lay some of their good fortune to the great god cash register . . . their respective studios cashed in on them in two ways . . . each gave Selznick-International, in the one case, and Columbia, in the other, the benefit of a great publicity campaign . . . but they also gave their studios the benefit of star-in-the-making material at a very nominal cost . . . in young Holden's case it is whispered that his salary was a mere hundred and fifty dollars weekly . . . Miss Leigh's, as befits an established young English actress, was very much higher but certainly no match for the probable \$150,000 to \$200,000 that Selznick would have had to pay had Norma Shearer gone through with playing *Scarlett* as she was once announced to do . . . incidentally, Tyrone Power wanted to portray Bill Holden's role in "Golden Boy" and Columbia was very keen for him to play it . . . Twentieth wouldn't let their wonder lad go, however, and the result was that we, the public, got a new and interesting personality . . . just as we will when we see Vivien Leigh's *Scarlett*. . .

Not all substitutions are perfect . . . I certainly don't mean to infer that . . . it was Cary Grant who was originally scheduled to play opposite Garbo in "Ninotchka" . . . for my money Cary is just about the finest comedian on the screen (and the least appreciated when Hollywood praise is given out) and since "Ninotchka" is a comedy, he should have been terrific opposite the Swedish Sphinx . . . but here again a studio interfered . . . Columbia refused to let Mr. Grant free to visit Metro . . . Melvyn Douglas was substituted in the role . . . with all due respect for Melvyn, a suave and charming but much less expensive actor than Cary, I can't believe he will bring the production that vitality and zest with which Cary infuses even the tritest scene . . . in this case replacing one desired actor with another was no matter of calculated economy but of sheer necessity . . . besides Cary and Melvyn are both well-known, even though Melvyn got his first important picture break when Claudette Colbert couldn't get Herbert Marshall for "She Married Her Boss" because he was much too costly, and requested Douglas in place of Marshall. . .

There are still a few \$10,000-a-week or \$150,000-a-picture contracts around Hollywood . . . but they are getting fewer . . . the big stars have justifiable jitters over roles . . . one horrible picture like "The Housekeeper's Daughter" could have killed a star bigger than Joan Bennett . . . fortunately, Joan can weather it because she is beautiful and promising enough and not so abnormally high salaried, that producers can't still take a chance with her. . .

Incidentally, Joan tells about Adolphe Menjou's funny routine while on that picture . . . Adolphe had signed for it, as Joan had, after reading the book, which they both liked, but

without seeing the script, which was impossible . . . when they got to work they couldn't escape because of their contracts . . . but, just the same, Menjou worried . . . every time Joan left the set for any reason whatsoever, he'd hurry to her side . . . "Don't leave me here alone in the middle of this picture," he'd cry, "Joan, you promise to come back" . . . he would tag her to her dressing room . . . to the parking lot . . . wherever she went . . . moaning "Don't desert me" . . . It was only by such kidding that they managed to live through the picture at all . . . they knew how awful it was from the very first take . . . for actors do know a lot more about stories than they are given credit for knowing . . . Miss Bennett says she will never again go into a picture on which she has not seen the full script . . . Irene Dunne, sick with disappointment over "When Tomorrow Comes," on which she never saw the finished story, says the same thing. . . as do Cary Grant and Claudette Colbert and Carole Lombard . . . and they most certainly had better follow that precaution, everyone of them, if they expect to survive. . .

There is one picture ready for Norma Shearer at Metro . . . but no rush to make it . . . the only picture ready for Crawford, "Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep," she does not want to make . . . neither does Gable, who is supposed to make it with her . . . Kay Francis plays, and excellently, a secondary role to Carole Lombard and Cary Grant, and then you hear very little more about her . . . there isn't a single production ready for Robert Taylor, but you do hear that Louis B. Mayer believes that the best picture ever made under his management, in all his years in Hollywood, is "Babes in Arms," starring Mickey Rooney. . .

THE youngsters are coming and mighty good they are, too . . . not all the newcomers click . . . Simone Simon didn't, or Annabella, or Isa Miranda . . . not all of them last after an initial flash, as witness Martha Raye . . . and your guess is as good as the next guy's as to the future of Hedy Lamarr . . . some of them click once, die down, and rise again . . . as witness Lew Ayres and Robert Cummings and Joan Fontaine, who got the most terrific build-up by RKO, then was dropped, and now has a magnificent Selznick contract . . . even possibly Dietrich, though it still remains to be seen if she will come back in that Western at Universal . . . a very rare one goes on to the vivid glory of a Tyrone Power . . . but the thing is that the new throng of them is in Hollywood . . . not hidden away in "B" pictures . . . not being overballyhooed . . . carrying "A" pictures on their strong young shoulders . . . giving us pleasure . . . making it possible for the studios to cut down on expenses . . . and sending cold chills down the spines of the stars who have long since kissed the thirties good-by.



Cary Grant was scheduled to play in "Ninotchka," but again a studio interfered

He must take me
to see these

"The Cat and the Canary"
for laughs & thrills

"Disputed Passage"
for a love kick

"Rulers of the Sea"
for a romantic adventure



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Evening in Paris **CREATED BY BOURJOIS**

es!

EDITOR'S NOTE: The appearance of Elizabeth and Errol Flynn as Essex, and this photograph of them in Warners' colorful "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex," suggested a novel feature for PHOTOPLAY readers. I asked the author of "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," "Helen Retires," "Galahad," "Adam and Eve" and other famous stories, to use Bette Davis and Errol Flynn as inspirations for a short story based on the great love of the famous queen for her troublesome courtier. Here is the happy result.—E. V. H.

ONE morning late in the year 1590, Elizabeth, by the Grace of God Queen of England, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, etc., was transacting business in

while waiting. One of her chair held the inkhorn, but she used her knee for a desk, and though it was awkward reaching across herself to dip the quill, that way she kept an eye on the heavy curtains through which callers arrived. Behind her chair were other curtains, but they didn't interest her.

She wrote with energy, stabbing the paper as though she had a grudge against it. She was, you guessed, a person of impulse and dramatic contradiction. At this moment her costume and her activity suggested youth. Her face suggested sixty years or more.

father, King Henry
"Well, who is it now?"

Encouraged by her loud inquiry, a ceremonial individual came through the curtains, an elderly man with a black beard, dressed completely in black, all black except for silver shoe buckles, linen ruff, a few square inches of skin, and his own bald head. He carried a slender staff, mark of an usher or indoor herald, and his deportment suggested patience with the world and a willingness to tolerate it.

(Continued on page 88)

But most of these are
flash irritations quickly entered into and
even more quickly forgotten.

But what has happened to the old-time romance that defied the studios, challenged the conventions—and diverted the public? What has happened to the love that laughs at locksmiths, that must find a way to happiness in the face of every obstacle society can place in its path?

True, there have been many recent Hollywood marriages founded on abiding love. But

the love between Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier is *romance*—that high, tumultuous romance that laughs at careers, hurdles the conventions, loses its head along with its heart, and laughs for the exhilarating joy of such wildness.

These two are the most provocative, least known, most potential personalities now exciting filmdom. The lucky insiders who have already seen "Gone with the Wind" are afire with enthusiasm over Vivien Leigh's *Scarlett O'Hara*. They proclaim that her work therein makes her one of the greatest stars in the entire film firm-

an appeal

ave actor.

Being the case, it would be sensible for Miss Leigh and Mr. Olivier either to forget each other or to avoid going, as they are about to, through the British divorce courts (which are not nearly so polite as our own).

Yes, indeed, it would have been much more sane if they had let the bright flame burning between them die down, dampened by the demands of their careers and of smug respectability. It would have been sensible, but it would not have been glory and fever of the blood and the intensity of living. And therefore it did not, and it will not, happen with Larry and Vivien.

Shortly before the approaching new year, unless something goes seriously amiss, their re-

pretty sev-
lish not being inclined to
Larry and Vivien care terribly about
There is a passion and a vitality that touches
both of them, that makes them care terribly
about all things. But they care more for each
other. They care more for each other than
they do for money or careers or friends or
harsh words or even life itself. And this is the
story of why they do.

They met, three years ago, when they were
cast opposite each other in a London play called
"The First and Last Time." Three years ago,
Vivien Leigh aged twenty-four, wife of Herbert
Leigh Holman, distinguished barrister, was a
promising young actress. Three years ago,
Laurence Olivier, aged twenty-nine, husband of

other well-bred Englishmen
which means saying nothing whatsoever in a
very brittle way. Nevertheless, one pair of exo-
tic, green eyes looked deep into a pair of pas-
sionate, hungry brown eyes and forthwith said
more than the entire unabridged Oxford dic-
tionary.

Even at that, nothing might have come of it
had not their work and their families and even
fate itself tried so hard to keep them apart,
thereby bringing out the rebellious determina-
tion within each of them, making everything
about each other seem glamorous indeed if for

education
At eight she had been sent to a school
just outside London and had stayed there until
she was fourteen, when she was transferred to
a school on the Italian Riviera. That was fol-
lowed by a year in art school in Paris and an-
other at the Royal Dramatic Academy in Lon-
don. She left that, confident of conquering the
world and all the London managers, but the
best she got was "walk-ons." Thus, when Her-
bert Leigh Holman came along and proposed to

(Continued on page 79)

But it's nice to have a man around, just the same," said Nora with passion.

"I thought that one of these days my value around here would be recognized," Nick remarked smugly.

"It certainly is nice to have a man around," repeated Nora, "because it feels so good when he goes away."

The new nurse, a nice-looking girl with glasses, came in to say that the baby was asleep.

Try it yourself, sometime," said Nick lazily. "Nice easy work you can do at home. You just lift up that arrangement and put it to that left ear—the most beautiful left ear in the world—and you talk into it and—"

Nora gave him an icicle-garnished look and picked up the phone.

"Don't forget that I've retired from detecting," Nick added.

"Hello!" said Nora. "Oh, Colonel MacFay . . . it's nice to hear from you." She turned a look of warning on Nick, who had growled when

and the Charles family was on his way to the estate of Colonel MacFay, though Nick still insisted bitterly that he was retired and should be allowed to stay that way. The nurse sat beside the chauffeur in the antiquated, large limousine. Nick and Nora were in the back seat. Between them was the baby, in a little seat of his own. He slept soundly, as did Asta, who lay on the seat under him.

It had been a silent ride. The chauffeur evidently labored under some great strain. Nick, feeling put upon, was more silent than was his wont. He leaned forward and tapped the chauffeur on the shoulder. There was an ejaculation from the chauffeur, and the car swerved



"Down, Jesse!" Lois commanded.
"He's very tense, for some reason"

Beginning right now! The new, long-awaited Myrna Loy-Bill Powell hit in gaily exciting novelette form!

momentarily. Evidently his state of panic increased as they approached their destination.

"Not so fast, son," said Nick. "The baby has a hangover. Much farther to go?"

He could see that the chauffeur made an effort to answer calmly. "About half a mile, sir." He slowed the car down for a few moments, and then speeded up again.

The car started up a slight hill, the headlights picking out the roadside objects with a clear white definition. Their glare suddenly revealed the body of a man lying at the side of the road.

The body of a man! He lay on his back and was arched so that only his head and heels touched the ground. From the left side of his breast protruded the five-inch handle of a knife!

"My God!" came from Nora. The car swerved as though to avoid hitting the body. It flew past, the accelerator pressed to the floor.

"Stop the car!" said Nick quietly. The chauffeur continued with unslackening speed. Nick tapped him on the shoulder. "Stop the car I say!" repeated Nick.

"I can't! I can't!" shouted the chauffeur.

"It certainly is nice to have a man around," Nora said again, "because it feels so good when he goes away"





"The place is full of guards," the Colonel declared, "but I never can tell which minute will be my last"

Nick stood up in the lurching car, put his forearm around the chauffeur's throat, choking him into submission. His other hand was on the wheel. The car came to a stop. The door opened and the chauffeur leaped out. In an instant he was out of sight, running across a field in the direction of the MacFay house.

Nick got out grimly. "Stay right here," he said to Nora and the nurse. "I'll drive you to the house . . . it can't be more than a few hundred yards."

He walked back to where he had seen the body. There was nothing there!

The air of mystery lay thick about the house of Colonel MacFay. Strange shadows seemed to move through the far corners of the room where the occupants clustered in front of the fireplace as though for comfort and safety.

Colonel Burr MacFay was tall and scrawny. Though seventy, he was still vigorous. He stood in front of the fireplace and looked around him with belligerent suspicion.

"Do you mean to tell me you saw a dead man on the road with a knife in his chest?" he demanded. "What are you trying to put over, anyway?"

The chauffeur stood his ground stubbornly. "Nothing, sir. I did see him."

"You're like all the rest of them," said the Colonel. "You're just trying to intimidate me."

"Sorry to intimidate you too, Colonel," said Nick from the easy chair where he sprawled, "but the man was there."

"Did you examine him?" asked a nice boy of twenty-two or three, whose dimpled chin belied the dignity of his neatly-cropped mustache. He was Freddie Coleman, the Colonel's youthful secretary.

"He wouldn't talk," Nick answered.

"I wish you would be a little more serious, Charles," said MacFay. "If your life were being threatened you wouldn't think it was so funny."

"You see," said Nora, "by the time we stopped the car and got back to where the body was, it wasn't there any more."

"It's a lot of April-foolery," said the Colonel.

"You can call it what you like," insisted the chauffeur stubbornly, "but I seen what I seen. It was the Cuban—"

"I wouldn't worry about it," said Dudley Horn, the Colonel's right-hand man. He was a tall, good-natured young man in his early thirties. Like the youthful Freddie, he, too, wore a small mustache, but it was better suited to his maturity and air of quiet authority. "Obviously, the two men had a falling out, and one of them killed the other, so . . ."

The Colonel exploded cholericly. "I'm not

worried about them killing each other. I'm worried about them killing me."

"Now, now, father," interposed his adopted daughter Lois, a pretty blonde. "Don't get yourself all worked up." As she spoke, the enormous Irish wolfhound at her feet rose, every bristle standing up. "Jesse! Jesse! Down!"

THE CAST

Nick Charles . . .	William Powell
Nora Charles . . .	Myrna Loy
Van Slack . . .	Otto Kruger
Lois MacFay . . .	Virginia Grey
Col. MacFay . . .	C. Aubrey Smith
Dorothy Waters . . .	Ruth Hussey
Asta . . .	Himself
Nick Charles, Jr. . .	William Poulson
Dudley Horn . . .	Patric Knowles
Freddie Coleman . . .	Tom Neal
Mrs. Bellam . . .	Phyllis Gordon
Sam Church . . .	Sheldon Leonard
Dum Dum . . .	Abner Biberman
Lieut. Guild . . .	Nat Pendleton

Screenplay by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett, based on an original story by Dashiell Hammett

Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II
Produced by Hunt Stromberg
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

she commanded. "He's very tense tonight, for some reason."

"For some reason!" exploded the Colonel. "Who wouldn't be tense! With them trying to terrify me."

Mrs. Bellam, the ample, pleasant-faced housekeeper, came into the room. "I've put the baby and nurse in the room next to yours," she told Nora.

Nora thanked her, and at Nora's voice the dog Jesse arose again, still tense. "Down, Jesse," said Nick soothingly, stepping in front of his wife. The dog rose on his hind legs and started to lick Nick's face.

"Come here, Jesse," said Lois. "Where are

your manners?" The dog obediently got down.

"I wish you'd take that hound of yours outside," said the Colonel.

"It isn't Jesse's fault," said Nora. "Nick smells like our dog, Asta."

"Dogs and little children are crazy about me," observed Nick complacently. "Basically, I must be one of Nature's noblemen."

Lois started out with the dog. "I think we ought to get ready for dinner," she said. "Mr. and Mrs. Charles must be famished."

"All right, in a minute," the Colonel answered, and Lois went out to prepare for the evening meal, followed by the tall Horn and the youthful Freddie and Mrs. Bellam.

Nick started for the door. "Wait a minute," said the Colonel. "I want to talk to you . . . get you working on this."

Nick was hungry and he had not been offered a drink, rendering him far from gracious. "I'm not interested in your personal affairs. I'm not working at that sort of thing any more. I thought you wanted to talk to me about Nora's estate—"

"This is your affair," the Colonel broke in. "What do you suppose would happen to the estate if anything happened to me, anyway?"

Nora put her arms about him soothingly. "Now, nothing's going to happen to you, Colonel. Run along to dinner and we'll be right in." When the Colonel had gone out Nick turned to her.

"Just what do you think you're doing, my little head of lettuce, getting me into a case? That old skinflint's just trying to get the services of a detective for nothing."

"Why, Mr. Charles, how you talk!" said Nora. "I'm an innocent woman."

"Maybe," grunted Nick. "Then what was all that business of putting your arms around him and whispering something in his ear?"

Nora answered calmly, "I was just picking his pocket." She held a key out to him. "I know why you're sore. I saw you trying the door of that liquor cabinet over there when you thought nobody was looking."

"It was locked," said Nick.

"Try this key," said Nora.

Nick looked at her with delight. "Darling," he murmured, "from now on you're my grand passion. I practically love you."

DINNER was a morose and jumpy meal, and during the course of it Nick got from the Colonel the story of what was occurring. It developed that one of the Colonel's former employes, Sam Church, who had gone to jail for a touch of shrewdness during which he had overreached

(Continued on page 74)



Madame Louise Boyer, and her son



Along with his make-up box, Boyer is laying away laughter



The two loyal women he loves — his wife and his mother — will remain in Figeac

I WATCHED CHARLES BOYER *Go away to War* BY WILBUR MORSE, JR.

The poignant story from France only an eyewitness could tell!

SOMEWHERE on the Western Front, clad in the ill-fitting, lumpy blue cotton uniform of the French Field Artillery, Charles Boyer is rehearsing a new role today; a role that will be played beside belching cannons instead of before noiseless cameras; a role of grim reality staged in the muck and mud of far more gruesome a battlefield than any studio could ever depict; the greatest role he has ever undertaken, that of a simple poilu.

As I write, Boyer is at Agen, in Southern France, headquarters of the 37th Colonial Artillery, completing a month's intensive training. By the time this story is in print, he probably will have been moved up to the Maginot Line where France is concentrating the entire strength of her mighty military machine.

And the first movie actor to see action in this new war most likely will not be one of the

EDITOR'S NOTE: Last month I told you that PHOTOPLAY would avoid reminding you constantly of the war, but would not hesitate to bring you significant features with a war theme. All Hollywood is asking, "What has happened to Charles Boyer," and fortunately Wilbur Morse, Jr., whom we sent to Europe before the war started, has just returned with the engrossing answer.
—E. V. H.

chest-thumping heroes whose enlistments were headlined from Hollywood, but a quiet, uneager Frenchman to whom the war came as a repugnant job, yet a duty that could not be shunned.

Charles Boyer did not want to go to war, I know. I was with him in France those tense, last few days before the call to colors came. The actor, used to dramatic gestures, faced that inevitable summons without heroics.

He was no soldier, he said. The blowing of bugles sent no martial tingle up his spine. Rather, war was an ugly, repulsive thing. But he was a Frenchman and his France, the France of beloved Paris boulevards, of peaceful, tranquil country towns, had called. There could be only one answer.

No trans-Atlantic cable had been needed to bring Boyer back to his native land when war was declared. The actor had been making a French film, "Le Corsaire," at Nice, on the Riviera, during a summer's vacation from Hollywood and radio contracts.

(Continued on page 78)

Play Truth and Consequence

The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so 'elp her—or pay the penalties—that's what England's most beautiful contribution to the screen agreed to when we invited her to hop on the bandwagon of the month's best fun. When the questions got too saucy, she reneged—but, whether she answered them or not, you can't lose, for here's a Madeleine Carroll you never met till now

It's hard to tell whether Madeleine was being tactful or just modest in refusing to answer question No. 9. Anyhow, we get a chance to laugh at what she calls her most unflattering "candid"

WITH

Madeleine Carroll

1. (Q) Are you easily impressed by "Private, Keep Out" signs, or are you a natural trespasser?

(A) I bow before all signs of superiority and authority. As a "poor child" I was kept out of so many places that I still have a feeling of awe about such things . . . I'm still afraid of cops, and would never think of going any place without a full and proper invitation.

2. (Q) Did you ever, before coming to the United States, make fun of Americans?

(A) No, because I really envied Americans those very things which Europeans sometimes hold up to ridicule . . . the gaiety, the ability to let loose, the frenzied hurry and informality. The United States was always my goal, and, in fact, I took the biggest gamble of my life to come here: When I signed with Walter Wanger I had to personally buy up the six remaining months of my contract with an English firm . . . and, believe me, that took every penny of my savings.

3. (Q) Have you consciously tried to keep your English accent?

Question No. 19 is a taboo subject, but the penalty illustrates the inappropriate nickname which tagged that cute moppet in the center

Game Conductor: KATHARINE HARTLEY

(A) No, I have consciously tried to modify it. In fact, when I first landed in Hollywood, and was met by my producer, he seemed very disconcerted and said, "Good grief, I didn't realize you had such an English accent; you'll have to get rid of some of it." He had signed me in London, and there it hadn't seemed so noticeable, but here I guess it stood out like a sore thumb. He forbade me to see any English people my first few months here, and I believe I did succeed in getting rid of the very broad "a" at least. I have also tried to modify the usually so-clipped English syllables because they are not pleasant when heard over a microphone.

4. (Q) What are your social amenities?

(A) I have none. I have never learned how to kill time; I don't know how to play bridge or other such games. I am not even expert at any group sports. I have always been haunted by the feeling that life is so short that I will never be able to accomplish what I want to accomplish, so I am not very good at wasting time, or helping others to waste theirs. I do like conversation, and I think there is nothing to equal the adventure of meeting people—but I would much rather talk with them and find out what they're like, than to sit down with them at a card table.

5. (Q) Do you lend things readily?

(A) No.

6. (Q) When you first came to Hollywood which male star were you most anxious to meet?

(A) Gary Cooper. He always was and still is my screen ideal. And the fact that I had the great fortune to be cast opposite him in my second American film, "The General Dies at Dawn," is something for which I will always be grateful.

7. (Q) As a young girl did you ever dream that someday you might be a "Femme Fatale"?

(A) I certainly did, and once during an early picture I tried to portray one with laughable results. I was all done up as a vamp, in trailing black lace and bobbing feathers. The picture was called "Fascination," and it almost ended my career. Also during that period I had the notion that I should become a ballet dancer. Since then I've had to face the fact that I'm just not the type.

8. (Q) If you could have been some famous woman of history, whom would you choose?

(A) Mary Queen of Scots. I know that she came to a tragic and miserable end, but I think she had the most important thing which a woman can have—charm; and I'm sure too that in her early life she must have had lots of fun.

9. (Q) How would you rate the following women in the order of their beauty: Loretta Young, Merle Oberon, Madeleine Carroll, Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo? (Continued on page 72)

Feminine psychology was at war with masculine in Madeleine's silent acknowledgment of the first half of question No. 32, and her refusal to answer the second. Penalty—this unglamorous still



Question No. 42 was a ticklish one to ask any gal, but Madeleine was a good fellow to go for this bit of nonsense when we demanded that she pose an incongruity—all dressed up and eating a hot dog

THE NAME IS GARY

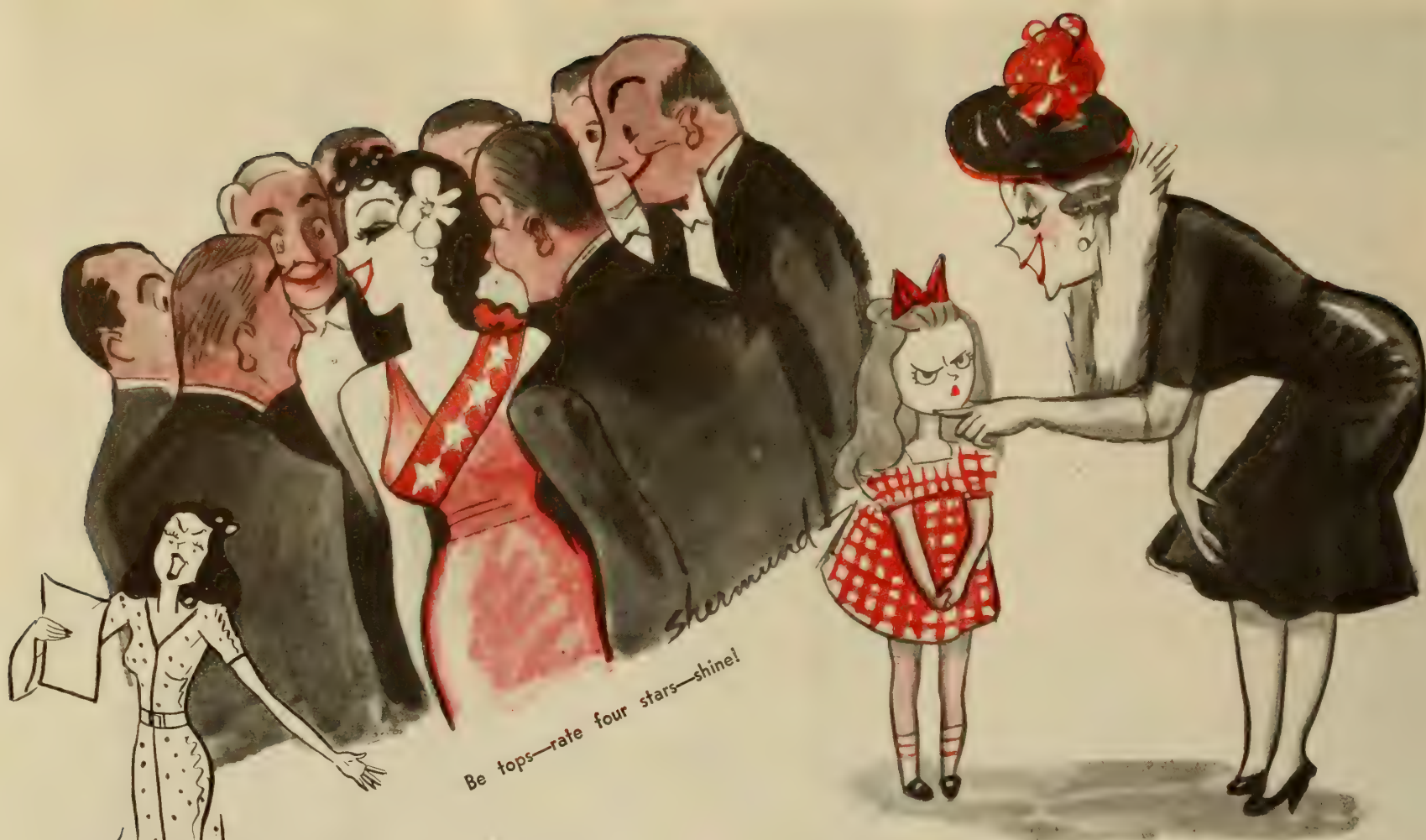
Handsome is as handsome does,
And Handsome sleeps and sleeps,
Stretched on the floor.
Awakes to yawn and sleep some more.

Between the yawns, a grin, a laugh,
A quiet word, a puzzled frown.
A wrinkled script. "What scene comes now?"

They say he doesn't know, he doesn't care
But if you ask me—
Into his mind I'd like one peep:
I'm sure I'd find
Those quiet waters that run deep.



Typically Hollywood is what we call question No. 39, but rather than tell, Miss C. let us print this picture of her as she was when she crashed America (above). And the poem (left) is the penalty for her having remembered the old saw that "Discretion is the better part of valor—" in other words, turning thumbs down on question No. 47



Be tops—rate four stars—shine!

Don't try to impress
with airs and graces

Don't inflict a sugar-coated tongue on poor helpless children

Miracle Men at

If the stars can do it, you can,
too—for these secrets are the
Open Sesame to the world of Charm

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

BARRIE said it first! Remember his definition of charm?—"It's a sort of bloom on a woman. If you have it, you don't need to have anything else; and if you don't have it, it doesn't much matter what else you have."

At the risk of sounding horribly vulgar and commercial, we remind you it isn't only in Hollywood that charm pays dividends; although it's in Hollywood that they are most aware of the value of charm and of the fact that you don't have to be born with it, that you can cultivate it.

"Shine!" the Jitterbugs cried when they were doing "The Big Apple" a few seasons ago, and they called someone into the center of their ring to do a solo.

"Shine!" the Front Office Executives—than

which there is no more—say to their stars. Whereupon, they promptly turn them over to the experts in charge of their studio training schools and stock companies . . . charm schools, virtually, which masquerade under these more routine sounding names.

"Shine!" We say it, too! And why not? For here Hollywood's most famous charm doctors at last expose their miracle-working secrets and show you how!

Florence Enright became famous as the personality polisher at Twentieth Century-Fox. More than one star has moved up into incredible salary brackets after emerging from her care—minus the unfortunate mannerisms we all acquire far too easily and, still worse, unconsciously.

Nina Moise, with whom the crème de la crème of the film colony consult when they're afraid they are slipping from charm, before opening her own studio had acted as dramatic coach and dialogue director for such companies as Twentieth Century-Fox, Paramount and Hal Roach. No wonder, considering the Moise reputation, that the august Theater Guild sought her to work with their stock company. In vain, however. For Hollywood wouldn't let her go.

Oliver Hinsdell is known, among other things, as the man who helped Myrna Loy forsake the characters of strange, half-caste girls and project herself as a sparkling young modern. Long

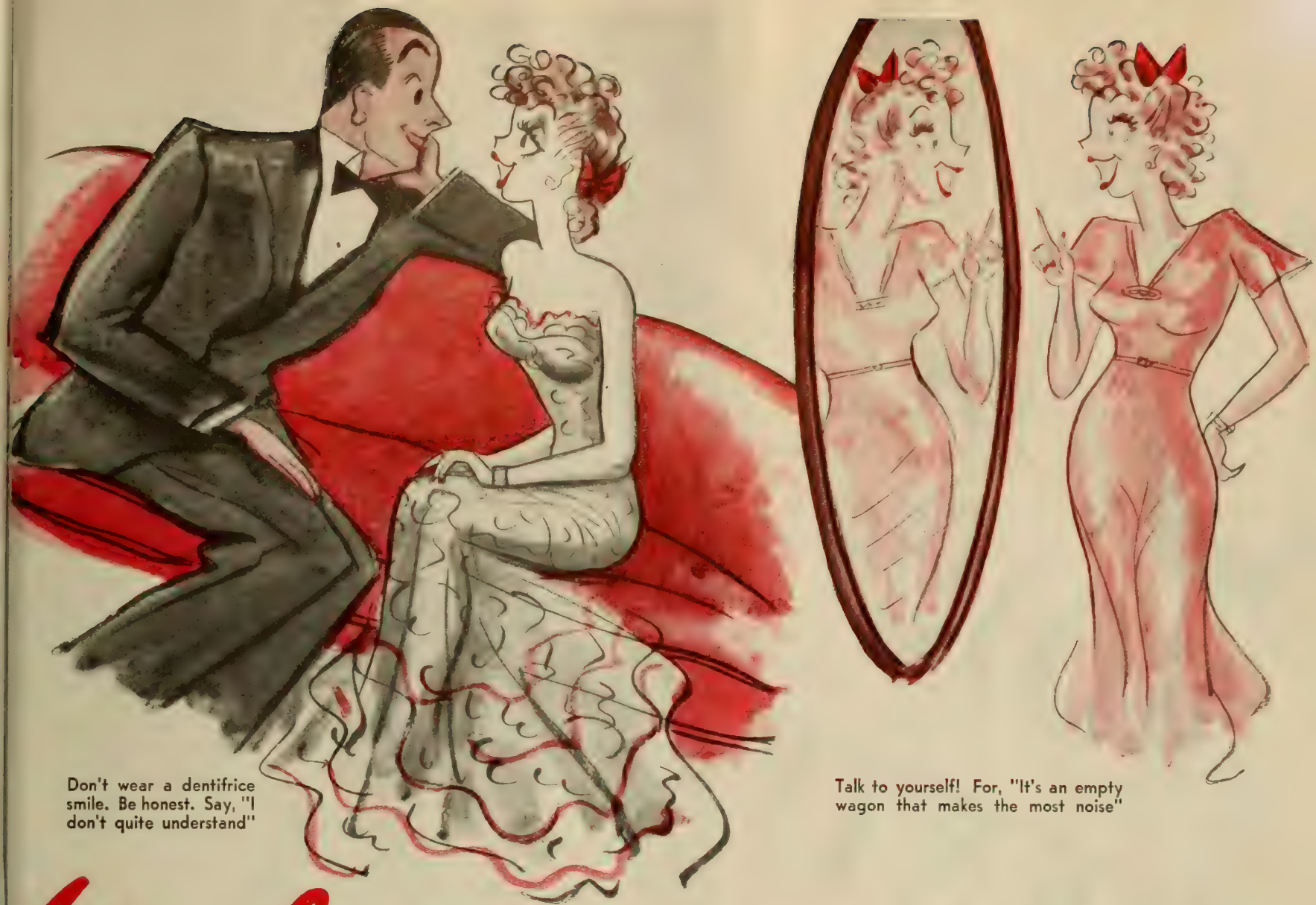
associated with Metro and Paramount, he now has his own studio and his clientele is something to give you pause.

Malvina Dunn is regarded as a fairy god-mother by more than one young star on the Warner lot because of the transformations she has helped them work. A little impatient with those who are content with the *Topsy* philosophy, "I 'spect I growed," Miss Dunn says: "Music or any other accomplishment, even though you have a positive flair for it, requires concentration and study. It's exactly the same with self-improvement."

Lillian Burns, known affectionately as "Burnsie" on the Metro lot, might have become a great star herself had she not become primarily interested in helping those with whom she was associated in the Belasco Stock Company to find their individual magnets for attraction. Of course, Hollywood heard about her genius. And during the last five years she has been a guide to many rising stars.

YOU WANT PEOPLE TO LIKE YOU . . .
. . . Protest You Don't Care Whether They Do
or Not and You'll Only Be Fooling Yourself

1. Count on this . . . People will be drawn to you in exact proportion to the interest you show in them. (Dunn)
2. Never try to impress with airs and graces.



Don't wear a dentifrice smile. Be honest. Say, "I don't quite understand"

Talk to yourself! For, "It's an empty wagon that makes the most noise"

Work TO MAKE YOU LOVELIER

For, whether you succeed or fail in your purpose, you'll alienate people. They'll either be intimidated by you or they'll laugh at you. (Dunn)

3. When you don't understand what is being said, don't sit around with a "dentifrice smile," trying to indicate that everything is beautifully clear and too, too fascinating. Be honest. Say, with interest, "I don't quite understand, tell me more about it, please!" And whoever is talking will positively adore you. (Dunn)
4. Have no traffic with a sugar-coated tongue. Above everything else, don't inflict it upon poor, helpless children. (Dunn)
5. When, out of shyness, you avoid greeting those you know, you are selfish and unkind. For you risk hurting their feelings. It's no excuse to pretend you didn't wish to intrude upon them. You don't intrude when, in friendly passing, you wave or call hello. (Moise)
6. Don't eternally concern yourself with the way others are treating you. Think instead how they, equally sensitive and equally afraid of slights, may be translating your attitude toward them. (Moise)
7. If people seem a little quiet or brusque don't assume it is because they dislike you. Be adult enough to understand their attitude is far more likely to reflect some concern or ab-

straction they are feeling than their reaction to you. (Burns)

8. In summation, if you really want to be popular, GIVE! Give all kinds of things . . . Interest and understanding, appreciation and tolerance . . . Get the idea? (Burns)

GIVE A SMOOTH PERFORMANCE
Rate Four Stars . . . Be the Tops as an Individual . . .

1. If you are about to join a group and you find you're shy and scared, take long, deep breaths. They will work wonders for you. For you can't breathe like that and not relax. It's impossible. (Burns)
2. When you get nervous enough it does your personality little harm usually. For you either grow so numb that you appear cool and queenly and reserved. Or you resent your misery so much that you decide to plunge into the middle of things even though you go down trying. Whereupon, you're likely to shine—since others, more composed, aren't making so much effort.

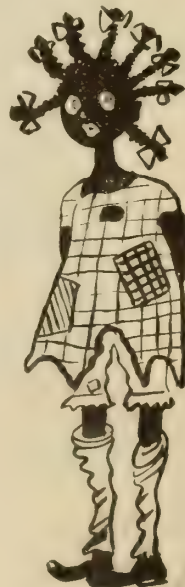
It's only when you're a little nervous—a bit jittery, in fact—that harm is likely to be done. For then you fidget. And fidgets are tabu. Watch yourself like the good old hawk at such times—and check every last fidget before it is born. (Burns)

SNAP INTO IT*
*Posture, We Mean

1. If you want to walk with beauty, strive for a feeling of buoyancy. (Hinsdell)
2. When people play golf they exert great care to attain a good stance. But little or no attention is paid to the great need for a good stance as a starting point for walking. Never in a hundred years will you look poised unless your balance is what it should be. Don't poke out your head! Don't hobble about like a water bird, unaccustomed to walking on land! Keep your weight on your heels. Then you won't be awkward as you start forward. (Enright)
3. When you enter a room, your arms and hands should be relaxed. Eyes (Continued on page 84)

Don't be like Topsy

ILLUSTRATED BY
BARBARA SHERMUND



"Gim FOR RENT!"

ILLUSTRATION BY MARIO COOPER



"My very first professional date was one of the most unusual I've ever had . . .

"PLEASE understand," said the smartly gowned woman behind the flat-topped desk, "this isn't a racket. It is a perfectly legitimate business. In fact, my firm is a member of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce. You are young and good-looking, you know how to dress, how to dance, how to talk to men. I am offering you an opportunity to put those abilities of yours to work. You will be expected, in return, to conduct yourself at all times as a lady should."

"I understand, Miss Ray," I said.

"Fine," she said with a friendly smile. "We'll call you with an assignment in a day or so."

And that was my introduction to the profession at which I've been working for the last year.

I'm a professional escort girl in Hollywood. Men hire me at nights for a few hours of fun and companionship. I go with them to the Hollywood night spots, to private parties, on sight-seeing tours. I even pose as a wife, if my

client wishes it. Most important of all, I sometimes think, I listen to my clients' troubles, their hopes, their life histories.

I do all this for a fee. Ten dollars if I don't wear a formal evening gown, fifteen dollars if I do. The fee goes to Cherie Ray, who runs the escort service, and she gives me half of it. When I go out with a man, it's purely a commercial proposition.

It seems strange to look back to my first days as a professional escort girl and remember how ashamed and furtive I was about it. I suppose I had the same impression of escort girls that most of you reading this have now—that they were essentially cheap, only one or two steps removed from common prostitutes.

I know better now. I know how wrong the general impression is, and how badly the escort girl needs somebody to take her part, give people her side of the story. That's what I want to do here—and incidentally, I think I may show you a side of Hollywood that's new to you.

I'm glad, now, that I was forced into being an escort girl, although I hated it at the time. But I was desperate for money: I couldn't find work in pictures or anywhere else and I had a five-year-old boy to take care of.

I am the daughter of respectable, middle-class parents who live in a small town, a village, really, in the Middle West. I cut short my college career, in which I concentrated on dramatic work, to run away with the son of a wealthy man in a neighboring state. Our marriage was a failure from the very first. He was twenty-two, I was eighteen, and his parents violently objected to the whole thing. They had a very high opinion of their social position and refused to accept me as a daughter-in-law. And, in addition, my handsome, spoiled husband had never learned the meaning of fidelity.

The divorce court gave our six-months-old baby to me. It was impossible to stay in my home town, after that—there was no way there for me to support myself and my baby—so I

ADVENTURES OF A HOLLYWOOD ESCORT GIRL

It's a strange side of movietown—filled with secret loneliness, hunger for romance, hope—and a girl who has experienced it tells her story



To the world, Hollywood is the city of glamour, and every year thousands of single men and women, as well as couples, come to see the stars, the studios, the night clubs, the gay life. They are usually total strangers here, don't know a soul, and are really in need of someone to give them companionship. That's where we escorts, male and female, come in.

For a single man or woman, traveling alone, an escort of the opposite sex can make all the difference between a happy, delightful vacation and dreary loneliness. If you have ever been in a hotel in a strange city, you know what a terrible, depressing experience it can be. My bureau is advertised in local papers and in theater programs, and is known to hotel managers. Cherie Ray, through it, makes it possible for these lonely adventurers to purchase for a comparatively small amount that most priceless commodity—a sympathetic ear to talk to, a friendly soul to be with.

Is there anything so very wrong in that?

Of course, one thing I must have more than anything else—tact. Nearly all men, at some time during the evening, want to kiss me; sometimes I even let them, if they are not definitely impossible—although kissing is strictly against the rules. Some, naturally, have more intimate propositions to make, and that is when I need finesse. I tell them I've just met them, and laugh them out of it. Or I just use the never-failing trick of saying, "Let's have a dance!" They'll always dance, and getting up from your table and moving out to the floor is a wonderful way of changing the topic of conversation.

Of course, I have had strange experiences. Every man, every "assignment" is a new problem in human nature. My very first professional date was one of the most unusual I've ever had. Unusual—and yet, in many ways, extremely fortunate for a beginner, because the man was so gentle and considerate.

He was a lawyer from Honolulu who wanted a girl to act as his wife at a party. That seemed odd, and a rather large order, but as soon as I met Mr.—I'll call him Mr. Wilson—in Miss Ray's office, I liked him. Incidentally, Miss Ray insists on a personal interview with all her clients, and as she can size them up in a minute I always feel pretty safe when I go out with a man I've never met before.

Mr. Wilson was about forty-five years of age, tall, with keen blue eyes and wavy brown hair. He told me all his troubles on our way to the party, explaining that he thought I had a right to know just why I was being asked to pose as his wife. He'd been divorced but I guessed

left him with my parents and went to New York, where I became a show girl in the Paradise Restaurant and in Earl Carroll's "Vanities." I also worked as a photographic and artists' model, and undoubtedly you saw my face many times on billboards and in magazine advertisements.

THREE years ago I left New York and came to Hollywood—just another girl trying to get into pictures. I succeeded better than most, though, because I was a dancer. Ten days after my arrival I was in a Warner Brothers musical show, without even having had to go through the red tape of registering at Central Casting.

I was lucky beyond my wildest dreams. There was all the work I could do, and more. I saved every cent for a while, and then I just went wild, renting a little cottage, engaging a colored maid, and going home to get my little boy. It seemed so wonderful to have him with me again, there in that comfortable little Holly-

wood home. I couldn't believe it was true.

And it wasn't. Suddenly, musical pictures went out of fashion, and like seven hundred other chorus girls I didn't know how I was going to pay my next month's rent. An occasional call for modeling didn't help much. My savings dwindled away, and things were at their darkest when I heard of the escort bureau being run by a former stage actress, Cherie Ray. In desperation, I applied to her for a job, and have been with her ever since.

I've learned a great deal in the year I've worked for Miss Ray—not only about men, but about life and even about myself. I'm no longer ashamed of being an escort girl—although, because they probably would not understand, I keep the exact nature of my occupation from my family and friends. And I'm no longer in the business for the money alone, strange as that may seem. I've come to know that there is romance in my job, adventure and humor. I'm not sure that I should want to give it up.

immediately that he was really still in love with his former wife. His mother had wrecked the marriage, he said. She lived in Los Angeles. Because he was angry with her, he had told her he was married again.

"It was just pique on my part," he admitted with a smile, "but I certainly didn't realize it would lead me into so much deception. I've been declining invitations right and left since I've been here, saying that my wife was sick. But this party tonight is one I just have to go to, for business reasons—and to make it worse, Mother will be there, too."

Mother was at the party, all right—a handsome, grey-haired, commanding woman. If I'd had to deal with her myself I'd have been frightened to death, because she started asking questions! Luckily Mr. Wilson stuck close to me all the time, and did the talking. He also took the opportunity to tell her we intended to live our own life and he wouldn't tolerate interference from her. It was his declaration of independence.

We went out together a few times after that, and Mr. Wilson was always very proper and gentlemanly, spending most of the time talking about his former wife. I think, now that he's free of his mother, they'll get married again.

THAT isn't the only time I've played the role of a wife. A schoolteacher from New Mexico came to Hollywood for a vacation, and something made him tell his friends out here that he was on his honeymoon. Just one of those things that seems like a good idea at the time, but he hadn't realized they'd want to give him and his bride a dinner.

He didn't dare tell them he was only joking, so he came to Miss Ray's office.

My New Mexico schoolteacher was very good-looking, and young and full of high spirits. We went to a five-and-dime together and bought a ring; after the dinner, which was a stiff, formal affair, we went to the Palomar to dance.

Before that evening was over, I knew I liked this young gentleman from New Mexico a great deal more than a professional escort girl should like her client.

After that, I had several other dates with him—always professionally. But one night, shyly, he offered me a poem he'd written for me. And before he went back to New Mexico, he kissed me, not once but a good many times. Against the rules, of course, but if I like a man and want to kiss him, no rules can stop me.

He's back in New Mexico now, but I haven't forgotten him. I don't think I ever will. We still write to each other, and he's coming out here again soon. I think perhaps he'll ask me to marry him. I hope so. But I try not to think about it, because right now I'm still an escort girl, with my living to make, and nothing would irritate a client more than to find me with a far-away look in my eye while he was paying me to help him have a good time.

Not all the men I go out with are visitors from out of town. It's amazing how much loneliness and frustration there is among prominent Hollywood producers, directors and actors.

There's a world-famous director who at one time or another has dated practically all the girls in our bureau. I've been with him several times. He—well, frankly, he is one of the men who wants more than casual night-club companionship. But he plays fair. He doesn't try to buy you with promises of stardom. But if a girl had talent, he could help her. He is handsome and polished, but somehow he frightens me. Something seems to have been left out of

him. If we ever used the word in my kind of job, I'd say that he didn't have a soul.

You grow tolerant of men's foibles in this business. One actor I know of has dated all the girls in our bureau; he goes out with a different one each night, gets sleepy after two drinks, and goes home. I can't figure him out. He seems very unhappy, and rather mysterious.

Important men—big directors, handsome actors, powerful producers—soon lose their glamour for a girl in my business. They become merely lonely and pathetic and—sometimes—a little revolting. It doesn't help any to know the reason they like to go out with us, either—it's because we can't sue them.

BEING an escort girl has its serious side lines, too. Occasionally, I turn into a girl detective and work for one of the world's largest insurance companies.

Once a rich woman in Beverly Hills claimed that her jewelry had been stolen. The insurance company arranged for me to go on a weekend party at which she was to be present, and told me to keep my eyes open for a certain

Beginning Next Month -

The producers of the forthcoming RKO film, "Swiss Family Robinson," bring you the hilarious story of a family which descends upon Hollywood with dire results for its unfortunate producer-member! You won't want to miss

Swiss Family Hollywood

Starting in

JANUARY PHOTOPLAY

bracelet set with diamonds. Of course, I can't give many details of my detective work, but I did get friendly with this woman, and I discovered that the bracelet she claimed to have lost was still very much in her possession. A few days later, after I'd made my report, the company called her husband and told him how happy they were to know his wife had found her jewels!

Another time the company sent me with a debonair young man to a party aboard a yacht. You wouldn't have thought, to look at him or listen to him, that this young fellow knew anything, but he was really an expert on boats. By the time we left he'd discovered some deliberately inflicted damage to the boat which would have eventually sunk it. When the company got our report they called the yacht's owner and told him to repair the damage at once or his insurance would be canceled.

At first, I didn't like this kind of work very much. I had some sort of idealistic notion that I shouldn't make friends and accept hospitality, and then betray the people who had entertained me and given me their confidence. It didn't take me long, though, to see that such people were no better than common swindlers, and didn't deserve any pangs of my conscience.

I've escorted distinguished visitors, too. Last year on Christmas Eve a party of dignitaries from Mexico—a general, a governor, and two cabinet ministers—went to Earl Carroll's with me and three other girls from the bureau. All

four of us were blondes, although I incline a little toward reddishness. My escort told me that in Spain and Latin-American countries a reddish-blond with green eyes is the most highly admired type of beauty, and as I have green eyes, too, I felt very flattered.

And my very next assignment after the Mexican one was as different a job as you could possibly imagine. A male escort and I went with a devoted fat old couple to a night club, because their idea of having fun in Hollywood was to hire a couple of young folks to dance and drink with them. They even engaged a photographer to take our picture as we were cutting up on the dance floor. They didn't dance themselves—just wanted to watch us. James Cagney, Hugh Herbert and Frank McHugh were sitting at a near-by table with their wives, and the one thing that seemed to impress my elderly couple more than anything else was that while my escort and I were dancing so wildly, these comedians and their wives were so conservative and solemn. What they didn't realize was that Bob and I were busy earning our fees—we capered around because we knew they loved it. My tip that night was five dollars, and I think I more than earned it.

The average man I go out with will spend about thirty dollars for a night's entertainment, including the fee. Not all of them tip me, and I don't expect it. The highest tip I ever got was twenty-five dollars. Usually it's five dollars. Sometimes, the next day, a man I've been out with will send me a present.

The majority of my clients are in their late thirties and early forties. I really like them best when they're around forty. As I said before, I don't have much trouble with their behavior.

If a man gets too fresh, the rules of the bureau are for me to leave him and go home, but I have done that only three times so far.

ONE important thing I've learned: It isn't sex most men want from an escort girl, but companionship—and sympathy. They know they will never see me again, unless they want to, and they have enough confidence in Cherie Ray to trust me; they often tell me things I'm sure they wouldn't tell anyone else.

For less confidential conversations, it's part of my job to read newspapers and magazines and the latest popular fiction, so that I can talk to my client without boring him. One night I went out with a young Czech broker; Hitler had just annexed his country, and he was very depressed. I went to his apartment, we had a few highballs, and we talked all night about the European situation.

Of course, I soon learned to be a good listener. I always listen with rapt attention when a man brags about himself—and all men do.

I've been thinking, as I write this, that I really have a rather wonderful and exciting kind of job. I wanted, if I could, to convey some of that excitement to you. It need have none of the sordidness I am sure a sheltered woman would associate with it.

In fact, in time to come I believe the better hotels will supply guests with dinner and dancing partners; and escorting, for women, will become a recognized profession.

And you have only to look at the records of Cherie Ray's office to prove to yourself that if a girl is looking for a husband, her chances of finding one by being an escort are much greater than if she were a stenographer. I know eight escort girls in Hollywood who married men they first met professionally.

Which makes me think once more of my New Mexico schoolteacher. Somehow, when I remember him, my job doesn't seem quite so wonderful. Eight escort girls married! Maybe, after all, I'll be the ninth.

FUNNY FACE

"I'm a pawn of fate," groans Eddie Albert. What chance has a guy got, when his India-rubber features insist on making his fortune for him?

BY IDA ZEITLIN

EDDIE ALBERT is puzzled by his face. He can't understand why it should provoke spontaneous mirth.

"Secretly," he observes, "I never thought I was such a goofy-looking guy. A face to forget, yes, but not a face that says, 'stop, look and snicker.'"

The face in question took on that appearance of baffled good will which made him the hit of "Brother Rat"—a kind of lamblike innocence, infinitely trusting, yet bewildered.

"I remember when I was a kid, I used to spend hours grimacing at myself in the mirror, trying to see how far I could twist my pan out of shape. Maybe it got sore and decided to stay that way."

It was the movies—specifically, the technique of the close-up—that brought out his full possibilities. While he'd scored gratifying hits in the Broadway productions of "Brother Rat" and "Room Service," he could still wander the streets without creating disturbance. But his first appearance at Dinty Moore's restaurant, after the picture was shown, brought yells from strangers.

He moved uneasily toward the table where his friends were waiting. "Where's the circus?" he inquired. Their silent stare seemed rather pointed. Then he caught sight of the clippings they'd arranged at his place. Underlined in red were such phrases as: "If you want the guffaw of the century, watch Eddie Albert say, 'I love you.'" "The guy that looks as if he came out of a rock." "Eddie Albert has the phiz of a comic-strip artist's dream." "Glamour returns to Hollywood. Hedy Lamarr makes way for Eddie Albert."

He never expected to turn out a comic. "You're the master of your fate," doesn't apply to me," he says. "I'm a pawn of fate. I go limp, and fate gives me a shove into green pastures. It's nice. I like it." His brows rise to a peak, and a grin creases his India-rubber map.

He admits there was a time when he fancied himself as a wit. Between the ages of, say, ten and fourteen. He had responsive audiences, which kept the illusion alive—as when his mother sent him out to buy his first pair of shoes singlehanded. He tried a pair on, and they looked and felt all right.

"Are you sure they'll wear?" he frowned, leaning heavily on his mother's remembered technique.

"Son, those shoes'll wear till the cows come home."

Eddie rose. "I better not buy them then, because the cows'll be along any minute, now."

"And the poor guy, with a sale in the balance, laughed," says Eddie. "I've always been glad to remember I bought the shoes."

What he calls his brutal humor was best appreciated by his schoolmates, "who were young



The Russian ballet technique of "On Your Toes" hasn't anything on Leonid Kinsky and Eddie!

Everything happens to Eddie! When he gets a dress tie, it pops in his face. When he tries to be nice to employers' wives, he starts a riot. And everybody howls. "It's nice," grins Eddie, "I like it"



In radio's "The Honeymooners," they were billed as Grace and Eddie Albert—for professional reasons only, they insist

and dumb like myself," as he admits cheerfully.

"I was incredibly dull-witted at school. I didn't like it. I couldn't see any sense in it. Suppose I learned dates and places, so what? I couldn't catch on to the idea behind education. I went because I had to. I even tried to assimilate a fact or two because I liked my folks and wanted to please 'em. That incentive would keep me going for just a week. Every semester I'd start out, bang! for a week. Then I'd get to feeling foolish.

"I couldn't resist the urge to make what I considered humorous remarks. We hadn't got around to calling 'em wisecracks. Humorous remarks we called 'em, and felt pretty distinguished. The teacher might be explaining something, and I'd come out with, 'Very true,

(Continued on page 76)

PROTRAIT

IN

SCOTCH PLAID

WITH

SHAMROCKS

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE



A bas-relief of a man who believes in a life hereafter, doesn't want to know the future ... is superstitious about three-on-a-match, would seat thirteen at a table ... his name—Richard Marius Joseph Greene



HE has a keen desire to learn the Russian language.
He never reads the movie pages of the daily papers.

He doesn't like rubber-soled shoes, and he thinks he would have made a terrible business man.

He hates parrots.

His name is Richard Marius Joseph Greene.

He has a great passion for bagpipes, playing records of them at the drop of a hat. He likes sending gardenias and roses to lady companions.

He is bored with dog shows.

He likes drive-in eating places.

He is conscientious but erratic in keeping appointments.

He is superstitious about quoting "Macbeth" in a theater, whistling in a dressing room, three-on-a-match, but not about thirteen at a table. He thinks track meets are dull and, when possible, avoids playing cards with women.

He does a fair tango and a mean rhumba. He is of Scotch and Irish descent, and has never tasted soda pop.

He uses only one button on the jacket of his pajamas for comfort.

He has never worked a crossword puzzle.

He is especially fond of abalone, and has a confident attitude toward life.

He still retains the British custom of tea every afternoon, and feels honestly that he has

much to learn as an actor. His dimples are not as pronounced off-screen.

He was born on August 25th at Plymouth, England, and he spoke only two words, "Not yet," in his first screen role in 1934. He is six feet, one inch in height.

He is currently taking flying lessons and soon expects his license. He does not like garlic and yet is very fond of Worcestershire sauce of which garlic is the base. (He was surprised to learn this.)

He carries his money in a wallet.

He does not like following a golf match.

He is an expert equestrian.

His eyes are blue-grey, and he has an ambition some day to visit Africa, Tibet and far-off places, riding on a donkey, shunning tourist hotels, and getting a firsthand knowledge of the world. His favorite dessert is chocolate soufflé.

He likes delicate, elusive perfumes on women, and thinks Limehouse is the most interesting district in London.

He enjoys visiting the side shows on a pleasure pier, and thinks that commercial success has nothing to do with art.

He prefers tan shoes.

He dabbles in amateur photography but most of his negatives come out black. He gets a special kick out of watching sheep dog trials, and thinks the most beautiful building he has ever seen is Canterbury Cathedral.

He prefers a companion on long walks, never wears glasses, and when going to school was given an award for elocution by John Masefield, Britain's poet laureate.

He plays no musical instruments but would like to play the guitar so that he could accompany friends at home.

He wears garters only with dinner clothes.

He likes watching Western films.

HE has a habit of storing up his temper for a long time and then suddenly exploding. He has a mascot made of fur and wool which looks like a lion and which was given him by his mother on his first Christmas. He calls it Rupert for no reason at all.

He is proud of his knowledge of beers and wines, and his greatest regret is that he did not have a longer stage career as an unknown before achieving prominence.

He plans not to marry for about eight years,
(Continued on page 81)

THE Camera SPEAKS



Turn the page and get a welcome to the Darryl Zanucks' party just as hearty as the one W. C. Fields is giving Fanny Brice—a salute from one Ziegfeld graduate to another!

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING
PAGES PHOTOPLAY BRINGS YOU
HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST



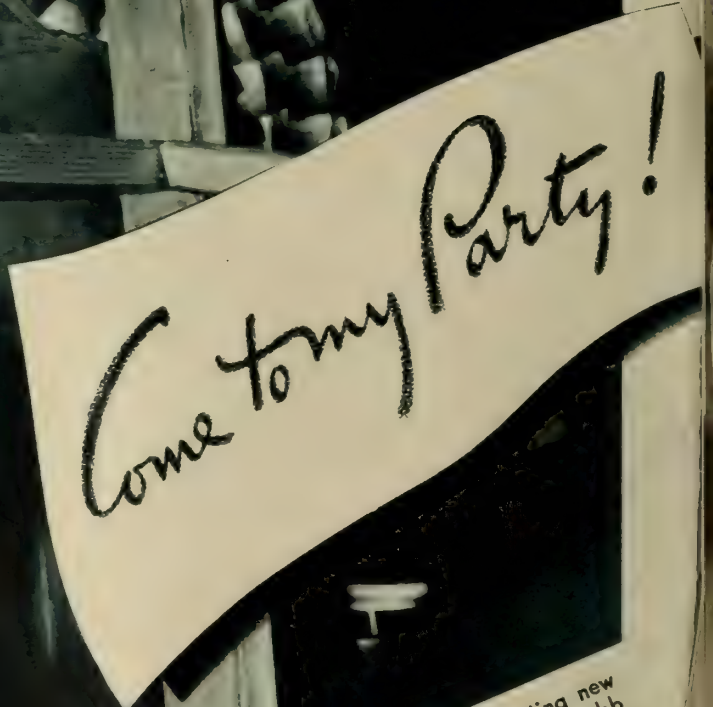
Horse laugh at a barn dance—Al Jolson with Zanuck, his host



Claudette Colbert and Henry Crocker dance Hollywood's version of the Virginia Reel



"Come and get it!" Mrs. Z. of the old-time farm dinner gong



Most interesting guest—Zanuck's skyrocketing new discovery, Linda Darnell, sitting with Watson Webb





Three important personalities among some three hundred guests
—the Warner Baxters and Harry Brand of 20th Century-Fox



Not a "square dance," but two very square dancers whose word means law throughout filmland—Mary Pickford and Sid Grauman

*You'll be delighted to know you're invited—
The Zanucks say to bring your friends, too—
While Virginia and Darryl roll out a barrel
For the year's best barn dance and barbecue!*



Informality is the rule of the evening for Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger and the other guests—not an ermine in sight!



Kay Francis furnishes an example of early
American swing—or "Swing your partners!"

Ted Lewis makes a point (no pun intended!) in academic debate with Jack Benny
—while Binnie Barnes ponders another serious conversation, in the background



THEIR FAVORITE PHOTOGRAPHS

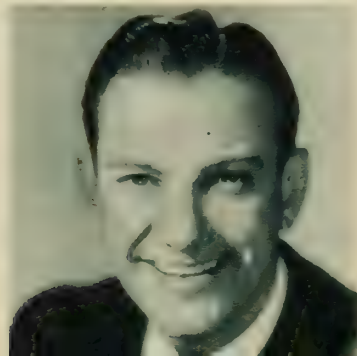


We plunder filmland's files for its prize pictures—and turn an unaccustomed spotlight on those "great unknowns" who made them!

LAZLO WILLINGER was virtually official photographer for European film stars when M-G-M brought him to America to give added glamour to their great. His career began at the age of 20, when he became manager of a Paris photo-news agency. Three years later, having saved up his money and gotten his equipment together, he set out to cover Europe with his camera. Within ten years, he had published four books of his favorite camera studies, and had become one of the Continent's most celebrated portraitists. Then—Hollywood, with such enchanting results as this study of Ann Sothorn, currently appearing in "Fast and Furious"



RAY JONES laid the groundwork for his present job as head of Universal's photographic department—though he didn't realize it then—when, at the age of 14, he took up after-school work with a photographic studio in Superior, Wisconsin. In 1922, he came to Hollywood, got a job—and, in nine weeks, was head of his department. Since then his rise has been equally rapid in the fields of portraiture, fashion pictures and color shots. His forte is getting action into a still—which accounts for the gay animation of Doug Fairbanks, Jr., right, star of Paramount's "Rulers of the Sea" and Universal's "Green Hell"



CHOSEN BY
FAVORITE PH

"SCOTTY" WEL
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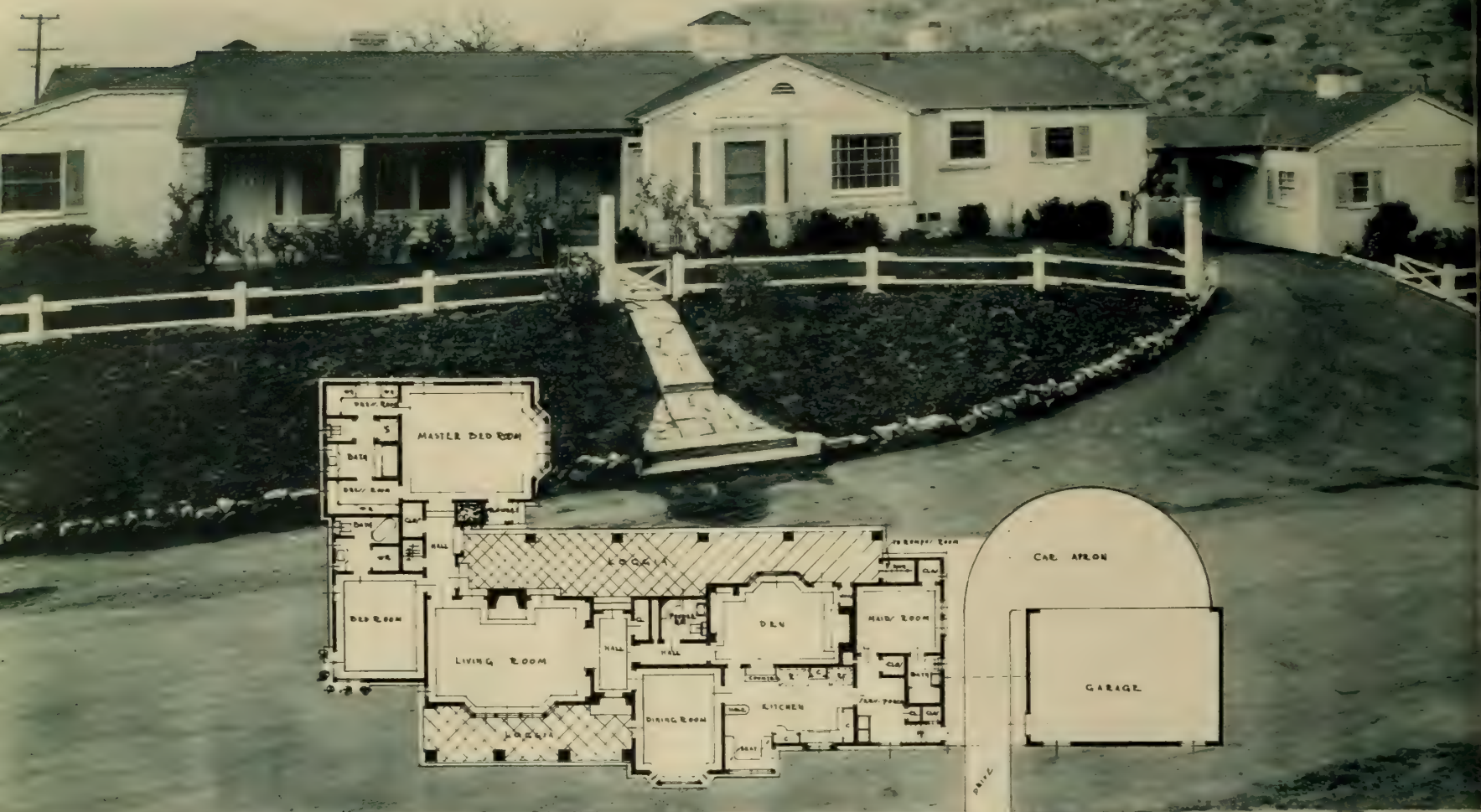
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"BUDDY" LONGWORTH is also known around the Warner studios, where he is a great favorite, as "Thirty Dollars"—his pet exclamation when pleased. His real name is Bert. Born in Richmond, Va., he received most of his schooling in Columbus, Ohio. There, while still in his teens, he won fame with a striking portrait of Theodore Roosevelt, Sr., emphasizing for the first time the protruding teeth which became "Teddy's" photo trademark, and setting the pace for the unusual angle shots for which he is now celebrated—such as this on-the-set view of Zorina in "On Your Toes"

A House to Live in



A combination den and corner bedroom for mother (Mrs. Cora Lane)



Blue background for two blue-eyed sisters who share one bedroom

A LONG, low, rambling house with no upstairs at all, a house demurely white and Quaker grey, hugging the diminutive hill behind it and looking out comfortably on a green lawn that slopes to the rustic white fence along the road—here is a house you'd admire enthusiastically if you passed it, without ever guessing it was the home of a movie queen.

As a matter of fact, it is the home of not one but two Hollywood stars, brunette Rosemary and blonde Priscilla Lane. They have just moved in with their mother, Mrs. Cora Lane;

BY DOROTHY DUCAS

Lola, the first Hollywood Lane to turn into a star, visits them frequently, bunking in the convenient day bed in the den.

The charm of this house with its picturesque California Monterey architecture, its spacious yet every-bit-usable floor plan, is that it is modest enough to make us see it in terms of our own

living, though it belongs to two glamour girls. The white stucco and weathered grey-white boards of the walls and roof hold the utmost of convenience within their eight rooms and three baths. That's why we have chosen the Lane house as the second of our hand-picked "Me, too," homes of Hollywood stars: Houses which have lots of good ideas for us to emulate, houses which are primarily homes instead of show places.

But the Lane girls' house is a very special
(Continued on page 87)



Their den is the most popular room in the house—particularly when both girls have dates. The fireplace (upper left) is handy for snacks, book shelves (above) are handy for Pat's reading—and Rosemary finds the bay window a comfortable spot

The gleam of artfully-selected silver against a wine-colored tablecloth reflects the silver-flowered pattern in the wine-colored wallpaper which gives an air of intimacy to the dining room

Palest pastel furnishings and plenty of windows—both bay and French—lend airiness and light to the living room, and help to bring the great outdoors inside. For an exterior view, see the opposite page, which shows the floor plan running parallel to the picture of the house and garage



That's all Rosemary and Priscilla Lane asked for—and why shouldn't we have one like it?



IN THIS CORNER—
"SLUGGER"
DIETRICH!

For sweet publicity—or to prove she has a heart of gold—magnificent Marlene of von Sternberg days is a leopard with changed spots. Example: In "Destry Rides Again," she scraps with Una Merkel, kicks and scratches Jimmy Stewart—and has a brand-new reputation after the brawl is over

"Home, Sweet Home" in the days of "Yankee Doodle Dandy"—though life isn't always so quiet for Henry Fonda, Claudette Colbert, and their screen baby in the Revolutionary days of "Drums Along the Mohawk"! 





A is an actor you all surely know—
He appeared as a doctor not long ago



B is no bachelor—a year happily wed.
On celluloid, too, he's getting ahead



C can be comic or tragic, at will—
Just like his dad, who's notable still

Whose Little Boy



1. Celebrated portrayer of strong, silent men, this proud papa hasn't played anything but leading roles for almost two decades! His son is only now achieving that status—opposite Ginger Rogers, no less!



2. Eldest of a noted film family, this actor's fame has been overshadowed by another member's. However, if his son gets the opportunity rated by his work in an airplane picture the past year, Junior may become most famous of all!



3. His premature death blighted an entire industry, leaving a unique place which no one has been able to fill. His heir changed his first name to fill. His longer label to a "junior," now has one of the most coveted roles of the year



D isn't dopey (except on the screen)!
Given a chance, he steals every scene



E is effective; he has what it takes
Although he needs much better breaks



F has a future; his role is the same
That gave one boy here original fame

Are You?

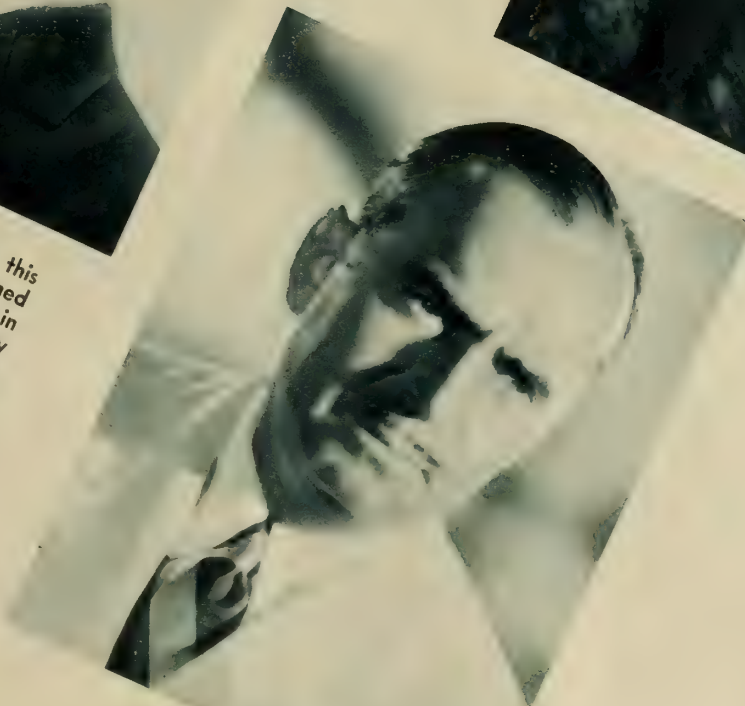
Can you team these rising sons
with their proud parents? Then
compare your letter-and-number
pairs with the list on page 75!



4. Being a matinee idol runs in this family! Papa was one, first a renowned Shakespearean actor and then active in silent films until his death, shortly after talkies came in. Papa's grandpa was one. And now the youngest is, too!



6. As a bow to mothers everywhere, we include this gracious lady just to prove that mothers pass on their talents, too—as every woman knows! One of Broadway's favorite comedien-nes, she wins film audiences, too



5. One of the most illustrious figures in screen history, this man retains his interest in the industry, although no longer appearing in pictures himself. He leaves that to his offspring—once estranged from his dad, but now a pal



Dottie and Bob spot a ship coming to their rescue—and their expressions tell you just what they think of it

Typhoon

It's a new team but the same old sarong (breaking out in a different print). Dottie's latest beau is that skyrocket of "Union Pacific," Robert Preston. This time Lamour's a Dutch East Indies beauty and Bob's a chap who's been shipwrecked on her island—presumably by Dottie's eyes?



Ah! "Typhoon!" solves that old problem of whom to take to a desert isle!



ONE WEEK with Play

One of Hollywood's most unusual organizations is the Victor McLaglen Kid Club. A year ago Halloween, Vic stopped for a traffic light, and a score of children swarmed over his car, shouting: "Tricks or treats?" McLaglen grinned—and treated—then invited them to his sports club. They accepted unanimously. In fact, they brought another unanimous two dozen! And that's how Vic started the present self-governing club, to provide both a playground and more serious projects for seventy-five youngsters who might otherwise never have them. Self-reliance is their aim and they stage shows to finance their vacation. But, this year, Vic tripled their fund to give them a week's holiday at Catalina Island—with the happy results shown here!



PHOTOPLAY

Fashions

BY GWENN WALTERS

Barbara Stanwyck, playing in Paramount's "Remember the Night," wears a taffeta evening gown plaided in magenta, mauve and green, and striped with gold, which features a halter neck, crushed bodice, molded waistline and back skirt fullness. Gown from I. Magnin, Los Angeles

Ann Rutherford's most effective skating costume is of stark white velveteen with cardinal red piping and silver buttons. The snug fitting baby bonnet ties with red streamers. Ann will soon appear in M-G-M's "Judge Hardy and Son." Her skating costume is from Lanz of California

Snow



TOGS



Muriel Angelus, appearing opposite Ronald Colman in Paramount's "The Light That Failed," goes a-skiing in a chic White Stag costume. A quilted, natural-colored poplin hood and waistcoat with red lining contrast navy blue gabardine Downhill trousers. The mitts of navy poplin have capeskin palms and thumb guards. These White Stag ski togs are available at smart shops throughout the country



YOUTH DRESSES UP
FOR

"First Love"



When Universal's "First Love" comes to the screen, you'll see Deanna Durbin, the star, and Helen Parrish, the second lead, wearing these chic "grown-up" clothes created by Vera West. Sables are in perfect taste for a "young lady"—Miss West adds them as final fillip to Helen Parrish's frock of rust angora woolen (above) that is trimmed with a hand-embroidered flower motif of cocoa brown and beige yarn—colored beads glisten from the centers. The roll brim brown felt hat has grosgrain ribbon back detail. Helen's alligator bag and suede gloves match her frock. Mink fashioned in youthful style is entirely proper for a "young lady," too. Miss West makes Helen a wee flaring peplum jacket of this luscious fur and belts it with the beige twill fabric of the frock beneath. The spiral hat is also of mink

Jones



Deanna Durbin wears sophisticated Lyons velvet and point de Venise lace. Miss West styles the deep sapphire gown with basque bodice, flowing skirt and puff sleeves. A "baby bonnet" cap of lace repeats the medium that is used for vestee and deep hemline appliqué

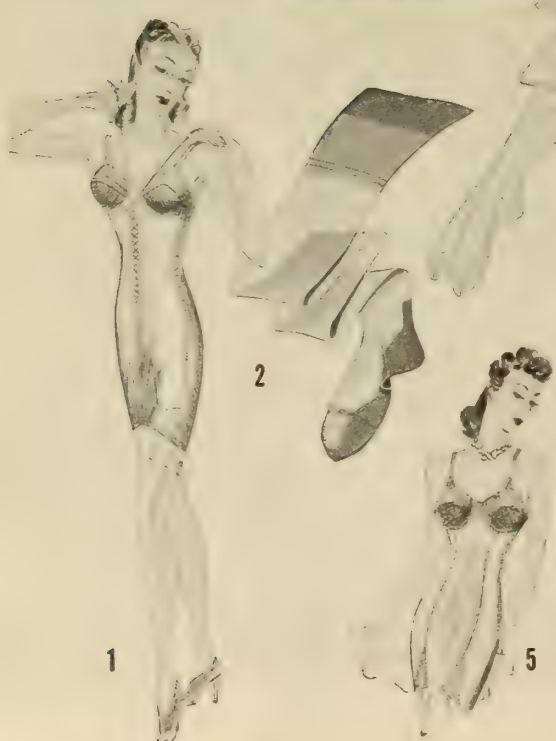
Deanna's and Helen's studio designed clothes are not available in the shops

Jones

FOUNDATIONS OF

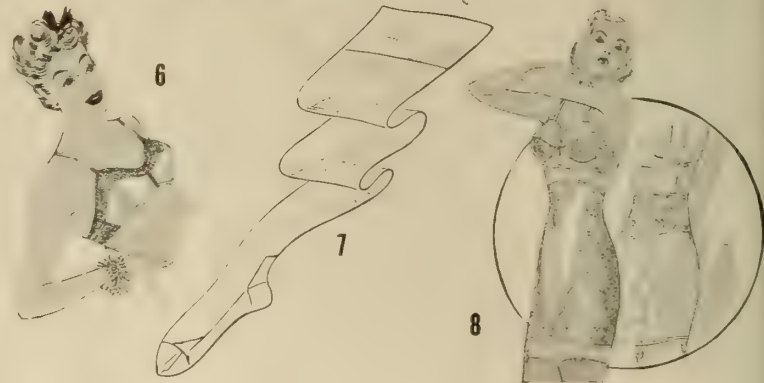


Welbourne



Gold lamé appliqué dramatizes Jane's pencil-slim formal gown of Onondaga black crepe designed by Lilyan Graves. Joseff's "Fresco" gold ball bracelet adds another note of glitter. Both from Bullock's, Los Angeles. Jane's luxurious silver fox cape is from Willard George, Los Angeles, California. Sketched:

1. Formfit's all-in-one foundation with front-lacing and Talon closing.
2. Mesh-toe sheer sandal-foot hose by Phoenix.
3. Vanity Fair gossamer sandal-foot hose.
4. Renee's evening brassière if you prefer to wear a girdle.
5. An all-in-one foundation by Venus.



Lilyan Graves styles Jane's moss green five o'clock frock of Onondaga silk with an inset waistband, draped bodice, smocking and just-below-the-elbow-length sleeves. Jane adds Joseff's gold flower necklace and bracelet, and a hat* of mink and moss green felt! Frock and jewelry from Bullock's, Los Angeles. Sketched:

6. Hollywood Maxwell's dressy brassière of lace.
7. Berkshire's two-thread afternoon hose.
8. Munsingwear's high-waisted girdle and brassière.

FASHION

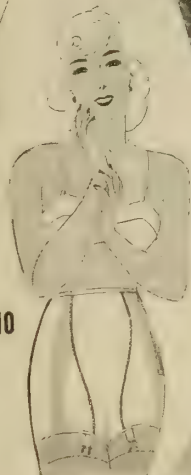
Jane Wyman, appearing in Warners "Lady Dick," wears Hollywood's newest costumes—Photoplay high lights them with sketches of the seasons most popular items of intimate apparel



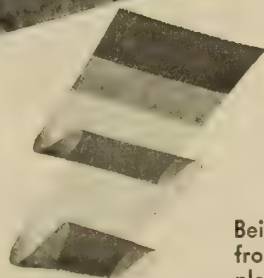
Welbourne



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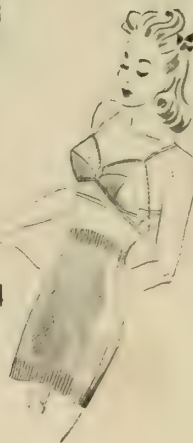
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12



13



14

Beige chiffon flannel fashions Jane's tailored sports frock with full-length front zipper closing, front skirt pleats, blouse fullness, slash pockets, tailored collar and caramel brown calf belt. Jane's caramel brown felt hat* has a darker brown grosgrain trim. The Irene Bury model dress is from Knobby Knit, Beverly Hills, California.

Sketched:

9. Carter's daytime slip.

10. Mabs "wee-fit" panties and brassiere.

11. Valcourt's three-thread sports hose.

12. Kleinert's rubber girdle.

Black galyac trims Jane's street suit of heavy black Stunzi crepe created by Lilyan Graves and selected from Lovinger, Westwood. The jacket is fitted snugly at the waist—the skirt is slightly flared. Jane's black felt hat has a picturesque red velvet snood.

Sketched:

13. Maiden Form's brassiere.

14. Vassar's girdle and brassiere.

* Jane's hats are all "Cocoanut Grove" models from the Broadway-Hollywood, Hollywood.



Woods

"Junior FIRSTS"

The clever name of gay, young frocks that are smartly styled and amazingly priced!

Dorris Bowdon, who will appear in the 20th Century-Fox production, "The Grapes of Wrath," wears two of these frocks that are just suited for holiday festivities. Renaissance blue velveteen (left) is combined with matching "Magic Hour" crepe to fashion a novel front panel and a shoulder bow on a colorful princess frock with shirred bodice and swing skirt. A black moiré taffeta dress (below) has a button-front flared tunic and flared skirt beneath. Dorris' shoulder cluster of crimson pods and balls has been processed to effect a suede finish



★ These frocks are available at your favorite shop from coast to coast, or write to Fashion Secretary Photoplay Magazine, 122 E. 42nd St., New York City

The Roger of Hollywood shoulder ornament from I. Magnin, Los Angeles

A PERFECT FIT *for Christmas*



Boudoir and hostess slippers tuck neatly into Christmas stockings! These models created by Joyce of Pasadena offer a variety of hints for your yuletide shopping plans. Mary Healy, appearing in the 20th Century-Fox film, "20,000 Men a Year," wears Joyce's blue cross-strap texture-contrast "Scuffs" of bengaline and satin with her tailored flannel housecoat that features velvet scroll appliqué on collar, jutting pockets and shoulder epaulets. Other Joyce models shown in the insert photograph offer varied fabrics and designs

1. "Gay Deceiver," of red quilted velvet and fur.
2. This Scuff, described above, is also available in fur, velvet and chenille.
3. A classic Scuff of chenille and fur—also in all fur.
4. "Papoose Moccasin" with instep tie and gathered vamp.
5. "Counterpoint," the famous cool-ee in texture contrast of satin and bengaline.

All the Joyce slippers shown above are available in a wide variety of colors in shops throughout the country. Miss Healy's housecoat is obtainable at Macy's, New York; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; J. J. Haggerty, Los Angeles.

TAFFETA AND VELVET ARE

Formal Companions



This tag identifies an original PHOTOPLAY Hollywood fashion. Look for it

WHERE TO BUY THEM

If you would like to know the name of the shop in your community that carries these PHOTOPLAY fashions write to Jean Davidson, Fashion Secretary, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City. Be sure to enclose clipping or description of the merchandise desired.



Richee



Gowns worn by great ladies in rare old paintings inspired these Jeanne Barrie formal costumes worn by Janice Logan, Paramount's Golden Circle star now playing the leading feminine role in "Dr. Cyclops." Her green tufted model (above) boasts a quaint removable hip hoop—her red taffeta gown (below right) a rhinestone-studded corselet girdle. Both of these gowns, which are available in many colors, are of "Serenade," Stehli's new taffeta woven of Celanese* Rayon Yarn. Janice tops these gowns with a full-length velvet evening wrap (center) that is dramatized with gold braid shoulder epaulets and a frog closing. The coat, lined with Celanese* taffeta, is available in black and Wineberry



Threesome of the month! Edna Best, estranged wife of Herbert Marshall, looks on, chin in hand, as Herbert listens to Lee Russell, rumored his next wife, at the Troc

Cal York's

GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Mr. Welles Consents

RKO's publicity department is shaking hands with itself since the advent of Orson Welles. Heralded as eccentric, temperamental, misanthropic, all sorts of uncomfortable things, and scheduled to write, produce, direct and act in his picture, "Hearts of Darkness," Mr. Welles at first presented a problem. The department wanted to publicize the picture, but was afraid to promise the press anything in the way of interviews. "We don't know *what* he'll do!" staff members said, in trepidation.

Small wonder, then, that a certain feminine staff member just about fainted at the result of her first request for a Welles interview.

"Mr. Whosis of Such-and-Such magazine is anxious to see you, Mr. Welles," she began.

"So? When would he like an appointment?" Welles inquired.

"Well, he is in something of a hurry," the publicity girl said. "What—what about next—" she was going to suggest, timidly, that the interview be next week. But unpredictable Mr. Welles cut in with:

"Very well. Shall we say five this afternoon,

for cocktails, at my home? Thank you very much."

As she looks back on it, the publicity girl thinks she *did* pass out for a minute or two.

Just Complaint

ANNE SHIRLEY was heartbroken over the headlines referring to Director Garson Kanin's recent spat with RKO studios. "KANIN REFUSES TO DIRECT ANNE SHIRLEY," read one newspaper banner and several others were very similar—making it look as if Kanin's objection was to Anne, alone. As a matter of fact, that wasn't the case at all, and Kanin is the first to say so. "The real trouble was that the young director didn't like the script of the new Shirley picture, "Anne of Windy Poplars."

It was Anne's picture, "A Man to Remember," that first brought Kanin recognition and he and Anne are close friends. Moreover, there isn't any other director in Hollywood who wouldn't be happy to direct a Shirley picture, for Anne is one of the most tractable young stars in the business. Too bad things like this have to happen.

Stowaway

PRISCILLA LANE couldn't imagine why she was getting more than her usual share of attention as she drove from her home down Hollywood Boulevard one morning recently. Moreover, she was more than a bit annoyed at motorists who insisted on honking their horns and pointing at her. But when she finally parked her car on the Boulevard, the matter was cleared up. Priscilla has a pet cat whom she thinks the world of. Kitty is a privileged pet in all respects, and like all felines has pet spots to relax and take the sun. One of these happens to be the top of Priscilla's car, when that vehicle is not in use. What all of the motorists were pointing to and honking at, as Priscilla drove down the Boulevard, was poor pussy hanging desperately onto the top of the car, frightened out of at least eight of her nine lives as her mistress sped along. Also, it might be well to note that since her rescue Kitty doesn't perch atop the Warner Brothers star's car anymore. She confines her sun-baths to the motor court of the Lane home which you will see on pages 40 and 41.



Mavourneen O'Brien does the circus with Charlie Chaplin, King Vidor and Papa Pat



It's nice to have a Youngster in the family when the circus comes to town! Bob Young and daughter Carol Ann agree heartily on that

Fans As Is Fans

STRANGE, pathetic or humorous are perhaps the adjectives which best describe the thousands upon thousands of so-called fan letters which pour into Hollywood every day, addressed to film celebrities. They are welcome, of course; how else can a star and a studio tell just what the fans think and what and whom they like? But, as we say, some of the missives addressed to our stars are—well, to understate the case—quite remarkable!

Here are three samples illustrating what we mean. They're bona fide, *absolutely!*

To Shirley Temple, from a little fan who writes her daily:



"Dear Shirley:

I have nothing interesting to tell you to-day, except I've just been bitten by a mad dog."

Your Friend

To Marjorie Weaver:

"Dearest Marjorie:

Darn you, darling! You made my hair turn grey while I was in Hollywood. I wrote about a hundred sweet letters and called the studio every time I got drunk, but never could get past the punk that answered the phone. (She did sound sweet, though; how about giving her my address?) This is not a fan letter. All I want to do is write letters to some girl who does not have buck teeth and lumpy knees. (They all do here.) Your acting is good but your face—oh, boy! I sure would like a picture of you. I'll send you one of mine, for you know ever since the night I went to the 'Troc' I have been wanting to get even with someone from California. That joint wants \$1.75 for a hamburger.

Love and kisses—

P.S. If you like gin in hot weather, we have something in common."

Like any good mother, Sally Blane (Mrs. Norman Foster) takes her daughter to see the big sights under the Big Top



Almost youngsters themselves, Rosemary Lane and Buddy Westmore needed no excuse to enjoy the show—and the hot dogs



Grinning like a circus-struck kid, Franchot Tone tries to dodge the undodgeable Fink—refuses to name the girl with him (at left)

To Errol Flynn:
"Dear Mr. Flynn:

I am unmarried and have money in the bank. I know you are married but if you should ever need a friend, I am it.
P.S. My eyes are slightly crossed—I'll be honest about that—but I have personality."

Fame by the Forelock

RICHARD GREENE'S is the most publicized face in London at the moment. But not as a movie star. His curly locks are pictured in an advertisement for a hair lotion which adorns the front of the big red busses that lumber through London traffic.

It seems that the picture was taken a few years ago when Richard was pounding the pavements between the offices of actors' agents, and the two pounds for modeling for an advertisement was welcome "waiting" money. Now that he is fast climbing to the top ranks in Hollywood, Twentieth Century-Fox, to whom he is under contract, is trying to buy up the advertisements in which he appears. So far the efforts have not met with much success and the Greene coiffure continues to be the most conspicuous poster in the British Isles.

Attention

YOUNG Fryers who have been following the courtship of Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul with wide-eyed wonder, and not a little envy, can settle right down to their own little Janes or Johns. Deanna's and Vaughn's romantic schedule is no more exciting, glamorous, or unusual than yours. We know, for we've glimpsed them together.

For instance, we've seen them entering the Cocoanut Grove for a night of dining and dancing, each dressed in ordinary street clothes, Deanna wearing a small straw hat and Vaughn a very blue tie, indeed.

We've seen them parked at a Hollywood drive-in, devouring chocolate ice-cream sodas through straws and right down to the very last drop, too.

We've glimpsed them out for an evening's drive on a moonlight night along Sunset Boule-

vard, when a stop signal halted our car near theirs. They were sitting quietly, just drinking in the beauty of the night. At short intervals, Vaughn would glance at Deanna. And then away. As if to make sure she was there.

And we've seen them in a heated game of tennis, and at a lunch counter over a tall glass of lemonade. And, believe me, their romance is as everydayish as any high school couple's, anywhere. Take Cal's word for it.

Cal's Favorite

NOT so long ago, tall, lanky John Carradine, seeking a toe hold in movies, used to parade Hollywood Boulevard reciting Shakespeare like mad, throwing visiting tourists into goose pimples of delight. A real live actor, talking fancy and right out loud, was more than they had hoped.

And then John finally clicked in movies and

went gorgeous with a bang. At a recent première, for instance, a long, low car drove up to the theater, while the fans "oh-ed" and "ah-ed" in expectancy. Surely this could be no one less than Garbo.

But no, resplendent in evening cape, high hat and carrying an ebony cane, Carradine stepped from the car and posed for crowding photographers, wearing a look of bored sophistication on his two by eight face.

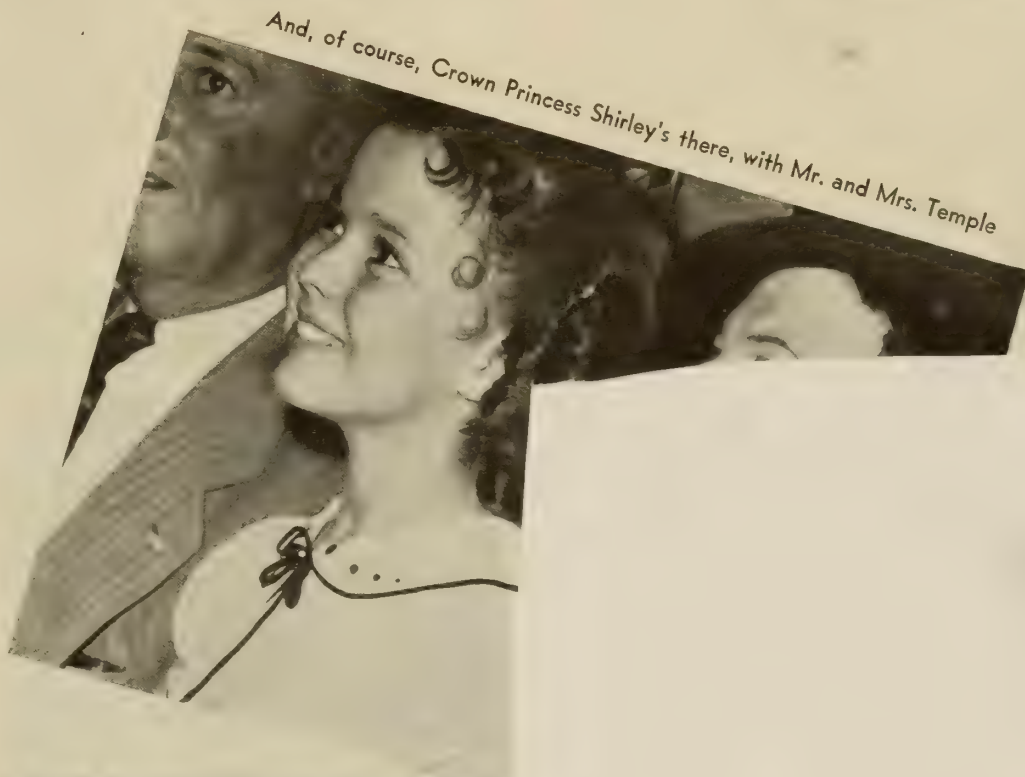
All was going too utterly well, with everyone properly awed, when a tousle-headed boy called out, "Well, Mr. Carradine, you certainly decided to be, didn't you?"

John turned a puzzled face in his direction.

"Remember when you passed my newsstand asking yourself 'to be or not to be'? Well, you sure did be."

The crowd had out-and-out hysterics, but Mr. Carradine flourished his cape and strode into the theater.

(Continued on page 70)



George Murphy explains the animals to Ann Sothorn's adopted son, with Ann and Roger Pryor



RULERS OF THE SEA—Paramount

FRANK LLOYD, that producer-director whose particular forte is the sea, here uses Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and George Bancroft to distinct advantage in a rousing, historical story of the first Atlantic crossing in a steam-driven boat. The feeling of absolute authenticity, the water-front atmosphere and the dialogue, traditionally lusty, are all extremely successful, and the cast works beautifully at designated tasks. Fairbanks plays the young mate who has faith in steam and its power over sail; Will Fyffe is superb as the Scotsman who invents steam motors. Margaret Lockwood, as Fyffe's daughter, is appealing, with Bancroft playing a die-hard sailing skipper. You probably will be annoyed at the ending, but it has great shock power.



THREE SONS—RKO-Radio

APPARENTLY RKO feels three sons are as good as four daughters. It's the story of a man whose consuming interest in life is his Chicago department store, and who wants his boys to follow in his footsteps. Only they don't. Maybe you will feel the kids should catch the spirit of their father's passion for the family business and give up their personal ambitions. Or perhaps you will think Papa a meddling parent who is selfish and can appreciate no attitude but his own. There isn't much to keep you fascinated by the chronological development. Edward Ellis plays the father, Kent Taylor, Robert Stanton, and Dick Hogan the offspring. Katharine Alexander, Barbara Pepper, newcomer Virginia Vale, and J. Edward Bromberg are all good.

The Shadow Stage

A REVIEW OF THE
NEW PICTURES

THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES



★ **THE CAT AND THE CANARY—Paramount**

NO matter how many mystery thrillers Hollywood tosses our way, we don't ever seem to get tired of them; and besides, this one is funny. You'll be pretty busy trying to hold yourself down to the seat when your feet want to run, and holding your sides—from laughing so much. The heirs of an eccentric old millionaire are commanded to congregate in his old house (deep in the bayous of Louisiana), to hear the reading of his will, ten years after his death. Paulette Goddard is named as the sole heir, but there is a clause stating that if she should die or become insane within a month, there is a second will to be opened. Paulette, as the *Canary*, has no intentions of doing either one of these rather depressing things, but the *Cat* has other ideas, and he isn't particular which of the two courses she takes. Bob Hope, who has romantic ideas about Miss Goddard, has a pretty hard time trying to protect her from a dire fate. Someone spreads a rumor that there is a dangerous lunatic loose from the near-by insane asylum . . . a man who walks on all fours and has long claws and a yen to use them. With a character like this about, and secret passages, and varied uncanny noises, and clutching hands, there's plenty to keep you interested, not to say screeching in terror. The irrepressible Bob Hope's rumor and wisecracks fill up all the spaces between his grisly horror scenes. Paulette Goddard makes a convincingly frightened heiress, and shares a hectic romance with Bob. We could tell you who the *Cat* is, but that would be cheating.



★ **HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE—20th Century-Fox**

DON'T get this confused with the first "Cavalcade," a somber epic of English life. "Hollywood Cavalcade" is a gay and goofy history of a city that could never have been created except in America, a story of our country's greatest contribution to the happiness of the world. It is told in terms of laughter and drama and slapstick, rainbowbowed by Technicolor with California's real and riotous colors, and gorgeously acted throughout. It starts as the first actual movies did in 1913 in New York, when a would-be director, Don Ameche, discovers a would-be star, Alice Faye, and brings her to Hollywood. She falls in love with him, but he is too busy to return her adoration and concentrates on making them both great. More to annoy Don than for any real love, Alice marries her handsome leading man, Alan Curtis, and the tangle of their love serves as a plot on which to hang such diverse Hollywood milestones as the rise and fall of the Keystone Cops, the Sennett Bathing Beauties, the night life that centered around the Cocoanut Grove, and the advent of sound, with Al Jolson's "The Jazz Singer." It's a both happy and moving mixture, and you'll have a grand time watching it. Technicolor brings a new beauty to Alice Faye, and her acting ability is by far the best she has yet revealed. Don Ameche is excellent and so, too, is J. Edward Bromberg, as their producer. Alan Curtis, at last, has a part worthy of his charm and such old-timers as Ben Turpin, Chester Conklin, Deadpan Buster Keaton, and Mack Sennett are briefly but effectively seen.



FAST AND FURIOUS—M-G-M



DISPUTED PASSAGE—Paramount



KID NIGHTINGALE—Warners

SO they pulled Franchot Tone out of his sickbed and hauled him all the way from New York for this. It's a murder mystery built around a beauty pageant, and what with girls in bathing suits, a lion-taming act in a bedroom, and mysterious villains busily bumping people off, it's supposed to hit all types of audiences as entertainment. Whether or not it will is a moot point. Ann Sothorn, playing Franchot's wife, chews her gum in a cheery manner and Tone does try quite hard to give a breezy performance. You'll feel sorry for him, in the slapstick sequences. There are two murders. Lee Bowman, Ruth Hussey, and sundry beauties co-operate fully, with John Miljan being villainous and, incidentally, playing the first corpse.

WITH its appeal somewhat limited, "Disputed Passage" is a forceful and rather gory melodrama dealing with the struggle of a young doctor to choose between the hard facts of science, and love for Dorothy Lamour. Akim Tamiroff plays an older physician whose entire existence has been dedicated to science following an unhappy romance, and he steps in to ruin the setup. Easily convinced that she is jeopardizing a great career, Dotty marches off to China and John follows her. There is an air raid—and Howard gets a brain injury. Tamiroff and Lamour thus are called upon to decide whether they'll stick to their illogical guns or . . . In any case Tamiroff has a good part. Howard is quite adequate. It's a lot for a lay audience to grasp.

THIS relatively new John Payne, who sings, really looks extremely promising. In this he's a prize-fighter who warbles when he isn't fighting, and his voice not only is good but he has the physique for his role. Of course, *Kid Nightingale* is not just a run-of-the-ring pug. Walter Catlett, broke manager, gets him in a nitery where the boy is singing, after a tussle in which John emerges victorious. The idea eventually evolved is that Payne shall burst into song whenever he knocks his opponent cold. This idea seems to be successful and at last there is a chance at the championship. Well, aside from all this there are some pretty good laughs and a few fancy moves, and Payne does a fine job. The picture is a fancy piece too.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex
The Cat and the Canary
Hollywood Cavalcade
The Roaring Twenties
Intermezzo; A Love Story
The Challenge
Honeymoon in Bali
The Day the Bookies Wept
Espionage Agent
What a Life



★ TH

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Bette Davis in "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex"
 Errol Flynn in "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex"
 Paulette Goddard in "The Cat and the Canary"
 Bob Hope in "The Cat and the Canary"
 Alice Faye in "Hollywood Cavalcade"
 Don Ameche in "Hollywood Cavalcade"
 J. Edward Bromberg in "Hollywood Cavalcade"
 James Cagney in "The Roaring Twenties"
 Leslie Howard in "Intermezzo; A Love Story"
 Ingrid Bergman in "Intermezzo; A Love Story"
 Luis Trenker in "The Challenge"
 Madeleine Carroll in "Honeymoon in Bali"
 Fred MacMurray in "Honeymoon in Bali"
 Will Fyfe in "Rulers of the Sea"
 Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "Rulers of the Sea"
 Joe Penner in "The Day the Bookies Wept"
 Jackie Cooper in "What a Life"

If nothing startle you Those days mad, prosp now—anoth put them finesse, and Chief Bootle hibition, of the premise War had no cause no jobs you will acce sympathize wi and come to N include Hump story really st has been wr year-old Pri taxicab. Cit racket, thenc mob stuff. Pr become a chor while Cagney b through the mai on into the depres piness with Jeffre, as real as yesterday insanity of the peri excitement in it. Gi have supporting role

WE COVER THE



Power, Tyrone; Victim, Linda Darnell—both of "First Kiss"

*Flying feet and merry music; gaiety
and laughter—that's the order of
the day in the Land of Make-Believe*

BY JACK WADE

THERE may be wars and rumors of wars abroad—but in Hollywood it's business as usual—the Make-Believe Line is holding firm.

As for the Hollywood picture future, these are the major war bulletins:

First—Hollywood movies will stay strictly neutral as long as the United States does. There'll be no more propaganda pictures. Already Warners has called off "Underground" and "The Bishop Who Walked with God," both set to take hearty cracks at the Nazis. Hal Roach has put away "Captain Caution," because

STUDIOS



Mary Martin, starring in "Victor Herbert," has Paramount studio gnashing its teeth, and for a very good reason, too

It's a brand new screen personality for La Dietrich (right with Brian Donlevy) in "Destry Rides Again," and Marlene gives it the works. See Page 42



it makes Britain the villain. Only Charlie Chaplin, in too deep to back out, goes ahead with his Hitler burlesque, "The Dictator."

Second—Hollywood pictures won't be cheapened or cut down due to *der tag*. A lot of foreign income is cut off by the war, it's true, but so is a lot of foreign competition! British, French and German studios are closed. Walt Disney, who makes most of his big money abroad, is rushing "Bambi" and "Pinocchio" ahead full steam. Hollywood may even have a picture boom. Certainly, more than ever, it remains the world's one big entertainment center.

And third—light comedies and gay, tuneful musicals are coming in—tragedies and heavy drama are going out. Why? Well, Hollywood thinks the war-world needs a good tummy laugh, flying feet and merry music to take its mind off bombings, bullets and the horrors of what General Sherman had a very good name for.

That's certainly the idea of "Broadway Melody of 1940." The only possible war we find here, is a battle for dancing honors between Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell and George Murphy.

M-G-M is always in its glory producing a "Broadway Melody." This time M-G-M has done two "impossibles"; (1) built a bigger and more bedazzling set than the record breaker for "The Great Ziegfeld," and (2) teamed both sides and sexes of the dancing question Eleanor and Fred. Only six months ago they'd never met, much less considered pooling prestige for Metro. Then suddenly Fred canceled a European trip to do the picture and now, after prac-

ticing together seven hours a day for three months (including Sundays), Fred and Eleanor look as chummy to us as ham and eggs.

Fred is sporting an outfit like a South American general—fawn trousers and a bolero, simply lousy with red and gold embroidery. As for Eleanor, she's wrapped up in a white evening gown with a nautch skirt—nautchy but nice, we mean, with the minimum of tummy showing.

THE set is really something out of a fairy book. It's as big as a city block, with deep blue walls towering to the roof. Gigantic palm trees, traced in glittering silver, shimmer along all four walls. The floor is of blocks of dark blue glass. And right in the middle there's a mirror—we can't tell you how big it is, but maybe an acre—that hangs like a door and swings back and forth electrically controlled by a tiny board of push buttons. The idea of the great looking glass is to change backgrounds while Fred and Eleanor do their numbers. One dance—a lot of shifting mirrored backdrops as the mirror swings around to catch the reflection of several sets.

We'll skip the plot of "Broadway Melody." It's a triangle, Eleanor to George Murphy to Fred Astaire. Young love, dancers, a break, a show, success, more love—you know. The important things are the tunes and the absolutely unmatchable dance routines. Fred and Eleanor begin to do the "Begin the Beguine" dance, just one of nine Cole Porter numbers in the show.

Right in the middle of the number Eleanor claps her hand to her mouth and stares down at her feet. The cameras cut. "They're cracked!" she cried. "I broke them!"

"No, you didn't. I did!" protests Fred. "It was that last break."

"I felt them when they cracked," argues Eleanor.

Everybody crowds around. We expect six or seven toes severed, and possibly a tibia or two. But it's the floor! The glass blocks have been shattered by Fred's and Eleanor's hoofing. Probably Eleanor would rather have cracked a toe at that. "What horrid luck!" she moans. "And the picture's just starting!"

"People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw kicks," cracks Fred. They're carting in some new non-shatter glass floor blocks when we leave. Eleanor is still worried. Fred is still grinning.

The war, we discover, has done little yet to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, besides keep Greta Garbo hanging around, a little leery about dodging submarines to Sweden. As a result she might even do her next, "Madame Curie," before she tanks about home. The old stand-bys, "Judge Hardy and Son," and "The Secret of Dr. Kildare," are keeping the fires burning, together with "Bad Little Angels," M-G-M's bid to make stars of Virginia Weidler and Gene Reynolds. "Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep," a story of escape from the Guianas, is the next big-budget adventure epic. And the comedy brewing is Damon Runyon's "A Call on the President," destined to introduce *Joe Turp* and his loquacious wife, *Ethel*, to the screen. But to find something to match "Broadway Melody," we have to move over to Paramount and "The Gay Days of Victor Herbert," where Mary Martin, the girl who made "My Heart Belongs to Daddy" famous, is definitely in the groove.



"Tower of London," with Basil Rathbone and John Sutton, is a real historical horror film

It has been a long time since we've seen the Paramount lot as excited about anyone as it is now about Mary Martin. She's scheduled for the biggest build-up of the year and the studio is figuratively gnashing its teeth that she is signed up for a Broadway show, "Hold Your Hats," and she can't go into another picture immediately.

As we watch Mary, Lee Bowman, Walter Connolly and Allan Jones in a cute bedroom scene, we reflect that Mary Martin looks surprisingly like a tall Claudette Colbert, reddish-brown hair, big eyes and a swell smile.

"The Gay Days of Victor Herbert" is fictitious film fare spun about the life of the great operetta composer. Although Walter Connolly plays Herbert by name (and looks exactly like him), the only authentic bequest of the musician to this plot is his music. The rest of it is the old story about two opera stars, driven apart by professional pride, brought together again in the end by their talented daughter. The daughter, Susanna Foster, is another singing adolescent.

Mary is giving out with a loud "Ah-h-h-h-h" as Lee Bowman, her doctor boy-friend, gazes at her tonsils. He's supposed to be finding a sore throat.

Well, after Lee has prodded around with his mirror through several takes, he says, "You know, Mary, I'm no real doctor, but I believe you have a sort throat! It's all red."

"It feels sort of funny," admits Mary. So they shine a spotlight down Mary's throat and call the studio doctor. He shakes his head and starts painting tonsils. Mary beams happily. "You want a sort throat—so I get one," she grins.

In "The Farmer's Daughter," our next Paramount stop, Martha Raye is making the last film on her contract. "The Farmer's Daughter" romps mostly around one of those barn theaters where Martha, right off the cob, steals the show from temperamental actress Gertrude Michael. In the middle is a harassed entrepreneur Charlie Ruggles.

Martha is up a tree when we see her. It's a fake apple tree, heavy with property apples tied on with wire. On the screen, Martha is supposed to tumble out of the tree. But the camera will cut first. A stunt girl will climb up and take the fall professionally. That's the plan.

But when La Raye gets to registering panic up the tree, she forgets and waves her arms and then—boom! Down Martha comes, yelling, clawing like a wildcat. Luckily the camera has turned all the time. After making sure Martha is all in one piece, Director Jimmy Hogan grins and says, "We'll use it. I guess," he tells the stunt girl, "we won't need you!"

UNIVERSAL has become the busiest place in town. Three big pictures are rolling this month—"Green Hell" with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Joan Bennett; "Tower of London" with Basil Rathbone; and Marlene Dietrich's debut film as a shoot-'em-up wild Westerner, "Destry Rides Again."

We have to admire Marlene for swallowing her pride and changing her screen stripes. Her job is far removed from the aloof, slient seductiveness of the Joe von Sternberg days.

"Destry Rides Again" is straight Western—a quiet but courageous Westerner, Jimmy Stewart,

rides into a hell-raising boom town and proceeds to reform it. One of his biggest reform jobs is Marlene, the toast of the saloon gang, and all in all a pretty immoral customer. But the scene we see is before the reformation.

Marlene is sitting in on a stud-poker game in a saloon back-room set. She looks tough and she sounds it. Because in a minute, after slipping her ill-gotten gains down her silk stockings, she hops up on the piano and starts coon-shouting "Little Joe."

Her voice, as she sings, now starts out deep and sexy. Then, suddenly, "Y a-h-O-O-O-O-O!" yells Marlene. "Yip-E-E-E-E-E!" It's part of the song, but it surely sounds funny coming from Dietrich. When the take is over, she hops off the piano and smiles. "How'm I doin'?" she asks the boys, Brian Donlevy, Mischa Auer, and the rugged company of extras.

"Swell, Frenchy!" they chorus.

"Frenchy!" Frenchy Dietrich! That's her name in the picture and, of course, according to Hollywood set custom, that's what she's called by the players.

We wander next through a great Amazon jungle set on Universal's back lot, the "Green Hell" location. Phony but realistic orchids, birds of paradise and exotic flowers are strung along with moss, creepers and great green plants. Joan Bennett and Doug, Junior, are taking emotional instructions from Director James Whale. We learn "Green Hell" is one of those tense drama things, with six men and only one woman lost on an archeological jaunt to uncover some ruined Inca temple or other. But they won't start shooting each other for some time yet, so we move on to "Tower of London."

You might call this an historical horror story, at which, of course, Universal is tops. The plot is all about treason and incest, and murder and royal chicanery, the while dynasties rise and fall in Bloody England of the Fifteenth Century.

The set looks like a royal flush with everybody done up in ermine, crowns and purple. Basil Rathbone even wears a red wig. Every man is over six feet, to carry out the regal effect.

In all this glory, the only jarring note is Boris Karloff. His head is shaved (every day), his ears are taped back, his grey face is deeply lined, he limps with a clubfoot and looks distinctly the type to scare bad babies into fits.

UNIVERSAL is busy, too, plotting the future of Gloria Jean. She'll follow exactly the same formula that worked with Deanna Durbin—that is, growing up step by step on the screen under the aegis of Joe Pasternak. As for Deanna, her next picture, "It's a Date," is the first to be hit by the war. Charles Boyer was to be Deanna's co-star in that. But—Charles Boyer is in the army now, somewhere in France.

Another soldier soon to march beside Charles we find at Goldwyn's where David Niven is rushing "Raffles" before sailing orders arrive.

But when we see him he's a smooth crook, in white tie and tails, stealing an emerald necklace and being very charming, as usual, about it.

This is Hollywood's fourth crack at "Raffles." The plot has suffered a tuck here and a patch there, but essentially it's the same—the Robin Hoodish larceny of the too, too charming Mr. R. to keep his upper-crust pals out of trouble.

The first day on "Raffles" was a local war of nerves. It started the morning after Britain and France declared war. David expected a cable any minute.

We can sense the tension as we watch David, debonair as ever, Olivia de Havilland (how she gets around the lots!), Dame May Whitty and a tableful of actor-swallows have supper in a London night club. After Director Sam Wood gets a take he likes, a boy runs up to David. "Telegram!" he says.

David's smile fades and his mouth seems to set. Everyone else is still as a mouse. Is this it? Is the picture over for keeps? Suddenly

(Continued on page 79)

Ribbon Round-Up

BY FRANCES HUGHES

NEW YORK FASHION EDITOR

ASSISTING GWENN WALTERS, FASHION EDITOR

Ribbon Dinner Jacket—a
basque crocheted from Cen-
tury's taffeta seam-binding

College Credentials—Century's
Roman-striped grosgrain sus-
pender and a Cadogan hair-bow

HOLLYWOOD has a new indoor sport—concocting ribbon gadgets for Christmas! First to get this bright idea was Brenda Marshall, featured by Warners in "Espionage Agent." And now you should see the nimble fingers fly as the stars sit around between "takes" on the set, snipping . . . sewing . . . tacking . . . stitching . . . crocheting lengths of ribbon into ingenious little this-and-thats to give to their friends for Christmas.

"It's easy enough to go into the shops and send out a slew of meaningless Christmas presents to your friends," says Brenda. "But what's the fun—either for them or for you? It's much more exciting to plan these presents individually, to choose ribbons and colors you think your friends will like—and then to make the gadgets up yourself! That's really something! Something that represents you—something that represents them—and something exclusive, besides, that they can't buy anywhere!" Brenda posed in a few of the ribbon gadgets she herself would like either to give or to receive for Christmas. These and others like them are yours to examine at the ribbon counters of the fine department stores. Just choose your ribbons and the store will tell you how much you need . . . how to make it . . . and what it will cost. You'll be surprised at the wonders you can weave on time for Christmas, for the well-known proverbial song.

Over-the-Shoulder Knap-
sack and Highlander's
Hat—of Century's clan
plaid taffeta ribbon

Loop-the-Loop Tur-
ban and Envelope Bag
of Century's gros-
grain ribbon spiced
with Roman stripes

Fez and Muff-Bag of Cen-
tury's velvet baby ribbon



Decoration by E. M. Jackson



Men who work with her, above all Don Ameche and Ty Power, regard her with rare devotion

Tenth Avenue Girl

WHEN Alice Faye married Tony Martin Hollywood wondered if it would, if it could, last. It is still wondering.

Their elopement to Yuma came after a courtship more starred with lovers' quarrels and passionate reconciliations, more hectic and dramatic, than any other Hollywood could remember. Zanuck was right when he saw in Alice Faye all the emotional depths and love of drama that have always gone to make great actresses.

The importance of marriage to a girl like Alice Faye, its effect upon the life and career of a screen star, cannot be underestimated. Whatever the status of the Faye-Martin marriage at this moment may be, it is still unfinished business and only a knowledge of Alice herself, and of the whole story, can give the inevitable answer, the truth about it.

One thing is sure. Alice herself doesn't know. Alice herself today is torn by the many things

that marriage means—in Hollywood. And so the story has to go back to its real beginning, when Alice Faye remained alone, deserted as it seemed to her, and under a cloud of scandal—in Hollywood.

Tenth Avenue. Broadway. One-night stands. Chicago, where Rudy Vallee and the Connecticut Yankees and Alice Faye laid 'em in the aisles. Next stop Hollywood.

"We get around," said Alice, loving it, loving the new sights and sounds, loving to travel as long as she always had a return trip ticket to Broadway.

But she didn't like Hollywood. Fine place to spend Christmas! No snow, and holly and Christmas trees and candles looked silly without snow. Nothing but sunshine and rain, more rain than she'd ever seen in her life. The people were funny, too. They talked a different language. They were a closed corporation. Worse than a kid going to a new school at the end of a term, that's what it was.

In New York, in the Hollywood Restaurant on Broadway, in Chicago night clubs and theaters, Alice's clothes had always seemed all right to her. She liked bright colors and plenty of them, a touch of the bizarre, the startling—and lots of them. Always remembering that one Sunday dress, and how long it had to last and how tired you got of it after the hem had been let out two or three times. She liked lots of costume jew-

In a dark projection room, the powers that be looked and listened while a blind radio singer performed. His name—Alice Faye, today's star of Hollywood Cavalcade



A prophecy is made—it may take one year, it may take five—but the little Faye can't escape her destiny



It started in high, the romance between Tony Martin and Alice Faye. All that had been denied her came true suddenly—but with hazards ever present

THE RAGS-TO-RICHES NOVEL ALICE FAYE ACTUALLY LIVED

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

elry, always remembering her hunger when she stood in front of shops on Fifth Avenue. The keynote of her style was to make people sit up and take notice.

In Hollywood, they looked out of place. Everybody wore such plain things, old things, outdoor sports clothes, about which Alice knew nothing.

The Irish in her came uppermost, and she was defiant about it. Pretty soon I'll be back in the Big Town, she thought, where everybody is sort of friendly. This is just a jumping-off place.

AN English girl named Lillian Harvey changed all that. They had never met, never even heard of each other, yet Miss Harvey actually changed the course of Alice's whole life.

For Miss Harvey, who had made a big hit in pictures, took one look at the "George White Scandals" as a motion picture starring Rudy Vallee and begged to be excused. The part, which was to make a star, eventually, of Alice Faye, didn't look big enough.

In the consternation that followed, Darryl Zanuck's restless and all-seeing eye fell upon the kid singer with Vallee's band. Not included in the picture deal. In Hollywood, only because they had to broadcast from there.

She'd photograph. Anybody with eyes like that, hair like that, a tiptilted nose and a figure like that would photograph. She could sing, she

could dance, she was known to Vallee radio fans because of her many appearances on his program. But all that wasn't what sold Zanuck on Alice Faye. There was something more—a wistfulness, a rich, warm, inner glow that came through the young, hard-boiled surface. Amazing in so young and inexperienced a girl. Mr. Zanuck couldn't know that Alice Faye had learned all there was to know about heartbreak, about pain, about love and loyalty and self-sacrifice, and the things that go to make a woman warm and kind, in the year that lay behind her.

So Hollywood paged Miss Alice Faye.

"Who, me?" said Alice. "Nerts. They're crazy. I can't act. I didn't come here to play in any motion picture. I won't do it."

Yet she did.

Panic paralyzed her. To Rudy she said, "I can't do it. I just can't."

But she did.

Because she saw almost at once that once more Rudy was going to need her. At first her loyal heart wouldn't let her admit that Vallee, the greatest radio star of them all, was nervous before a camera. Not even to herself would she acknowledge that Broadway's best showman wasn't getting across, up there on the screen, that ease and wit and charm that made him a knockout before audiences everywhere, made him break box-office records on every personal appearance.

Maybe Rudy would feel more comfortable with her. Suppose she was lousy? What difference would that make? One picture—okay. The thing was to see if she could make Rudy less stiff and nervous. Pretty soon she forgot herself completely. The one thing was to see Rudy through.

IN a dark projection room, the powers that be looked at the daily rushes, they looked and listened while that blonde radio singer, Alice Faye, sang and danced to a tune called "Oh, You Nasty Man." Then they nodded. This gal's got something. Something all her own. That combination of tears and laughter Hymie Bushel had first seen. In that always lay the possibility of greatness. The girl had emotional depths far beyond those of most of the well-trained, well-behaved, carefully taught little starlets of that day.

"You stay in Hollywood," they said, and wrote a contract even before the picture was finished, and for twice the salary she had ever dreamed.

"Who, me?" said Alice Faye again. "You're crazy. What'd I do in Hollywood? I've got to get back to New York. They forget about you if you're gone too long."

It was Rudy Vallee who persuaded her that she must sign the contract. His deep affection for the kid, his appreciation of all that she had

(Continued on page 85)

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 61)

Cute Kiddie Story Corner:

AS the disciplinarian of four boys, Bing Crosby is a better crooner. He admits it himself. For example, Bing was having a difficult time the other night, trying to persuade seven-year-old Gary Crosby that something he had done was quite rude.

"Who do you think you are, anyway?" Bing said.

"Just Gary Evan Crosby," said the boy, "and it's not very much, either."

Love, In the Air, On the Air, Getting the Air:

IT'S colder than Alaska between Joan Crawford and Charlie Martin, who has left Hollywood for New York. And when Joan says it's still only friendship between her and Franchot, despite the handholding, we believe her . . . "I hope he comes through the war safely," Madeleine Carroll says of her English husband, Captain Philip Astley, "but I am going through with my divorce" . . . Ann Sothorn and Roger Pryor are said to be holding fast to a marriage that is a bit rocky these days. Only Ann and Roger deny it, of course . . . The way George Raft in Hollywood sat glued to his telephone every night at eight waiting for Norma Shearer's call from New York was a caution. George gave Virginia Peine a gold bracelet as a farewell-to-romance gift. Georgie has only Norma in his heart these days.

Covered with Embarrassment Corner:

JUST because old Cal found himself in one of those drop-through-the-floor predicaments the other day, we decided to ask a few stars their embarrassing moments. Naturally, we hunted out that frankly-spoken Bette Davis first.

"Embarrassing moments? I've had dozens," Bette said. "But the worst of all happened when I opened the newspaper one morning and read this item:

'My role in "The Front Page" is the best thing I've ever done, and I'm sure it will bring me the Academy Award!'

"And phoning the newspaper a piece of my mind for that misstatement didn't relieve my agony in the least," Bette said.

Don Ameche says his came when he sawed half through the rungs of director Sidney Lanfield's favorite stool and then forgot and sat in it himself. "Did I take a beating on that one?" Don says.

Loretta Young's moment of agony is a pip. It happened when Loretta was mobbed by fans in New York with no way out. Suddenly a taxi pulled up and with one wild spring Loretta leaped in. But alas, inside were two inebriated gentlemen who insisted upon turning Loretta over to the police as a "con" woman. Fortunately, the police recognized her and let her go.

"Embarrassing moments?" inquired Mickey Rooney. "Sure. When I kissed my girl good-by at her door and someone inside called, 'Bring your little brother in with you, sister,' I died."

Take A Bouquet—Bob Burns:

"NOPE, I'm sorry. I can't make any personal appearance that will take me away from my wife." And with that Bob Burns turned down a World's Fair offer that would have bulged his pockets from here to there.

Seldom has Hollywood seen such devotion as displayed by Burns to the wife

who has been bedfast for months after a fall on his boat.

And when doctors pronounced Mrs. Burns well enough to take to an armchair, the tears of gratitude in Bob's eyes made many a man want to reach out a hand in sympathy.

Mother's Helper

BARBARA STANWYCK and Bob Taylor, both in the midst of pictures, have been just another young average couple lost in the maze of moving.

"I couldn't stand the long hours to and from the studio any longer," Barbara told us. "I just had to get out of the Valley, picture or no picture."

So on Sunday, Bob and Barbara decided to move their personal belongings themselves. Bob with both arms full up to his eyebrows, and Barbara equally laden down were coming out of the house, when suddenly seven-year-old Dion shouted, "Wait, everybody."

Bob and Barbara stopped in the hot

cause of these three stars, has been made safer on the valley highway.

Easy—When you Know How!

FRED MACMURRAY tells this one on his beautiful wife, Lily. For years Lily has wanted to drive her own car. After several attempts, each time she'd give it up as an impossible task. Finally, Fred kidded her so much about it Lily made up her mind she'd drive if it was the last thing she did. After weeks of practicing she insisted that Fred go with her for a trial drive. Skeptically, Fred climbed in. Down their street they drove with the greatest of ease. Fred began to smile and relax. Then they arrived at Sunset Boulevard. Without batting an eye Lily crossed over it. Fortunately there were no cars at this point of the busy thoroughfare.

"Lily!" cried Fred. "You didn't make a boulevard stop."

"I know it," answered Lily calmly. "I haven't learned that yet!"



Too tired and hungry to talk, Fred (who just finished his first picture with Eleanor Powell) and Phyllis Astaire and Randy Scott concentrate on their menus at the Brown Derby

sun with their heavy loads. They waited and waited. Finally emerging from the house, Dion held up a pair of too small, moth-eaten, worn-out bathing trunks.

"Where do you think I'd better pack these?" he demanded.

With a groan, Bob and Barbara sank down, clothes and all. The bathing trunks landed in the ash heap.

Vigilantes—with a Vengeance

THOSE who scoffed at the idea of screen stars accepting political offices as mayors of small valley towns, are taking it back in large doses these days. And all because Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy and Al Jolson are men who mean business. After a small school girl had been killed on Ventura Boulevard by a speeding motorist, a meeting of citizens was called and right there in the front row sat Clark, Tracy and Jolson.

"We'll need a committee to help curb this speeding," the chairman announced, and instantly these three men rose to their feet and volunteered.

"We have time between pictures while you men are in your offices and shops," they said, "and we volunteer for the work."

And what's more, they're doing it. Every speeder is noted, his license checked and reported. And traffic, be-

Another Henry!

MANY a star has been an innocent victim of circumstances. Recently something happened to hurt Henry Fonda with more than one of his fans when he wasn't to blame at all . . . Meaning the newspaper stories about Harry Fonda, a distant cousin of Henry's, who took his bride on a honeymoon trip to Bali, and apparently succumbed to the allure of Balinese belles, since he allegedly insisted on staying there while his bride came home alone and announced that she would file suit for divorce.

You'd be surprised at the number of people who thought this Fonda was Henry and proceeded to take pen in hand and tell him what they thought.

One letter said, "And you had the nerve to play the part of a fine, upstanding man like Abe Lincoln! You ought to be ashamed!"

We think, though, that it is this and other careless readers of the original story who ought to be ashamed!

Pronouncing Guide

ARE you doubtful about the pronunciation of your favorite movie celebrity's name? If so, you'll perhaps be interested in the following correct pronunciations, and maybe grateful, too. . . .

Charles Boyer is "boy-yay," accent on the "yay." Victor McLaglen is "mac-lag-lun," accent on the "lag." Bela Lugosi is "bay-la lu-go-sy," accent on the "go." Juanita Quigley is "wha-nee-ta," accent on the "nee." Larry Crabbe is "crab." Mischa Auer is "mee-sha our." Deanna Durbin is "dee-an-na," accent on the "an." Laurence Olivier is "o-live-e-ay," accent on the "ay." Zorina is "zor-ee-na," accent on the "ee." Jascha Heifitz is "yasha hyfits." Hedy Lamarr is "hady lamar," accent on the "ar." Andrea Leeds is "ahn-dre-a," accent on the "ahn." Miliza Korjus is "mee-lit-za kor-yus," accent on the "lit" and the "kor." Ina Claire is "i-na," i as in "ice." Rosalind Russell is "rahs-a-lind." Ilona Massey is "ee-lon-a." Isa Miranda is "eesa." Ann Rutherford is "ruth-er-ford," u as in "us." Ian Hunter is "ee-on." Lana Turner is "lah-na." Paulette Goddard is "god-dard," accent on the "god." Lupe Velez is "lupie vell-lez," accent on the "lez." Lya Lys is "lee-a leece." John Litel is "ly-tell," accent on the "tell." Ronald Reagan is "ray-gan." May Robson is "robe-son." Gale Sondergaard is "sahn-der-gard." Joseph Calleia is "cal-ay-a," accent on the "ay."

Basil Rathbone is "bazil," a as in "cat." Marlene Dietrich is "mar-lay-na dee-trick," accent on the "lay" and the "dee." Olympe Bradna is "o-lamp," accent on the "lamp." Claudette Colbert is "cole-bear," accent on the "bear." Akim Tamiroff is "ah-keem tah-meer-off," accent on the "ah" and the "meer." Don Ameche is "ah-mee-chie," accent on the "mee." Peter Lorre is "lorry." Joseph Schildkraut is "schild-crowt," i as in "still." Sonja Henie is "son-ya hen-y," e as in "hen." Franciska Gaal is "frahnn-ces-ka gawl." Paul Muni is "muny" as in "munificent." Leslie Howard is "Lez-lie." Maria Ouspenskaya is "oo-spen-sky-ya." Vivien Leigh is "lee."

"Spuds" O'Hara

WHEN a visitor on "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" set at RKO said, surprisedly, to Maureen O'Hara, who is playing *Esmeralda*, "Why, you don't seem Irish!" Maureen came back at him swiftly, "What did you expect? To see me going around with a potato in my hand?"

Maureen has gorgeous red-gold hair, naturally curly, an equally gorgeous milk-white complexion, green eyes and an "oomph" figure. Moreover, she has charm and she can act. Her histrionic talent, she came by naturally. Her mother was a member of Dublin's famous Abbey Players and saw to it that Maureen went to the best dramatic schools the city afforded, including the Abbey school.

Harry Richman "discovered" Maureen at a party following an Abbey theater presentation. Two weeks later, at his insistence, a certain British film producer wired her, asking her to come to London for a screen test.

The test was not successful—at least it didn't win her a contract—but Charles Laughton saw it, and persuaded another British film company to give her a role in "Jamaica Inn." That did it. Laughton sent a print to RKO executives, and the role of *Esmeralda* was hers.

Maureen is only eighteen. She, herself, will tell you she has a lot to learn. But we insist that she has already learned enough to take her far, even in Hollywood where the going is tough!

WHY DO SOME GIRLS LOSE OUT ON LOVE?

Sally asks **IRENE DUNNE**

COSMETIC SKIN
SPOILS A GIRL'S
CHANCES OF
ROMANCE!

LUX TOILET SOAP
REMOVES STALE
COSMETICS THOROUGHLY.
IT HAS **ACTIVE** LATHER

IT'S IMPORTANT TO
USE A SOAP THAT'S
REALLY **GOOD** FOR
THE SKIN. WHY
DON'T YOU USE
LUX TOILET SOAP
AS I DO?

STAR OF UNIVERSAL'S
"WHEN TOMORROW COMES"

CLEVER GIRLS FOLLOW IRENE DUNNE'S ADVICE—

I WOULDN'T DREAM
OF NEGLECTING MY
BEDTIME COMPLEXION
CARE. IT'S FOOLISH TO
RISK **COSMETIC SKIN**

THIS **ACTIVE** LATHER
REMOVES STALE
COSMETICS, DUST AND
DIRT THOROUGHLY—
HELPS KEEP SKIN
SOFT AND SMOOTH

IT'S WONDERFUL TO HAVE BILL SO
ADORING! I FEEL LIKE A QUEEN!

**9 out of 10
Screen Stars use
Lux Toilet Soap**

Play Truth and Consequences with Madeleine Carroll

(Continued from page 25)

- (A) Miss Carroll took the consequences. (Let us print the most unflattering real-life picture ever taken.)
10. (Q) What compliment most pleased your ego?
- (A) Gary Cooper once said he liked me because I didn't have a glamour complex. Gary did not say it to me, incidentally, but to a newspaper man who later told me.
11. (Q) It has been said of you that you would prefer to be a society leader than a leader at the box office. True or false?
- (A) But very false. I have never been in society and I would never be satisfied with that life. When I was first married I did try to take part in society for a while, but I was quite willing and eager to give it up for an acting job.
12. (Q) Have you ever commissioned an artist to paint your portrait?
- (A) Yes. Some years ago I had my portrait done by the Hungarian painter, De Lazlo, one of the most famous court painters of this century.
13. (Q) At what age were you first conscious of your feminine appeal as something to wield over a male?
- (A) I was eleven and spending my holidays in Ireland, when a little Irish boy asked me for a lock of my hair. I suppose it was only a bit of his Irish blarney, but to me it was sensational. In fact, I have never been the same since.
14. (Q) Do you gossip with the operators at beauty parlors?
- (A) No. I know how much trouble can result. I have almost a fetish of discretion in this respect. I learned my lesson about gossip years ago.
15. (Q) By what unflattering nickname have you been called?
- (A) "Potato nose"—as a child.
16. (Q) In general, do you prefer the company of men to that of women?
- (A) Yes. I have very few women friends—perhaps because I have so little time for them, and I think that to have women friends you must first of all have leisure to share with them. Besides, I like men better. They are usually more straightforward.
17. (Q) Of what unpleasant quality are you sometimes accused?
- (A) I have heard it said that I am secretive. I don't enjoy this reputation, but I must admit that in one way it's true. I don't divulge my private life and I don't often divulge my opinions on the private business of others.
18. (Q) Have you ever thought that you might like to visit a nudist camp?
- (A) Good heavens, no. Even the mention of it fills me with embarrassment!
19. (Q) Do you believe that your career was the villainess in bringing an end to your marriage?
- (A) Miss Carroll took the consequences. (Give us a photograph of "Potato Nose".)
20. (Q) Do you ever talk to yourself?
- (A) Yes, and usually like a Dutch uncle.
21. (Q) For how long have you been fibbing about your age?
- (A) Ever since I first came to Hollywood. But it's not my fault: I can blame that on Walter Wanger. Shortly after I arrived here he sent for me—and in what a black mood! I couldn't imagine what I had done; then he told me! I'd been giving the press my real age! It seems that just isn't done in Hollywood. Mr. Wanger convinced me that while in Rome, etc., and I've been fibbing ever since . . . so much so and with such variance that I'm not quite sure now what age I am!
22. (Q) Do you go out of your way to please members of the press?
- (A) Yes. Not only because it's important professionally, but because I have fun doing it.
23. (Q) Which group gives you the greater reception when you arrive in their midst . . . the newsmen at the New York docks, or the newsmen in London?
- (A) Those in New York—perhaps because I was lucky enough to get off on the right foot with them. I remember my first experience. On the boat the captain had told me that it was going to be an awful ordeal; they'd ask me all kinds of ridiculous questions and make a fool of me. He said the only thing to do was fortify myself with four aspirins. Which I did. And then when the boys showed up, all very pleasant and nice and asking normal questions, I thought perhaps it was only because I was seeing them through an aspirin haze, and I told them about it. I asked them why they weren't behaving badly as I had been warned they would. They said, "Well, you see, Miss Carroll, you're not an English lecturer! We only try to make fools of those learned guys who think they're going to make fools of us."
24. (Q) On the set do you have a reputation for doing your scenes quickly with just a few takes?
- (A) I do, as a matter of fact—says she modestly. Of course, I have my nervous days and get upset occasionally, but my average is fairly good.
25. (Q) Are you a good loser?
- (A) I don't play games so I don't know.
26. (Q) Do you have a dainty appetite?
- (A) No. I have an enormous one, which I realize does not go at all with being an actress. But I inherited a love of food from my French mother.
27. (Q) Do you ever haggle over prices?
- (A) In Europe, always. I would never dream of paying the price first asked; one is not expected to. Here I have to observe a little more dignity.
28. (Q) Are you inclined to forget that you were once poor?
- (A) On the contrary, I wish I could forget it. The memory of those days has built many of my present characteristics: One being that I abhor waste of any kind. It amounts to almost fanaticism.
29. (Q) Do you have a temper?
- (A) Yes, but long ago I learned to control it . . . not because of its effect on others, but for the purely selfish reason that whenever I get mad, I become physically ill.
30. (Q) In what ways are you "hard"?
- (A) Only in one way, I believe—and that is that I may say I forgive, but I never forget. It isn't that I bear a grudge against the person hurting me; I never show my feelings, but inside I lose faith.
31. (Q) Have you ever colored or "glamorized" your past for the benefit of publicity?
- (A) No.
32. (Q) Are you inclined to self-pity, and usually over what?
- (A) Miss Carroll took the consequences. (Let us print an unglamorous "still" of you.)
33. (Q) Do you get a kick out of being escorted some place by more than one man?
- (A) I don't like going out with more than one person; I don't like large groups or parties. That adventure of getting to know someone well is impossible in crowds.
34. (Q) Do you ever wish that you could live your life over?
- (A) No, I wouldn't want to go through my childhood again for anything. It was too unhappy; my father was too strict; and all my youth my one desire was to escape. When I was seventeen I finally did run away. I could never wish to be a child again.
35. (Q) Do you believe that people say of you that you are "lots of fun"?
- (A) During the early days of my career I don't believe that I was ever much fun: I was too serious and had absolutely no sense of humor.
36. (Q) Have you always thought that you were pretty?
- (A) I know that, like every other woman, I have my moments, but as a child I was ugly and awkward and had a terrific complex about it. I looked anemic. I had spindly thin legs, enormous hands and feet and straight hair. There wasn't one promising thing about me and I knew it.
37. (Q) Have you ever sought revenge and did you achieve it?
- (A) I have never sought it, but fate has granted it to me on several occasions.
38. (Q) Do you procrastinate?
- (A) When I'm on a holiday, yes. I am always saying that I will read this script, pose for that fashion magazine, keep that interview date, etc.—but I never do.
39. (Q) Do you plan to marry again?
- (A) Miss Carroll took the consequences. (Let us have a picture of you as you were when you first crashed America.)
40. (Q) Do you rightfully take pride in the fact that no one can put anything over on you?
- (A) Yes, I hate to be a sucker.
41. (Q) Are many of your belongings monogrammed, and what is that monogram?
- (A) I use just the letter M. The single letter monogram seems to be a symbol of simplicity, and to me simplicity in life is the greatest thing to be achieved.
42. (Q) If you ever adopt a child would you select one of English or American parentage?
- (A) Miss Carroll took the consequences. (Pose an incongruity for us; all dressed up and eating a hot dog.)
43. (Q) Have you ever gone to a psychoanalyst and for what purpose?
- (A) To try to overcome my almost insane fear of spiders. All the analyst settled for me was that my spider-fear is inherited, and I am still battling this problem.
44. (Q) Are you at all psychic?
- (A) Not as a medium or anything like that, but I am very sensitive to "atmospheres" and what has gone on in a place in the past. Once when I was looking at a house near London, in one room I knew that some tragedy had occurred, and I was so upset that I had to leave at once. I later found out that a suicide pact had been carried out there.
45. (Q) Are you a good sailor?
- (A) Yes.
46. (Q) Have you ever looked up anybody in Burke's Peerage before you made him or her a friend?
- (A) No, because titles or rank or wealth mean nothing to me. In that way I am not snobbish, but I am definitely conceited about friendships with people who have succeeded in their particular field. I am most vain about the fact that I know famous writers, publishers of important papers, fine artists, etc. and that they too acknowledge me as a friend.
47. (Q) What thing about being in pictures gives you the biggest pain?
- (A) Miss Carroll took the consequences. (Write a poem to your favorite actor.)
48. (Q) What, in your career, has brought you the greatest benefit?
- (A) I have learned to be alert, and I have also learned patience.
49. (Q) How did you react to the recently printed gossip, since your separation, that you and David Niven were romancing?
- (A) I didn't even see it and even if I had it wouldn't have mattered. David and I have known each other for years: he was a friend of my husband's, in the same regiment, and in fact, we were the ones who urged him to take up acting and to come to Hollywood. Just because somebody wants an item for his column does not make an "item"—as it has come to mean—of us.
50. (Q) For how long do you hope to continue on the screen?
- (A) For only a short time more. I believe that no woman should continue for too long to avoid the role for which she was born—and that is as helpmate to some man. This can take place in marriage, or in the world of business, and when I stop working as myself I would like to work with or through some man, preferably in the line of statesmanship, as that is the field in which I have most contacts.

Patroness of Music Young Fashion Artist



At Her Piano—Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton is greatly admired in New York social and musical circles for her charm and talent.



Begins Art Career—Katherryn Hernan first started working as a fashion artist and designer in home-town Dallas, Texas, department store.

—But they
BOTH give their skin
the **SAME FAMOUS**
Simple Care!

QUESTION TO MRS. HAMILTON:

With so many demands on your time, Mrs. Hamilton, how can you keep your skin looking so beautifully cared for?

ANSWER:

"My skin care is amazingly quick and simple. But I do use two creams. Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing and softening my skin—Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth roughnesses."

QUESTION TO MRS. HAMILTON:

You're known as quite a tennis fan, Mrs. Hamilton. Doesn't all that exposure to sun and wind roughen your skin?

ANSWER:

"It might if I weren't careful to protect my skin with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Just one application of that smooths little roughnesses right away!"

QUESTION TO MRS. HAMILTON:

How do you keep your make-up so flattering throughout a long evening?

ANSWER:

"By preparing my skin for make-up with 2 Creams. When I first cleanse my skin with Pond's Cold Cream and then smooth it with Pond's Vanishing Cream, make-up goes on evenly and is really there to stay!"



Begins Day with tennis. Then committee meetings of 4 musical organizations. Above, studying seating plan of Lewisohn Stadium.

At The Opera—Mrs. Hamilton is a Wagnerian enthusiast. Frequently entertains at her delightful Sutton Square home.



From Choosing current fashions to trying modeling herself was Katherryn's recent venture. In New York now, she shows promise.

Like Most Texans, Katherryn loves riding. But here she's more interested in the thrilling words her companion whispers.



QUESTION TO MISS HERNAN:

Katherryn, is there any close tie-up between fashion and complexion?

ANSWER:

"Oh, very close! I soon realized that a good skin peps up even an inexpensive outfit. That's why I'm so careful always to use both Pond's Creams."

QUESTION TO MISS HERNAN:

You mean Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream? Does each do a separate job for your skin?

ANSWER:

"That's just the point. It seems to me that absolute cleanliness is the first requirement for a good skin—and I've found that Pond's Cold Cream is a perfectly grand cleanser. What's more, I love the way it softens my skin!"

QUESTION TO MISS HERNAN:

Now then, what does Vanishing Cream do for your skin?

ANSWER:

"Well—when I'm outdoors a lot, it protects my skin from exposure. And I always use Pond's Vanishing Cream before putting on make-up. It's a marvelous powder base!"

Copyright 1936, Pond's Cream Company

Use these 2 Famous Beauty Aids to DOUBLE your charm

BUY THIS

GET THIS FREE

Both for the Price of One!
For a limited time only, choose a flattering shade of Pond's Powder FREE (generous box) with your regular purchase of a large-size jar of Pond's Cold Cream.



— HE HAS A PLACE ALL HIS OWN IN HER HEART

If you were to tell Judy Garland that she loves Mickey Rooney, she probably would tell you that you are crazy.

At the same time she would not deny that there is a bond between them.

She has never had a brother. He has never had a real sister. To a large extent they act those respective parts to one another.

She tells him when he needs a hair cut. When, about a year ago, Mickey went through that certain stage when a boy's nuisance value is almost one hundred per cent she was his valiant champion. "You just don't understand him. I like Mickey," was her defiant comeback.

Mickey pulls no punches with Judy. Often he criticizes her with a candor which, from anybody else, would bring tears. But when in New York, she was homesick, with splendid loyalty he sat with her and her mother every night until her bedtime although his toes itched for the Onyx Club and Nicks.

Where will it end? Maybe so—maybe not.

In Radio and Television Mirror for December Norton Russell tells the complete and touching story of this association of juveniles who need each other. By all means do not miss it.

HILLTOP HOUSE in Thrilling Story Form

Another thrilling feature awaiting you in Radio and Television Mirror for December is a fictionalized version of Hilltop House, the gripping domestic serial broadcast each week day over the Columbia Broadcasting System. "If you love the story of 'Miss Bess' on the air you will be equally charmed with the printed version now beginning in the Radio fan's own magazine.

OTHER OUTSTANDING FEATURES

In addition to What Mickey Rooney Means to Judy Garland and the fictionalized version of Hilltop House, Radio and Television Mirror for December contains a long list of other interesting, amusing and revealing radio features to charm and thrill you; among them: Where Was I Wrong? The confession of a beautiful star who gambled on divorce • The Last Lesson: a radio drama of great courage • Fate's Bad Boy: Fascinating Orson Welles reaches maturity—and love • Radio Mirror's Preview of a Hit! A sensational feature—"This is My Song" by Larry Clinton • Breach of Promise! Andy vs. Madam Queen! A fight to the finish • Woman in Love • Radio and War—How broadcasters brought you "the story that couldn't be told" • First in the Ears of His Countrymen. He's Raymond Gram Swing whom millions tune in • They Cover the War Front, Introducing those crisis heroes of radio • The True Story of Mary Martin which is also the story of Author Jane Grunberg • Hollywood Radio Whispers • Facing the Music • What's New From Coast to Coast • Radio's Photo-Mirror • Inside Radio—The New Radio Mirror Almanac • Beauty Pick-ups.

Radio and Television Mirror for December is now on sale at all newsstands. Be sure to get your copy today.

**Radio
AND TELEVISION
MIRROR**

DECEMBER OUT NOW 10¢

Another Thin Man

(Continued from page 22)

himself, had finally been released. He had come right to MacFay claiming that what had happened was the Colonel's fault, and demanding a great deal of money. It was never easy to get money from the Colonel under the best of circumstances, this time the refusal was stony and rather final.

"So he said he hoped I was not going to be pig-headed about it," continued the Colonel, "because he had dreamed twice about my dying, and the third time he dreams things, they come true. He says he hopes I'm not going to die before my conscience makes me do the right thing by him."

"I'd stake him to a psychoanalyst," said Nick.

"That's not funny," said the fiery old Colonel. "You don't know this man. There isn't much he wouldn't do. He worked for me for ten years."

Nick smiled. "That certainly proves it." The Colonel glared at him. "Have you notified the police?" Nick went on quickly.

"Certainly," said MacFay. "I'm not entirely a fool. They tell me it isn't a criminal offense to tell your dreams. Church has been living down the road for the last ten days with his Cuban manservant. That's the one that must have been playing dead when you came down—they've been doing everything possible to terrorize me. The place is full of guards, but he gets through them whenever he wants to, and I never can tell which minute will be my last."

THE rest of the dinner turned out to be pretty exciting, particularly when fire broke out. The bathhouses near the swimming pool flared up in as grand a conflagration as one could wish for. The place became alive with guests and servants manning the bucket brigade, but nothing could save the buildings. Then, near a clump of bushes at the end of the pool, Nick found the body of the dog, Jesse—with his throat cut.

Looking over his shoulder, Horn spoke in a choked voice. "He was a swell dog. This is going to be hard on Lois." Lois was Horn's fiancée.

Nick bent over the damp ground. There were blurred footprints there.

"Whoever did it wore rags about his feet," he said. He nodded to the fire. "Is this the sort of thing that's been going on?"

"More or less," replied the Colonel's right-hand man. "I believe it's all engineered by Sam Church."

"Does the Colonel really owe him any money, do you think?" asked Nick.

"Not the way we look at it," Horn answered.

"In other words," said Nick, "if everything went okay, the Colonel gets the profit. If not, Church goes to jail."

"That's about it," Horn said cheerfully.

"And is that your job with the Colonel now?" persisted Nick.

"Something like it," Horn agreed.

When they got back to the house they found Lois in tears. The Colonel had just fired Freddie, his secretary, for objecting to the way he spoke to Lois.

"You can't bulldoze me any longer," said the youngster defiantly. "I don't care how much money you have. That may interest Dudley Horn, but it doesn't mean a thing to me."

"Now, look here, Freddie," Horn defended himself, "I know you're in love with Lois and all that sort of thing, but I don't like cracks like that. . ."

This started another conflagration,

this time emotional, but almost equal to the bathhouse one, with Lois and Nora looking on in amazement. It ended by Freddie firing himself again, and stalking from the room. Lois now turned on Horn. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Dudley!" She walked from the room, with Horn after her.

"Nice, quiet week end," said Nick to Nora.

"I'm going home with the baby," said Nora. "This is no place for a child."

Nick was enthusiastic. "Good plan. Sometimes your words are simply electric, my little cauliflowerer."

"I'll go get the baby and the nurse—" began Nora.

"Go ahead and desert me," said the Colonel, and at the touch of pathos in his usually rasping voice, they both paused in their tracks. "I took your father in as my partner and built up his fortune for him. I've slaved ever since, keeping that fortune intact for you. But when I ask one thing of you, to save my life . . . you run out on me. All right!"

Nick pushed Nora down in the chair next to which she was standing. "Take it easy, my pearl of great price," he said to her. "I think I'll run over and have a talk with Church. Perhaps we can do something to stop him from being troubled by bad dreams."

NORA was reading in the bedroom when Nick returned. She put down her book. "One of these days I'm going to get a chance to spend a quiet evening with a book," she said, "without husbands always coming in to interrupt."

"Sorry to be in your way, mom," said Nick, "but a man's got to sleep."

"You never were at a loss," remarked Nora, with a certain significance that he chose to disregard. "Did you see Church?"

"I did," he said. "His servant let me in. The same one we saw lying dead on the road. Full of fun."

"Must be," said Nora. "He'll catch his death of cold, one of these days, lying around in the open like that with nothing on his chest but a knife. What'd Church have to say?"

"He was just leaving for town. He and the woman, Smitty, who was with him."

"A blonde?" asked Nora with awakened interest.

"I didn't notice," said Nick. "She had a gun. The Cuban—his name is Dum Dum, believe it or not—threw a knife at me. Nice, old-fashioned hospitality."

"Oh, Nickie!" Nora rushed over to him. "Did you get hurt?"

Nick showed her his hand. "Just a knuckle or two. It got sort of messed up with Church's eye. It seems he didn't believe that the Colonel wasn't dead. He said he dreamed he had died—throat cut, or something—and it appears that his dreams always come true. I assured him the Colonel was alive, but he said I only thought so because I had seen him half an hour before, and it had probably happened since then."

"My word!" said Nora. "Have you seen the Colonel?"

"Just saw him," said Nick. "I told him Church was on his way back to town, and he was very pleased."

"Why were they so mean to you?" asked Nora. "Didn't they know what a kind-hearted man you are?"

"My well-known sterling character didn't seem to make much impression on Sam Church. He said now that the Colonel was gone—he insisted he must be dead—he'd have to concentrate on

me to get his money. He said that after all your father was the Colonel's partner, and he was beginning to dream about me . . . and about you . . . and about the baby . . . that's when I popped him. The Cuban threw his knife at me and Asta thought he was playing a game and retrieved it for him from the wall where it was sticking. Nice dog. And the girl, Smitty, got a gun from some place—I think it was under her dress on her hip—"

"You think!" said Nora. "You sure you didn't help her fetch it?"

"You do me a grave injustice," said Nick. "Anyway, I got out of there alive because nothing can happen to me until he dreams about me three times. Where's Nickie?"

"Why, darling!" said Nora, delighted. "You're beginning to take fatherhood seriously. You want to see your child!" She opened up a drawer of the enormous dresser and disclosed Nickie sleeping there in calm ageless peace.

He looked at the baby quietly for a moment. He turned to Nora then and gave her a quick, approving pat. "I've got to give you credit, Mom." Nora regarded him, pleased. She waited for the rest of it in grateful expectation. "You've certainly got me hooked."

She pushed the drawer partly to. "Is he lying on my things?" asked Nick, with sudden concern.

She grinned. "No, I just didn't think of that, but it isn't a bad idea."

THERE was a knock on the door, and Nora, answering, welcomed Lois.

"You don't know how wonderful it is to have company down here," began Lois wistfully, nervously smoothing the folds of her dressing gown.

"Why, I should think the Colonel made it very merry for you!" Nick protested.

"Poor father," she replied, with a sad little smile. "I suppose he means right about keeping me in seclusion—but—"

"Right, nothing!" exploded Nora. "The idea of a pretty girl like you not even being allowed to acknowledge her fiancé!"

"I'm afraid father wants me to be too 'sensible' to ever marry anyone."

"I have an idea," Nora said brightly to Nick. "Let's help them elope!"

"Oh, we couldn't!" Lois protested quickly. "Father would fire Dudley—and he'd cut me off, too. We wouldn't be able to live."

"What d'you think you're doing now?" asked Nick.

"Exactly," said Nora, triumphantly. "It's absolute stagnation!"

There was the sound of a shot from another room, and suddenly all the lights went out. Lois' voice rang out in a terrified scream.

"What was that?" cried Nora. "My baby! Nickie, where are you?"

Nick lit a match, and in the ghostly shadows he could see that the baby was sleeping peacefully through the commotion. On the dresser was a candle, and he ignited it quickly.

"Quick!" he said to Lois. "Where's your father's room? We haven't a moment to lose."

They crowded into the hallway, which seemed to be full of people. Freddie, fully dressed, hurried down. Horn, barefooted and clad only in pajamas, rushed the length of the hall with a light. Coming down the stairs was Mrs. Bellam, also fully dressed; she had a book in her hand, and even in the excitement Nora noticed that she kept her

finger in it to mark her place. Horn played the flashlight on Colonel MacFay's open door, and they crowded in. There was nothing much that could be done, Nick saw at a glance. In the straight white rays of Horn's flashlight, MacFay lay on his old-fashioned bed, covered, except for his legs and his right arm, by a wadded pile of blankets. His arm, grotesquely bent, dangled down to the floor. Nick put down his candle and went to the bed, with Freddie and Horn crowding him, looking over his shoulder.

One look was enough. MacFay's death had been just as "messy" as Church had predicted, or dreamed.

Van Slack, the assistant district attorney, a rather vague sort of person, with light, curly hair, came a few minutes after the police and took charge of the investigation. Nothing in the bedroom had been changed. The Colonel's body lay where it had been, and the disorder near the bed gave evidence of the struggle that must have ensued when he was attacked by the killer. Near the spot where the dead man's hand hung down to the floor lay the lamp from the bedside table, with the wire torn out of it at its base, though neither of its light bulbs was broken. A crumpled, wet newspaper lay a little to one side on the floor, and on the bedside table, near the Colonel's right hand, a glass of water had been spilled. In one corner of the room MacFay's old-fashioned frontier revolver rested, and there was a bullet hole high in the wall opposite the foot of the bed on the right side. Both windows of the bedroom were open.

The deputation from headquarters worked swiftly and quietly, taking measurements, photographing, and going over the ground thoroughly. Death, the Medical Examiner reported, had been instantaneous. The throat had been cut with a fairly large, heavy blade. There was a bruise on the left temple, from a blunt instrument. The knife was nowhere to be found. The Deputy Sheriff spoke quietly to Van Slack.

"Mr. Charles says that Cuban threw a big knife at him. This might be the same knife. It'd have the marks of his dog's teeth on the handle."

"Get some men busy in the bushes and look for it," said Van Slack.

Cross-examination of those in the house produced nothing of any value, except that the Charles nurse had disappeared.

"Personally, I think she shows good judgment," said Nick quietly.

From a detective's standpoint, Van Slack pointed out to Nick, there were more people than one who could have desired the death of the Colonel. Mrs. Bellam stood to receive a hundred thousand dollars through the old man's will.

Freddie, who had typed it, in his capacity as secretary, gave this information in response to questioning. Horn, despite the Colonel's objections, was hoping to marry Lois, who would receive the residue, amounting to several millions. Freddie, of course, had quarreled with his employer. To say nothing of Church, who went around dreaming of the old man's death unless he was properly reimbursed. Van Slack looked at Nick sharply.

"Where were you when you heard the shot?" he asked.

Nick laughed. "Well, you see, there was this blonde number I saw walking around in the bushes, and I—"

"That isn't funny," said Nora. "If there had been a blonde number walking around in the bushes, he'd have caught his death of cold in the night air. As a matter of fact, though, he was in the room with me and Lois and the baby."

A trooper came in. "There's a dog running around outside with a knife in his mouth."

Nick and Nora spoke in one breath. "Asta!"

Everybody dashed for the door. All except Horn, who stood petrified for a moment, and then ran for his room. Lois ran after him.

Outside in the darkness, Asta was playing, dashing madly around in the bushes. "Here, Asta! Bring it here!" wheedled Nick. Asta dashed away playfully, and Nick went after him.

Down the hallway and out into the night dashed Horn, stuffing a gun into his pocket. After him started Lois, her eyes wide with terror. After a moment she recovered the use of her limbs and slipped noiselessly after him through the bushes.

In a dark spot Nick had finally convinced Asta that this was the moment to end his play. "That's the boy," said Nick. "Bring it here." The dog laid the knife at his feet. "Good dog!" approved Nick. He stooped to pick up the knife, but straightened up as something gleamed at his right, in the bushes. He switched off his flashlight and put his hand on his gun, every sense alert. He could discern nothing.

Once more he bent to pick up the knife. Behind his back something moved in the shrubbery. From in front of him Lois crashed through, her voice coming tensely to him:

"Look out!"

Nick's certainly on the spot now! It will take more than quick thinking to get him out of this one—and to solve the riddle of "Who murdered the Colonel?" without endangering the lives of both Nora and the new heir! What happens next? Read "Another Thin Man," which will be concluded in January PHOTOPLAY.

WHOSE LITTLE BOY ARE YOU?

Here are the correct combinations of parents and sons on pages 44 and 45

A-4. Tyrone Power, Jr., recently seen as the Indian doctor in "The Rains Came" and currently starring in "First Kiss;" the late Tyrone Power, famous actor of stage and screen until his death in 1931.

B-1. Tim Holt, featured opposite Ginger Rogers in "Fifth Avenue Girl" and soon to appear in "Swiss Family Robinson;" Jack Holt, star of "Illicit Cargo."

C-5. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., star of "Rulers of the Sea" and "Green Hell;" Douglas Fairbanks, noted acrobatic hero of past successes and leading figure in United Artists.

D-6. Broderick Crawford, soon to be seen in "Send Another Coffin;" Helen Broderick, recently featured in "Honeymoon in Bali."

E-2. Noah Beery, Jr., hit of "Only Angels Have Wings" and about to be starred in a new series of short features; Noah Beery (brother of Wallace Beery), featured in a recent English production, "Torpedoed!"

F-3. Lon Chaney, Jr. (once known as Creighton Chaney), now playing the role created on Broadway by Broderick Crawford, in the film version of "Of Mice and Men;" the late Lon Chaney, still remembered for his masterly creation of strange and grotesque characters.

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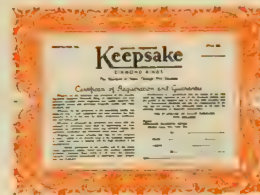
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Funny Face

(Continued from page 31)

Sister Agatha. Very well put, indeed! Bang! on my head snapped the ruler. But the kids fell on the floor laughing, and Eddie the Exhibitionist had made good.

"They threw me out once or twice, but my mother got me back in again. I was always sorry. I always meant to do better. I had a great affection for those nuns. They were all Irish. When she wasn't dusting my knuckles, one of them used to say: 'Ah, Eddie, me b'y, there's Irish blood in ye somewhere. Faith, an' I know your name's Heimberger, but I'll take my oath there's an Irish colleen sittin' cosy beside one of your Heimberger granddads on the family tree.'"

AS the eldest of five Heimberger children, Eddie felt responsibility at an early age. This may seem incongruous, in view of his school record, but lessons were one thing while money was cold cash. At eight, he was earning a dime a week as assistant on a newspaper route. His twelve-year-old employer had fifty papers to deliver, forty on one block, ten scattered over an area of three miles. He turned the ten over to Eddie, who had sense enough to know that he was being exploited.

"Watcha squawkin' about?" yelled the capitalist. "I got forty, ain't I? You wanna make a dime? If not, there's plenty kids 'at do."

It was Eddie's first experience of business ethics and the pressure of the economic system. Like many another, he had to knuckle under till at ten he acquired his own paper route and knew the pleasure of doing to his boss what Charles Laughton did to his in "If I Had A Million."

"But don't get the idea that I was a fighter. If I had been, I'd have socked that kid with his own papers, and found myself another job. I was always a bashful guy. Still am." He smiled bashfully to prove it. "In the fourth grade I was in love with a girl named Gladys. That was during the war, and we kids used to pick up tinfoil and turn it in. I had mine in a Prince Albert can in my back pocket. One day Gladys spotted it and sang out: 'Oh, look-it Ed-die Heim-berger. He smokes cig-a-rettes. Oh my goodness!' With that she flounced off and wouldn't have anything more to do with me. D'you think I explained? Not me. Nursed my shattered heart in silence.

"I was literally pushed into my first decent job. Saw an ad in the paper, drugstore wanted a boy, ten bucks a week. Place didn't open till eight, but I got up at six, went downtown, and there must have been five hundred kids jammed outside that store. More came and more came, and we stood around glaring at each other for an hour and a half. Finally the doors opened, and I didn't have to budge. I was the middle sardine, and they swept me along. The manager had an office up on the balcony, and when he came out and saw that mob, he went wild-eyed. He started down the stairs, the kids started shoving and, believe it or not, they shoved me right out in front. The manager yelled, 'You're first, what's your name, how old are you, ten bucks a week, O.K., you're hired.' There was a hell of a roar behind me, but I scooted upstairs at the manager's heels and he locked us both inside his office.

"I held that job all through high school—six till one in the morning—washed crockery, mopped floors, dished up malted milks and sodas. Juggled

oranges to make a hit with the girls, sliced 'em in mid-air, ruined one out of three. Worked out another pretty impressive act too, called 'shooting the soda.' I'd wipe the bar clean and give the glass a little twirl before sending it down. That way, it would curve and stop right in front of the customer. Sometimes it hit a snag and tipped over, but what's a glass to an artist? The boss was no artist. He'd step out from behind the prescription counter and give me the what-goes-on-here glare. But I knew I was safe. He was a marked guy from the morning he hired me. He'd still wake up nights, screaming: 'The Huns are after me.'"

Eddie went to the University of Minnesota by the road of least resistance. He was an apathetic student. At seventeen, he'd lie miserably awake night after night, wondering what would have become of him by the time he was an elderly buck of twenty-five or thirty. He shuddered away from the pictures his fancy drew. Meantime, he was paying his own way through college, on the theory that no good would come of it, so why should his father be asked to fork out? He could strum a ukulele and sing a tune pleasantly, which brought him occasional jobs in local theaters and radio stations. Announcers, bubbling with the kind of humor that Eddie had left by the wayside, thought it was funny to call him Hamburger. So he dropped his last name, and became Eddie Albert. His final year at college saw him managing a movie house.

It was Joe Burns, a teacher of literature at the university, who roused his dormant mind. "Having had a good long nap," says Eddie, "it woke up with a vengeance. He took the blinders off my eyes and the mud packs out of my ears. First, there was nothing. Then all of a sudden there were books and music and pictures and the stars and the peculiar human ego and a world full of growing pains. I'd been wondering how I could drag along to twenty-five. Now I knew a thousand years wouldn't be enough. I'd leave the theater at one, go to Joe's house to gab, then sit up reading till six or seven in the morning. Ever come out of a tunnel into the open, clouds sailing, green things growing, birds singing their fool heads off? That was me in those days. Worked up a hunger to know things that's likely to last me the rest of my days."

FOOD for the spirit didn't solve the problem of food for the stomach. After leaving college, Eddie kept his job at the theater and, looking about for an opening into the larger life, hit for obscure reasons on the notion of selling insurance.

One day he ran into Grace Bradt, a friend of his with a voice. She and her professional partner thought they'd sound better as a trio, Eddie thought he'd feel better with another string to his bow. By courtesy of Mr. Albert, manager, they rehearsed in the boiler room of the theater, and the local radio station took them on. Eddie quit his managership. He didn't exactly quit the insurance game. "It folded its tents like the Arabs and quit me," he explains.

"Well, you know how kids are. After a while we decided Minneapolis was too small to hold us, we were ready to burgleon. So we piled into a vintage roadster with forty bucks and a good opinion of ourselves. We slept in tourist camps, cooked our own eggs over a Boy Scout campfire, traveled 2400 miles and got

six auditions in six days, turned up panting in the home town with just enough breath left to go on the air. The other stations gave us the usual we'll-let-you-know line. When St. Louis actually sent for us, Grace fetched a pail of water. We'd soak our heads in it, then look at the wire again. It always read the same way. But we dunked for an hour before we'd believe it."

From St. Louis they stepped up to Cincinnati, then to Chicago. Their singing had improved, they'd developed from tyros into professionals. When Grace and Eddie decided that New York was ready for them, the other fellow dropped out.

Eddie insists that they didn't starve in New York. "And if we had, what of it? We'd have been in good company. We managed to eat by hocking everything we owned. Every once in a while we'd make five dollars, which would keep us going for a week. Then there was the gala night when a song plugger invited us to the opening of Reggie Childs'. Grace had an evening dress, and I grubbed around and dug out a Tuxedo, all but the tie. I lived in one of these rooming houses, where the spirit of brotherly love is supposed to dwell. So the country galoot goes around knocking at doors, and asking kindly New Yorkers if they had a tie he could borrow. They said no and slammed the door.

"Finally, I applied to the janitor. He didn't say a word, just beckoned, and I followed him down cellar, where he started poking behind the furnace. And sure enough, from a welter of strings and bolts and candle ends and human bones, for all I know, he fished out an old dress tie, green with age and a rubber band round the back. Well, I smoothed it and spit on it and did the best I could with it, and called for Grace and off we went, walking.

"Got to the place, got to the table, everybody stood up and bowed and pulled out chairs for the ladies, when pop! went the tie right into the middle of the expensive white tablecloth. I stood there like a lug. Then somebody laughed. Then they all started yelling and falling on the floor. So I did, too. They thought it was a gag. Expected me to say presto! and turn into a Marx brother. Me, I ate. That's what I'd come for.

"Later I discovered a bunch of unemployed musikers who used to hang out at Forty-ninth Street and Broadway, picking up what they could get. I attached myself to them. 'Added attraction,' they'd bellow. 'The Singing Tramp.' On New Year's Eve we were hired for a Polish ball. They were billed as the Big Ten Polish Pals Band and I was the Silver-Masked Tenor. The Pals supplied the mask and six bucks apiece. That was fine. Only they neglected to tell me that my duties included dancing with the Polish Pals' wives. Which would have been all right, too, if one Pal hadn't taken a dislike to me and tried to bounce a chair off my head from the balcony. That started a free-for-all, from which I emerged unscathed but also unpaid."

THIS was one time when Eddie didn't wait for fate to shove. He and Grace were getting nowhere. He'd had his bellyful of Polish Pals and their ilk. "One day I sat down and wrote a radio script called 'The Honeymooners,' combining drama and song. I finished it at six A.M. and raced over to read it to Grace. She was living with her mother and sisters. They'd come on for a visit and stayed on for moral support. Grace and Mrs. Bradt and one sister thought it was wonderful. The other sister fell asleep. We figured we had a majority vote and auditioned the thing for NBC. Next day they telephoned us.

"You start Monday, five times a week."

Billed as Grace and Eddie Albert—purely for professional purposes, they maintain—they started on Monday and ran for three years and might be running yet, if Eddie hadn't played in summer stock for Garson Kanin, if Kanin hadn't recommended him to George Abbott for the role of Bing Edwards in "Brother Rat," and if Abbott hadn't engaged him. Both he and the play were a hit. They were both going strong when Abbott asked him to move into "Room Service" as the simple-minded playwright. Kind friends told him he was a fool to agree, but Eddie put his trust in the boss. He thinks when better men are made, they'll be like Abbott. He lost nothing by his faith. "Room Service" scored a bull's-eye, and RKO invited Eddie to sign up for the movie version. "Sure," he told them, "if I can go back to Abbott in the fall for 'The Boys from Syracuse.'" They said to hell with "The Boys from Syracuse," Eddie said to hell with the movie version, and went off with his father for a trip to Europe.

Returning, he found an offer from Warners' for "Brother Rat." That's what he means when he calls himself a pawn of fate. There's some self-determination mixed up with it, though. The contract he signed gives him time out each year for a play, or a trip, as the humor takes him.

LESS lighthearted than he appears on the surface, Eddie is typical of the generation which, having grown up in a world askew, is deeply concerned with the affairs of that world. In New York, when he's through working, he goes home, pulls down the shades, shuts off the phone, starts a fire and writes. What he writes he won't say—"just getting things off my chest.

"I plan to be an actor only half a dozen years. By that time I may be ripe to put pen to paper. That's the present program, anyway. Maybe I'll change. I've seen it happen to others. People get older. They say, what's the use? They say, you can't make the world over in five minutes. They say, have a good time and nuts to the rest. I'm not young enough to harbor any plans for making the world over. But I hope I'll never be old enough to say, nuts to the rest. If I do, then the guy I am won't like the guy I'm going to be."

He's in Hollywood now, playing Junior, the bashful vaudeville hoofer, opposite Zorina in "On Your Toes." He says he spends most of his leisure, casting awe-stricken glances at the stars. He likes Hollywood, but objects to some of its practices, notably what he describes as "this cosy love-nest business.

"You're seen talking to a girl, and next morning it's in a column. They don't say, 'Eddie Albert was talking to Mary Smith.' They say, 'Eddie Albert and Mary Smith are at the mooring stage.' If you deny it, they give you the laugh. If you keep quiet, they've got you married. If you get sore, they tell you it's good publicity, part of the game. I don't like that part of the game."

They say he doesn't like it because he and Grace are married, though neither will admit it. If they are, the mystery is why they should make a mystery of it. One day a columnist linked Eddie's name with Jane Bryan's. Eddie told Grace about it, and they exchanged a smile of what looked like perfect understanding. Jane's name has frequently been linked with Eddie's, but those in the know insist it's a publicity gag. If you want to find the chink in Eddie's normal good humor, ask him about it.

"No romance," he'll scowl. "Put it down in big letters. NO ROMANCE. Put this down too. If there were, I wouldn't talk about it. Period."

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I Watched Charles Boyer Go Away to War

(Continued from page 23)

When the startling news of the Russo-German nonaggression pact, and Hitler's final demands on Poland, chilled France with a fear of imminent war, Boyer's first thought was for the safety of his wife, Pat Paterson. No one questioned then but that if war were declared, Italy would immediately line up with Germany. Nice, close to the Italian border, would be a tempting target for raids.

So back to Figeac, the little town in southern France where he was born—quiet, sunny Figeac far from any impending battle lines—Boyer sped with his English actress-wife, to leave her in the care of his mother. And it was in Figeac that I met Charles Boyer and watched him prepare for the call to arms that was soon to come.

I HAD been there a week, gathering material for a life story on this most modest of stars who, in his years in Hollywood, had been reluctant to parade the experiences of his youth.

It had been a dramatic week. Telegraph and telephone lines had been requisitioned, as France turned the myriad wheels of mobilization. We had been cut off from communication with the rest of the country and Madame Louise Boyer, elegant and gracious even at the most worried moment of her life, had been nervously awaiting word from her son.

Each day I went to call on her and each afternoon, in the middle of our interview, as she told me some amusing anecdote of Charles' boyhood or found a new childhood picture to laugh over and explain, Madame Boyer would break off and, with an apology, ask me if I would accompany her down to the village square to learn the latest news.

The wide trunks of the great trees that line the river Célé, which runs through the middle of Figeac, had become the bulletin boards of the town. Groups gathered around them to scan in silence each new *Avis*, or official notice. There was no overtone of bravado or patriotic hysteria among these sober-visaged villagers. Rather they were like a large family in the waiting room of a hospital, fearful of the latest bulletin from the bedside of a loved one.

Madame Boyer's concern increased as one after another of the military classes were called up for service. One day's big splashing poster announced the requisition of all cars. The next day's proclamation gave warning against any hoarding. In Paris, air-raid shelters were being tested. The blackouts had begun. Americans were being evacuated to coastal ports and a million or more Parisians sent out to the safety of the country. France was not yet sure she would have to fight but she was clearing the decks for action. Men and machines were on the move all over the land.

And Madame Boyer grew tight-lipped with terror.

I remember the last afternoon I spent with her. Figeac dozed in the late summer sun. On the banks of the Célé, a few women were beating their clothes on the rocks. Along the stone wall by the river's edge walked two quiet-eyed nuns, their great white caps looking not unlike children's sailboats. Blue coated workmen rode by on bicycles with tinkling bells. There was an atmosphere of peace and serenity, quietness without stagnation, dignified endeavor without bustle and hurry. Nowhere have I ever seen such tranquil surroundings.

It seemed impossible to believe that

this village, the very symbol of peace and tranquillity, could be part of a land threatened by the horrors of war.

Madame Boyer asked if I had been inside the lovely old Twelfth Century church of Saint Sauveur and when I replied I had not, she suggested we go together.

Shadows fell across the arched entrance of the beautiful little building. We entered and paused a moment before the font where Charles had been baptized. A few whispered references to a particularly fine piece of wood carving on the pulpit, and then I saw that Madame Boyer had forgotten I was with her. She was looking at a statue of the Virgin Mary at whose feet fell the last rays of a setting sun.

Slowly Madame Boyer sank to her knees. Her head bowed in prayer, a prayer I was sure, for the safety of her son, the safety of France.

IN the midst of this tension, Charles arrived home for a brief visit with his mother and to establish Pat in Figeac before returning to his film work. I sat with him for about an hour at noon on a rude wooden bench in front of his mother's house on the Boulevard Woodrow Wilson, near the market place.

One after another of his boyhood friends stopped to say hello and farewell. Many of them Boyer had watched march away to the last war when he himself, a thin, sickly schoolboy, had been too young and too delicate to enlist. War had seemed a gay game then, a challenge to chivalry, an invitation to some intoxicating, mad adventure that would make fine stuff for evenings of gossip when the shadows fell on the Célé and the sidewalk cafés near the Pont Gambetta were filled with eager listeners.

Charles had watched them come back, too; those who did come back. Broken. Battered. No glorious tales of victory on their lips, only an aching silence. For four years, his last four years at the Champollion College in Figeac where dreams of someday playing Rostand's "Cyrano" at the *Comédie Française* in Paris first took root in the bud-

ding actor's ambitions, young Boyer had taken a troupe of his classmates about the hospitals, giving performances for the wounded.

The strained and pain-worn faces of those grey-robed audiences in the long white wards had left an indelible memory in Charles Boyer's philosophy. Charles Boyer, the mature man, knew what war meant. He wanted no part of it.

And so when I asked him that sparkling summer morning in Figeac if he would go if war came, his answer was almost bitter.

"Of course, I'll go. I'll have to. We'll all have to, this time. But there will be few of us that will want to go!"

He shrugged. "I'm not a soldier. I have no desire to be a soldier. But if I'm called, I'll go. I'll be mustered into service here in Figeac and then sent to some barracks for training."

I asked Boyer in which branch he would enlist. "It's not a matter of enlisting over here," he explained. "There are regular classes that are called in order."

BY reason of ill health in his youth, Boyer had never served the usual required two years in the French army and was therefore not subject to the first calls. But his name would be reached in the general mobilization of men without previous military service.

His prediction proved correct. Just forty years old, the actor was in the age limit of the first general mobilization. Mustered into service a day or so after the outbreak of hostilities, Boyer donned no trim tunic or shiny brown leather belt of an officer. His rank and regalia were that of the poilu, the common soldier, who marched to the battlefronts of the last war singing about "Mademoiselle From Armentières" and shuffled back into their bulgy blouses for this one, muttering despairingly of "that Hitler."

A few days before he donned the blue uniform of a poilu, I saw Boyer for the last time in Nice, at the Victorine Studios, high in the hills overlooking the Mediterranean, where Rex

Ingram used to make pictures. But war clouds had halted production on "Le Corsaire" as effectively as storm clouds cancel location schedules in California.

One by one technicians and prop men had been called away from their studio jobs to join their regiments until finally the picture was being filmed by a bare skeleton staff. And then came news from Paris that the insurance on the production had been cancelled and the business heads of the company decided that their only course was to abandon the half-completed picture.

The order to halt came in the middle of a sweltering afternoon on an outdoor set. Boyer had driven ten hours the night before, from Figeac to Nice, arriving just in time to slap on his make-up and wriggle into the hot, leather costume of his pirate role, before the first scene was called.

All through the morning, rumors of the picture being stopped flitted about the set. It made any sort of concentrated work difficult.

And then, after luncheon, during which everyone sat around and discussed Hitler's next probable move to the exclusion of the usual shop talk of setups and scenes, word came that "Le Corsaire" was shelved.

And suddenly Charles Boyer joined the rest in realizing the imminence of war. He had been full of talk of his plans for the coming winter, back in America; his return for his weekly radio program the first of November and his next Hollywood picture with Deanna Durbin, soon after Christmas.

Until the very last, the calm, detached artist had refused to believe that war was certain. Now he knew, and was rushing back that afternoon to Figeac to spend the few final hours of peace with the two loyal women he loved best in life.

WE talked a moment of news of other film folk in France; of Tyrone Power and his bride Annabella, safely speeding across the Atlantic on the Yankee Clipper; of Norma Shearer refusing to scurry out of Paris in the first frantic evacuation. And then with a shy but cheerful smile Boyer bade me farewell.

A handclasp, a heartfelt hope we might meet again in Hollywood someday and I watched him go, that fine, sensitive-faced head held high, his stride a little brisker than before.

I had been somewhat dazed by the significance of our good-by, and I stood there thinking back to what we had been saying.

"I've just laid away my make-up box," he had remarked. "For the last time in a long while, I guess. Pretty soon now I'll have to lay away these civilian clothes with the rest of my costumes."

"He's laying away laughter, too," I had thought to myself, "and lights and music and love and all the little luxuries of day-to-day existence." And a sudden chill gripped me as, like a fey, foreboding fancy, the prophetic lines of Rupert Brooke came tumbling into my mind:

"Blow, bugles, blow! . . .
These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhopd serene,
That men call age; and those who would have been,
Their sons, they gave, their immortal-ity."



Fashion takes a busman's holiday—with the accent on hats! Exhibits A and B: Jeanette MacDonald and Joan Crawford, at the opening of Gladys Parker's gown salon, with Allan Jones

A Love Worth Fighting For

(Continued from page 19)

her, her unemployed dramatic instinct told her that it was most fascinating to think of being a married woman before she was twenty, and later, before she was twenty-two, to be a mother.

Laurence Olivier's wife was Jill Esmond, the actress. The Olivier-Esmond love had been much written about. Larry was originally very much in love with Jill, but he was undoubtedly as much in love with the actress as he was with the woman. He had always adored the theater. Coming up to London, getting occasional bits to play, he was enormously impressed with meeting Jill Esmond, daughter of a famous acting family, and almost overcome when he realized she was falling in love with him. Jill was all that he was not—important, established, well-trained theatrically. When she got an opportunity to come to America for a show, Larry made his debut with her in "Private Lives" on the New York stage. When she went back to England, he returned, too. Then he got a chance at a movie test for RKO, but Jill stood in with him on it, and when it came time to draw up the contracts, it was Jill they wanted most, although both were signed up.

It was Larry's good luck, in disguise, that made everything turn out badly. RKO advertised him as a "second Colman" and since he was nothing of the sort both the studio and the public were disappointed upon seeing him. Jill didn't set the screen on fire, either, so when their options weren't taken up the Oliviers went back to London.

Then Hollywood beckoned again. Laurence was needed for the lead opposite Garbo in "Queen Christina." The rush was so great that he had to cable his measurements so that his costumes could be ready for him on landing. He came across the ocean on the fastest boat, across the country on the fastest plane. Everything was ready for him except Garbo. Garbo insisted upon John Gilbert for the role.

The bitterness engendered in Larry Olivier by this went far toward making him the great performer he was in "The Green Bay Tree." To act magnificently now became an absolute compulsion. Through frustration, his brilliant mind developed a sardonic twist. His naturally pleasant personality became fierce and rebellious. When he met Vivien Leigh, also disillusioned and revolutionary at heart, it was flame meeting flame. A conflagration was bound to result and did.

They instantly discovered each other and the ambitions and dreams they had in common. After their play, they did a movie together. The bright sun of mutual success shown upon them. They

were triumphant artistically and commercially. They even did a production of "Hamlet" together, Vivien playing Ophelia to Laurence's melancholy Dane. Long before that they had known that they were in love, but after that production all London and their respective mates knew it.

WHEN Laurence Olivier came to Hollywood for the third time last winter, everyone saw the change in him. He was no longer shy or inhibited. He did not mingle with the few friends he had made out here on his previous visit. He did exactly as he pleased, staying by himself because he was so much in love he needed no companionship.

Then Vivien Leigh came visiting Hollywood, met Myron Selznick, brother of David, and through the accident of that meeting got the test that resulted in her being chosen as Scarlett. That was thrilling, but actually she lived through a lonely winter because almost as soon as she arrived, Larry's stage play took him away from her. But he left the play as soon as he possibly could to come westward to be near her, since "Gone with the Wind" was not yet finished.

They still don't see many people. They dine a lot with Director George Cukor and see a few members of the English colony but they are still at that stage where they prefer to be alone together. And therein, too, they act not at all like the lovers of Hollywood who always seem to make their vows at the Troc or to exchange their first kiss Friday night at the fights. The emotion between them is too intense and sincere for any of that calculated demonstration. They dine in the quietest restaurants and do no calling save upon each other. But see them together and you know they are in love, if only by the carefully casual attitude they maintain publicly toward each other. They are moody, too, with the moods of true romantics—all laughter and joy one moment, all fiery intellect or fierce conversation the other.

They will have to wait at least another full year before they can marry. So during that year watch for some very great performances, Larry's as Max de Winter in "Rebecca" and Vivien's in any one of the several big productions Selznick is planning for her. They will inevitably give great acting portrayals, living as they are now through those exciting, vivid moments of human life that breed true artistic creativeness.

As for what will happen to them after they wed—well, we were talking of romance—and matrimony is quite a different story.

We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 66)

David's face relaxes and he breaks into a laugh.

"You are cordially invited to the world premiere of—" he reads. David's words are drowned in laughter. But it's still nervous laughter.

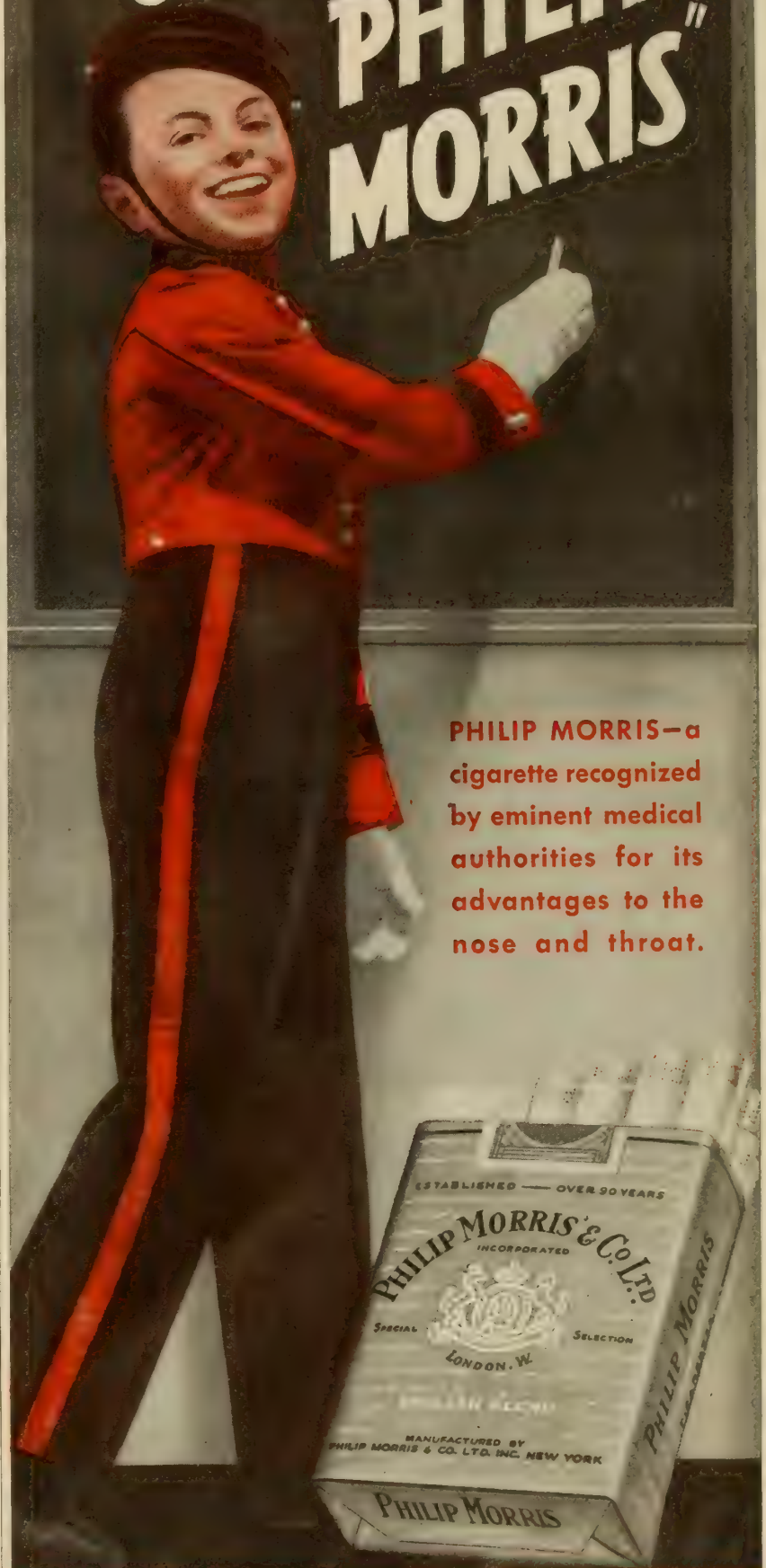
We find Warner Brothers readying a big push in production this month, with "The Fighting 69th" (Jimmy Cagney, George Brent, Pat O'Brien); "The Sea Hawk," a remake with Errol Flynn; and "Invisible Stripes," George Raft's next try at Warners. In between, Wayne

Morris is keeping the studio open with the timely gambling ship thriller, "Gambling on the High Seas."

Selznick-International also has a war rush order movie in "Rebecca," the rushee being Laurence Olivier, another loyal subject of His Britannic Majesty. Laurence has been cast as Max de Winter in Daphne du Maurier's masterly *Manderley* murder mystery ever since Selznick bought the book. On the other hand, Joan Fontaine, Brian Aherne's bride, signed up for the most sought-

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after Hollywood part since *Scarlett O'Hara* barely two days before the picture began. It marks Joan's very biggest break yet. Oddly enough, the part hasn't even a character name. It's just "I!"

If you've read "Rebecca," though, you'll know that "I" is the central character of the moody, mystifying, almost mad drama of *Manderley*, the house of a million memories. Alfred Hitchcock, England's gift to the motion picture world, is overflowing from a canvas director's chair as he talks to Olivier, Joan Fontaine, and Judith Anderson. The scene is where *Max* and "I" arrive from their strange marriage and get a cool, damp reception from the evil Mrs. Danvers. Judith Anderson plays *Danvers*.

All four are bent over a sketch Hitchcock is explaining. He was a draftsman and a civil engineer before he took up making movies. He still draws out every scene before it's shot. "Here is *Max*," explains Hitchcock, meaning Laurence. "And here is 'I'."

"Do you mean me?" asks Joan. "No, I mean 'I,'" winks Hitchcock. "You're 'I' from now on."

"I'm you," Joan keeps it up. "Funny—we don't look a thing alike!" It sounds like Gracie Allen.

OVER at RKO-Radio we see Raymond Massey, in "Abe Lincoln in Illinois." Massey won extravagant praises of the Broadway stage critics last year. This year he's repeating on the screen.

The set we visit is the bedroom of a log cabin where *Ann Rutledge* (Mary Howard), Abe's only real sweetheart, lies dying. Massey is a startling reincarnation of the young Lincoln. He has the long, loose face; a built-up nose is about the only make-up addition.

Everyone speaks in whispers. Mary Howard lies in a giant bed. A microphone is concealed in the pillow to catch her expiring whispers.

"All right, Abe," whispers Director John Cromwell. Massey, awkward, gangling, but intense, steals across the floor and kneels at her bed in silence. You could hear a pin drop. Tenderly, Mary strokes his lank hair and says—(we can barely hear her) "come close to me. I've wanted you so much."

You can see the hope rise on Massey's—we mean, *Lincoln's* face. Though *Ann Rutledge* is dying, the important thing is that at last she loves him. This moment will be his forever. He is almost happy. Then as she turns to die she says, "John."

His name isn't *John*. She has never loved him.

And the next expression of Mr. Raymond Massey's face is probably why he is a great actor. The cameras hold it long after the scene should be cut. There still isn't a whisper on the set.

"First Kiss" is the title Darryl Zanuck has picked to launch his seventeen-year-old wonder girl, Linda Darnell, on a starring career. The idea is that Linda has a husband, Tyrone Power, who likes to cheat on dates with his secretary, Wendy Barrie. So, to find out what secretaries have that wives haven't,

Linda gets herself a secretary's job with Warren William. They all step out in a foursome one night and the big blow-off arrives.

Director Gregory (Accent) Ratoff is having a little trouble with Linda, today, though. She's never worked with Ty before and she has the jitters. Before she played *Cinderella* at TC-F, Tyrone Power was her dream man and the idea of actually making love to him on the screen is much too much. But the antics of Ratoff snap her out of it.

There's a dog, *Zero*, who figures in the plot of "First Kiss." The scene we see is supposed to be Ty coming in late at night and tripping over *Zero*. But Ratoff decides that the pup will take too much time getting himself ready to be tripped over. "I'm goink to be play-ink de dahg!" he announces. "A great pufahmance. Watch!"

Well, probably neither Linda nor Ty nor us nor anyone has ever seen anything quite like the sight of Gregory Ratoff on his hands and knees, woofing and ki-yi-ing as Ty Power kicks him in the ribs and tumbles. It's sights like these that keep alive our faith in Hollywood as a screwball community!

The Zanuck fall picture boom at Twentieth Century-Fox is just getting under way with "Swanee River," Don Ameche's attempt to bring the sad but tuneful story of Stephen Foster to the screen; "Everything Happens at Night," Sonja Henie's new ice epic; Alice Faye in a modern version of "Little Old New York," and Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath," which goes ahead any day, now.

BUT the major attraction for us at Twentieth is Shirley Temple, in Maurice Maeterlinck's fantasy, "The Blue Bird," in Technicolor, which has practically monopolized production facilities at TC-F. Shirley is playing a mean self-centered, quite nasty little girl (who reforms in the end, of course). She has that dangerous little picture-stealer, Sybil Jason, with her, too. Also, for the first time, a very cute child, younger and smaller than herself, one Johnny Russell. All in all, Shirley must watch her P's & Q's here.

Shirley is being her most villainous when we arrive on the set. But she's having a swell time. Because after every naughty take all her camera crew make terrible faces and go—"S-s-s-s-s-s! S-s-s-s-s-s!" Shirley thinks the hissing is swell. It's a new experience, and she giggles with glee.

Shirley and Johnny Russell are supposed to be wolfing their Christmas Eve supper—a very savory stew. But the scene just shows them starting in. Director Walter Lang shouts "Cut!" before either Shirley or Johnny get any stew in the hopper. Each time Shirley burns.

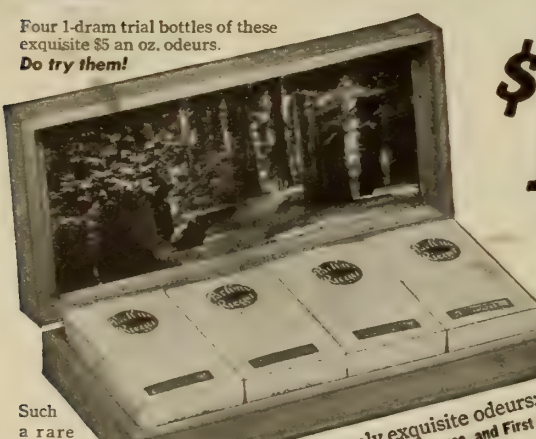
Finally, when Lang says, "Cut! That's it. Print it!" Shirley tosses her fork down, puts her arms to her sides, and addresses Lang indignantly. "You didn't let us have one bite!" complains Shirley. "I think that's mean, don't you, Johnny?"

"Yes," chirps Johnny. "It smelled good, too!"

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Portrait in Scotch Plaid with Shamrocks

(Continued from page 32)

feeling that he has a lot of life to live which is not possible under the necessary restrictions of married life. He always has a glass of milk before retiring.

Richard Greene has never been seasick crossing the English Channel. He likes coat-shirts, pull-over sweaters, cigarettes, pipes, and driving with the top down.

He likes playing poker but not for high stakes.

He is a voracious reader, of democratic tastes, and he comes of a family of stage celebrities.

He weighs 170 pounds, swims well with an overhand trudgeon, likes marmalade and plans someday to build a Spanish ranch house.

His moments of depression are extremely rare, and he has read "Alice in Wonderland" many times.

His father died when he was two-and-a-half.

He dislikes attending concerts, boasts a large library of records, specializing in operatic and semiclassical music.

His hair is dark brown.

He is a good tennis player, bad golfer, exceptional diver, and does not like clams.

He likes fried shrimps, coffee, bacon and eggs, puddings, chocolate malt, and chili con carne.

He speaks Latin, Greek, Spanish and French, and has no prejudices regarding marriage between professionals. He likes his eggs straight up, and thinks radio commercials in America are "damned annoying."

He can erect a perpendicular and "that's about all he knows of geometry." He enjoys watching prize fights, motor races and any competition between horses.

He studied voice, sings a middling baritone, and doesn't mind women smoking provided they smoke properly and don't puff.

He seldom wears a hat and when he does he prefers a sloppy old felt. He has an open mind concerning astrology and various phases of clairvoyance believing there's too much fact to confound the skeptics.

He has never had the mumps.

RICHARD GREENE has a predilection for practical jokes, and chews gum only after a lot of smoking.

He doesn't like caviar.

He has a cat named Jacqueline and a cocker spaniel named Bruce, the cognomens having no reason whatever. He lives with his mother in a five-room house atop a hill.

He has spent a lot of time on a Palm Springs ranch learning to rope and jump horses, and he regrets that he hurt his leg by crushing between two cars instead of falling off a horse.

He likes wearing dinner clothes, and considers his greatest thrill the time he rode a bucking bronco and stayed with it for one minute. (Eight seconds is the accepted time.)

His comic strip favorites are *Flash Gordon*, *Popeye* and *"Bringing Up Father."*

His boyhood ambitions embraced being a farmer, writer, veterinary surgeon and a Southwest African mountie. He has just taken up skiing and he believes in a life hereafter, or some form of reincarnation, because "everything is timeless" and "things are too alive to end with death."

He has no preference among blondes, brunettes or redheads. He was most

interested in history and English literature at school, and he'd rather go to parties than give them.

He likes being interviewed.

He plays checkers and chess.

He doesn't like crowds, silk shirts, or backslappers. He dreams seldom, sleeps soundly, likes being alone when he comes home from work, and likes Paris best of all cities.

He favors a dry Martini before dinner, and thinks if he had not become an actor he would have been a roving journalist.

He is addicted to singing in the shower, usually picking on "The Donkey's Serenade" or "The Volga Boatman." He hates letter writing, formal premieres and alarm clocks.

He has written short stories and some dramatic pieces, has not attempted to market them, confessing that his stuff is too immature.

He is attracted to places of exotic character, and regrets having gained security so early in life that much of the zest of uncertainty and thrill of the unknown is gone.

RICHARD GREENE is a conscientious objector to military service, but would go should the need arise.

He likes hunting.

He dislikes roulette or any gambling game in which the player is entirely dependent on a mechanical device.

He doesn't want to know the future and so avoids fortunetellers. He loved, when in London, to listen to the political harangues in Hyde Park. He prefers grey suits.

He feels the absence in Hollywood of old buildings with character and tradition, particularly in restaurants.

He takes a hot shower and tapers off with cold water, and his favorite singers are Caruso and Lucrezia Bori.

He is a good listener, readily admits a mistake, likes managing his own business, and is very fond of carpentry.

He is an inveterate frequenter of foreign restaurants, and loves to walk in the rain without a hat.

He deprecates women who dye their hair, and at the termination of his contract he intends to take a year off and travel. He was captain of the fencing team at school, doesn't mind dining alone, and fell madly in love at the age of seven with a little brunette miss whose name he cannot recall.

He revels in spirited argumentation.

He is fond of guns and is the proud possessor of a .30.06 rifle. He was, at fifteen, scared to death by a bull which chased him into a barn.

He is not allergic to anything.

He considers "Submarine Patrol" his best picture and "Lucky Star" his worst performance. He makes charcoal sketches of animals, and has never had any nickname but Dick.

He plays a fair game of pool and billiards, likes fresh-water fishing, and thinks girls look attractive in slacks though he prefers the old-fashioned dress.

He is inclined to do things on the spur of the moment, likes walking with a cane, and invariably whistles or hums when alone.

He was very shy with girls until he went on the stage.

He usually lets things get awfully jumbled and then suddenly goes on a spree of getting orderly and systematic. He failed in his first small part on the stage and the friends of Richard Greene advised him to give it up.

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(Continued from page 1)

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13

14. THE EYES HAVE IT

For the first time, the eyes have a beauty kit of their own, small enough to fit in the palm of your hand, but crammed with tricks to make you as starry-eyed as the stars: a Kurlash eyelash-curler; Kurlene, the eyelash-conditioner-cream; Twissors with which to tweak out unruly hairs that spoil your arch; Mascara Compact in fascinating new colors; Eye-pencil and Unbreakable Mirror—a lot of eye-appeal for just \$3.00.

14

15. DINNER JACKET

"Black tie" for the gentlemen, and for the ladies, a glistening lamé taffeta dinner jacket of red and black and silver plaid. It buttons all the way up the front to a childish turnover collar, but when you turn your back—you turn your back forever on childishness, with a sophisticated bouncing bustle. Yours for holiday glitter at around \$6.00.

15

16. PANCAKE MAKE-UP MIRACLE

Do you know the secret of the smooth and lovely complexion Max Factor gave the stars? It comes out of a magic little pancake that he named "Pancake Foundation," and now there isn't a Star who'd be without it. You can have it, too, to keep or give away for Christmas, in a handsome star and comet-studded red and gold box, complete with powder, rouge, lipstick and normalizing cleansing cream. A box full of screen-tested Hollywood glamour for just \$4.55.

16

17. "EVENING IN PARIS"

Forget the war clouds and think of an evening in Paris as it used to be! Bourgeois' beautiful blue satin and silver star-studded treasure chest will take you there, wafted by the lovely perfume, the delicate face powder, the cloudy talcum and the jewel-like lipstick and compact in this coveted treasure chest. Lots of loveliness for just \$5.00!

17

Don't for a minute think that your Editors think that this covers the Christmas Gift Situation to your complete and total satisfaction. There's still Aunt Tillie and Uncle Lemuel, isn't there? But there's still another month and another issue of PHOTOPLAY to come before Santa starts sliding down any chimneys. So watch for next month's issue and the twenty-four presents we have bagged. There won't be a name left to check on your list, by the time we've finished Christmas snooping.

The Editors.

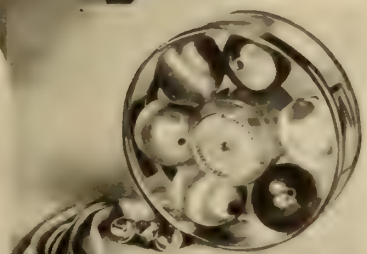


18

18. A PRETTY HOW-DE-DOO

Merry Hull's evening mitts of sapphire blue velvet studded with twinkling silver stars. The wall of white kid that bisects the mitts exactly allows you plenty of room to wiggle your thumb and fingers. You've heard about the newest thing of all in gloves—"Finger Free" construction! Well, this is it—for around \$4.00.

19



19. FOR THE GIPSY IN YOU

A musical tambourine full of sachet balls—ribbon streamers, jingle bells and all! Inside the Cellophane circle are five shiny satin sachet balls to match the jolly gipsy trappings, in Orloff's three Russian gipsy perfumes, "Gardenia Russe," "Nikki," and "Carnation Imperiale." Perfect for Christmas—and much more expensive-looking than its modest price of just \$1.00.

20



20. ROBIN HOOD'S MONEY BAG

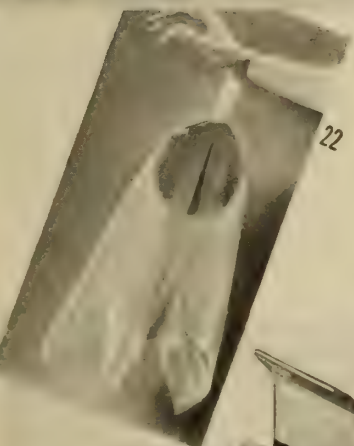
Robin Hood's jingling money bag, copied by Lucien Lelong, in Sherwood green suede and bright red silk with red silk drawstrings. But in place of that beloved rascal's swag, Lelong has stowed away a Robin Hood Red lipstick, rouge, powder and a flask of Carefree Perfume. There's even a green felt Robin Hood hat with a bright green feather, to pin on your escort's lapel. The school-girl's delight. \$5.50.



21

21. "DANGER!"

You can't frighten a woman away from "Danger!" It's the best come-on we know! True, the high price limited it a little in the past. But for the future—Santa sees only very rosy prospects now that Ciro has duplicated it for Christmas—crystal block-bottle and all—in an impressive \$12.00 size. For the most exotic lady on your list!

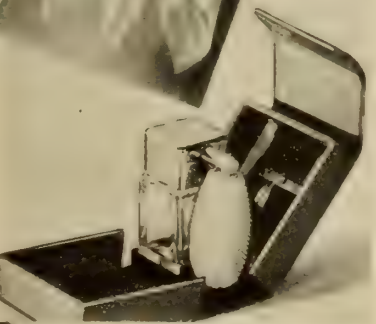


22

22. HANKI-PURSE

A girl who was always "going places" thought up this one! Because she was always dropping either her evening purse or her hankie. So she riveted them together permanently—a lovely chiffon evening hankie attached to a bracelet strap on her wrist, and underneath it all, a quilted satin evening pouch to match. Clever? There's room enough inside for make-up and mad-money—and a great relief to your beau, too, to have you tote your own! Around \$3.00.

23



23. PERFECT GADABOUT

A lady would as soon forget her toothbrush as her De Vilbiss traveling atomizer, the only way to tote your perfume on your travels! The 1½-dram crystal bottle is as streamlined as the Twentieth Century and locks as tight as a drum. The bright leather traveling case condenses into next-to-nothing—and there you go—carrying your sweetness with you everywhere, for just \$6.50.



24

24. LOOT FOR YOUR LOTHARIO

For THE man in your life—Prince Gardner's de luxe leather accessories. A billfold with that wonderful sliding-pocket classifier-feature that separates credentials, classifies currency and hides the big bills; a sliding card case; a flat but elegant inside pocket wallet for evening; and a zipper key-case with license-compartment. The gift box is sure to wind up as a permanent handkerchief case on his dresser. \$7.50 to \$50.00 for the set. It's all a matter of leather!

No Wonder You've Been Hinting For A NEW 1940 Majestic FOR CHRISTMAS!

**New FOR A LADY WHO
DESERVES A CHARMING GIFT**

It's radio time all the time, with this combination of rich-toned 5-tube Majestic radio and accurate electric clock with genuine Middlebury movement. True modern beauty, in ivory or onyx plastic... and it's two gifts in one.



NEW! Perfect "Present to the House"

Turn it on, tuned in, by pushing ANY button! No aerial, no ground. Gets everything—American, foreign, police, amateurs, ships! Majestic directional loop inside cabinet; exclusive new kind of Automatic Volume Expansion! See it!

NEW! To Make Christmas Funds Go Farther

Value sensation of a value-packed line! Two wave-bands that get all standard U. S., foreign, amateurs, aviation. Yet—priced LOWER than many radios that get U.S. broadcasts only.



NEW! Battery, AC, DC, Portable!

New kind of push-button control. Add hours to old-battery life playing with both battery and house current; won't hurt batteries or set! Shown open and closed.

Automatic Record-Player That Tunes In the World!

Want to be the most popular man in your house? Then see your Majestic dealer and arrange for a new 1940 Majestic for Christmas-morning delivery! The glorious-toned console-combination above is just one of the 1940 Majestics that are ready to make this the most perfect Christmas you've had! It plays 10- and 12-inch records intermixed! Self-starting, constant-speed synchronous motor, with automatic stop! No aerial, no ground. 6-tube radio circuit gets all standard U. S. broadcasts, plus foreign, ships, amateurs; has newest Majestic features that are the talk of America. Gorgeous walnut case. See your Majestic dealer now!

Write for illustrated literature and name of nearest dealer to MAJESTIC RADIO & TELEVISION CORP., 2624 W. 50th St., Chicago. Cable Address, "Majestic, Chicago." Dealers! Write for name of nearest distributor.

Majestic
MONARCH OF THE AIR
NIGHTY
TRADE IN YOUR OLD MAJESTIC
ON A NEW MAJESTIC

Miracle Men at Work—to Make You Lovelier

(Continued from page 27)

should be straight ahead. Shoulders should be in a normal position, neither hunched up nor thrown too far back. Your chin also should be on the up and up. And both your abdomen and your posterior should be pulled in. (Try pulling in both these sections at once and see what it does for you!) Besides which, walk as if you were glad to be alive. (Burns)

4. There is a proper and pleasant way of sitting, too. And it's easily acquired. Furthermore, if you sit slovenly, you will stand slovenly, and if you stand slovenly, you will walk slovenly. When you are seated, generally speaking, your legs and feet should be brought together. Not in a stiff, tense manner. But casually and easily. When you sit with your knees wide apart—and many women who practically give up their lives to taking an inch off their hips do sit this way—you look ungainly and ludicrous. (Hinsdell)
5. Watch your stride. It should be of a length that is easy and natural for the length of your legs. (Enright)
6. Never enter a room with your eyes down. (Enright)
7. If you'll hold your hands on the back of your hips, it will lead you to a beautiful posture. (Enright)
8. There's no earthly use to put on an act before people. You'll get exactly nowhere in physical grace unless you employ it all the time. And we mean *all the time*, when you're home, and completely alone, too. (Enright)

CHECK AND DOUBLE CHECK YOUR MANNERISMS

These May Be Little Habits of Which You're Unconscious, But How Do They Affect Others—That's the Question!

Florence Enright, exponent on charm, says: "Everyone is likely to have one nervous mannerism at least. If you don't know what yours is, sit down with someone who loves you enough to tell you the truth."

DO YOU BLINK?

The blinking habit is as common as poverty—and as disconcerting. For quiet, level eyes give you force and concentration. To correct the blinking habit, in double-quick time, focus your eyes ahead of you. Focus them on the greatest possible distance. Then, quickly, move your eyes to consider the left corner of the room. Bring them forward again. And, quickly, move them to consider the right corner of the room. Then turn your eyes to the front again and close them. Whereupon you'll be ready, after half a minute of relaxation and darkness, to begin from the beginning once more.

FROWNS PAY NO DIVIDENDS And Eyebrows That Keep Lifting Make You Look Supercilious

If you're guilty of either of these habits, and the chances are that you are, practice lifting your eyelids without lifting your eyebrows. Feel that muscle in your eyelid rise. This exercise will enlarge your eyes, too. Honestly! And remember always: *Your eyes themselves are dead things. It's the expression around*



Nina Moise

them—the things the little muscles do there—that suggest the expression of your eyes.

DOES YOUR MOUTH WEAR A BITTEN LOOK?

If your teeth are uneven or discolored, you're likely to seek to hide them—and thus expose them! For if, when you smile, you hold your teeth closed, the result will be a grimace. And a grimace exposes more of your teeth than a smile, always. Whatever your teeth are like, part them when you smile, smile naturally!

DROOPING SHOULDERS

Carry your handbag under your arm on the same side as your drooping shoulder. Or carry it by the strap by the hand opposite your drooping shoulder. Take your choice!

IT'S THE WAY YOU SAY IT Never Underestimate the Power of Your Speaking Voice to Attract or Repel

1. It's sheer stupidity to believe it is an affectation to improve your voice. If, as you work on your voice, anyone presumes to say any such thing to you — LAUGH! For, obviously, any tone you can muster from your throat is natural to you. And that's more than can be said for curls that result from permanent waves, and the flushes that result from rouge. Yet these improvements are all right, they're never damned as affected! Stuff and nonsense! (Enright)
2. Exercise will help to make your voice richer and fuller. A dozen times a day, say "M-m-m-m-y, M-m-m-m-m-y, I'm tired." And always as you do this, bring your voice from the back of your throat to the front. (Enright)
3. Don't keep your teeth close together when you talk, as if you meant to rip your words to shreds. Don't be afraid to drop your chin. It will only go so far. And let those muscles under your ears develop. (Enright)
4. You have to breathe to talk as well as to live. Don't rush your words together breathlessly. Co-ordinate your speaking and your breathing. When you lie down, you simply have to breathe correctly. So lie

down. Inhale and exhale. And keep your hand on your diaphragm to discover exactly where your breath comes from. Then stand up and talk—and discipline your breath to come from the same place, in the same way. The timbre of voice that will result from this effort, in a comparatively short time, will delight you and your listeners. That's a promise! (Moise)

5. Listen carefully to those who do talk well. Listen so you really and truly hear them. Then listen to yourself. And practice lowering or raising the pitch of your voice until you attain tones that are warm and resonant. (Moise)
6. Talk to yourself! Your voice should not be loud. "It's an empty wagon that makes the most noise." And it shouldn't be weak. A weak voice is irritating. It requires that those who listen strain to hear. What it should be is strong. And warm and alive. (Hinsdell)

NOW WE COME TO THE MATTER OF DICTION

1. It's the herd instinct that dooms the majority to poor diction. We have a horror of sounding different from everyone else. Consequently, it's only the exceptions who reach for a clean-cut speech (diction's no more than that)—and shine! (Moise)
2. Get on friendly terms with your final consonants. Don't drop the poor things. Pronounce them! But in doing this, do be careful not to bite at the air. (Dunn)
3. Always tone down on your important words. If your voice rises on them you'll sound shrill; you'll lack color and warmth. For instance: If you're about to say, "The girl hated her brother!" your voice should drop, not rise, on the word "hated." (Enright)
4. It's just as important to know how "can" is pronounced—not to say "kin"—as it is to know that it is spelled "c-a-n." But many more people spell it correctly than pronounce it correctly. (Burns)
5. When you have the least doubt about the proper pronunciation of any word, check on the way it is pronounced by the best commentators on the radio and the most distinguished players on the screen. And go on from there. (Burns)
6. Your diction flaws are far more likely to result from carelessness than anything else. So, while you read

aloud from a magazine or a newspaper, have a phonograph record made. Read naturally. Don't try to impress yourself. Such recordings cost twenty-five cents and up, depending upon their size and clarity. But even the smallest and fuzziest record is likely to throw you into an agony when it reproduces the slipshod speech into which you've fallen. (Burns)

THOSE TWIN DEVILS . . . Self-Consciousness and an Inferiority Complex

1. Anticipate friendliness. Refuse to harbor minor grudges that cheat you out of far more than they save you, always. For, if you'll do these two things, you'll have an inner ease that will be invaluable. (Hinsdell)
2. Fools burst in anywhere, perfectly sure of themselves. Self-consciousness and all the pain that goes with it are the result of a superior quality . . . sensitivity. So seek others who are having a bad time of it socially because they're sensitive, too. Help them find their way. And forget yourself in the process. (Moise)
3. What is it that plagues you? Something does or you wouldn't have an inferiority complex! Is it because you're tall? Stand up to your height. Be proud of it. Refuse to go around bent over and apologetic. Is it because you're overweight? Be dignified and gracious. Live up to your stature. Is it because you're plain? Dress with distinction. Chic is a godsend to plain women. (Moise)
4. When you entertain, you have no excuse for not being completely at ease. The very fact that people come to see you proves they like you—unless they're bores, in which case they don't count anyway. (Moise)
5. If you have anything you would like to say, speak up. Take courage from the fact that a great silence would envelop the earth if only those with something significant to say talked commandingly. (Moise)
6. Think of what you are saying rather than of yourself. And if you don't understand the international situation let it lay and talk about whatever does interest you. (Dunn)
7. Certain trifling things—like a fine handbag, pretty shoes, a smart hat, perfume, or a session at the beauty parlor—set up different people. Find out what it is that sets you up. And indulge yourself in it. The improvement which the fillip this gives you will work in your personality will be something that cannot be measured in money. (Dunn)
8. When you turn so shy that you can't possibly talk, just listen! Look at those who can talk—and enjoy it—with warmth and attention. They'll think you're wonderful. And likely enough, warmed by their attitude, your shyness will thaw. (Enright)

The moment some people enter a room they prove attractive. . . However, the details which contribute to this indefinable quality aren't indefinable at all; they're most definite. Next month the studios' beauty and charm experts not only enumerate these details—they also tell how, simply and surely, you can make them part and parcel of your behavior.

PHOTOPLAY—JANUARY



Florence Enright

Tenth Avenue Girl

(Continued from page 69)

done for him and been to him in the darkest hours of his life, his pride in her as his own discovery wouldn't let him do anything else. If he was disappointed that his own work hadn't been quite at its best, that didn't matter. Alice must have this great chance. His sense of humor was aroused, he saw as he always saw the amusing irony of the fact that he, the great star, hadn't been asked to stay, but that the little kid with his band, who had come along just for the ride, had been offered a contract.

Alice wept and stormed and refused. "I want to go home," she said. "I'd die out here. I don't know anybody. I don't want to be in the movies."

Rudy was stern with her. "This is your chance," he said. "You've got to take it and make good. It may never happen again. You're lucky—it's a great break—you belong in pictures."

"But what will you do without me?" Alice wailed.

"I don't know," Rudy said honestly.

The moment was a deep one. It took both their hearts and wrung them with pain and a strange nostalgia. They looked into each other's eyes, wordless, and knew—knew that there was not and never would be between them that man-and-woman love for which they both hungered.

Too many things had stood in the way—Rudy's passion for Fay Webb, for dark, exotic, strange women—Alice's youth and innocence—his need not of a sweetheart, but of a confidante and comforter—and the deep maternal instinct in Alice Faye that had responded to that.

They loved each other then—and knew it—more than anyone else in the world. But they weren't in love and never had been, and now they knew that they never would be.

Always it must be remembered of Alice Faye that she was a girl at eighteen capable of such unselfish devotion, of such sweet friendship. It takes a big-gauge woman to think and feel like that.

Alice Faye signed the contract and a few days later Mrs. Vallee filed her complaint.

SOMETIMES blonde beauty of the Alice Faye type is a cross. If she hadn't looked just the way she did, she might have been Rudy's best friend and confidante and nobody would have misunderstood. To talk of her today on the 20th Century-Fox lot is to know that she wins from men, the men she works with, a devotion and tenderness that is very rare and fine. Harry Joe Brown, her producer on many pictures, Irving Cummings and Henry King, to whose direction she owes so much, above all Tyrone Power and Don Ameche, love her and would fight for her and regard her as their best friend. Plenty of men in Hollywood have fallen in love with Alice Faye, but that doesn't mean as much in her life as the friendship of the guys who kid her, laugh with her, work with her, and think she's the tops.

The charge had been made and Alice was stunned. Would people—could people—believe a thing like that?

Another blow followed swiftly. Rudy finished the picture and, to escape service on his wife's many charges and complaints, the tying up of all his fortune, and interference with his work, he planned to Needles and caught a train east.

Alice Faye was left alone in Hollywood—to face the bitter injustice, the vitriolic accusations, the new life in a new place she hated.

Not Garbo herself was more lonely,

more lost, more strange to language and customs than the kid from Tenth Avenue and the Broadway night clubs.

"What'll I do?" she said to Hymie Bushel. "What will this do to me? Rudy wants me to stay and succeed in pictures. Maybe they'll break my contract now this has happened. Maybe they won't want me on the air any more. What'll I do?"

"Sit tight," said the wise Hymie. "We'll see you through. We know it isn't true. Take care of yourself, we'll do everything we can."

But Hymie knew that Rudy, too, might be irreparably injured by this scandal, by this linking of his name with Alice Faye's, while he was still married. He knew that public opinion might veer one way or the other and no one would ever know why.

ALICE FAYE probably changed the tide, probably swung it back and saved herself—and possibly Rudy Vallee.

Out of the dark, lonely nights when she cried herself to sleep, out of the cold dawns when she sat in the window and faced the new days, out of the silence from the studio which seemed to imply the worst, the girl from Tenth Avenue came with the only possible answer, the only possible way—and didn't know it herself.

Reality was part of her. Life where life was tough—where kids didn't have enough to eat—where tragedy walked daily. That, perhaps, that great background of which in the end she has always been so proud, gave her reality for herself. Basically, her values were sound and real and big and honest—real American principles. She belonged to the people, to the masses, she had been born among them, grown up among them, played and suffered and laughed with them. In her heart was that natural love of life and belief in God that must exist or people wouldn't go on living.

In her hour of lonely, unhappy, black despair she turned back to the people. Newspapermen know about these things. They went to see Alice Faye. She saw them all. They found her a girl still in her teens, and she spoke quietly, she spoke directly, and they knew that she was telling the truth.

"I was just somebody's shoulder for Rudy to cry on," she said. "I was just the one he could tell about his wife, and how much he loved her, and how unhappy she made him. That's the truth, and I'm telling it now, and he never loved me and I never loved him—and if people don't believe any more in friendship and in trying to help a pal when he's in trouble—all right, I'm through."

They believed her and in time, perhaps without knowing it, the public believed her—believed in her, at least.

WHEN she became a star and a great and greater one, people in Hollywood couldn't understand about Alice Faye. Why, she was almost as much of a hermit as Garbo herself. She never went to parties, she didn't get into any of the Hollywood cliques.

Had riches and fame spoiled her, had the girl from Tenth Avenue gone Hollywood?

That couldn't be it, because her best friends were her pretty blonde stand-in, Helene Holmes, and her old friend of chorus days, Betty King Scharff, now married to a musical director in pictures.

The truth was that those early days, those terrible days, had left their mark.



KEY YOUR

Eye Make-Up TO THE NEW FASHIONS

New dress colors, hat designs, hair do's—all conspire to draw more attention to your eyes. So it's no wonder Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are an important part of the Fashion picture. Sweeping glamour for your lashes... expressive eyebrows... soft, shimmering eyelids, and look—there's the stunning effect you want! It's so easy with Maybelline Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow. These safe, world-famous Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are—and always will be—your assurance of beauty that's smart and in good taste. Attractive purse sizes at all 10c stores. Insist on the genuine—Maybelline.



Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in handsome gold-colored vanity, 75c.



Maybelline Cream-form Mascara (applied without water) in trim zipper case.



Maybelline Eye Shadow in distinctive pastel box.



Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil, finely pointed.

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS

THE EYES OF FASHION

by
Maybelline

For alluring mystery under your most devastating hat, make your eyelashes look long, dark, thick—with Maybelline Mascara. For blondes or titian type, Brown or Blue. For brunettes, Black or Blue.

Eyebrows should be tapered to trim perfection with Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil—Brown or Black. If you're youthful and daring, use Blue for eyelid liner!

Accent the depth and color of your eyes with Maybelline Eye Shadow. Choose from six exquisite shades—Blue, Gray, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet. A shade in harmony with your costume is smartly flattering.

Maybelline Eye Make-up is "Fashion-right" for daytime or evenings. It's never obvious and your eyes look far lovelier!



MAIDEN FORM designs for the "DIMINISHING WAISTLINE"



Waistlines must be accented, to be smart—and Maiden Form accomplishes this new silhouette by proper cut alone, without bulky, uncomfortable laces! Try a "Once-Over" (one-piece foundation) or one of Maiden Form's long-line brassieres combined with a "Curtsy" girdle, for fashionable new shapeliness.

Above: One of many long-line brassieres. "Infina" gives a most "dividing line." Show with "Curtsy" Girdle No. 1301. The "Once-Over" has an "Allie" top, for heavier-than-average breasts. Send for free Style Folder L: Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York, N.Y. BRASSIERES AND GIRDLES—\$1.00 to \$5.00 "ONCE-OVERS"—\$5.00 to \$10.00

AT ALL LEADING STORES

Maiden Form
LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK ON
BRASSIERES
GIRDLES—ONE-PIECES

"There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

Unique for Xmas HUARACHES FROM OLD SANTA FE ONLY \$2.50 Attractively Boxed Delivered Immediately

Here's utter comfort for indoor loafing! These Mexican house slipper sandals make ideal gifts for men, women. Hand-woven of same honest steerhide as outdoor type. All sizes for men or women.

TO ORDER
Send shoe size,
if possible outline of foot.

**The
OLD MEXICO
SHOP**

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

Alice Faye, they say, has an inferiority complex. But it is more than that. It is the echo of old fear and loneliness, the childhood panic that came to her then, when at eighteen she found herself deserted, in a strange world, with strange work to do, and the ugliest thing life could do to her haunting her. She learned then to stand alone, to find companionship with her brothers and her mother, and to care little for the surface things of life.

The inferiority complex is there—result partly perhaps of Vallee's domination and training, which is never easy for anyone even though it gets great results—but it is more than that.

The girl who married Tony Martin was hungry for love and for tenderness and for care as few women have been, even though she shone on the screen and was the idol of packed theaters and the dream girl of men all over the world.

CAME swiftly the years between. Mad dashes to New York every time she had a moment off. That clause in her contract that, no matter what the shooting schedule was, Alice was always to be released to lock herself in and listen to the Vallee program. Moving her family west—her mother and Dad, her two brothers. Hard and harder work. Plenty of men who took her out, sent her flowers, made love to her. The newspapers were always listing a new suitor for Alice Faye. Lyle Talbot, Ty Power at first, Billie Seymour—a young millionaire whose father objected wildly to the "notorious" Alice Faye—Michael Whalen, Johnny McQuire, Dick Powell—long before his marriage to Joan Blondell—all of them laid siege to the blonde singing star.

Alice went out with them sometimes. In New York, Rudy Vallee said, "Miss Faye is a most charming girl with a great future ahead of her—but she has many boy friends, and I have girl friends, and we are just the best friends in the world but nothing more."

In Hollywood, Alice Faye said, "The romance is ended between Rudy and me simply because it never started. We've been best friends and I hope we will continue to be. I think the world of him and rumor mongers and gossip hounds are not going to succeed in breaking up my friendship with him."

That covered the many emotions, the many months, of their devotion.

Her pictures were more and more successful.

A home now, in Hollywood. Rudy had won a suit with his wife, who was no longer to be allowed to harass Rudy, or his best friend, Alice Faye. Rudy and Hymie had seen to that, they had taken care of her as they promised.

But where in all this was love?

Where was her own man?

She had been so close to it. She had listened to Rudy Vallee's despair and knew how a man might love. When she locked the door now and listened to Rudy sing across 3,000 miles, it no longer tore her heart with loneliness for him—no longer made her want to get on the first plane and be back in the broadcasting studio—but it tore her heart with loneliness for love itself. She was made for love, but she found no one who fitted the picture in her heart.

Sure, she was seen around at night clubs and night spots with this young man and that. Night clubs were her social background, she had sung and danced in them, they were Broadway to her—even 3,000 miles away.

But where was love? In spite of it all, she didn't find it.

Then one day a tall, dark, young man walked onto the set of "Sing, Baby, Sing." He was somehow, instantly, all that she had pictured in her heart since she was a kid—she'd always wanted to

fall in love with a man who was dark and handsome and had big, dark eyes.

Tony Martin.

Alice Faye fell in love at first sight, as madly, as completely, as romantically as a girl well could. So did Tony Martin.

That, perhaps, was and is the trouble. They started in high. They started at the peak. They didn't know each other at all, or anything about each other. And they were two very emotional, very dramatic young people, really in love for the first time.

They will tell you that Alice Faye had been around New York night clubs and knew the score. They will tell you she sang hot numbers for college boys with success that was phenomenal. They will tell you she was Broadway's own child and that she was a chorus girl and danced for her supper.

True enough.

But Tony Martin was the first man she ever loved!

In her chorus girl days, she had been protected by Hymie Bushel, who is so well-known in New York as a gentleman it is better to agree with. Hymie loved Alice as though she were his own daughter, and he took her out and showed her how to behave and believed in her first of all.

In her gay and entrancing teens when she should have been finding out about young love, sitting in the back of cars with college boys and listening to a line, when she should have been engaged half a dozen times, and proposed to by young men about town, she was giving all her young life to Rudy Vallee and his tragic love story. Growing up—learning—being a confidante and comforter instead of somebody's sweetheart.

In Hollywood, she was too lonely and too unhappy to care for the young men who admired her.

So that Tony swept her off her feet completely. All that had been denied her came true suddenly, miraculously—and with much too much emotion.

To be held in Tony's arms was heaven. To find herself loved and loving at last. To hear him sing to her, and her life had always been song. It was a dream come true. Everything else fell away. They quarreled wildly, and Alice had never quarreled with anyone before in all her life—but it was grand and glorious fun to quarrel, to say what you thought, to be free to be yourself.

They were equals. She wasn't a kid singer being taught to sing, being told what to do by an older man or a man who was miserable and had to be humored, or upon whom her future depended.

This was freedom—freedom to quarrel like kids, fight and make up, do lovely, silly, childish things, forget life as a serious affair.

Too much in love they were to be serene, too much in love not to be easily hurt, frightened, jealous, confused.

Sorrow always, with Alice Faye, goes hand in hand with joy, as tears go with laughter in her work and her personality.

THE final blow that drove her into herself was the misunderstanding around her father's death. She took it too seriously—as she takes most things too deeply. He had gone East to prepare for them an old-fashioned home Christmas. They'd all be together in New York again—and maybe it would be a white Christmas. He wasn't used to the cold after California—and pneumonia caught him, he collapsed in a restaurant where he wasn't known and was taken to a hospital.

By the time his name was known, the papers had it. Alice Faye's father was dying in a charity ward of a public New York hospital.

Perhaps, right then, there happened to Alice Faye the thing that really changed her into a great actress—into a real star. For she had to go on working. They didn't realize how ill her father was. Her mother hurried to his bedside, so did her brothers. Alice stayed, dry-eyed, white-lipped, and like a trouper finished the picture.

She never saw him alive again—the girl who loved her family, her father, her home, her town, better than she has ever loved Hollywood and all its glamour.

It meant she was an actress and that the love of the theater Broadway had given her at her cradle was a real thing, a part of her inner being, not just a career, not just a job to be done for fame and money.

THAT is the real story of Alice Faye.

That is why today she is so important, why she will be one of the few of the really great stars in another year.

The first days of a picture are agony for her. She suffers torture, she is afraid, she weeps and trembles. Then she hits her stride and everyone draws a long breath.

From the beginning down there on Tenth Avenue that has been in her. And that, today, is the great truth of her marriage. She loves Tony Martin—but perhaps it is only first love, after all. Perhaps the quarrels and separations that go on are part of a real marriage, but if so, the pattern of the story is all wrong.

Some days Alice wants to be free for her work, or Tony goes away on his own personal appearance tours when she feels she needs him. Some days they quarrel over the thousand things that happen to a man and his wife when she is the big name, the big money-earner, the better-known. Sometimes it may be that Tony Martin isn't able to give her the tenderness and care that she needs when she comes home exhausted, licked, defeated—as such women always must. Men aren't made like that—as the lives of most stars prove.

Other days, Alice loves him so much that she thinks she could give up everything—forget acting, forget the camera, and just be Mrs. Tony Martin, and have the children she longs for, and a home.

There has never been a woman of Alice's type who wasn't torn like that.

The end is not yet written.

The end—according to the pattern—would be the inevitable breaking up of that marriage. For Alice, whether she knows it herself or even whether she wants it—will never escape her destiny. Her destiny of the theater, of the work that is more to her than anything else, the heritage of Broadway at its best.

Perhaps she can have them both. Perhaps Tony Martin loves her enough to understand that this thing is bigger than she is.

If he doesn't, the marriage that Alice loves and has tried so hard to keep, to which she gives more of thought and time than most women, cannot survive.

But if it has to be a choice, Alice won't have any choice, whether she thinks so or not.

Some day, I hope to write for you the final chapter—and when that day comes, five years from now maybe, I think my prediction will have come true. There have been, in my estimation, only seventeen great motion-picture stars in all Hollywood's history, though hundreds have been called by that precious title.

My nomination for the eighteenth is Alice Faye—the girl from Tenth Avenue. Nothing—Tony Martin, nor marriage, nor heartbreak, nor her own inferiority complex, nor her own fights with herself—will stand between her and her destiny. Once in a while, it happens like that.

THE END.

A House to Live In

(Continued from page 41)

house, in that it has been created to suit the twin-careered lives of the stars of Warner Brothers' "Four Wives." Note the two dressing rooms off the master bedroom toward the back or "living" side of the house, which faces away from the road. This means Rosemary and Priscilla can get up in the morning and dress without getting in each other's way. Note the den, separated from the living room by a central hall and a passageway. This means each girl can have a private "date," or one girl may retire to read in the den while the other entertains in the living room.

Now no home is worthy of the name unless it takes into consideration the lives of those who inhabit it. Very often, these days, there is more than one working member of a family who must make an early-morning train to the office. For families with two high-pressure workers, a home should be planned, like the Lanes', for simultaneous morning grooming, for evening entertainment for two separate groups. Two bathrooms or two dressing rooms in the bedroom wing of the house, and a den for after-hours' relaxation are important assets.

LAURENCE B. CLAPP, Los Angeles architect who planned the Lane girls' home, has kept this workable plan very simple, unostentatious, homey. If you arrive afoot, you enter the house from the front loggia under that overhanging cedar-shingled roof, which is stained light grey to give the weather-beaten effect of houses on Cape Cod, quite effective in brilliant California sunshine, too. If you drive in, you go up the driveway to the right of the house and walk from the car apron behind the detached garage to the long loggia at the rear, overlooking the garden. There you find a door going down to the rumpus room in the basement, another leading into the same central hall the front loggia entrance gives on, and—if Rosemary or Priscilla wants to go straight to their own room—there's still another door to the small hall between their bedroom and their mother's. Also, a service porch entrance and a kitchen entrance have been provided. These six doorways give easy access to the out-of-doors.

From the inside out, the rooms make the most of their closeness to garden and lawn. The rear loggia is the outdoor living room, with one corner of it, behind the living room and in front of the master bedroom, the special lounging place of the two lovely stars. Note here a squared-off section, labeled "flowers." A brick pier about four feet three inches square, standing three and a half feet high, has been recessed on top with earth placed in the recess and potted plants installed. Thus the garden almost enters the house! Not an expensive detail, and easily imitated in the corner of a terrace in many a home.

This same observance of the relation of the outside to inside is noticeable in the living room, where three windows make a bay and provide light in the wall opposite the fireplace, while the windows at either side of the fireplace are really long French doors, opening on the rear loggia with its garden view. Note the long vista through arches from the living room, through the hall, into the den—giving a feeling of grace and space within the house, too.

The living room is the most formal room of the Lane girls' dream bungalow, but it isn't very formal, at that. Carpeted in rose taupe, with draperies of cream, green and pale rose chintz, the

chairs and sofas are upholstered in lemon yellow or finely-checked brown-and-white whipcord. The built-in cupboards hold a few antique china pieces, including one of Mrs. Lane's mother's old English china plates; they also serve as bookcases. All the incidental bits of furniture are of maple in early American design.

The den is the informal living room of the house. Its walls are paneled in white pine stained a light reddish color, but the beamed ceiling has been painted white, to give more light reflection. The huge natural red brick fireplace, the window seats upholstered in red leather, a large red leather armchair, a dull green carpet and a green-and-white ottoman make this an unusually cheery room. Pay special attention to what looks like an extra built-in seat at the left of the fireplace; it's a wood box holding logs and kindling for the fire.

The powder room, with its black enamel fixtures and flowered wallpaper, its small red-satin stool before a built-in dressing table, is easy to reach from the den or from the living room. From the den, also, the girls can step right into the kitchen without going through the hall or dining room. The kitchen walls are covered with washable fabric wall covering, except the breakfast nook, which is orange and yellow tile; the floor is brown and orange linoleum, laid over rough flooring.

The dining room is actually a smallish room—the Lanes wanted it that way, since they don't go in for large parties—and the wine-colored, silver-flowered wallpaper has kept it snug, as dark backgrounds do. The built-in china cupboards are a decorative note as well as a convenience.

THE bedroom wing of the house is reached from the rear loggia or from the living room. Mrs. Lane's bedroom is used as a combination den and bedroom. It is separated from the girls' quarters by Mrs. Lane's bathroom and by the small hall, which, incidentally, has two closets in it—one for linen and one, cedar-lined, for wool clothes.

The sanctum sanctorum of Rosemary and Priscilla is sufficiently large to make double-living possible. The carpet, as well as the background of the soft plaid wallpaper, is delft blue. The intricately beamed ceiling, the Venetian-blinded and white marquisette-draped windows, the cream-and-rose chintz chairs, all give to the room a lightness suitable to the girls' youth.

Of course, those dressing rooms are their pride and joy. Each has two large enclosed closets, divided into two sections, which are in turn divided again to become drawers in one case, shoe space in the other. Deep hat closets run the length of each dressing room, above the clothes closets. Both dressing rooms open into the bathroom. It's streamlined in wine and delft blue tile, and the towels are wine with the name "Lane" embroidered on them in blue.

With a good-sized maid's room and bath, a servants' porch and the rumpus room below, that's all there is in this home for two stars. How easily its living arrangements could be adapted to the needs of an average family of four—parents and two children—the sort of home about which so many of us dream. The house requires a lot of at least 150 by 75 feet; the Lane lot is 180 by 100. It was built for about \$17,000, including landscaping and a unit gas heating system.

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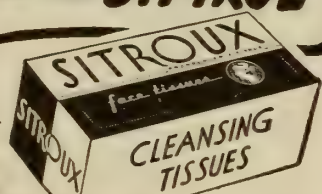
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The Queen's Office Hours

(Continued from page 17)

The Queen was disappointed. "Man? Which one, for God's sake?"

"Master Willoughby, Madam." Elizabeth's eyes blazed. "I sent for him, did I not?"

"Madam, you did."
 "So he desires speech, does he? I'll beat courtesy into him!"

The usher made an apologetic gesture. "Madam, the fault is mine. He was correct, even humble."

The Queen looked at the paper on her knee and resumed her writing. She could write and talk at the same time. "I'll speak with him."

The usher turned, thinking he was dismissed. "When the Earl of Essex comes, announce him at once."

The usher reversed himself and bowed. Elizabeth raised her head suddenly. "Where is the Tax Collector?"

The usher lifted an eyebrow. "I know not, Madam."

The Queen smiled. "'Sblood, nor I either! Tell the sheriff to wait."

The usher, with his mind on the sheriff, forgot to move till the Queen roused him. "Fetch me Willoughby!"

WILLOUGHBY was ready to be fetched. At the first holding back of the curtains in he strode, a middle-aged adventurer, none too sure of himself but affecting boldness. He was tall and thin-faced and his clothes were splashed with mud. Not for him was the Queen wearing her best gown.

Until the usher retired she stared at Willoughby, making him nervous. He cleared his throat.

"Here I am, Madam, at your service." "Stand further off." He backed two or three feet away.

"I like not," she said, "the smell of a spy."

He resented her harshness. "Madam, I wouldn't do it if you didn't make me. I have no stomach for this work."

She smiled grimly. "It is better than hanging, is it not? What news?"

"Madam, you will not like it." She leaned forward, impatient. "Spit it out, man!"

"The Earl of Essex—"
 "Go on!"

"The cause of his increasing neglect of you—"

The word "neglect" was unfortunate. "Say that again and you hang!"

The man looked frightened. "Madam, you bade me learn why he avoided your presence."

Elizabeth, controlling herself, spoke quietly. "Where does the Earl—spend his hours?"

"With the household of Sir Francis Walsingham."

"But Walsingham is dead!"

"His daughter isn't. The Earl of Essex is a favored visitor. Very favored. He visits for days at a time."

In the Queen's face there was no change, but she spoke with a peculiar deliberateness. "You mean—he will marry her?"

"Madam, it is to be hoped. They love each other."

"You lie!"

Again the look of fright came over Willoughby, and he pleaded. "Before God, Madam—"

"She is nothing but a child."

His luck in repartee was atrocious. "Madam, she's only a little younger than the Earl."

For a second the Queen glared at him, then took up the paper on which she had been writing. "You are a thief and should be hanged, but your father was

a gentleman, and the rope is vulgar. I caught you stealing, did I not?"

At that moment the tall man was a sorry figure. "Madam, your mercy is registered in heaven!"

"The sheriff," said the Queen, "had better know it, too. This paper will tell him."

The tall man held out his hands in supplication. "You gave me my life if I proved faithful!"

"If! You're a traitor! For your father's sake I let you earn the ax!"

The man's voice rose. "Madam, I told you the truth! The Earl himself will bear me out—he loves the girl, he spends the time wooing her. For that reason he is absent from court!"

Elizabeth glanced down at the paper. "I have not finished writing. There is space at the bottom for one line."

Before Willoughby could answer the usher announced, "Madam, the Earl of Essex."

The Queen looked at Willoughby with a queer smile. "You swear you have told truth?"

"Let me face him!"

The Queen nodded to the usher. "I will speak with the Earl—shortly."

She waited till the usher had left them. "If you have told truth, Willoughby, I will write here a word to set you free. If you have bungled, you hang. If you have deliberately played the Earl false—"

"Madam, I'll take my oath—"

The Queen raised her hand for silence. "Let him not see you. Behind these curtains"—she motioned over her shoulder—"there is a door. Close it carefully. The corridor brings you to the guard room where the sheriff is waiting. Wait with him."

Crossing behind the table he fumbled a moment with the curtains, then disappeared. She laid the paper on the table, smoothed her gown, made sure her hair was in order; then she waited, very regal in her great chair, till the usher brought Essex in and vanished with practiced speed, having introduced Essex before.

IN silence the Earl dropped on one knee, then came forward to kiss the Queen's hand, and she studied him without a word—a handsome youth, not yet twenty-five, with a slight mustache and a diminutive goatee.

"My Queen!" said he.

"Your neglected Queen," said Elizabeth, using Willoughby's word and putting meaning into it.

Essex thought best to drop on his knees again and gaze at her eyes. "Take back that word, my Queen, more than Queen! Great Lady!"

"How handsome you are!" said Elizabeth quite objectively. "And how young! You may rise."

"At your feet forever!"

"Get up!" said she, and he rose with more dignity and grace than you'd think possible. He even remembered not to dust off his knees.

"We have missed you," said she.

"The business that keeps me from you," said the Earl, "I do badly, having no heart in it."

It was a good start, but she laughed at him, and his temper was ruffled. "Does it amuse you, Madam?"

"Something you once did well," said she, "you now do not at all, having no heart in it. Essex, you have found me out."

"Madam?"

She stood up. "Am I so old?"

The question caught him off his guard, but he rallied. "You are the youngest of us all!"

Nothing he could have said just then would have made her more angry. "Idiot! Imbecile! Look at these hands! This neck! Tell the girls you fly to how wrinkled is this skin! Look at it!"

He was trying to stem the tirade. "Madam, I beg of you—"

But she resumed her chair as abruptly as she had risen from it, and her passionate voice became controlled.

"Is there news from Ireland?"

He was puzzled. "You know better than I, Madam."

"Or from Spain?"

"I have heard nothing."

"WHAT has stopped your ears?" said she, dropping the politeness. "Has your horse strained a tendon? Will not your dog eat?"

"Madam, there is nothing wrong," said Essex, in the tone of one who suffers injury.

"Ah, but there is—very wrong!" Her voice rose. "To defend my kingdom I gathered a bright company, young and tireless, generous and devoted. You and those who came before you were, for a while, what I hoped!"

"Madam, if I have failed you—"

"Robert Dudley, Edward Dyer, Fulke Greville, Philip Sidney, Walter Raleigh! What men they were!"

"God be praised, Madam, some still are."

"And here am I, their Queen, raised to pride and danger—"

"Madam, you are our destiny."

Her voice weakened, almost trembled. "But I am a woman, always lonely, and now old. No, I am not a woman, I am only a symbol."

He started to speak but she pressed on.

"I wanted affection for myself, someone who in my absence would feel desolate, as I have felt. I wanted love." Her voice sank. "I wanted your love."

The moment was awkward, but he found a formula. "Madam, you have my heart."

She smiled. "Respect for old age. When you forget my need of you, I know what displaces your thought of me—no rival passion, nothing heroic—small matters, distractions too trivial to recall, but pleasant enough, one by one, to fill a young man's day."

"Madam, if I have offended you—"

"I think so only when I am weak. When I am myself, I understand."

It seemed they had come to the end and there was no more to say, but after an awkward pause Essex spoke.

"Have you considered, Madam, by what magic you enchant us? You dispense glory, you teach us the steps to our portion, you become, not in a trick of words but in very fact, our way of life. Madam, you taught me to love."

"Shame on you! Let us be honest," said the Queen, obviously pleased.

"Madam," he insisted, "you taught me to love, to yearn for loveliness, for beauty of conduct, grace of word and deed. I shall meet no other such woman, not in this world. I worship you!"

He said it as though he meant it, and Elizabeth, rising, put her hands on his shoulders.

"No woman like me?"

"None," said he, firmly but not loud.

"Can you forget," said she, "how old I am?"

"Ah, Madam!" said he, not knowing what else to say.

She took her right hand off his shoulder to lay a finger on his lips. "Do not lie. Can we be lovers? Not Queen and courtier, but woman and man?"

"You are my Queen," said he, groping.

Her right hand was back on his shoulder and she had a strong grip on him. "I am the woman who loves you and cannot have you. I am jealous! At moments, for your sake, I am not sane. We should have been happy, had I been poor—and young. Kiss me!"

With that she drew down his lips to hers, then with sad dignity returned to the chair and footstool, and for a moment he was thinking he had got out of it pretty well.

"Now," said she abruptly, "how about this Walsingham girl?"

"I beg your pardon, Madam?"

As he reeled from the blow, she smiled and pressed the assault.

"She is somewhat young, but I dare say she has brains. Her father had. The Walsinghams are homely, for the most part, but nature does provide a few happy accidents, and she may grow to something. I hear you visit her."

"Madam, her father was my friend," said Essex, reddening. "The family receive me."

"How often?" said she, in the tone of a police magistrate.

His patience broke. "Whenever I present myself, Madam. They have not yet shut the door in my face."

"The widow, the girl's mother," said the Queen,—"I hope you pay some attention to her."

"I admire Lady Walsingham," said Essex coldly.

"And her daughter?" prompted Elizabeth.

"And her daughter," he echoed defiantly.

The Queen laughed. "Does she show you her dolls?"

"Madam," said he, letting caution go, "she is a woman, however young, intelligent and charming."

"Have you kissed her yet?"

She enjoyed his silence, knowing that his temper couldn't last much longer. "Surely she expects you to kiss her hand!"

"Her hand, certainly," said he.

"Nothing more? Speak up, man! Don't let me frighten you."

"Madam," said Essex, just a shade too loud, "I have kissed her!"

"No doubt the little fool adores you."

It wasn't a question and Essex saw no cause to answer. Had he been calm, he would have observed that she too was about to lose her temper.

"You visit her frequently?"

"Frequently, Madam."

"Daily?"

"Madam, I keep no record."

"When you visit her—that is, when you have kissed her—do you sometimes forget to go home?"

He bit his lips.

"You are a little cruel."

"Cruel, Madam?"

"She hasn't a chance against you."

He turned on his heel. "This is intolerable, Madam!"

"Come back here," said the Queen. "I was about to remark how easily she too will fall into the net. You do not intend to marry her, do you?"

He faced his tormentor. "I have married her, Madam! Six months ago. She is my wife!"

Elizabeth slumped back on the chair as though visited by apoplexy, but he thought he might as well keep on, having begun.

"I married her, Madam, as I had the right to do. We are of an age suitable to each other, our fortunes are equal, she loves me and I love her. You upbraided me for my absences—I have

been spending my time most villainously at home with my wife."

When he paused she didn't stir, didn't wink an eyelid. He noticed with satisfaction that his voice was getting stronger.

"Not my own home, strictly speaking—I spend my time with her in her father's house. Madam, I was a little afraid of you, like others upon whom your august affection has lighted. Perhaps you would distribute your love less magnificently if there were danger of marrying any of us, but your Queenship protects you. You wish to be flattered. We must speak of your youth, we must call you beautiful—" her eyes snapped,—"and you are beautiful, of course, but fate has set you apart, matchless, and if we in our lowly world would find a mate, would beget children, would build a home, then the Tower for us and your enduring detestation! Madam, I was a coward not to tell you this before. It's a pleasure to tell you now, and you may accept the news as you will."

Elizabeth leaned forward as though to spring at him.

"Coward is too handsome a word! You married and then hid her away! You white-livered lady-killer, with your oiled hair and your thin mustache, product of prayers and culture! The line has run out. The house of Devereux has given birth to a sneak, one who might pick a purse or steal a linen sheet. Have I opened my arms to you? Have I kissed a puppet? Fie on me! I must go wash my face!"

The Earl was not impressed. "Madam, friendship will not bear these insults. Tax not my loyalty too far."

She clenched her fist. "You, loyal? There's a cell waiting in the Tower, intended for another, but you may fill it!"

He bowed. "Your habit is well-known, Madam—jail us if we are human. But I warn you, I shall not be patient."

Her voice rose to a scream. "Shall you not? To whom will you appeal? Do you threaten me?"

Essex looked at her with a certain weariness which bordered on disdain. "Madam, while I live I will be true to my Queen, and I shall love my wife. If my Queen judge me untrue because I

love my wife, I thank God she has no better ground for her unkind opinion."

The dignity of his reply melted her. "There was a time," she said, "when you were true to me."

"I am true now."

"You loved me."

"Ah, Madam," said he, "why pretend that life is other than it is? Will you marry me? Would you if you could? Would you if I still were free?"

Elizabeth raised her handkerchief to her eyes, with a slight sniffle. "Men are weak. I dare say they cannot help it. The opinion of the world overcomes them. Love is not enough, they must have marriage."

An unmistakable grin lighted the Earl's face, but he hid it.

Finishing with the handkerchief, she drew a long breath. "Take your wife to your home, Essex. Be a man."

He knelt again and reached for her hand to kiss it, but she drew back.

"Remember," said she, "you are married. Learn constancy, it is high time."

He seized the hand firmly. "My Queen! My adoration!"

It was a beautiful moment. She leaned over and kissed his forehead.

"We do not deceive ourselves," she said. "We have loved truly. Had the stars permitted, we should have been happy always."

He laid his head on her lap, which is an effective posture when practicable, and for a moment she stroked his soft hair. At last he rose slowly as though obliged, against his will, to keep another appointment. In the same resigned mood she arranged her gown.

"Ah, me!" she sighed.

"Madam," said he, in a sudden challenge, "who told you my secret?"

"That man Willoughby."

The start the Earl gave was obviously sincere. "You don't mean the tall rascal with the thin face? Madam, he's a spy!"

"He is indeed," said she smiling. "I employ him."

Essex stared. "So does the King of Spain!"

This time she did the staring. "Are you certain?"

"Madam, I can prove it. How did he deceive you?"

The curtains behind the Queen's chair shook and bulged, and Willoughby rushed out, making straight for Essex, who drew his sword. The tall thin man, since he was unarmed, turned to the Queen.

"Madam, that's a damnable lie!"

"We were not deceived," said she.

Essex gasped. "Has this fellow heard—what we said?"

"Every word, my dear. I expected he would."

"Then he dies!"

"If you please, not on this carpet."

She took the paper from the table and dipped the pen in the inkhorn. "Hold him your prisoner while I write."

With obvious enjoyment she added the final line and signed her name. For one instant Willoughby clasped his hands imploringly, then turned stoical, while she waved the paper in the air to dry.

"Hand him over to the sheriff. This is the warrant. To the Tower!"

The bald-headed usher showed no astonishment at the procession coming out as he came in, Willoughby in front with the Earl's sword tickling his shoulders. The Queen was sucking the end of her right forefinger, to remove an ink stain.

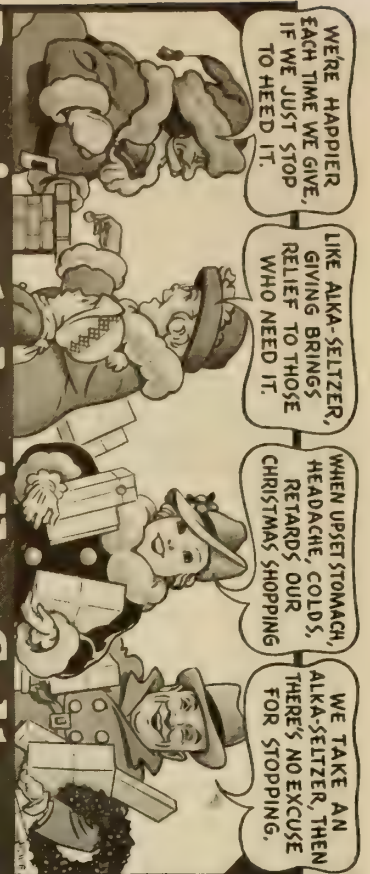
"Madam, the Tax Collector."

"Here at last, is he?" said Elizabeth drying the finger on her handkerchief. "God be thanked! My purse is empty."

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1. Warren William, William Powell
2. The gold statuette given Academy Award winners
3. George Brent, Ralph Forbes (To Ruth Chatterton)
4. Ann Sothorn
5. Marlene Dietrich
6. "The Old Maid," "The Gorilla"
7. Mickey Rooney
8. Ann Sheridan
9. Errol Flynn
10. Loretta Young
11. Resident club for girls connected with pictures
12. Constance Bennett, Kay Francis
13. Thomas Edison
14. Emil Jannings, Janet Gaynor
15. Wayne Morris, Jane Bryan
16. Paul Muni
17. Seventh
18. Shirley Temple
19. "The Real Glory," "Dust Be My Destiny"
20. "Melancholy Baby," "I'm Just Wild About Harry"

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★ THE CHALLENGE—Denham Films

THE villain of this melodrama is no Karloff or Laughton, but a mountain, one that hurls rockslides against those foolish mortals who challenge its impregnability. The hero is its superb photography of breath-taking escapes and sudden death among eternal snows in the Alps of the 1860's. Rivalry runs rampant through the plot—the rivalry of an Italian mountaineer and an English artist (Luis Trenker and Robert Douglas, ingratiating, persuasive actors, both) to be the first to scale the Matterhorn; the rivalry of three countries (England, Switzerland, Italy) for the same honor; and the aforesaid rivalry of man against mountain. The apparent climax, the successful scaling of the peak, is surprisingly followed by an equally intense drama of man against suspicious mountaineers. Throughout, the action hinges upon mountain climbing and life-and-death struggle. Perhaps not a woman's picture, since women find it hard to understand why men must conquer apparently unimportant things simply because they're still unconquered, but even so they must appreciate the spirit behind such conquest. "The Challenge" shows graphically how such victories are won, and in so doing presents something different, with many departures from the expected. Of the women in the cast, Mary Clare is magnificent as the Italian's grim, bitter mother, and Joan Gardner is pretty and ineffectual as his sweetheart. Fred Groves, as Joan's father, lends effective support, as do the other members of the cast—though you may find the Oxford accents or Cockney whine of mountain villagers a trifle disconcerting at times!

★ HONEYMOON IN BALI—Paramount

BOY, Fred MacMurray must be the envy of all those college boys who voted Madeleine Carroll to be on a South Sea Island with. Because that's what happens to Fred. You see she's a business woman who is content with her unromantic lot until earthy Mr. MacMurray comes into her ken. Then Sex, à la the Tropics, suddenly intrudes. And very welcome, too. She puts up some resistance, the silly girl, but after all the basic natural laws hold sway. This thing has color and glamour at its best; besides which, production and cast are both terrific. Neither MacMurray nor Miss Carroll has ever done better work. You'll like Helen Broderick and pretty little Carolyn Lee, too.

★ WHAT A LIFE—Paramount

GOSH, that Jackie Cooper is a good actor! Wait until you see him walk away with the difficult assignment he has in this really amusing picture. He's cast as an adolescent, which indeed Jack is, with all the need for adjustment peculiar to that time of life. Story comes from the play, which was successful, and also from the play comes Betty Field, Cooper's sweetheart. James Corner is the rival; John Howard and Kathleen Lockhart offer especially good performances. You will get a lot of laughs out of this.

★ ESPIONAGE AGENT—Warners

YOU'D expect Warners to take advantage of the news and run up something at this moment about the guys who get the spies. Joel McCrea is the steely-

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 63)

eyed Nemesis of those who snoop around America's secrets. He marries Brenda Marshall, a foreign espionage agent, and when what she's done catches up with her, Joel resigns his post in the foreign diplomatic service in order to help her hunt down the ringleader of the spy group. George Bancroft, Jeffrey Lynn and others complete the cast. The picture is full of thrills, too lengthy in spots, but sufficiently timely to make your hair rise near the roots.

★ THE DAY THE BOOKIES WEPT—RKO-Radio

DESPITE its peculiar title, this is a highly successful comedy, with Joe Penner at his very best. He's a New York cab driver who trains pigeons and loves Betty Grable. His pals send him off to Kentucky to buy a horse and, of course, he gets stuck with a worn-out old nag—which hobbles about at a dismal rate until Betty discovers it likes liquor. What that girl accomplishes with a keg of beer you can hardly believe, but it doesn't matter because you'll be laughing too hard at Joe.

BLACKMAIL—M-G-M

HERE'S another morbid but thrill-packed movie, the idea, this time, revolving around oil-well fires and the methods of fighting them. There's an escaped criminal, a purchased confession, a chain gang, and Edward G. Robinson. Besides that, you'll see more fire and more oil than you ever imagined. The notion is new, certainly, and production is keyed to a terrific pace. Robinson does good work, as does Gene Lockhart. Bobs Watson has a role.

\$1,000 A TOUCHDOWN—Paramount

MARTHA RAYE owns a school again, and this time she has a mouth as big as hers playing opposite her. It was a natural, teaming La Raye with Joe E. Brown. There's no sense whatever to the story, but it's funny: Martha's broke, sells her house to keep the college open, and discovers Joe, descendant of a long line of actors. So she turns the place into a dramatic school, starts a football team, and puts the claustrophobic Joe in it. Guess who wins the big game?

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES—20th Century-Fox

THERE is a line, you know, supposed to be drawn between real comedy and that which is merely ridiculous. The Ritz Brothers have done things that in terms of fantasy had great humor, but this is not one. The timing, for obvious reasons, is set during the last World War, and the Ritz Freres, a vaudeville team, are unable to get booking because of their German name. They join the cavalry and are sent to France. There they team up with Jane Withers, discovered in a tavern singing, "Who'll Buy My Flowers." Her father, Joseph Schildkraut, is a spy. Well, anyway, there is action on the front, with bombers blasting the earth away from under the characters, but leaving them for further antics. Much misunderstanding is worked around the fact that the Ritz Bros. wear German helmets for an act. In any analysis, the whole piece is a reminder to Americans of a hate long past and, furthermore, it is unworthy cinema so far as its purpose of entertainment is concerned. As Queen Victoria once said over a far more impor-

tant matter, "We are not amused." Nor will you be.

RIO—Universal

THIS story of what happens to the trusted wife of a French convict starts off to its eventual destination of nowhere with fair promise. It's a pity the purpose and end of the film were not more clearly defined in the producer's mind. Victor McLaglen is the friend of Basil Rathbone, who is the French capitalist under conviction. Sigrid Gurie is the wife, Robert Cummings the young American she meets and falls for in Rio. There's a good escape sequence and some bloody killing. Trouble is, you aren't likely to believe much of what is going on.

HERE I AM A STRANGER—20th Century-Fox

NEW and old—Richard Greene and Richard Dix—combine talents here, and both very good, too. The idea is that Greene has been raised in England by his mother and his stepfather. Later, through changing circumstances, he meets his real father. The rest of the piece is given over to the emotional adjustment of the two to each other. Gladys George plays the mother, Roland Young, Edward Norris and Russell Gleason help. We forgot to mention that Dix' trouble is that he drinks too much, and that Sonny helps in the regeneration.

KATIA—Mayer-Burstyn

PICTORIALLY speaking, this French film of royal romance is super-super. Breath-taking are the settings and the Nineteenth Century costumes; and Danielle Darrieux, as the Princess Katia who wins the heart of Czar Alexander II (John Loder) with her capricious ways, is again the lovely-to-look-at creature of "Mayerling" and "The Rage of Paris." The story, however, as it traces the unswerving devotion of the handsome monarch for his mistress who finally becomes his wife, seldom achieves any strong dramatic impact. The characters all seem to move like puppets, propelled by slow-moving wires and performing in a nostalgically beautiful dream world. Too much emphasis has been placed on the wide range of Miss Darrieux's acting talents and on her exquisite beauty to the detriment of the picture's balance. John Loder, a fine actor in his own right, is merely a foil for his leading lady, while the rest of a capable French cast is kept discreetly in the background—with one exception, Marie Helene Daste succeeds in dominating her every scene with her role of the sorrowful Czarina, slowly dying of tuberculosis. If escape is what you want from the grim realities of today, this delicate love-tale of another era is definitely your dish.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER—Roach-U. A.

IT'S a little hard to imagine why Joan Bennett allowed herself to be cast in this. It's a farce turning on the experiences of a rich boy who turns reporter and accidentally uncovers a gangster murder, without knowing how to handle it. Miss Bennett is his housekeeper's offspring and arrives home dressed like a movie star although no one seems to think this unusual. Despite the fact she has been a gangland moll, now reformed, she gets the hero. Adolphe

Menjou, John Hubbard and others try pretty hard. There are a few laughs for the unsophisticated.

FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS AND HOW THEY GREW—Columbia

YOU may have been tremendously concerned about the fate of the *Five Little Peppers* when you were six, and busy with your kiddie books, but it's all a little hard to consider for adult consumption. Edith Fellows, Clarence Kolb, Dorothy Peterson and sundry others follow the script dutifully. All the *Little Peppers* are very virtuous, and this has the expected effect on a hard-hearted business man when he is stuck in their house under quarantine. You wouldn't wish such a fate on the worst of your enemies.

CALLING ALL MARINES—Republic

YOU may be able to work yourself up into a frenzy over this strange and peculiar story of gangsters who attack the United States Marines to steal a bomb, but it's doubtful. No one can deny there's plenty of blasting and noise, but the performers aren't extraordinary and seem mildly bewildered at what they're doing. They include Helen Mack, who's very pretty, Donald Barry, Robert Kent and Warren Hymer.

HERO FOR A DAY—Universal

FOOTBALL time is here and Universal jumps the gun with this mild picture. Charley Grapewin is cast as the ex-football star, now a fading night watch-

man, who is used for a publicity stunt by his alma mater. The college officials can't find any other alumnus so they spread the news that he's a rich contractor and make a kind of male "Apple Annie" out of him. Meanwhile, Dick Foran carries the ball, as usual, and lovely Anita Louise, Charley's niece, falls in love with him.

COAST GUARD—Columbia

THERE'S something awfully reminiscent about the plot of this otherwise entertaining film. Randy Scott plays a cocky pilot in the coast guard whose easygoing friend, Ralph Bellamy, is in love with Frances Dee. But Randy takes her away from his buddy and then rushes off and gets in a situation, so that Bellamy has to go and save him. Walter Connolly is wasted in a small role. Your interest will be held by the action, which is consistently fast, and by the documentary nature of the piece, covering as it does the coast guard phase of national service.

CALL A MESSENGER—Universal

THE Little Tough Guys of Universal have merged with the Dead End Kids, snatching Billy Halop and Huntz Hall away from the original group. Robert Armstrong, a telegraph official, thinks he might work some regeneration by giving the kids jobs; and he does give them jobs (as messenger boys), and the idea does work. There is a warehouse robbery thrown in for good measure, and Anne Nagel, Victor Jory and Mary Carlisle support the boys.

TWO BRIGHT BOYS—Universal

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW and Melville Cooper, son and father who live by their wits, get in the clutches of Alan Dinehart, oil baron. He uses them to make a grab at oil land owned by Jackie Cooper and his mother, Dorothy Peterson. Jackie is a serious boy and Freddie isn't, and there you have it. Both do nice jobs. Melville Cooper provides romantic interest, such as it is, with Jackie's mother. There's a good loud climax, and for that matter the whole picture's worth seeing.

THE FIGHT FOR PEACE—Warwick-Monogram

WITHOUT its almost hysterical anti-war propaganda, this medley of authentic newsreels and graphic cartoons, based on an original script by Hendrik Willem Van Loon, could have been an amazing documentary film. As it is, even its fragmentary record of dying monarchies and flourishing dictatorships, from the causes of the First World War up to the eve of the present conflict, is well worth seeing—especially for those sequences which depict the armament race, and the rise to power of such personalities as Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin. However, its gruesome revelation of outrages against civilians in both Spain and China become too graphic when they arouse thoughts of the Poland of today, a subject not included in the present treatment. If it succeeds in strengthening a firm resolve to cling to freedom and peace, then it will achieve its avowed purpose of promoting anti-war sentiment.



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Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 8)

fidelity. Tyrone Power, Myrna Loy and George Brent give the top performances of their careers; with Maria Ouspenskaya, H. B. Warner, Joseph Schildkraut and Brenda Joyce following close on their heels. (Nov.)

RANGE WAR—Paramount

Strictly formula, with one exciting change—Hopalong Cassidy rides a new range. Bill Boyd, as Cassidy, buckety-buckets across the prairies to find out why mysterious forces are holding up the construction of a railroad. Russell Hayden, Britt Wood and Pedro de Cordoba add their bit. (Oct.)

★ REAL GLORY, THE—Goldwyn-U.A.

Another blood-and-thunder epic. Locale: Philippines. Year: 1906. When the Moros, resenting the intrusion of the new government, use the dreaded cholera as their lethal weapon, Gary Cooper does an excellent job as doctor, soldier, organizer, and still has time for some tender love scenes with Andrea Leeds. David Niven and Broderick Crawford are excellent. (Oct.)

RETURN OF DR. X, THE—Warners

Wow! what a murder mystery—and with Humphrey Bogart thrown in as further nightmare material. Wayne Morris, reporter finds actress Lya Lys murdered. She turns up later to sue his paper. Another person is found murdered by the same sort of wound, and no evidence of blood. Then Humphrey, as Dr. Xavier, turns out to have been electrocuted two years ago. Boo. (Nov.)

SAINT IN LONDON, THE—RKO-Radio

In this, the *Saint* (George Sanders) starts right out by stealing papers from a safe, blundering into a beautiful blonde and a dying man, and taking them along with him. It's all one grand chase. And Sally Gray, the blonde, is swell. (Sept.)

SECOND FIDDLE—20th Century-Fox

Assets: Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power; Rudy Vallee's music; a few laughs. Debts: phony dialogue and situations; no suspense. The idea is a burlesque on the *Scarlett O'Hara* search, with Power playing the press agent and Sonja the winner of the sought-after role. Sonja's too few skating numbers are enchanting. (Sept.)

SHE MARRIED A COP—Republic

Phil Regan's a cop who thinks he's going to get into the movies. Falls in love with and marries Jean Parker, producer of cartoon strips. The blow-off comes when he finds she has used his voice to dub one of her cartoon characters. (Sept.)

SHOULD HUSBANDS WORK?—Republic

Here's the *Higgins* bunch again, played by James, Lucile and Russell Gleason. All the fuss is about Pa's job, because there's going to be a merger and Ma messes things up. Marie Wilson is her usual dumb-bunny character. (Oct.)

SPELLBINDER, THE—RKO-Radio

A natural for Lee Tracy. He's a fast-gab lawyer verging on the shady side. Plot: Tracy defends murderer; freed racial wows and weds Tracy's daughter, Barbara Read; Tracy kills him. Patric Knowles and Allan Lane struggle hard. (Oct.)

★ STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE—20th Century-Fox

Inspiring and dignified, this story of Henry M. Stanley's safari into darkest Africa in search of Dr. Livingstone, famous British missionary. Spencer Tracy and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, as *Livingstone*, are sensitively the title roles. Nancy Kelly and Richard Greene are seen briefly as lovers, while Charles Coburn and Walter Brennan furnish wisps of comedy. (Oct.)

STAR MAKER, THE—Paramount

Bing Crosby's newest vehicle is no bargain, darn it! It's the story of Gus Edwards, kiddie impresario. Bing plays the poor songwriter who marries Louise Campbell, refuses to take an ordinary job and conceives the idea of offering children to the public as entertainment. This introduces songstress Linda Ware; Walter Damrosch leads a symphony orchestra; Bing sings; Ned Sparks and Laura Hope Crews contribute comedy. (Nov.)

STOP, LOOK AND LOVE—20th Century-Fox

"Marrying daughter off" is cleverly exploited here. Minna Gombell plays the mother who, married to William Frawley, expends her energy to find a husband for daughter Jean Rogers. Jean finds Bob Kellard, but Mama almost ruins the romance. (Nov.)

STUNT PILOT—Monogram

A film company takes over the airport where *Tailspin Tommy*, the comic strip guy, works. Somebody puts real lead in the blank cartridges and there's a murder. Everyone thinks *Tommy* did it, but an accidental photograph shows the real murderer. John Trent plays *Tommy* and Marjorie Reynolds is his sweetheart. (Sept.)

SUSANNAH OF THE MOUNTIES—20th Century-Fox

This is intended to please Shirley Temple's little fans—such gory detail! Such massacre! Randy

Scott is the Mountie who takes over the job of bringing up Shirley when her parents are killed by raiding Blackfoot Indians. You'll like Martin Good Rider, the small Indian Brave who treats Shirley like a squaw. (Sept.)

★ THESE GLAMOUR GIRLS—M-G-M

Youth scintillates against a college background. Anita Louise, Jane Bryan and Ann Rutherford are three lovely debs, and you know Lew Ayres is a college senior without being told. A crack shows in his sophisticated coating, however, when Lana Turner, honky-tonk hostess, shows up at his school's veddy exclusive houseparty. Marsha Hunt makes a fine college widow. (Oct.)

THEY ALL COME OUT—M-G-M

This started out as a short, but the documentary material about Federal prisons was so dramatic, the studio made it into a feature. It's the story of two kids, Rita Johnson and Tom Neal, who belong to a gang, are captured early and given regenerative influence in corrective institutions. Something to think about. (Sept.)

★ THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC—Goldwyn-U.A.

The singing violin of Jascha Heifetz carries this picture. When Walter Brennan's music school for underprivileged children is threatened with foreclosure, young Gene Reynolds solicits Heifetz' influence and saves the day. The romance between Andrea Leeds and Joel McCrea is lost in the shuffle. The music is grand. (Sept.)

THUNDER AFLOAT—M-G-M

Captain Wally Beery lives on a tugboat with his daughter, Virginia Grey, until a Boche sub puts them off and sinks the tug. Beery joins the Navy so he can get revenge but his former rival, Chester Morris, is now his superior officer and Beery doesn't take kindly to discipline. So he takes his sub-chaser off on a solo hunt for the enemy. It's a personal battle between Beery and the subs. (Nov.)

TIMBER STAMPEDE—RKO-Radio

A formula Western—but a good one. A lumber king pretends he wants to build a railroad; fakes right-of-way papers and government grants to get the land he wants. But George O'Brien fixes him. Lots of fighting and shooting. (Sept.)

TORCHY PLAYS WITH DYNAMITE—Warners

Jane Wyman takes Glenda Farrell's place in this romantic finale of the *Torchy Blane* series, when she walks off with detective Allen Jenkins. There's

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prison stuff, and a chase. Tom Kennedy and Bruce
MacFarlane trot along with the story. (Nov.)

UNDER-PUP, THE—Universal

Cinema history is made in this with the discovery
of a new singing star in the person of eleven-year-
old Gloria Jean. The story is a simple one, that of a
poor girl who wins a contest and is taken to a rich
girls' camp. All the pampered darlings snoot
Gloria—except little Virginia Weidler, but Gloria
works out her problems with the aid of Billy
Gilbert, Kenneth Brown and Billy Lenhart. Nan
Grey and Robert Cummings supply romance.
See this. (Nov.)

UNEXPECTED FATHER—Universal

Reminiscent of Shirley Temple's "Little Miss
Broadway," this, with Sandy Henville playing
Shirley's role of a child in danger of being put in an
institution and vaudeville folk rallying round.

Shirley Ross, Dennis O'Keefe and Mischa Auer
stooze for the charming Sandy. (Oct.)

WAY DOWN SOUTH—Principal—RKO- Radio

Bobby Breen's latest has better interest than its
predecessors. Everything happens in Louisiana
when Ralph Morgan, playing Bobby's father, is
killed and Edwin Maxwell, the attorney, tries to
rob the boy of his inheritance. (Oct.)

WHEN TOMORROW COMES—Universal

Tragedy and trouble stalk Irene Dunne and
Charles Boyer in this. It all starts when Charles, a
famous pianist, drops into the restaurant where
Irene is a waitress. It takes a hurricane to show
them that they love one another, but love is not for
them. Charles can't desert his irrational wife,
Barbara O'Neil. You may like this, if you enjoy
suffering in charming company. (Oct.)

WOMEN, THE—M-G-M

Clare Boothe's Broadway success is a brutal,
uncompromising story of the eternal battle of
women for males and money. Norma Shearer is
excellent as the devoted mother and wife, and
Joan Crawford is in there slugging as the hard-
bitten clerk who uses every feminine wile to catch
Norma's husband. The fat part fell to Roz Russell
and she made capital of it. Mary Boland and Joan
Fontaine are grand. Both sexes will have fun at
this. (Nov.)

★ WIZARD OF OZ, THE—M-G-M

This superb fantasy of a little girl transported by
cyclone to a magic wonderland is a "must" for chil-
dren and adults alike. The cast alone—Frank
Morgan in the title role, Judy Garland as Dorothy;
Bert Lahr, the Cowardly Lion; Ray Bolger, the
Scarecrow; Jack Haley, the Tin Woodman; Billie
Burke, the Good Fairy; and Margaret Hamilton, the
Wicked Witch; might have been dreamed into being
just for this picture. In Technicolor. (Oct.)

Casts of Current Pictures

"BLACKMAIL." — M-G-M. — Screen play by
David Hertz and William Ludwig. Story by Endre
Bohem and Dorothy Yost. Directed by H. C. Pot-
ter. Cast: John R. Ingram, Edward G. Robinson;
Helen Ingram, Ruth Hussey; William Ramey, Gene
Lockhart; Hank, Bobs Watson; Moose McCarthy,
Guinn Williams; Diggs, John Wray; Rawlins, Ar-
thur Hohl; Sarah, Esther Dale.

"CALL A MESSENGER." — UNIVERSAL. —
Screen play by Arthur T. Horman. Original story
by Sally Sandlin and Michele Kraike. Directed by
Arthur Lubin. Cast: Jimmy Hogan, Billy Halop;
"Pig," Huntz Hall; Kirk Graham, Robert Arm-
strong; Marge Hogan, Mary Carlisle; Frances O'-
Neill, Anne Nagel; Ed Hogan, Victor Jory; Chuck,
Larry "Buster" Crabbe; Baldy, El Brendel; Murph,
Hally Chester; Trouble, William Benedict; Yap,
David Gorczy; Sailor, Harris Berger.

"CALLING ALL MARINES." — REPUBLIC. —
Screen play by Earl Felton. Original story idea by
Harrison Carter. Directed by John H. Auer. Cast:
Blackie, Donald Barry; Judy, Helen Mack; Smokey,
Warren Hymer; Marvin Fox, Robert Kent; Big
Joe, Cy Kendall; Murdock, Leon Ames; Colonel
Vincent, Selmer Jackson; Pat, Janet McLeay; Cap-
tain Chester, Walter McGrail; Gordon, George Chan-
dler; Lefty, Jay Novello; Sergeant Smith, James
Flavin.

"CAT AND THE CANARY, THE." — PARA-
MOUNT. — Screen play by Walter De Leon and Lynn
Starling. Based on the stage play by John Willard.
Directed by Elliott Nugent. Cast: Wally Hampton,
Bob Hope; Annabelle, Paulette Goddard; Fred
Blythe, John Beal; Jack Wilder, Douglas Mont-
gomery; Miss Lu, Gale Sondergaard; Cicily, Nydia
Westman; Lawyer Crosby, George Zucco; Hendricks,
Willard Robertson; Aunt Susan, Elizabeth Patter-
son.

"CHALLENGE, THE." — DENHAM FILMS, LTD.
— Screen play by Emeric Pressburger. Scenario by
Patrick Kirwan and Milton Rosmer. Directed by
Milton Rosmer. Cast: Edward Whymper, Robert
Douglas; Jean-Antoine Carrel, Luis Trenker; Car-
rel's Mother, Mary Clare; Favre, Fred Groves;
Felicitas, Joan Gardner; Rev. Charles Hudson, Frank
Birch; Lord Francis Douglas, Geoffrey Wardwell;
Gordano, Cyril Smith; Hadou, Moran Caplat.

"COAST GUARD." — COLUMBIA. — Original
screen play by Richard Maibaum, Albert Duffy and
Harry Segall. Directed by Edward Ludwig. Cast:
Dix, Randolph Scott; Ray, Ralph Bellamy; Nancy,
Frances Dee; Toby, Walter Connolly; O'Hara, War-
ren Hymer; Thompson, Edmund MacDonald; Hook-
er, Stanley Andrews; Bradley, Lloyd Whitlock;
Florence, Sara Edwards; Cuthbert, Harold Minjir.

"DAY THE BOOKIES WEPT, THE." — RKO-
RADIO. — Screen play by Bert Granet and George
Jeske. Story by Daniel Fuchs. Directed by Leslie
Goodwins. Cast: Ernest, Joe Penner; Ina, Betty
Grable; Firpo, Richard Lane; Brophy, Tom Ken-
nedy; Colonel, Thurston Hall; Maggie, Bernadene
Hayes; Patsy, Carol Hughes; Harry, Jack Arnold.

"DISPUTED PASSAGE." — PARAMOUNT. —
Screen play by Anthony Veiller and Sheridan
Gibney. Based on a novel by Lloyd C. Douglas.
Directed by Frank Borzage. Cast: Audrey Hilton,
Dorothy Lamour; Dr. "Tubby" Forster, Akim
Tamiroff; John Wesley Beaven, John Howard;
Anderson, Gordon Jones; Winifred Bane, Judith
Barrett; Dr. Cunningham, William Collier, Sr.;
Mrs. Cunningham, Elizabeth Risdon.

"ESPIONAGE AGENT." — WARNERS. — Screen
play by Warren Duff, Michael Fessier and Frank
Donoghue. From an original story by Robert
Henry Buckner. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Cast:
Barry Corvall, Joel McCrea; Brenda Ballard, Brenda
Marshall; Lowell Warrington, Jeffrey Lynn; Dudley
Garrett, George Bancroft; Hamilton Peyton, Stanley
Ridges; Dr. Rader, James Stephenson; Walter
Forbes, Howard Hickman; Karl Mullen, Martin
Kosleck; Mrs. Corvall, Nana Bryant; Paul Strawn,
Robert O. Davis; Dr. Helm, Hans von Twardowsky;
Decker, Lucien Prival; Secretary of State, Edwin
Stanley; Bruce Corvall, Addison Richards; Phineas
T. O'Grady, Granville Bates; Mrs. O'Grady, Grace
Hayle; Larsch, Egon Brecher; Instructor, Emmet
Vogan.

"FAST AND FURIOUS." — M-G-M. — Original
screen play by Harry Kurnitz. Directed by Busby
Berkeley. Cast: Joel Sloane, Franchot Tone; Garda
Sloane, Ann Sothern; Lily Cole, Ruth Hussey; Mike
Stevens, Lee Bowman; Ted Bentley, Allyn Joslyn;
Eric Bartell, John Miljan; Ed Connors, Bernard Nel-
dell; Jerry Lawrence, Mary Beth Hughes; Sam
Travers, Cliff Clark; Clancy, James Burke; Captain
Joe Burke, Frank Orth; Emmy Lou, Margaret
Roach; Miss Brooklyn, Gladys Blake; Chief Miller,
Granville Bates.

"FIVE LITTLE PEPPERS AND HOW THEY
GREW." — COLUMBIA. — Based on a novel by Mar-
garet Sidney Lothrop. Directed by Charles Barton.
Cast: Polly Pepper, Edith Fellows; Mrs. Pepper,
Dorothy Peterson; Mr. King, Clarence Kolb; Jas-
per, Ronald Sinclair; Phronsie, Dorothy Ann Seece;
Joey, Tommy Bond; Ben, Charles Peck; Truck
Driver, George Lloyd; Martin, Leonard Carey.

"HERE I AM A STRANGER." — 20TH CEN-
TURY-FOX. — Screen play by Milton Sperling and
Sam Hellman. Based on a story by Gordon Mal-
herbe Hillman. Directed by Roy Del-Ruth. Cast:
David, Richard Greene; Duke Allen, Richard Dix;
Simpson Daniels, Brenda Joyce; Professor Daniels,
Roland Young; Clara, Gladys George; Lillian Ben-
nett, Katharine Aldridge; Sortwell, Russell Gleason;
James K. Paulding, George Zucco; Lester Bennett,
Edward Norris; R. J. Bennett, Henry Kolker; Digby,
Richard Nord; College Students, Robert Shaw and
Robert Kellard; Managing Editor, Charles Wilson;
Landlady, Jan Duggan; Landlord, Harry Hayden;
Evans, Minor Watson; Professor, John Dilon.

"HERO FOR A DAY." — UNIVERSAL. — Screen
play by Harold Buchman. Original story by Matt
Taylor. Directed by Harold Young. Cast: Sylvia
Higgins, Anita Louise; Brainy, Dick Foran; Frank
Higgins, Charley Grapewin; Mr. Dow, Berton
Churchill; Mom Higgins, Emma Dunn; Billy Hig-
gins, David Holt; Abbott, Richard Lane; Coach
Bronson, Samuel S. Hinds.

"HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE." — 20TH CEN-
TURY-FOX. — Screen play by Ernest Pascal. Story
by Hilary Lynn and Brown Holmes. Based upon
an original idea by Lou Breslow. Directed by
Irving Cummings. Cast: Molly Adair, Alice Faye;
Michael Linnell Connors, Don Ameche; Dave Spin-
gold, J. Edward Bromberg; Nicky Hayden, Alan
Curtis; Pete Tinney, Stuart Erwin; Chief of Police,
Jed Prouty; Buster Keaton, Himself; Lyle P. Slout,
Donald Meek; Englishman, George Givot; Key-
stone Cops, Eddie Collins, Hank Mann, Helme
Conklin, James Finlayson; Assistant Director, Chick
Chandler; Henry Potter, Robert Lowery; Roberts,
Russell Hicks; Agent Ben Weiden, Valet, Willie
Fung; Filson, Paul Stanton; Mrs. Gaynes, Mary
Forbes; Attorney, Joseph Crehan; Clerk, Irving Ba-
con; Bartender, Ben Turpin; Sheriff, Chester Con-
klin; Telephone Operator, Marjorie Beebe; Thomas,
Frederick Burton; Lee Duncan, Himself; Rin Tin
Tin, Jr., Himself; Al Jolson, Himself.

"HONEYMOON IN BALI." — PARAMOUNT. —
Screen play by Virginia Van Upp. Based on stories
by Grace Sattwell Mason and Katharine Brush. Di-
rected by Edward H. Griffith. Cast: Bill Burnett,
Fred MacMurray; Gail Allen, Madeleine Carroll;
Eric Sinclair, Allan Jones; Lorna Smith, Helen
Broderick; Noel Van Ness, Osa Massen; Rosie,
Carolyn Lee; Window Washer, Akim Tamiroff.

"HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER, THE." —
HAL ROACH-U. A. — Screen play by Rian James and
Gordon Douglas. Based on the novel by Donald
Henderson Clarke. Directed by Hal Roach. Cast:
Hilda, Joan Bennett; Deakon Maxwell, Adolphe
Menjou; Ed O'Malley, William Gargan; Robert
Randall, John Hubbard; Benny, George E. Stone;
Olga, Peggy Wood; Editor Willson, Donald Meek;
Floyd, Marc Lawrence; Gladys, Lilian Bond; Lefty,
Floyd, Mature; Professor Randall, John Hays;
Mrs. Randall, Leila McIntyre; Veroni, Luis Al-
berni; Mrs. Veroni, Rosina Galli; Gangsters, Tom
Dugan and Gene Morgan.

"INTERMEZZO; A LOVE STORY." — SELZ-
NICK-INTERMETAL-U. A. — Screen play by George
O'Neil. From the original scenario "Intermezzo"
by Gosta Stevens and Gustav Molander. Directed
by Gregory Ratoff. Cast: Holger, Leslie Howard;
Anita, Ingrid Bergman; Margit, Edna Best; Thomas,
John Halliday; Charles, Cecil Kellaway; Greta, Enid
Bennett; Eric, Douglas Scott; Emma, Eleanor Wes-
selhoft; Marianne, Maria Flynn; Ann Marie, Ann
Todd.

"KATIA." — A METROPA FILM. — Screen play by
Jean-Jacques Bernard. Scenario by Jacques Com-
paigne. Directed by Maurice Tourneur. Cast:
Katia, Danielle Darrieux; Cesar Alexander II, John
Loder; Prince Dalgorski, Marcel Simon; Count
Schwaloff, Aime Clarioud; The Czarina, Marie
Helene Daste; General Polapoff, Marcel Carpentier;
Baroness, Therese Dorny; Countess, Marcelle
Praince; Trubetskoy, Jacques Ervin; Napoleon III,
Georges Fleateau; Mademoiselle Trepeau, Jeanne
Prevost; A Parisian Citizen, Aimos.

"KID NIGHTINGALE." — WARNERS. — Screen
play by Charles Belden and Raymond Schrock.
From a story by Lee Katz. Directed by George
Amy. Cast: Steve Nelson, John Payne; Judy Craig,
Jane Wyman; Skip Davis, Walter Catlett; Mike
Jordan, Ed Brophy; Charles Paxton, Charles D.
Brown; Fills, Max Hoffman; Whitley, John Ridgely;

Strangler Columbo, Harry Burns; Rudolfo Terrassi,
Harry Burns; Rocky, William Haade; Marge, Helen
Troy; Mrs. Reynolds, Winifred Harris; Announcer,
Lee Phelps; Trailer, Frankie Van.

"\$1,000 A TOUCHDOWN." — PARAMOUNT. —
Original screen play by Delmar Daves. Directed
by James Hogan. Cast: Marlowe Mansfield Booth,
Joe E. Brown; Martha Madison, Martha Raye;
Henry, Eric Blore; Betty McGlen, Susan Hayward;
Bill Anders, John Hartley; Brick Benson, Matt
McHugh; Bangs, Sid Saylor; Lorelei, Joyce Math-
ews; Mr. Hamilton McGlen, Joseph Swickard.

"PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES." — 20TH CEN-
TURY-FOX. — Original screen play by Lou Breslow
and Owen Francis. Directed by H. Bruce Humber-
stone. Cast: Collette, Jane Withers; The Rits
Brothers, Themselves; Yvonne, Lynn Bari; Hugo
Ludwig, Joseph Schildkraut; Sergeant "Angel Face"
Walker, Stanley Fields; Pierre Ferrand, Fritz Lei-
ber; General Von Boech, Lionel Royce; Colonel
Giraud, Georges Renaunt; Madam Marchand,
Adrienne d'Ambricourt; Adjutant, Leon Ames;
Mueller, William Von Brincken; Sentry, Ed Gargan;
Kane, Robert Emmett Keane; Colonel Schlager,
Henry Victor.

"PRIVATE LIVES OF ELIZABETH AND
ESSEX, THE." — WARNERS. — Screen play by Nor-
man Reilly Raine and Aeneas MacKenzie. Based
on the stage play by Maxwell Anderson. Directed
by Michael Curtiz. Cast: Queen Elizabeth, Bette
Davis; Earl of Essex, Errol Flynn; Lady Penelope
Gray, Olivia de Havilland; Francis Bacon, Donald
Crisp; Earl of Tyrone, Alan Hale; Sir Walter Ra-
leigh, Vincent Price; Sir Edward Coke, Leo G. Car-
roll; Lord Burghley, Henry Stephenson; Sir Robert
Cecil, Henry Daniell; Sir Thomas Egerton, James
Stephenson; Mistress Margaret Radcliff, Natalie
Fabares; Lord Knollys, Ralph Forbes; Lord Mount-
joy, Robert Warwick.

"RIO." — UNIVERSAL. — Screen play by Stephen
Morehouse Avery, Frank Partos, Edwin Justus
Mayer and Aben Kandel. Original story by Jean
Negulesco. Directed by John Brahm. Cast: Paul
Reynard, Basil Rathbone; Dirk, Victor McLaglen;
Irene Reynard, Sigrid Gurie; Bill Gregory, Robert
Cummings; Roberto, Leo Carrillo; Mushy, Irving
Bacon; The Old Convict, Maurice Moscovitch.

"ROARING TWENTIES, THE." — WARNERS.
— Screen play by Jerry Wald, Richard Macaulay
and Robert Rossen. From a story by Mark Hel-
linger. Directed by Raoul Walsh. Cast: Eddie
Barrett, James Cagney; Jean Whelan, Priscilla
Lane; George Hally, Humphrey Bogart; Kansas
Smith, Gladys George; Lloyd Hart, Jeffrey Lynn;
Danny Green, Frank McHugh; Nick Brown, Paul
Kelly; The Sergeant, Joe Sawyer; Henderson, Ed
Keane; Mrs. Whelan, Elizabeth Risdon; Mrs. Gray,
Vera Lewis; Michaels, Joseph Crehan; 1st Detective,
Robert Elliott; 2nd Detective, Eddie Chandler;
Judge, John Hamilton; Mr. Masters, George Meek-
er; Bobby Hart, Donnie Kerr.

"RULERS OF THE SEA." — PARAMOUNT. —
Screen play and story by Talbot Jennings, Frank
Cavett and Richard Collins. Directed by Frank
Lloyd. Cast: David Gillespie, Douglas Fairbanks,
Jr.; Mary Shaw, Margaret Lockwood; John Shaw,
Will Fyffe; Captain Oliver, George Bancroft; Don-
ald Fenton, David Torrance; Malcolm Grant, Mon-
tague Love; Junius Smith, Vaughan Glaser; Lt.
Com. Roberts, Lester Mathews.

"THREE SONS." — RKO-RADIO. — Screen play
by John Twist. From the novel "Sweepings" by
Lester Cohen. Directed by Jack Hively. Cast:
Daniel Parkway, Edward Ellis; Thane Parkway,
William Gargan; Gene Parkway, Kent Taylor; Abe
Ullman, J. Edward Bromberg; Abigail Parkway,
Katherine Alexander; Phoebe Parkway, Virginia
Vale; Bert Parkway, Robert Stanton; Freddie Par-
way, Dick Hogan; Grimson, Grady Sutton; Mamie,
Adele Pearce; Phoebe's Husband, Alexander D'
Arcy; Viola, Barbara Pepper.

"TWO BRIGHT BOYS." — UNIVERSAL. — Screen
play by Val Burton and Edmund L. Hartmann.
Directed by Joseph Santley. Cast: Rory O'Donnell,
Jackie Cooper; David Harrington, Freddie Barthol-
mew; Bill Hallett, Alan Dinehart; Hilary Harring-
ton, Melville Cooper; Kathleen O'Donnell, Dorothy
Peterson; Mike Casey, J. M. Kerrigan.

"WHAT A LIFE." — PARAMOUNT. — Screen play
by Chas. Brackett and Billy Wilder. Based on the
play by Clifford Goldsmith. Directed by Theodore
Reed. Cast: Henry Aldrich, Jackie Cooper; Bar-
bara Pearson, Betty Field; Mr. Nelson, John How-
ard; Miss Shea, Janice Logan; Mr. Bradley, Vaughn
Glaser; Ferguson, Lionel Stander; Mrs. Aldrich,
Hedda Hopper; George Bigelow, James Corner; Miss
Wheeler, Dorothy Stickney; Miss Pike, Kathleen
Lockhart; Mr. Patterson, Lucien Littlefield; Pinkie
Peters, Sidney Miller.

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